Church Hymns and Tunes

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Church Hymns and Tunes

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Church Hymns and Tunes

EDITED BY

REV. HERBERT B. TURNER, D.D.

AND

WILLIAM F. BIDDLE

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A. S. BARNES & CO.

1906

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Preface

The editors of Church Hymns and Tunes desire briefly to state the guiding intentions in the compiling of this work.

They have been:

1. That it shall be a book of reasonable size, — not a thesaurus of religious poems, but a moderate number of hymns for singing, carefully selected for their worth and beauty as expressions of Christian praise, and truth, and experience.

2. That the hymns selected shall have such lyric quality as to justify to modern judgment their being set to music and sung in the services of public worship.

3. That the tunes shall have dignity, worth, and appropriateness as music, and that their rhythmical accents shall always, as far as possible, coincide with the natural reading accents of the hymn.

4. That the best of the old and well-known hymns and tunes shall be retained.

5. That some of the best of the later and less known productions shall be included, to the end that our available possessions of worthy hymns and music may be enlarged and enriched.

These are high aims, and earnest efforts have been made towards reaching them. Careful thought and study have been given to a wide examination of ancient and modern hymnody in order to bring out of this treasure the best things, new and old. The selection includes hymns by authors belonging to almost every branch of the Christian Church.

The same care and thought have been given to seeking from all available sources of ancient melody and modern tune the best musical settings, being guided by our aims already stated and by the thought that the book is intended for the use of the congregation. There are many new tunes, mainly from the latest and best work of acknowledged leaders in English ecclesiastical music.

Much of the labor bestowed upon this work has been in directions where its success can only be recognized by thorough inspection and trial; but it is hoped and believed that appreciation will come with examination and will grow with use.

The editors desire to gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the friends, whose names cannot be separately mentioned, but who have rendered cordial and valuable help, and also to the many authors and composers whose hymns and tunes will be found in this collection.

Special thanks are due to those who have kindly given free permission for the use of copyright hymns — to the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D. D. for hymn 85; Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D. for hymn 362; Mrs. John Hay for the late Hon. John Hay's hymn, 423; Miss Alice M. Longfellow for nine hymns of the late Rev. Samuel W. Longfellow; Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph.D, for hymns 535 and 616; E. P. Dutton & Co., for the late Bishop Brooks' hymn, 132; Houghton, Mifflin and Company for the hymns of Mr. John G. Whittier, 291 and 420, and of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 107 and 626; Oliver Ditson & Co. for hymn 367.

The editors would also express their deep sense of obligation to the composers and owners of copyrights who have generously permitted the free use of their copyright tunes — the Bigelow and Main Co. for "He Leadeth Me;" Mr. Walter Caldicott for "Civitas Dei;" Mrs. Arthur Cottman for "Caterham," "Dalehurst," "Eversley," "Mirfield," "St. Jude;" the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D.D. for "Ancient of Days;" Mrs. A. E.

Dyer for "Weston;" Mr. J. W. Elliott for "Kemsing;" Harvard University for "Bethlehem" (Barnby); Mr. H. M. Higgs for "Cara Patria;" Mr. G. Everett Hill for "Rex Triumphans;" the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D. for "Watts" and "Eucharistic Hymn;" the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, D.D. for "Materna," "Penitence," "Pro Patria;" Mrs. F. G. Ilsley for "Ilsley;" Mr. C. S. Jekyll for "Stoneleigh;" Mr. J. C. Knox for "Knox;" tne Rev. Lindsay B. Longacre for "New America;" Mr. L. H. Redner for "St. Louis;" Mr. F. L. Sealy for "Cantus Gloriosus;" the Rev. T. Herbert Spinney for "St. Denys;" Mr. C. G. Verrinder for "Verrinder;" Mr. Samuel Weeks for "Burleigh," "Lustleigh;" Oliver Ditson & Co. for "Diligence;" Thomas Nelson and Sons for "Marion;" Presbyterian Board of Publication for "Glad Day," "Pilgrim Host;" Psalms and Hymns Trust (London) for "Ravenglas," "Evening Shadows;" Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for "Lundy;" Weeks & Co. for "Camden Road," "Perivale."

Acknowledgment and thanks are also due to those who have allowed the purchase of permission to use the following copyright tunes — to Mrs. Mary Blow for "Agnus Dei;" Mr. J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc. for "Meditation;" Mr. W. Crofton Hemmons for "Aurora;" the Rev. W. Garrett Horder for "Fides Patrum;" Mr. Robert Jackson for "Bekesbourne," "Niagara," "Trentham;" Mrs. Robert Lowry for "Need;" Mr. A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc. for "Cantone," "Lampadarius;" Mr. Horatio W. Parker, Mus. Doc. for "Foundation," "Garden City," "Jubilate," "King of Glory," "Stella;" Mr. H. J. Storer for "Brothers' Voices;" Mr. Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc. for "Consecration," "Hatfield Hall," "St. Ishmael," "Solatium Caritatis;" Hymns Ancient and Modern for "Misericordia," "Rangoon;" Novello, Ewer & Co. for "Day's Ending," "Lætitia," "Minster," "Ransomed Church;" Trustees of the Church Hymnary (Edinburg) for "Gratias Agimus," "Highgate;" Universalist Publishing House for "Eaton;" Wesleyan Methodist Conference (London) for "College Chapel," "Downfield," "Gersau," "Harrogate," "Lynton," "Noricum."

A sincere effort has been made to ascertain the authorship and ownership of copyright tunes and hymns in order to secure permission for their use previous to insertion. If any copyright has been infringed, or acknowledgment omitted, the editors would tender their apologies for unintentional failure and omission, and give the assurance that these, when known, will be remedied in future editions.

The book is now sent forth with the earnest hope that, through the divine blessing, its use may help to promote a richer and more devout worship of God in the sanctuary and in the home.

HERBERT B. TURNER.
WILLIAM F. BIDDLE.

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Index of First Lines

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A mighty fortress is our God .	102	Martin Luther	Ein Feste Burg	Martin Luther
A parting hymn we sing . .	570	Rev. A. R. Wolfe	Dennis	Arr. for H. G. Nägeli
A voice by Jordan's shore . .	163	Rev. S. Longfellow	Eastnor	A. King
Abide with me! fast falls . .	28	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Eventide	W. H. Monk
According to Thy gracious . .	569	James Montgomery	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
Again, as evening's shadow .	14	Rev. S. Longfellow	Canonbury	R. Schumann
Again our earthly cares we leave	47	Rev. John Newton	St. Stephen	W. Jones
Again returns the day of holy	34	William Mason	Langran	J. Langran
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	164	Rev. I. Watts	Martyrdom	H. Wilson
All glory, laud, and honor . .	160	St. Theodulph / Tr. J. M. Neale	Lancashire (1) / College-Chapel (2	H. Smart / Rev. A. E. Sharpley
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name	220	Rev. E. Perronet	Coronation (1) / Miles Lane (2)	O. Holden / W. Shrubsole
All my heart this night rejoices	140	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	All This Night (1) / Stella (2)	F. C. Maker / H. W. Parker
All praise to Him of Nazareth.	568	William Cullen Bryant	Lucius	Fr. Templi Carmina
All praise to Thee, my God . .	13	Bp. Thomas Ken	Tallis Eve. Hymn	Alt. fr. T. Tallis
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! .	187	Lat. Tr. Rev. F. Pott	Victory	From Palestrina
Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts and	186	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Lux Eoi	A. S. Sullivan
Alleluia, sing to Jesus . . .	193	W. C. Dix	Alleluia	S. S. Wesley
Alleluia, song of sweetness .	463	Tr. J. M. Neale	Alleluia, dul. Car.	E. J. Hopkins
Almighty Father, bless the .	68	Anonymous	Germany	Gardiner's Melodies
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	66	Rev. John Cawood	Arlington	Arr. from T. A. Arne
Always with us, always with us	451	Rev. E. H. Nevin	Brocklesbury	C. A. Barnard
Am I a soldier of the cross .	375	Rev. Isaac Watts	Mirfield	A. Cottman
Ancient of days who sitteth .	85	Bp. W. C. Doane	Ancient of Days (1 / Strength & Stay (2	T. A. Jeffery / Rev. J. B. Dykes
And is the time approaching .	591	Jane Borthwick	Hatfield Hall	C. Vincent
Angels, from the realms of glory	137	J. Montgomery	Regent Square (1) / Minster (2)	H. Smart / C. S. Jekyll
Angels, roll the rock away . .	184	Rev. Thomas Scott	Easter	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Angel voices ever singing . .	100	Rev. Francis Pott	Angel voices (1) / Angel voices (2)	A. S. Sullivan / E. G. Monk
Another six days' work is done	41	Rev. J. Stennett	Hebron	L. Mason
Another year is dawning. . .	637	F. H. Havergal	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
Approach, my soul, the mercy	477	Rev. John Newton	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty	565	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Peterborough	J. Goss
Art thou weary, art thou . .	272	Rev. J. M. Neale	Stephanos (1) / Bullinger (2)	H. W. Baker / E. W. Bullinger
As pants the hart for cooling.	483	Tate and Brady	Spohr	Arr. fr. L. Spohr
As the sun doth daily rise . .	4	Anon. Tr. "O. B. C."	Innocents	Old French Melody
As with gladness men of old .	138	William C. Dix	Dix	Conrad Kocher
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.	504	Margaret Mackay	Ludington (1) / Rest (2)	W. F. Biddle / W. B. Bradbury
At the name of Jesus	205	Caroline M. Noel	Princethorpe	W. Pitts
At Thy feet, our God and Father	638	Rev. J. D. Burns	Vesper Hymn	Arr. J. Stevenson
Awake, and sing the song . .	223	Wm. Hammond	Media (1) / St. Thomas (2)	J. Goss / A. Williams
Awake, my soul, and with . .	9	Bp. Thomas Ken	Morning Hymn	F. H. Bartholemon
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	329	Rev. S. Medley	Park Street	M. A. Venua
Awake, my soul, stretch every	376	Rev. P. Doddridge	Christmas	G. F. Handel

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Be still, my heart, these anxious	442	Rev. John Newton	Hebron	L. Mason
Before Jehovah's awful throne	91	Rev. Isaac Watts	Cannons	Handel
Before the day draws near its	29	Rev. John Ellerton	Day's Ending	J. Barnby
Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly	114	Rev. Isaac Watts	Christmas	Arr. from Handel
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh	216	Rev. Gerard Moultrie	Midnight	G. A. MacFarren
Behold, the Master passeth by	259	Bp. W. W. How	Warner	Geo. Kingsley
Behold the throne of grace	475	Rev. John Newton	Eastnor	A. King
Behold us, Lord, a little space	467	Rev. John Ellerton	Caterham	A. Cottman
Beneath the cross of Jesus	322	Elizabeth C. Clephane	St. Christopher	F. C. Maker
Blessed Jesus, here we stand	560	B. Schmolck	Tender Shepherd	J. Barnby
Blessed Saviour, thee I love	339	Rev. Geo. Duffield	Noricum	F. James
Blest be the tie that binds	457	Rev. John Fawcett	Boylston	L. Mason
Blest day of God, most calm	42	J. Mason	Bradfield	J. B. Calkin
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	249	Rev. Charles Wesley	Lenox (1) Christ Church (2)	L. Edson C. Steggall
Book of grace, and book of	81	Thos. Mackellar	Mansfield	E. H. Turpin
Bow down Thine ear, Almighty	553	Rev. T. E. Powell	Mendon	Ger. Mel. Arr. S. Dyer
Bread of Heav'n, on Thee I feed	572	Josiah Conder	Spanish Hymn	Spanish Melody
Bread of the world in mercy	579	Bp. Reginald Heber	Eucharistic Hymn	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
Brief life is here our portion	523	Bernard of Cluny	Anfield	Anonymous
Brightest and best of the sons	144	Bp. Reginald Heber	St. Ninian (1) Brightest & Best 2	Rev. J. B. Dykes Rev. J. F. Thrupp
Brightly gleams our banner	388	T. J. Potter	Vexillum	H. Smart
By Christ redeemed, in Christ	580	George Rawson	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan
Call Jehovah thy salvation	418	James Montgomery	Trust	Arr. Mendelssohn
Calm on the listening ear	126	E. H. Sears	Gabriel	Arr. A. S. Sullivan
Cast thy burden on the Lord	414	Rev. John Cennick	St. Bees	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Child Jesus comes from	143	Hans C. Andersen	Andersen	N. W. Gade
Children of the heavenly King	334	Rev. John Cennick	Pleyel's Hymn	Ignace Pleyel
Christ, above all glory seated	207	Tr. by Bp. Woodford	St. Oswald	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Christ for the world we sing	588	Rev. Samuel Wolcott	Amory	W. F. Biddle
Christ is made the sure	540	Tr. Rev. J. M. Neale	Triumph	H. J. Gauntlett
Christ is our Corner-stone	548	Tr. Rev. J. Chandler	Darwall	Rev. J. Darwall
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	177	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Resurrexit	A. S. Sullivan
Christ the Lord is risen again	181	Rev. M. Weisse	Lætabundus	E. J. Hopkins
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	180	Rev. Charles Wesley	Vienna (1) Cantone (2)	J. H. Knecht A. H. Mann
Christ whose glory fills the skies	3	Rev. Charles Wesley	Charterhouse	A. S. Cooper
Christian, dost thou see them	389	St. Andrew of Crete Tr. J. M. Neale	St. And. of Cre. (1) Holy War (2)	J. B. Dykes J. Booth
Christian! seek not yet repose	390	Charlotte Elliott	Vigilate	W. H. Monk
City of God, how broad and far	529	Rev. Samuel Johnson	Chesterfield	Rev. T. Haweis
Come, every pious heart	206	Rev. Samuel Stennett	Raleigh	E. Prout
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly	235	Simon Browne	Mendon	Arr. by S. Dyer
Come hither, ye faithful *See* O come, all ye faithful				
Come, Holy Spirit, come	243	J. Hart	Mornington	Earl of Mornington
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove	236	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Come let us join our cheerful	218	Rev. Isaac Watts	Dedham	Wm. Gardiner
Come, let us sing the song of	330	James Montgomery	Duke Street	John Hatton
Come, my soul thou must be	5	Baron Von Canitz	Haydn	Joseph Haydn
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	471	Rev. John Newton	Alcester	C. H. Lloyd
"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice	264	Anna L. Barbauld	Forgiveness	G. M. Garrett
Come sound His praise abroad	51	Rev. Isaac Watts	Day of Praise	Charles Steggall
Come, Thou Almighty King	61	Anonymous	Italian Hymn (1) Dorchester (2)	F. De Giardini Waite's Psalmody
Come Thou fount of ev'ry	317	Rev. Robt. Robinson	Nettleton (1) Trust (2)	Rev. A. Nettleton Mendelssohn
Come, Thou long expected	141	Rev. Charles Wesley	Trust	Mendelssohn
Come to our poor nature's night *See* Holy Ghost, the Infinite				
Come to the Saviour now	262	John M. Wigner	Maker	F. C. Maker
Come unto Me when shadows	438	C. H. Esling	Strength and Stay	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Come unto Me, ye weary	267	W. C. Dix	Come Unto Me (1) Messiah (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes G. F. Handel

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Come, we that love the Lord	52	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Thomas	A. Williams
Come, ye disconsolate	273	Thomas Moore	Come Ye Discon.	Samuel Webbe
Come, ye faithful, raise	176	John of Damascus	St. Kevin	A. S. Sullivan
Come, ye thankful people, come	618	Rev. Henry Alford	St. Geo. Windsor	G. J. Elvey
Commit thou all thy fears *See* Give to the winds thy griefs				
Courage, brother, do not stumble	387	Rev. N. Macleod	Courage, Brother	A. S. Sullivan
Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow	174	J. S. Simpson	Cross of Jesus	J. Stainer
Crown Him with many crowns	198	M. Bridges	Diademata, No. 1 (1 Diademata, No. 2 (2	G. J. Elvey J. Barnby
Crown His head with endless	229	Rev. William Goode	Solatium Caritatis	Charles Vincent
Days and moments quickly	505	Rev. Edw. Caswall	St. Sylvester	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Dear Lord and Father of	420	John G. Whittier	Whittier	F. C. Maker
Dear Saviour, we are Thine	300	Rev. P. Doddridge	Earl	Rev. H. B. Turner
Depth of mercy, can there be	286	Rev. Charles Wesley	Pleyel's Hymn	Arr. fr. I. Pleyel
Draw nigh and take the body	578	Lat. Tr. J. M. Neale	Lammas	A. H. Brown
Draw nigh, draw nigh *See* O come, O come, Emmanuel				
Eternal Father! strong to save	642	William Whiting	Melita	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Everlasting arms of love	412	Rev. J. R. Macduff	Burleigh	S. Weekes
Ev'ry morning mercies new	2	Rev. G. Phillimore	Kelso	E. J. Hopkins
Far from my heavenly home	485	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Lyte	J. B. Wilkes
Father, again in Jesus' name	62	L. E. G. Whitmore	Longwood	J. Barnby
Father, hear Thy children call	289	Rev. T. B. Pollock	Landon	F. A. J. Hervey
Father, I know that all my life	292	Anna L. Waring	St. Bede	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Father, let me dedicate	636	Rev. L. Tuttiett	Gordon	J. Barnby
Father of all, to Thee	53	Rev. John Julian	Samuel	A. S. Sullivan
Father of all, Whose love	84	Edward Cooper	Rivaulx	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Father of love and power	31	George Rawson	Bethel	J. H. Cornell
Father of love, our guide	399	Rev. W. J. Irons	Gerontius	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Father of mercies, in Thy word	77	Anne Steele	Nox Præcessit	J. B. Calkin
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	402	Anne Steele	Naomi	Arr. by L. Mason
Father, Who art alone	641	E. J.	Raleigh	E. Prout
Fierce was the billow wild	159	Tr. by J. M. Neale	St. Sophronia	A. H. Brown
Fight the good fight with all	372	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Niagara	R. Jackson
Fling out the banner! let it float	584	Bp. G. W. Doane	Waltham	J. B. Calkin
For all the saints, who from	464	Bp. W. W. How	Sarum	J. Barnby
For all Thy saints, O Lord	456	Bp. Richard Mant	Day of Praise	C. Steggall
For the beauty of the earth	336	Folliott I. Pierpoint	St. Benet	W. H. Williamson
For the bread and for the wine	574	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Gratias Agimus	W. Alcock
For thee, O dear, dear country	521	Bernard of Cluny	Eden Grove	S. Smith
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	634	Rev. Henry Downton	Lawes	H. Lawes
Forever with the Lord	498	J. Montgomery	Nearer Home (1) Eve. Shadows (2)	I. B. Woodbury J. T. Musgrave
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	293	Rev. Charles Wesley	Canonbury	R. Schumann
Forward! be our watchword	394	Rev. Henry Alford	Watchword	H. Smart
Founded on Thee, our only Lord	546	Rev. S. F. Smith	Pentecost	W. Boyd
Fountain of good, to own Thy	608	P. Doddridge, E. Osler	Perdita	W. F. Biddle
Friend of sinners, Lord of glory	337	Rev. Newman Hall	Moultrie	G. F. Cobb
From all that dwell below	90	Rev. Isaac Watts	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter
From all Thy saints in warfare	459	Earl Nelson	Savoy Chapel	J. B. Calkin
From every stormy wind that	468	Rev. Hugh Stowell	Ludington (1) Retreat (2)	W. F. Biddle T. Hastings
From Greenland's icy mountains	594	Bp. Reginald Heber	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason
From ocean unto ocean	627	R. Murray	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason
From the eastern mountains	139	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Princethorpe	William Pitts
From the table now retiring	581	Rev. John Rowe	Whatley	Dr. Pearce
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us	436	Thomas Hastings	Whatley	Dr. Pearce
Give me the wings of faith	516	Rev. Isaac Watts	Lucius	Tr. Templi Carmina
Give, thou, thy youth to God	261	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Schumann	Fr. R. Schumann
Give to our God immortal praise	92	Rev. Isaac Watts	Warrington	Rev. R. Harrison

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Give to the winds thy fears	449	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	Trentham	R. Jackson
Glorious things of Thee are	541	Rev. John Newton	Austrian Hymn	Joseph Haydn
Glory, and praise, and honor *See* All glory, laud and honor				
Glory be to God the Father	86	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Ennerdale	J. Clippingdale
Glory to Thee, my God, this night. *See* All praise to Thee				
Go forward, Christian soldier	381	Rev. L. Tuttiett	Lustleigh	S. Weekes
Go, labor on, spend and be spent	357	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Welton	Rev. C. H. A. Malan
Go to dark Gethsemane	171	J. Montgomery	Gethsemane	R. Redhead
God bless our native land	631	Rev. C. T. Brooks / Rev. J. S. Dwight	New America	Rev. L. B. Longacre
God calling yet! shall I not hear	258	G. Tersteegen	La Barre	W. F. Biddle
God eternal, Lord of all	99	Tr. by J. E. Millard	Ellingham	S. N. Godfrey
God in the gospel of His Son	74	Rev. B. Beddome / Rev. T. Cotterill	Rockingham Old	Arr. E. Miller
God is Love, His mercy	109	J. Bowring	All for Jesus	J. Stainer
God is the refuge of His saints	409	Rev. Isaac Watts	Ward	Arr. by L. Mason
God moves in a mysterious way	398	William Cowper	Dundee	Arr. from C. Tye
God, my King, Thy might	121	Bp. Richard Mant	St. Oswald	Rev. J. B. Dykes
God of mercy, God of grace	116	Rev. H. F. Lyte	St. Benet	W. H. Williamson
God of our Fathers, Whose	628	Rev. D. C. Roberts	Pro Patria	H. W. Parker
God of pity, God of grace	285	Eliza F. Morris	Thanet	V. Barton
God of the fathers! show their	616	R. W. Raymond	Lasus	A. H. Mann
God shall charge his angel legions *See* Call Jehovah thy salvation				
God's trumpet wakes the	383	Rev. S. Longfellow	Nativity	H. Lahee
God, that madest earth and	22	Bp. Reginald Heber	Temple	E. J. Hopkins
God, the All-merciful, earth	632	Tr. H.F. Chorley	Russian Hymn (1) / Ultor Omnipotens	Alexis Lwoff / A. S. Sullivan
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	248	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Silver Street	Isaac Smith
Gracious Saviour, gentle	557	Jane E. Leeson	Dismissal	W. L. Viner
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine	241	John Stocker	Paraclete	Berthold Tours
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	239	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Charity	J. Stainer
Grant us thy light *See* O grant us light, that we may				
Great God, we sing that mighty	633	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Hursley	Asc. to P. Ritter
Great God, what do I see	215	Barth. Ringwalt / Rev. W. B. Collyer	Luther's Hymn	J. Klug's Gesangbuch
Great is the Lord our God	532	Rev. Isaac Watts	Bethlehem	S. Wesley
Great Shepherd of Thy people,	60	Rev. John Newton	Ravenglas	J. Langran
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	415	W. Williams	St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins
Hail! sacred day of earthly rest	45	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Dona	J. Goss
Hail the day that sees Him rise	189	Rev. Charles Wesley	Ascension (1) / Laus Sempi. (2)	W. H. Monk / S. Reay
Hail! Thou once despised Jesus	227	Rev. J. Bakewell	St. Hilda (1) / Salvator (2)	J. Barnby / J. Goss
Hail to the brightness of Zion's	605	Thomas Hastings	Wesley	L. Mason
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	595	James Montgomery	Greenland	Lausanne Psalter
Hail to the Sabbath day	36	Rev. S. G. Bulfinch	Olmutz	Arr. by L. Mason
Happy the man who knows his	355	Rev. T. C. Upham	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser
Hark! a thrilling voice is	212	Tr. by Rev. E. Caswall	Lucerne	T. A. Willis
Hark! hark! my soul	527	Rev. F. W. Faber	Pilgrims (1) / Vox Angelica (2)	H. Smart / Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	263	William Cowper	St. Bees	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! ten thousand harps and	201	Rev. Thomas Kelly	Harwell	Lowell Mason
Hark! the glad sound	129	Rev. P. Doddridge	St. Saviour	F. G. Baker
Hark! the herald angels sing	135	Rev. Charles Wesley	Mendelssohn (1) / Herald Angels (2)	Mendelssohn / Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! the song of jubilee	597	James Montgomery	Lætitia (1) / Onido (2)	J. Barnby / Arr. by L. Mason
Hark! the sound of holy voices	513	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Sanctuary	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! the voice of love and	169	Rev. J. Evans	Heber (1) / Kensington, N. (2)	E. J. Hopkins / J. Tilleard
Hark! what mean those holy	142	Rev. John Cawood	Sanctuary	Rev. J. B. Dykes

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
He has come, the Christ of God	130	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{Burleigh (1) / Glad Day (2)}	S. Weekes / W. W. Gilchrist
He leadeth me; O blessed . .	416	Rev. J. H. Gilmore	{He Leadeth Me (1) / Lampadarius (2)}	W. B. Bradbury / A. H. Mann
He that goeth forth with . .	368	Thomas Hastings	Stockwell	D. E. Jones
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	279	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Lacrymæ	A. S. Sullivan
Hear our prayer, O Heav'nly	23	Harriet Parr	All for Jesus	J. Stainer
Heav'nly Father, may Thy love	559	Rev. Benjamin Guest	Newington	W. D. Maclagan
Heav'nly Father, Thou hast .	639	Hester P. Hawkins	Lux Eoi	A. S. Sullivan
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee .	577	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Langran	J. Langran
High in the heav'ns, Eternal .	106	Rev. Isaac Watts	Ward	Arr. by L. Mason
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts draw	269	Rev. Charles Wesley	{Abends (1) / Niagara (2)}	H. S. Oakeley / R. Jackson
Holy Father, cheer our way .	16	Rev. R. H. Robinson	Vesperi Lux	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Holy Father, great Creator. .	87	Bp. A. V. Griswold	Regent Square	H. Smart
Holy Father, hear my cry . .	88	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Dallas	Arr. M. L. Cherubini
Holy Father, in Thy mercy .	644	Isabella S. Stephenson	Bullinger	E. W. Bullinger
Holy Father, Thou hast taught	419	J. M. Neale	Promised Land	H. N. Bartlett
Holy Ghost, the Infinite . . .	238	George Rawson	Septem Voces	A. S. Sullivan
Holy Ghost, with light divine.	240	Rev. Andrew Reed	Ferrier	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God .	1	Bp. Reginald Heber	Nicæ	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of	89	Bp. C. Wordsworth	St. Athanasius	E. J. Hopkins
Holy Spirit, truth divine . . .	242	Rev. S. Longfellow	Consecration	Charles Vincent
Hosanna to the living Lord! .	50	Bp. Reginald Heber	Hosanna	Rev. J. B. Dykes
How beauteous are their feet	550	Rev. Isaac Watts	Schumann	R. Schumann
How beauteous were the marks	155	Bp. A. C. Coxe	Lasus	A. H. Mann
How blessed, from the bonds	348	Rev. Carl J. P. Spitta	Selwyn	J. Tilleard
How firm a foundation . . .	427	G. Keith (?)	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading
How gentle God's commands	407	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Dennis	H. G. Nägeli
How large the promise, how .	564	Rev. Isaac Watts	Lynton	A. J. Jamouneau
How precious is the book divine	79	Rev. J. Fawcett	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
How sweetly flowed the gospel's	154	J. Bowring	Louvan	V. C. Taylor
How sweet the name of Jesus	324	Rev. John Newton	Sharon	T. Wallhead
I bless the Christ of God . .	404	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Clifton	J. Brabham
I could not do without Thee .	311	F. R. Havergal	Eden Grove	Samuel Smith
I do not ask that life may be	428	Adelaide A. Procter	Serenity	Arr. W. V. Wallace
I gave my life for Thee *See* Thy life was given for me				
I heard the voice of Jesus say	147	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{Vox Dilecti (1) / Bellamy (2)}	Rev. J. B. Dykes / W. F. Biddle
I know that my Redeemer lives	197	Rev. Charles Wesley	Bradford	G. F. Handel
I lay my sins on Jesus . . .	313	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Hatfield Hall	C. Vincent
I love Thy kingdom, Lord . .	534	Rev. T. Dwight	St. Thomas	A. Williams
I need Thee every hour . . .	433	Annie S. Hawks	{Need (1) / Every hour (2)}	Rev. R. Lowry / Rev. P. R. Sleeman
I need Thee, precious Jesus .	281	Frederick Whitfield	St. George's Bolton	J. Walch
I was a wandering sheep . .	280	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{Lebanon (1) / Pastor Bonus (2)}	J. Zundel / A. J. Caldicott
I worship Thee, sweet Will. .	396	Rev. F. W. Faber	Belmont	Arr. fr. W. Gardiner
I would not live alway . . .	506	Rev. W. A. Mühlenberg	Frederick	G. Kingsley
I'm but a stranger here . . .	519	Rev. T. R. Taylor	He'vn is my home	A. S. Sullivan
I'm not ashamed to own my .	349	Rev. Isaac Watts	Downs	L. Mason
Immortal Love, forever full .	291	John G. Whittier	Beatitudo	Rev. J. B. Dykes
In full and glad surrender . .	308	F. R. Havergal	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett
In heav'nly love abiding . .	411	Anna L. Waring	Cara Patria	H. M. Higgs
In loud exalted strains . . .	542	Rev. Benj. Francis	King of Glory	H. W. Parker
In mem'ry of the Saviour's love	567	Rev. Thos. Cotterill	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
In the cross of Christ, I glory	173	J. Bowring	Rathbun	I. Conkey
In the dark and cloudy day .	445	George Rawson	Irene	C. C. Scholefield
In the hour of trial	432	James Montgomery	Penitence	S. Lane
In Thy name, O Lord	57	Rev. Thomas Kelly	Heber	E. J. Hopkins
In token that thou shalt not .	563	Rev. H. Alford	Marlow	Rev. J. Chetham
It came upon the midnight. .	131	Rev. C. H. Sears	{Knox (1) / Cantus Glorio. (2)}	J. C. Knox / F. L. Sealy

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
It is not death to die	500	Rev. H. A. C. Malan	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser
I've found a Friend, O such	315	Rev. J. G. Small	Constance	A. S. Sullivan
Jerusalem, my happy home	510	Founded on "F. P. B."	Southwell	H. S. Irons
Jerusalem, the golden	520	Bernard of Cluny	Ewing (1) Urbs Beata (2)	A. Ewing G. F. LeJeune
Jesus, and shall it ever be	359	Rev. Joseph Grigg	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	271	C. F. Alexander	Whatley (1) Galilee (2)	Dr. Pearce W. H. Jude
Jesus came; the heavens	209	Rev. Godfrey Thring	St. Pancras	H. Smart
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	179	Lat. Tate and Brady	Worgan (1) Easter Hymn (2)	Fr. Lyra Davidica W. H. Monk
Jesus, engrave it on my heart	252	Rev. Samuel Medley	Maryton	Rev. H. P. Smith
Jesus, I live to Thee	299	Rev. H. Harbaugh	Chiselhurst	J. Barnby
Jesus, I my cross have taken	316	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Falfield (1) Disciple (2)	A. S. Sullivan W. A. Mozart
Jesus, I will trust Thee	302	Mary J. Walker	Trusting	John Adcock
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	178	Rev. C. F. Gellert	St. Albinus	H. J. Gauntlett
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	435	John J. Cummins	Blessing	J. Barnby
Jesus, Lover of my soul	306	Rev. C. Wesley	Hollingside (1) Martyn (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes S. B. Marsh
Jesus, Master, whom I serve	365	F. R. Havergal	Noricum	F. James
Jesus, Master, whose I am	304	F. R. Havergal	Bekesbourne	R. Jackson
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	344	Rev. Henry Collins	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	437	Rev. J. R. Macduff	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan
Jesus, my strength, my hope	446	Rev. Charles Wesley	Boylston	L. Mason
Jesus shall reign where'er the	585	Rev. Isaac Watts	Missionary Chant	H. C. Zeuner
Jesus, the very tho't of Thee	326	Bernard of Clairvaux	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Jesus, these eyes have never	327	Rev. Ray Palmer	Nox Præcessit	J. B. Calkin
Jesus, Thou art the sinners	245	Rev. R. Burnham	Gerontius	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	571	Bernard of Clairvaux	Quebec	Rev. H. Baker
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	328	Rev. P. Gerhardt Rev. John Wesley	Valete	A. S. Sullivan
Jesus! Thy name I love	221	Rev. J. G. Deck	Weston	A. E. Dyer
Jesus, to Thy table led	573	Rev. R. H. Baynes	Lacrymæ	A. S. Sullivan
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	49	William Cowper	Mendon	Ger. Melody
Join all the glorious names	225	Rev. Isaac Watts	Harrogate	W. Sanderson
Joy to the world the Lord is	127	Rev. Isaac Watts	Nativity	H. Lahee
Just as I am, without one plea	283	Charlotte Elliott	Misericordia (1) Woodworth (2) Agnus Dei (3)	H. Smart W. H. Bradbury W. Blow
Kingdoms and thrones to God	93	Rev. Isaac Watts	Missionary Chant	C. Zeuner
Lamb of God, whose bleeding	576	Rev. Charles Wesley	Gersau	Rev. L. M. White
Lamp of our feet whereby we	76	Bernard Barton	Sawley	J. Walch
Lead, kindly Light, amid	424	Rev. J. H. Newman	Lux Benigna (1) Newman (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes J. Baptiste Calkin
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead	417	James Edmeston	Redemption (1) Verona (2)	C. Gounod J. H. Deane
Leaning on Thee, my guide,	320	Charlotte Elliott	Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes
Leave God to order all thy	425	George Neumarck	Peniel	J. Booth
Let no hopeless tears be shed	503	Anonymous	St. Millicent	A. S. Sullivan
Let saints below in concert sing	454	Rev. Charles Wesley	Sharon	T. Wallhead
Let us, with a gladsome mind	120	John Milton	Posen	C. G. Strattner
Lift up your heads, ye gates	582	James Montgomery	Bracondale	Josiah Booth
Light of the lonely Pilgrim's heart	200	Edward Denny	Caterham	A. Cottman
Lo! God is here, let us adore	95	Gerhard Tersteegen	Litlington Tower	J. Barnby
Lo! He comes with clouds	214	Rev. J. Cennick Rev. C. Wesley	St. Thomas	S. Webbe (?)
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	455	Scotch Paraphrases	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
Look, ye saints, the sight is	203	Rev. Thomas Kelly	Rex Triumphans Corfe Mullen	G. E. Hll Rev. T.R. Matthews
Lord, dismiss us with Thy	69	Anon (Asc. to Rev. J. Fawcett)	Sicilian Mariners St. Raphael	Sicilian Melody E. J. Hopkins
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!	112	Thomas Cotterill	Ch. Triumphant	J. W. Elliott
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	244	J. Montgomery	Franconia	J. G. Ebeling

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMOPOSER
Lord, her watch Thy church is	599	Rev. H. Downton	Everton (1) / Faben (2)	H. Smart / J. H. Willcox
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine	297	Rev. Samuel Davies	Pentecost	W. Boyd
Lord I believe; Thy power I own	294	Rev. J. R. Wreford	Lynton	A. J. Jamouneau
Lord, I have made Thy word my	78	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Saviour	F. G. Baker
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt	10	Rev. Isaac Watts	Dalehurst	Arthur Cottman
Lord it belongs not to my care	397	Rev. Richard Baxter	Burlington	J. Burrows
Lord, lead the way the Saviour	345	Rev. Wm. Crosswell	Gouda	B. Tours
Lord of all being, thron'd afar	107	Oliver W. Holmes	Mendon	Arr. by S. Dyer
Lord of glory, Thou has bought	610	E. S. Alderson	Chilston	A. H. Mann
Lord of Hosts, to Thee we raise	544	James Montgomery	University Coll.	H. J. Gauntlett
Lord of mercy and of might	470	Bp. Reginald Heber	Ambrose (1) / St. Serban (2)	Arr. by H. Gauntlett / E. H. Thorne
Lord of our life! and God of our	549	M. A. Von Lowenstern	Cloisters	J. Barnby
Lord of power, Lord of might	97	Rev. George Thring	Heathlands	H. Smart
Lord of the harvest, it is right	604	Rev. S. J. Stone	Harvest	C. J. Frost
Lord of the living harvest	554	J. S. B. Monsell	Holy Church	A. H. Brown
Lord of the worlds above	537	Rev. Isaac Watts	Christ Church	C. Steggall
Lord, speak to me, that I may	358	F. R. Havergal	Holley	G. Hews
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	466	James Montgomery	Faith	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Lord, Thou lovest the cheerful	611	R. Murray	Bethany	H. Smart
Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven. *See* Round the Lord, in glory				
Lord, we come before Thee now	54	William Hammond	Horton	X. von Wartensee
Lord, when we bend before Thy	46	J. D. Carlyle	Beatitudo	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Lord, while for all mankind we	630	Rev. J. R. Wreford	St. Anne	William Croft
Lord, Who at Cana's wedding	612	Adelaide Thrupp	Selwyn	J. Tilleard
Lord, with glowing heart I'd	111	F. S. Key	Faben	J. H. Willcox
Love divine, all love excelling	58	Rev. Charles Wesley	Beecher (1) / Promised Land(2)	J. Zundel / H. N. Bartlett
Majestic sweetness sits	323	Samuel Stennett	Burlington (1) / Ortonville (2)	J. F. Burrows / T. Hastings
Mighty God, while angels bless	230	Rev. R. Robinson	Bethany	H. Smart
More love to Thee, O Christ	332	E. P. Prentiss	Propior Deo	A. S. Sullivan
Much in danger, oft in woe. *See* Oft in danger, oft in woe				
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	347	Rev. T. Shepherd / Rev. C. Beecher, v. 4,5	Eversley (1) / Maitland (2)	A. Cottman / G. N. Allen
My country, 'tis of thee	629	Rev. S. F. Smith	America	H. Carey
My days are gliding swiftly	494	Rev. David Nelson	Shining Shore	G. F. Root
My dear Redeemer, and my	150	Rev. Isaac Watts	Rockingham New	Lowell Mason
My faith looks up to Thee	298	Rev. Ray Palmer	Olivet (1) / Faith (2)	L. Mason / J. H. Cornell
My God, accept my heart this	295	Matthew Bridges	Azmon	Arr. by L. Mason
My God and Father *See* My God, my Father.				
My God, how endless is Thy love	8	Rev. Isaac Watts	Angelus	J. G. W. Scheffler
My God, how wonderful Thou	101	Rev. F. W. Faber	Dundee	Scotch Psalter
My God, I thank Thee, who	341	Adelaide A. Procter	Wentworth	F. C. Maker
My God, is any hour so sweet	474	Charlotte Elliott	Almsgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes
My God, my Father, while I	421	Charlotte Elliott	Hanford (1) / Troyte (2)	A. S. Sullivan / A. H. D. Troyte
My gracious Lord, I own Thy	356	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Rockingham Old	E. Miller
My hope is built on nothing less	321	Rev. Edward Mote	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	422	Benjamin Schmolke	Harland	J. Stainer
My Saviour, I am Thine. *See* Dear Saviour, we are Thine				
My soul, be on thy guard	380	Rev. George Heath	Laban(1) / Calvin (2)	L. Mason / Anonymous
My soul, repeat His praise	125	Rev. Isaac Watts	Schumann	R. Schumann
My spirit on Thy care	406	Rev. Henry F. Lyte	St. Andrew	J. Barnby
My times are in Thy hand	408	William F. Lloyd	Barclay	Rev. H. B. Turner
Nearer, my God, to Thee	489	Sarah F. Adams	Bethany (1) / Horbury (2)	L. Mason / Rev. J. B. Dykes
Near the cross was Mary	172	Tr. J. W. Alexander	Stabat Mater	Rev. J. B. Dykes
New every morning is the love	7	Rev. John Keble	Melcombe	Samuel Webbe

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Not all the blood of beasts . .	301	Rev. Isaac Watts	Olmutz	Arr. by L. Mason
Not in dumb resignation . .	423	Hon. John Hay	Civitas Dei	A. J. Caldicott
Not what these hands have done	250	Rev. H. Bonar	St. Andrew	J. Barnby
Now God be with us	19	Bohemian Brethren	Nightfall	J. Barnby
Now I resolve with all my heart	296	Anne Steele	Maryton	Rev. H. P. Smith
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	195	Rev. P. Doddridge	Vaughan	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Now may He who from the dead	72	Rev. John Newton	Cantone	A. H. Mann
Now, on land and sea	24	Rev. S. Longfellow	Sardis	Beethoven
Now rest, ye pilgrim host . .	535	R. W. Raymond	{ St. Ishmael (1) { Pilgrim Host (2)	C. Vincent W. W. Gilchrist
Now sing we a song for the .	622	J. W. Chadwick	Kemsing	J. W. Elliott
Now thank we all our God .	333	Rev. M. Rinkart	Nun Danket	J. Crüger
Now the day is over.	30	S. Baring-Gould	Merrial	J. Barnby
Now the laborer's task is o'er	502	Rev. John Ellerton	{ Requiescat (1) { Hebron (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes J. Barnby
Now to the Lord a noble song	118	Rev. Isaac Watts	Ware	G. Kingsley
O bless the Lord, my soul . .	124	J. Montgomery	St. Thomas	A. Williams
O bread to Pilgrims given . .	575	Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer	Holborn	T. Adams
O brothers, lift your voices .	382	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Brothers' Voices	H. J. Storer
O cease, my wandering soul .	247	W. A. Mühlenberg	Ferguson	G. Kingsley
O come, all ye faithful . . .	146	Anon. Lat. 17th Cent.	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading
O come, and mourn with me.	167	Rev. F. W. Faber	St. Cross	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O come, O come, Emmanuel .	136	Anon. Tr. J. M. Neale	{ Veni Emmanuel { Veni Emmanuel	Ancient Plain Song C. Gounod
O could I speak the matchless	224	Rev. S. Medley	Ariel	Arr. by L. Mason
O day of rest and gladness . .	32	Bp. C. Wordsworth	{ Bentley (1) { St. Anselm (2)	J. Hullah J. Barnby
O everlasting Light	487	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Domenica	H. S. Oakeley
O Father, hear my morning .	11	Mrs. F. A. Percy	Eversley	Arthur Cottman
O for a closer walk with God	482	William Cowper	Belmont	Arr. f. W. Gardiner
O for a faith that will not . .	479	W. H. Bathurst	Bartlett	H. N. Bartlett
O for a heart to praise my God	481	Rev. Charles Wesley	Abridge	Isaac Smith
O for a thousand tongues to sing	217	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Newbold (1) { Sawley (2)	G. Kingsley J. Walch
O God, beneath Thy guiding .	625	Rev. Leonard Bacon	Duke Street	J. Hatton
O God, in Whom we live and.	361	Rev. S. Longfellow	Louvan	V. C. Taylor
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	395	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Bristol	E. Hodges
O God of mercy, God of might	369	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Harlech	Welsh Air
O God, our help in ages past .	104	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Anne	William Croft
O God, the Rock of Ages . .	110	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Webb	G. J. Webb
O God, unseen, yet ever near .	566	Edward Osler	Sawley	J. Walch
O God, we praise Thee, . . .	105	Nahum Tate	Anagola	J. H. Crossley
O grant us light, that we may	234	Rev. L. Tuttiett	Otterbourne	Haydn, Arr. J. Turle
O happy band of pilgrims . .	364	St. Joseph, Tr. Neale	Lincoln	M. Vulpius
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen	318	Charlotte Elliott	Flemming	Arr. fr. Flemming
O Jesus, crucified for man . .	166	Bp. W. W. How	Lundy	C. H. Lloyd
O Jesus, I have promised . .	309	Rev. J. E. Bode	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott
O Jesus, King most wonderful	194	Bernard of Clairvaux	Tiltey Abbey	A. H. Brown
O Jesus, Thou art standing .	266	Bp. W. W. How	St. Edith	J. H. Knecht
O Jesus, when I think of Thee	325	G. W. Bethune	Green Hill	A. L. Peace
O Lamb of God, still	312	J. G. Deck	Lux Mundi	A. S. Sullivan
O little town of Bethlehem .	132	Bp. Phillips Brooks	{ Bethlehem (1) { St. Louis (2)	J. Barney L. H. Redner
O Lord, be with us when we sail	643	Rev. E. A. Dayman	Albano	V. Novello
O Lord of heav'n and earth .	342	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Almsgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King	626	Oliver W. Holmes	Ward	Old Scotch Melody
O Lord of Hosts, whose glory	545	Rev. J. M. Neale	Wareham	W. Knapp
O Lord, our God, arise . . .	583	Anonymous	Laban	L. Mason
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	276	John Markant	Dundee	Arr. from C. Tye
O love divine and golden . .	613	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Seabrook	W. F. Biddle
O love divine, how sweet Thou	493	Rev. Charles Wesley	Purleigh	A. H. Brown
O love divine, that stooped to.	431	Oliver W. Holmes	Birstall	A. Widdop
O love of God, how strong . .	108	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Rockingham Old	Arr. by E. Miller
O love that casts out fear . .	490	Rev. Horatius Bonar	St. Denys	F. Spinney

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O Master, let me walk with Thee	362	Rev. Wash. Gladden	Maryton	H. P. Smith
O Master, when Thou callest	363	Sarah G. Stock	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
O mother dear, Jerusalem	508	Founded on "F.B.P."	Materna	S. A. Ward
O One with God the Father	233	Bp. W. W. How	Pearsall	St. Gall Gesangbuch
O Paradise! O Paradise!	517	Rev. F. W. Faber	Paradise (1) / Paradise (2)	J. Barnby / H. Smart
O perfect Love, all human tho'ts	614	D. F. Blomfield	Perfect Love (1) / Crofton (2)	J. Barnby / Lord Crofton
O quickly come, dread judge	210	Rev. L. Tuttiett	St. Petersburg	D. Bortniansky
O render thanks unto the Lord	340	Rev. A. E. Evans	Perivale	C. E. Kettle
O Sacred Head, now wounded	170	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	Passion Choral (1) / St. Christopher (2)	H. L. Hassler / F. C. Maker
O Saviour, precious Saviour	232	F. R. Havergal	Westwood	R. H. McCartney
O Sion, haste, thy mission nigh	587	Mary A. Thomson	Tidings	J. Walch
O speed thee, Christian, on thy	373	Anonymous	Marlow	J. Chetham
O still in accents sweet and	346	Rev. S. Longfellow	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O Thou, from Whom all	429	Rev. Thomas Haweis	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
O Thou great Teacher from	607	Rev. T. C. Upham	Dedham	William Gardiner
O Thou, the contrite sinner's	204	Charlotte Elliott	Just as I am	J. Barnby
O Thou, whose own vast temple	543	William C. Bryant	Azmon	L. Mason
O Thou, whose tender mercy	275	Anne Steele	Mear	A. Williams
O timely happy, timely wise. *See* New every morning is the love				
O what, if we are Christ's	430	Henry W. Baker	Swainsthorpe	J. Booth
O what the joy and the glory	528	P. Abelard, 12th Cent.	O quanta qualia	Ancient Plain Song
O where are kings and	531	Bp. Arthur C. Coxe	St. Anne	W. Croft
O where is He that trod the sea	148	Rev. T. T. Lynch	Filius Dei	A. R. Gaul
O where shall rest be found	486	James Montgomery	Newland	H. J. Gauntlett
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Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	190	Matthew Bridges	{ Verrinder (1) / Fiat Lux (2)	C. G. Verrinder / Rev. J. B. Dykes
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Saviour, source of every blessing	228	Rev. R. Robinson	Trust	Mendelssohn
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The Ten Commandments

Exodus xx : 1–17.

God spake all these words, saying:

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Matt. xxii : 37–40.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Opening Sentences

The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High: to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering and come before Him. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him all the earth.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father Who art in heaven:
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The Apostles' Creed

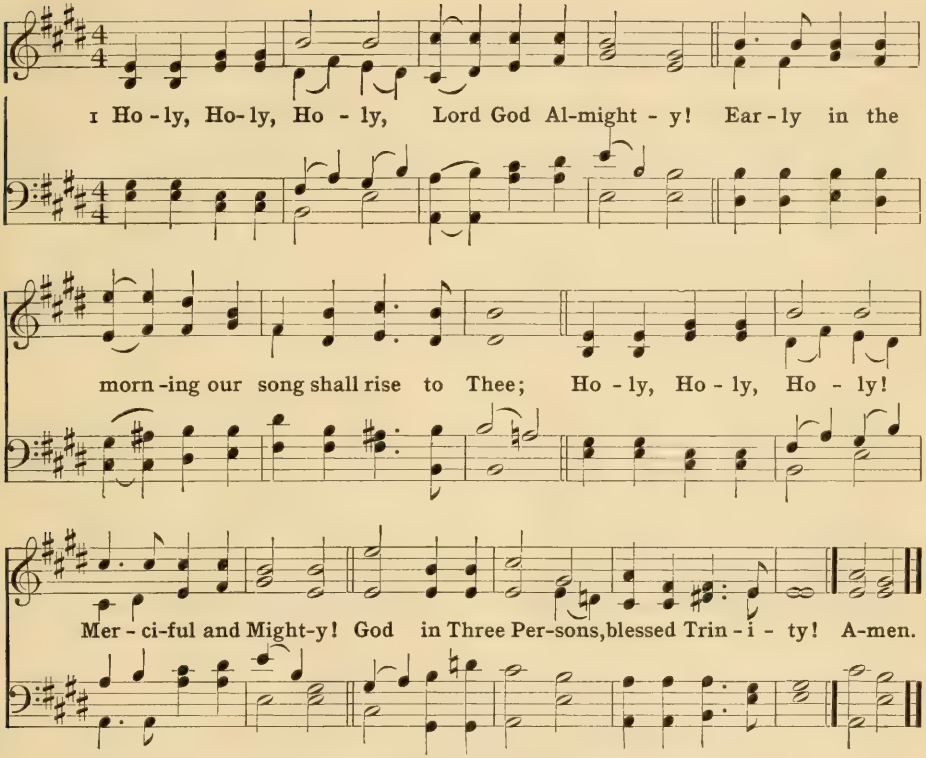
I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. Amen.

1

NICÆA 11.12.12.10. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861


1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A-men.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

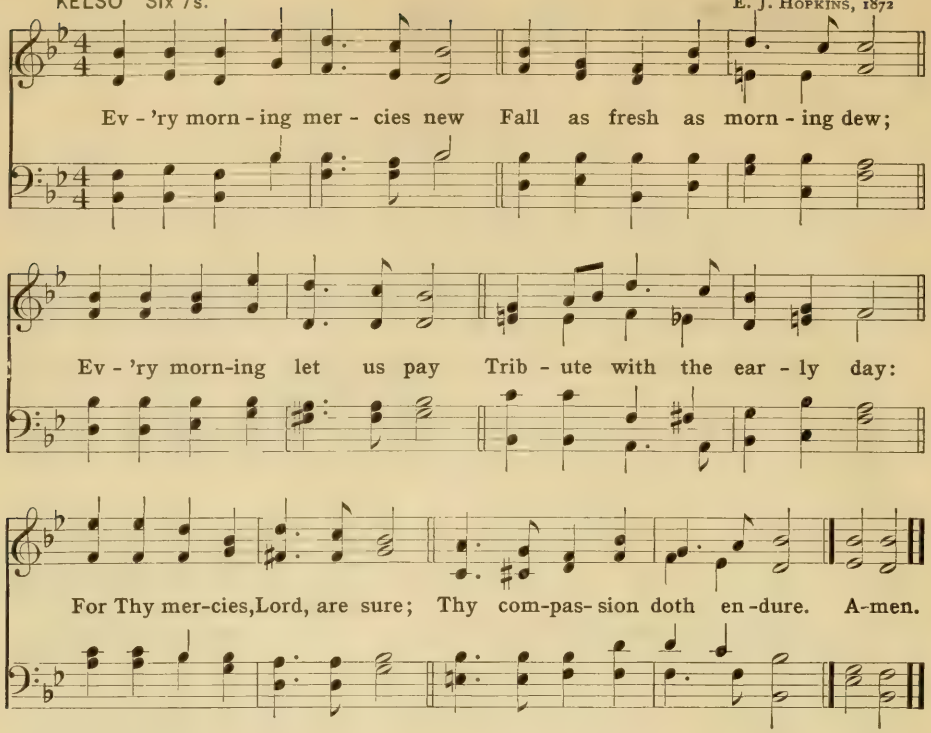
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

2

KELSO Six 7s. E. J. Hopkins, 1872


Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
Ev - 'ry morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:
For Thy mer-cies,Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas- sion doth en-dure. A-men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

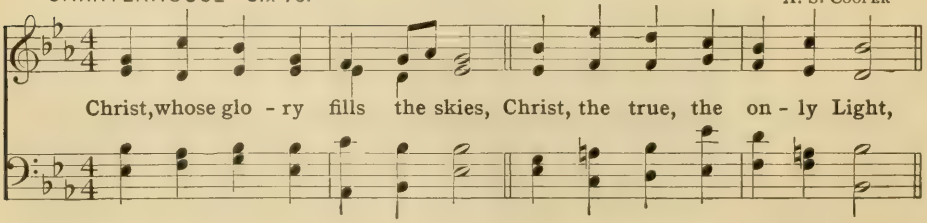
3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Ev'ry morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

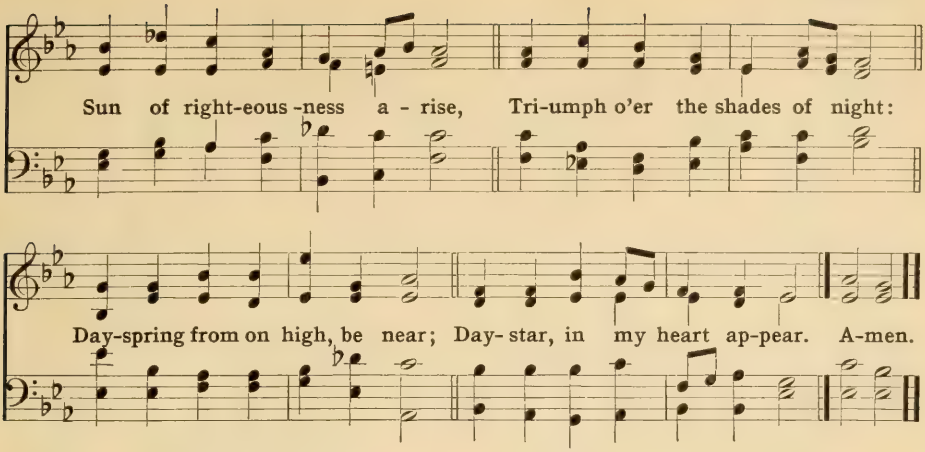
4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863

3

CHARTERHOUSE Six 7s. A. S. Cooper




Sun of right-eous-ness a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-men.

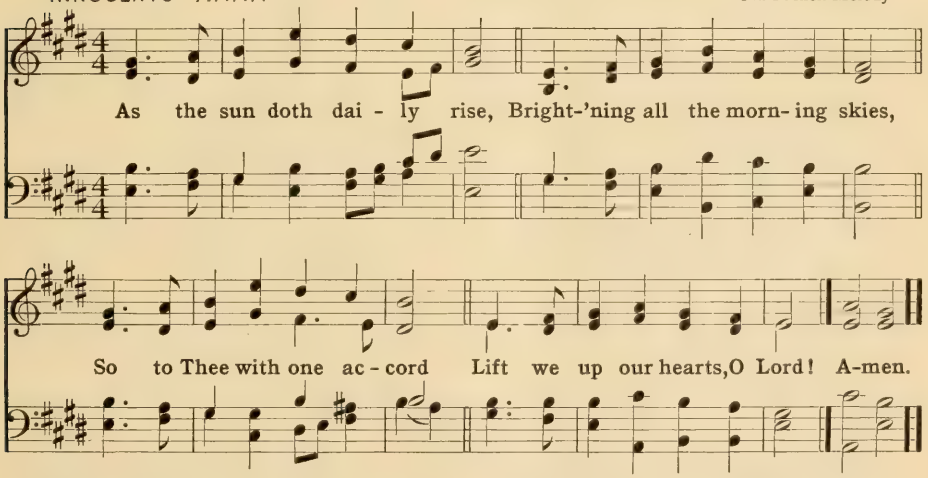
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

4

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7. Old French Melody



2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

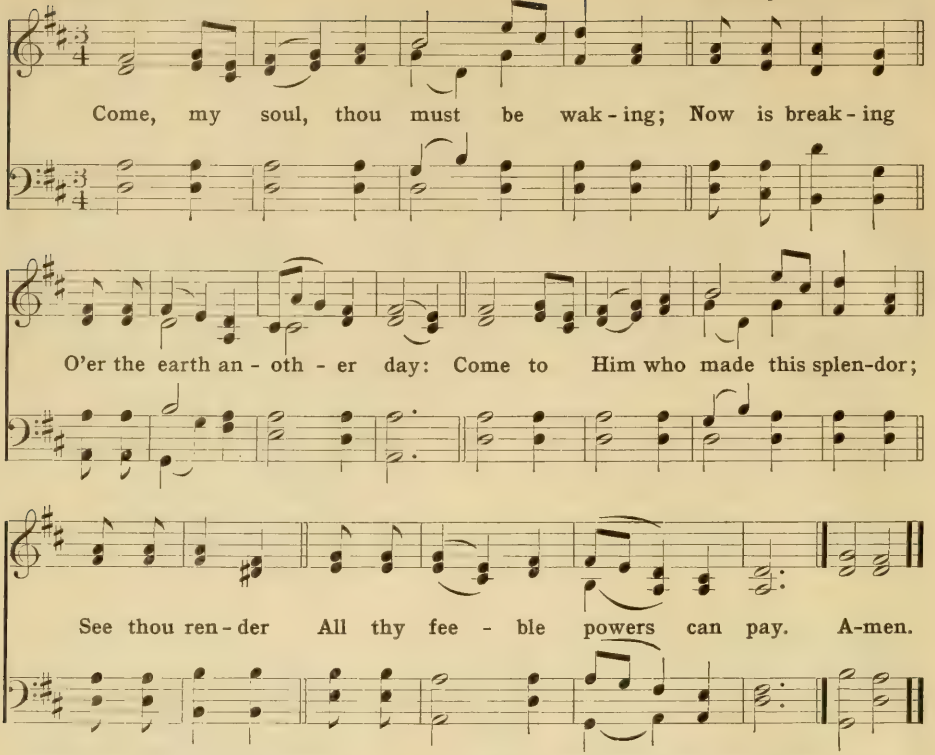
5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by EARL NELSON, 1864

5

HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7

Arr. from JOSEPH HAYDN


Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing
O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come to Him who made this splen-dor;
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble powers can pay. A-men.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth.
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

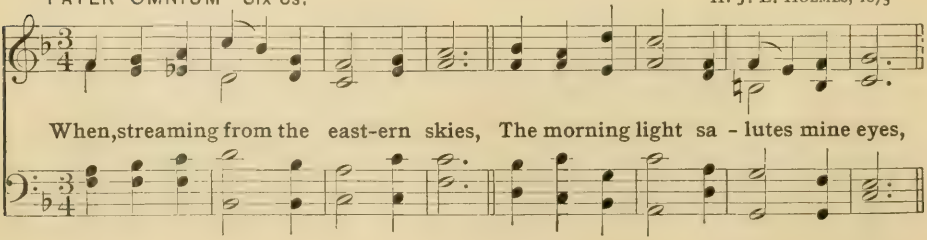
4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

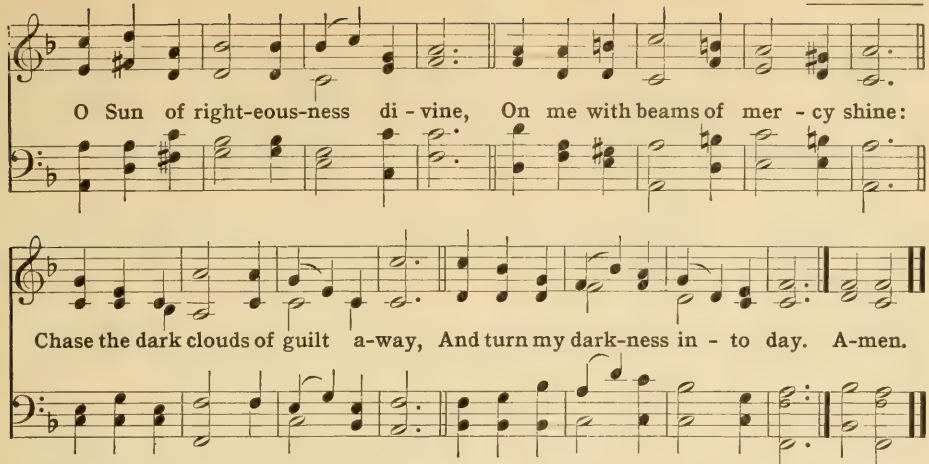
BARON VON CANITZ, 1700. Tr. Rev. J. H. BUCKOLL, 1841

6

PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

H. J. E. HOLMES, 1875




O Sun of right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine:
Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day. A-men.

2 As ev'ry day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

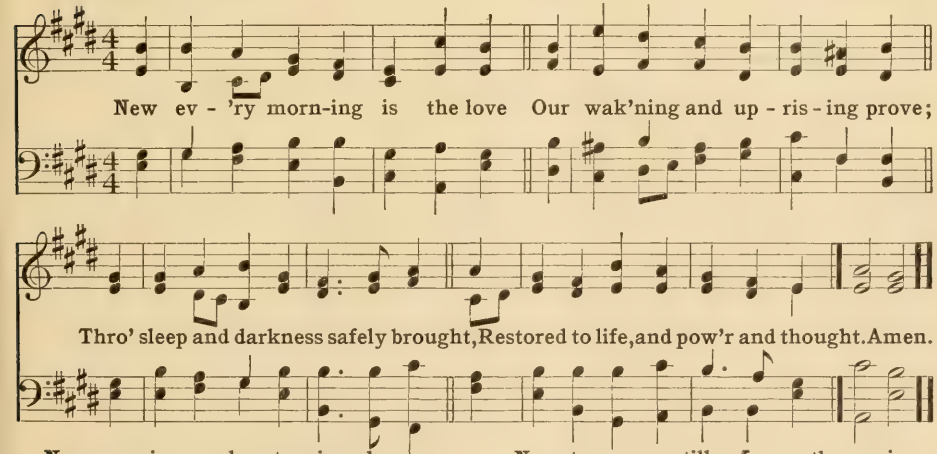
4 When each day's scenes and labors close
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1813

7

MELCOMBE L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK


New ev - 'ry morn-ing is the love Our wak'ning and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and pow'r and thought. Amen.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Is set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

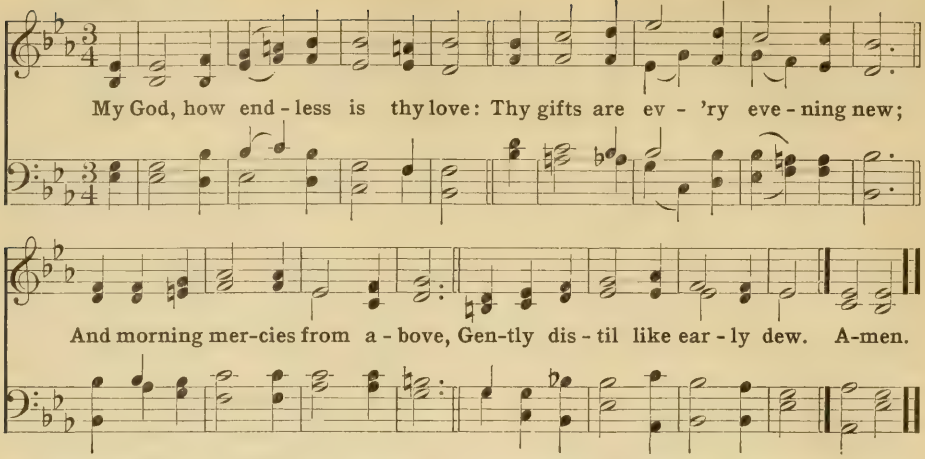
4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE, 1827. Ab.

8

ANGELUS L. M.

JOHANN G. W. SCHEFFLER, 1657


My God, how end - less is thy love: Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;
And morning mer-cies from a - bove, Gen-tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A-men.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

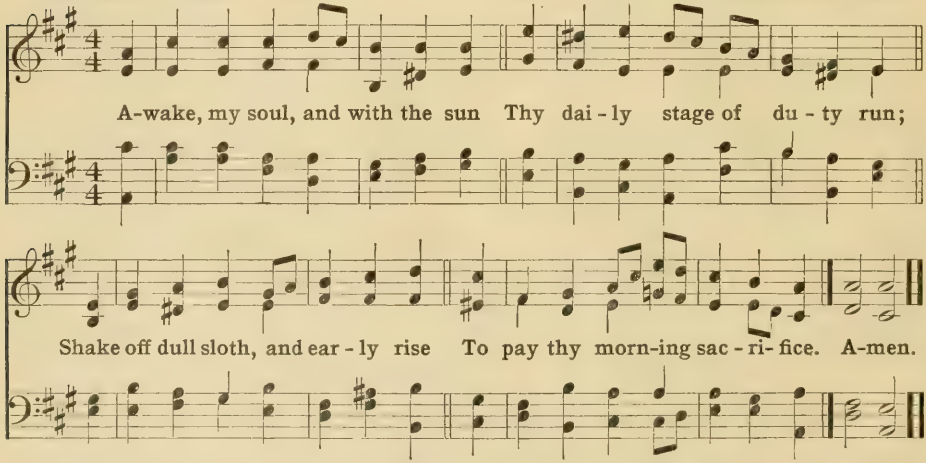
3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

9

MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. BARTHOLEMON, 1780


A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri- fice. A-men.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

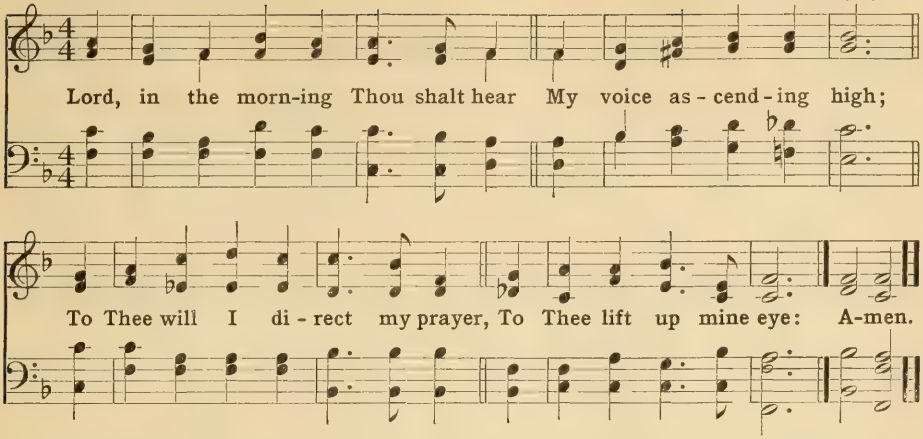
5 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1695

10

DALEHURST C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872



2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

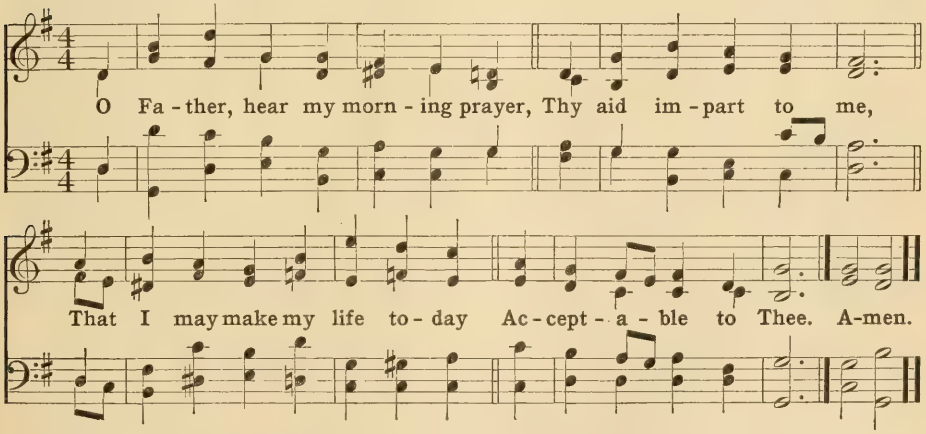
5 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

11

EVERSLEY C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN



2 May this desire my spirit rule,
And as the moments fly
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.

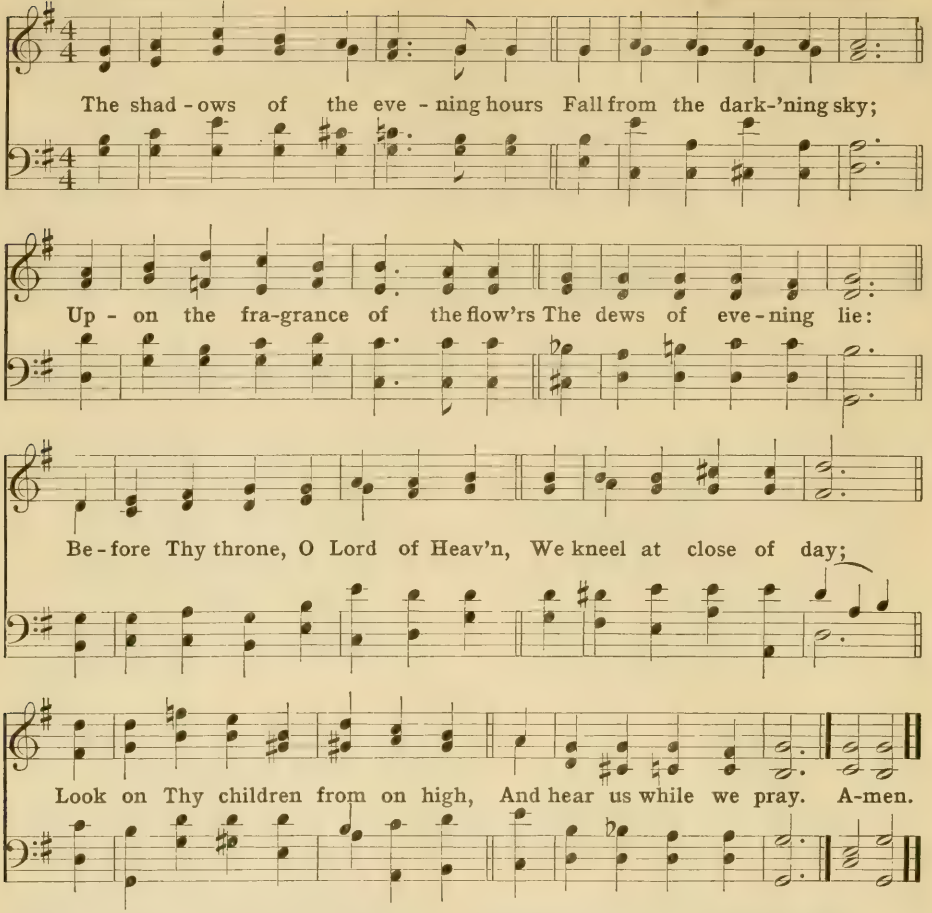
3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
With shining vict'ry meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery
Find overthrow complete.

4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

Mrs. F. A. PERCY

12

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

HENRY HILES, 1867

The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie:
Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory, chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within the heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

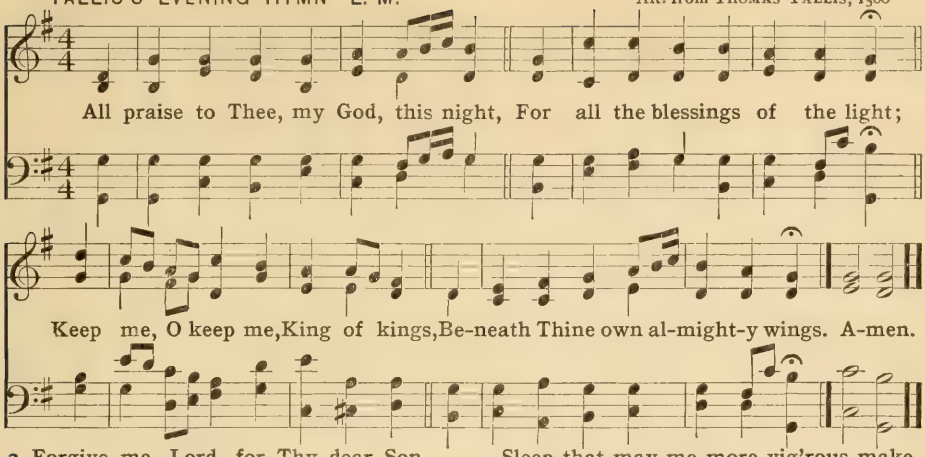
4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858

13

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from THOMAS TALLIS, 1560


All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings. A-men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

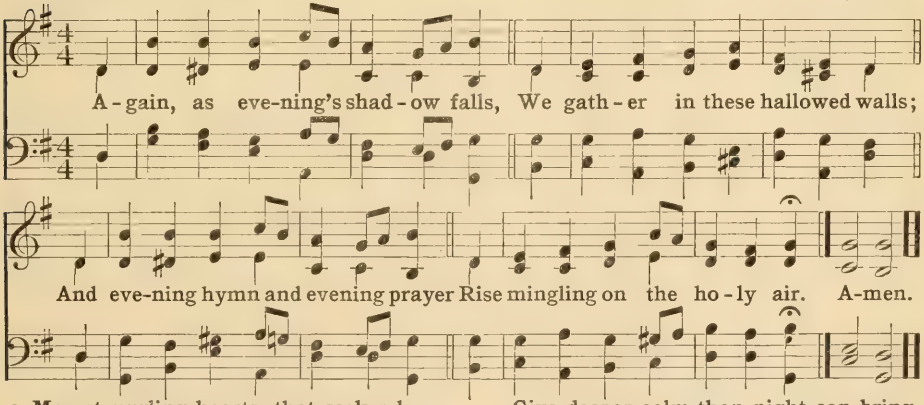
6 O when shall I, in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire.

Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1693 (text of 1709)

14

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1839


A-gain, as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hallowed walls;
And eve-ning hymn and evening prayer Rise mingling on the ho-ly air. A-men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

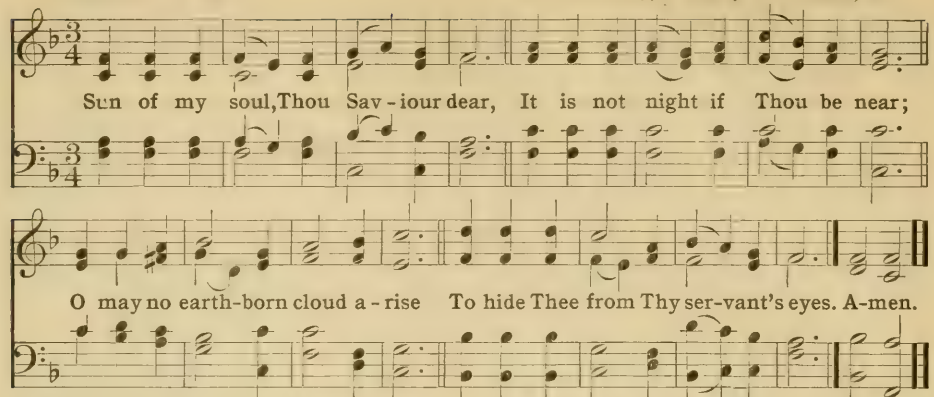
4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1859

15

HURSLEY L. M.

PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861


Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

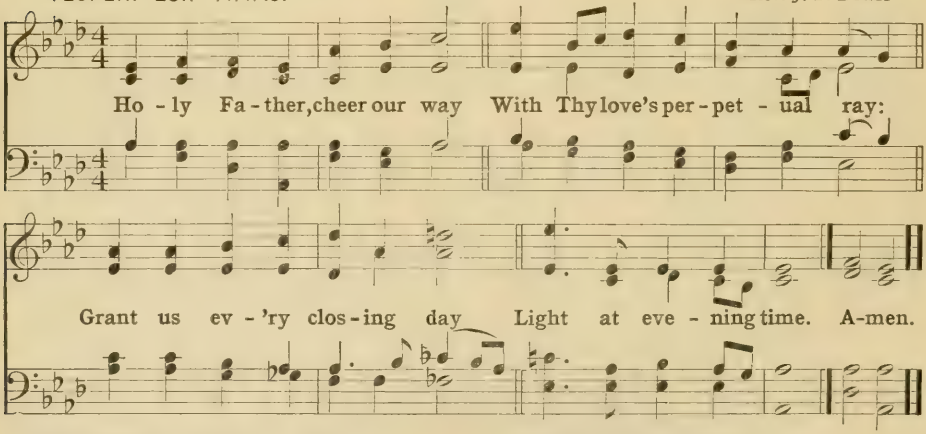
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE, 1820

16

VESPERI LUX 7.7.7.5.

Rev. J. B. DYKES



2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

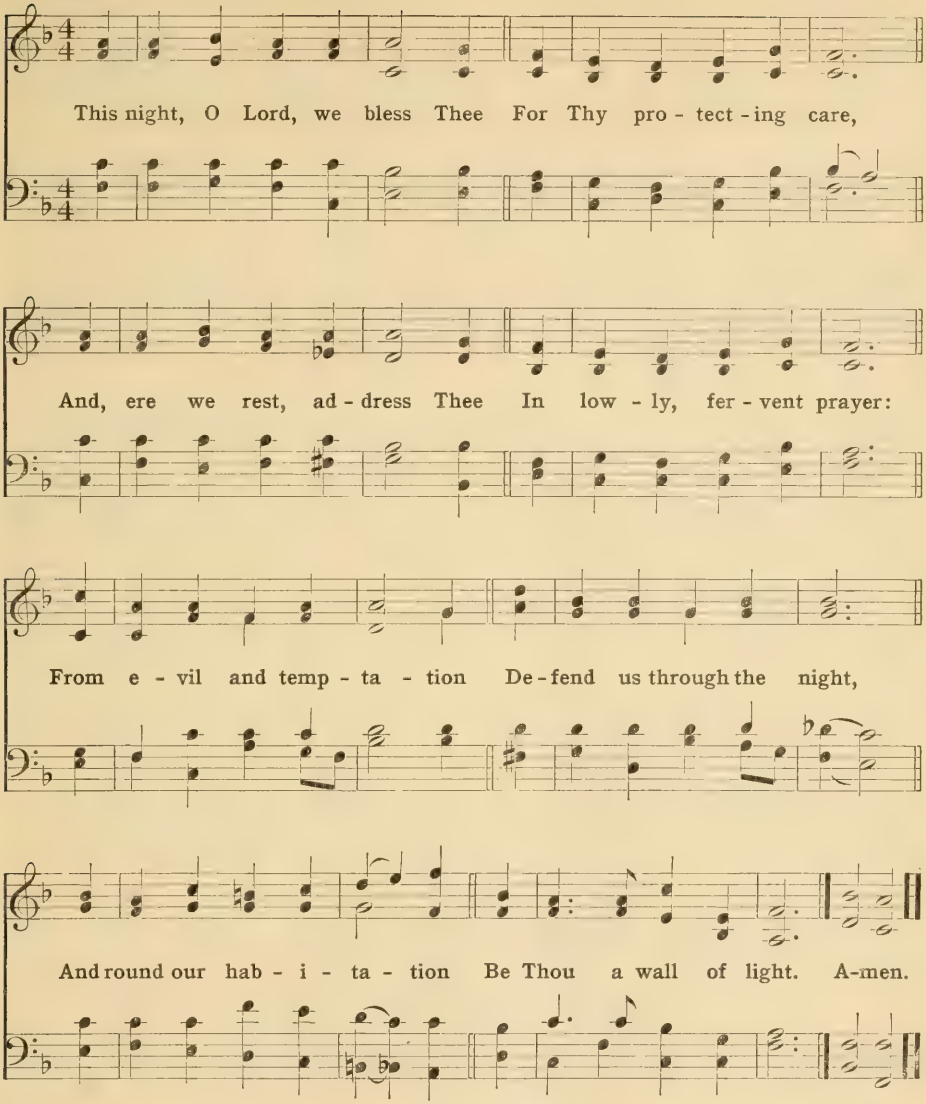
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

Rev. RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON, 1869

17

MINDEN 7.6.7.6.D.

H. H. Pierson

This night, O Lord, we bless Thee For Thy pro - tect - ing care,
And, ere we rest, ad - dress Thee In low - ly, fer - vent prayer:
From e - vil and temp - ta - tion De - fend us through the night,
And round our hab - i - ta - tion Be Thou a wall of light. A-men.

2 On Thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast,
To Thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last;
To Thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that Thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

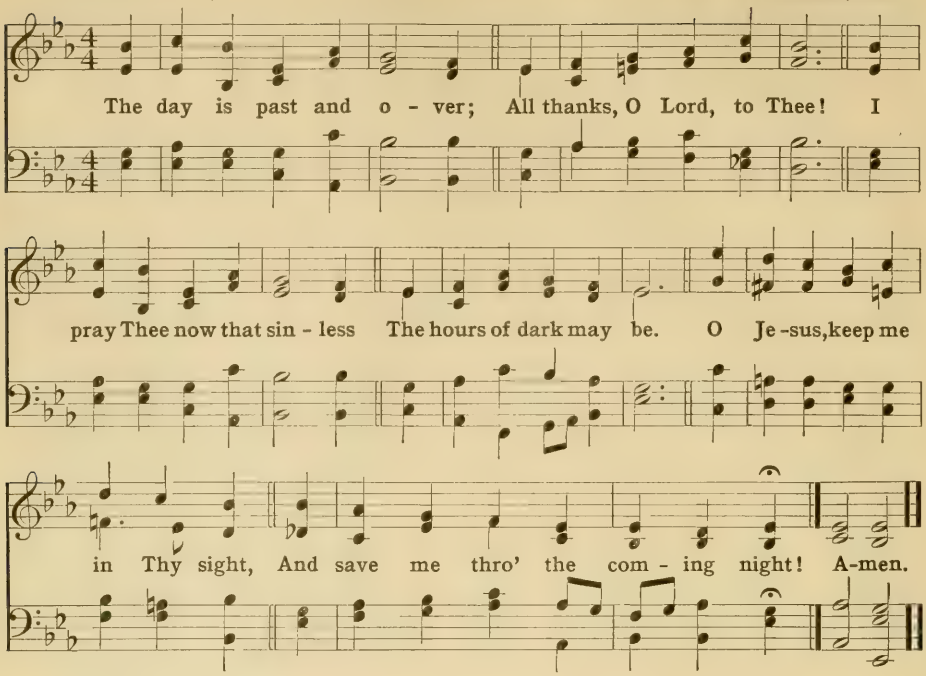
3 What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee.
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of Thy sure promise,
The shield of Thy true love.

Rev. James Drummond Burns, 1856

18

(*First Tune*)

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2. 7.6.7.6.8.8. A. H. BROWN, 1862


The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I
pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me
in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night! A-men.

2 The joys of day are over.
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over.
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

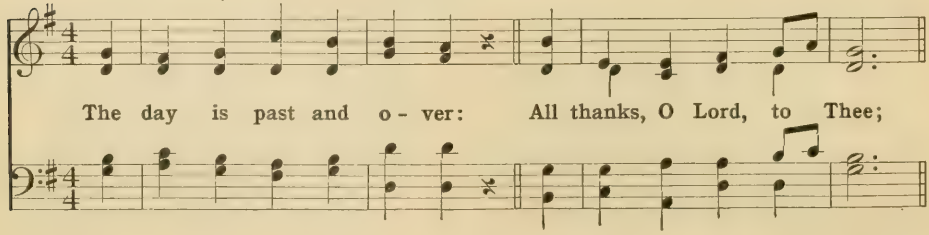
4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

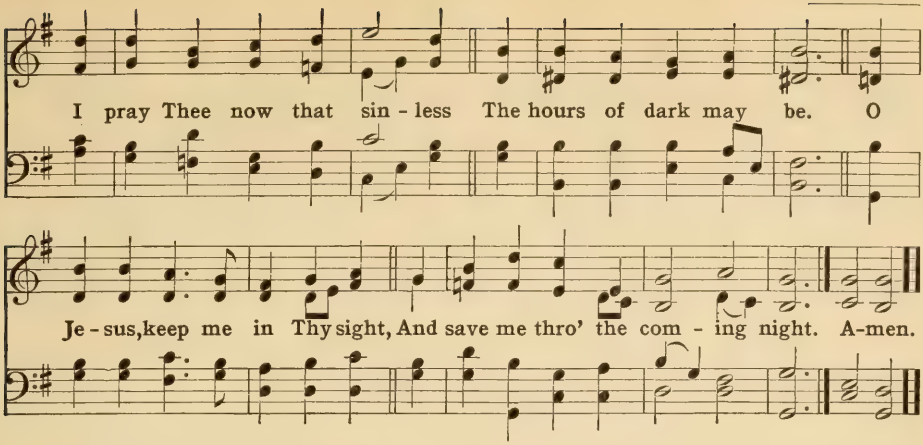
ANATOLIUS, 800. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1853

18

(*Second Tune*)

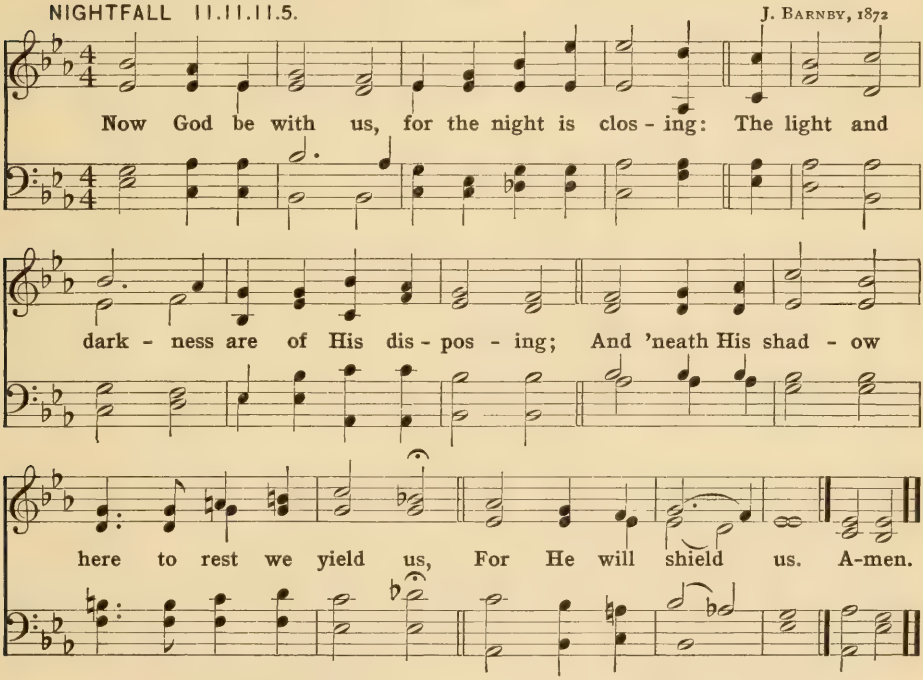
ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 3. 7.6.7.6.8.8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862





19

NIGHTFALL 11.11.11.5.

J. BARNBY, 1872

Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow
here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A-men.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

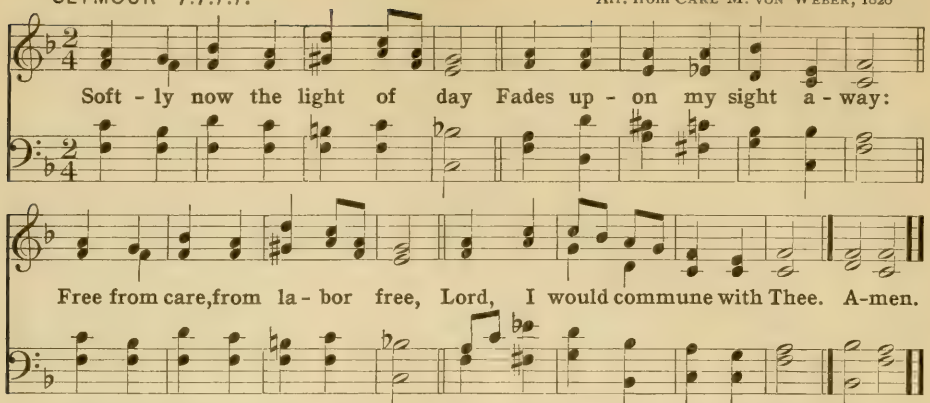
3 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us;
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

Bohemian Brethren, 1530. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORH, 1858

20

SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER, 1826



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

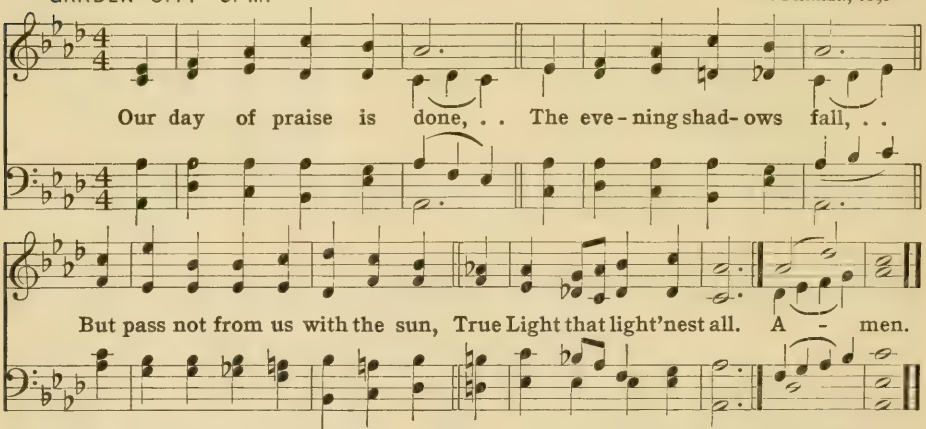
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1824

21

GARDEN CITY S. M.

H. W. PARKER, 1890

2 Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

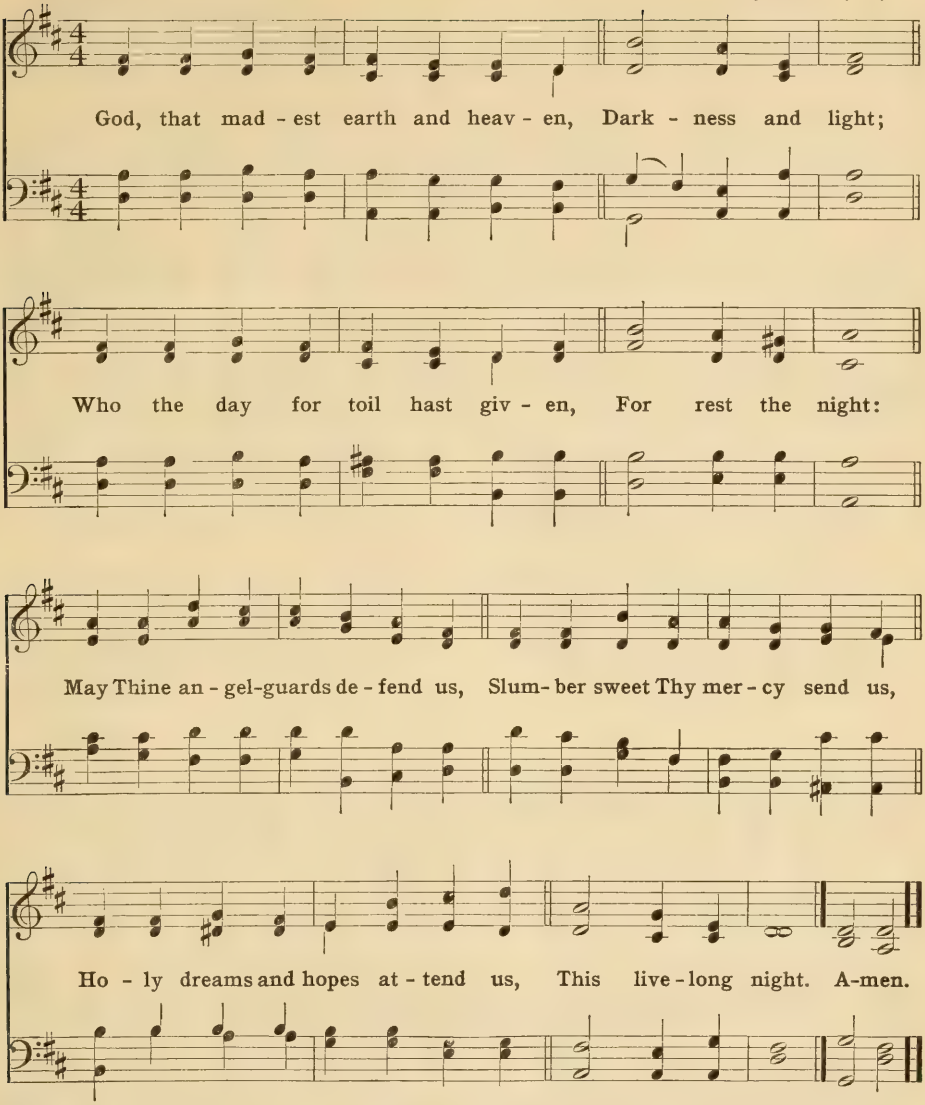
4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1867

22

TEMPLE 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. E. J. Hopkins, 1867

God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night:
May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum- ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A-men.

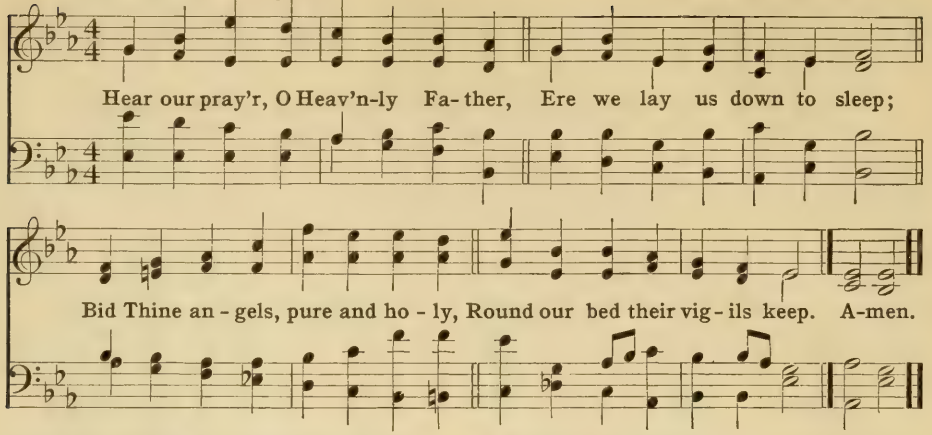
2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
To not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827. Richard Whately, 1855

23

ALL FOR JESUS (Wycliffe) 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER, 1872


Hear our pray'r, O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;
Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. A-men.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

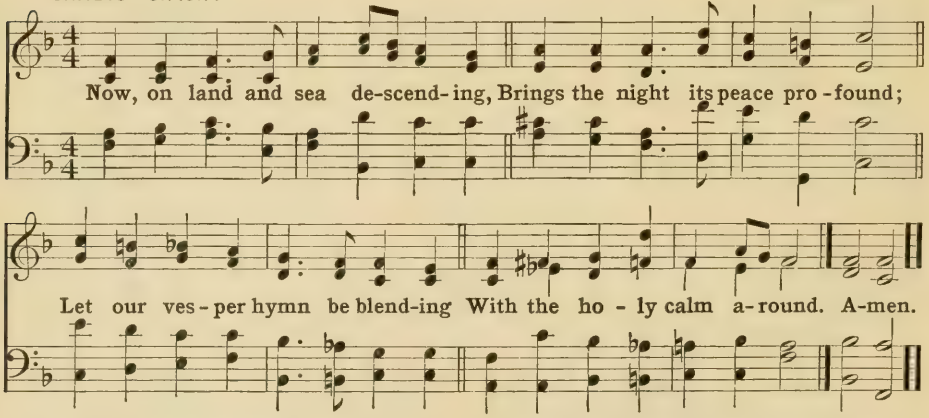
4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.

HARRIET PARR, 1856

24

SARDIS 8.7.8.7. BEETHOVEN


Now, on land and sea de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace pro-found;
Let our ves-per hymn be blend-ing With the ho-ly calm a-round. A-men.

2 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.

3 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care Who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving:
At His touch our burdens fall.

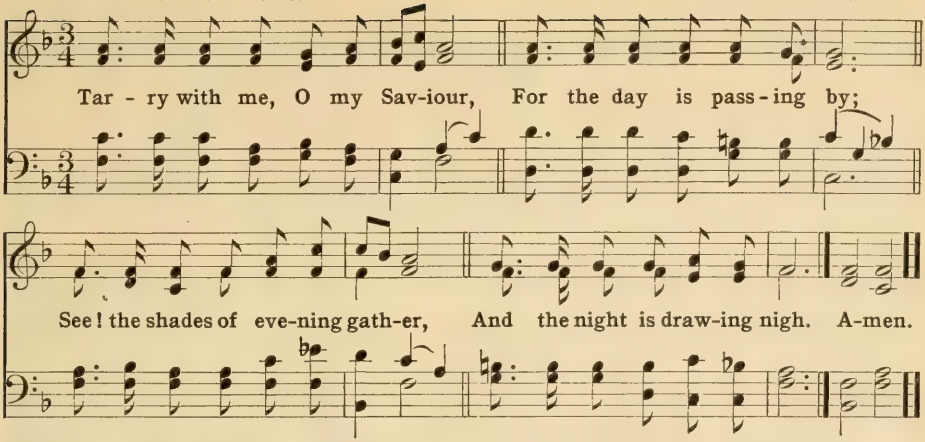
4 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1859

25

ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862



2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

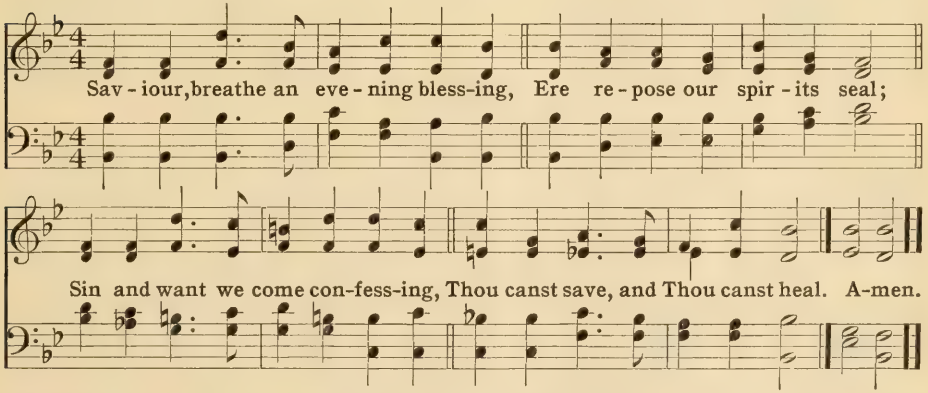
5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast,
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest!

Caroline L. Smith, 1852

26

LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. Willis, 1876


Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A-men.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

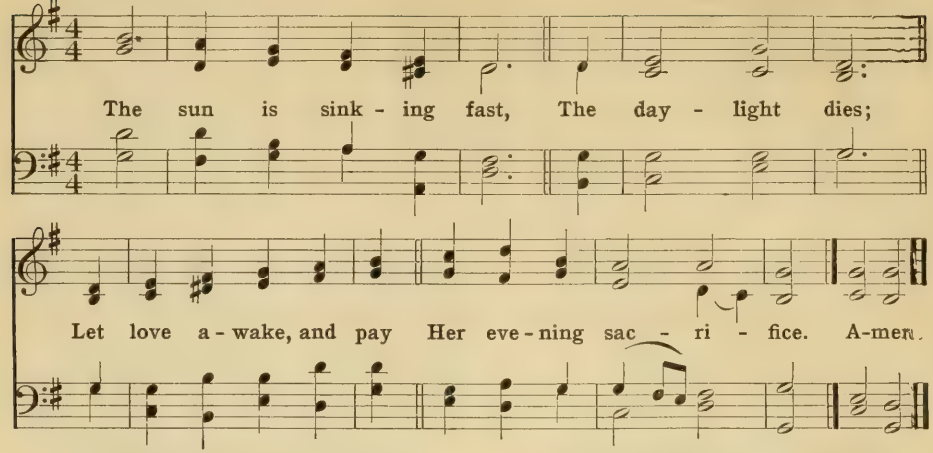
3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

27

HOPKINS (Twilight) 6.4.6.6. (*First Tune*) J. H. HOPKINS, 1872



2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide —
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

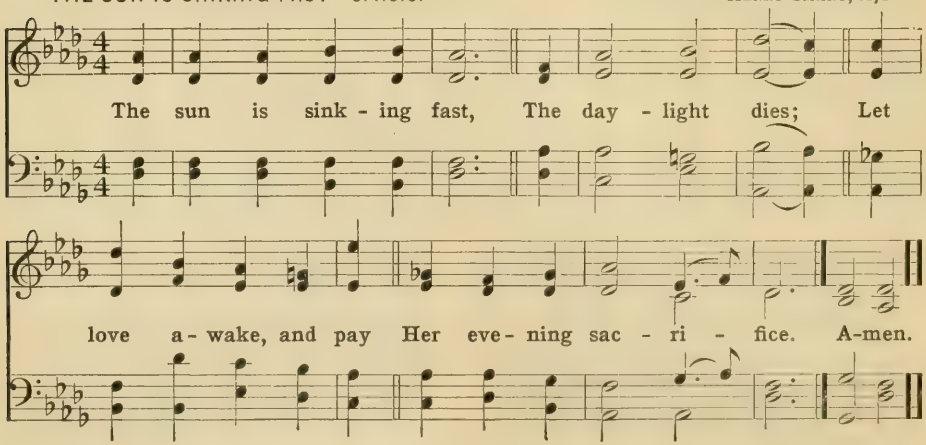
7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Latin Hymn, 18th Century. Tr. E. CASWALL, 1858

27

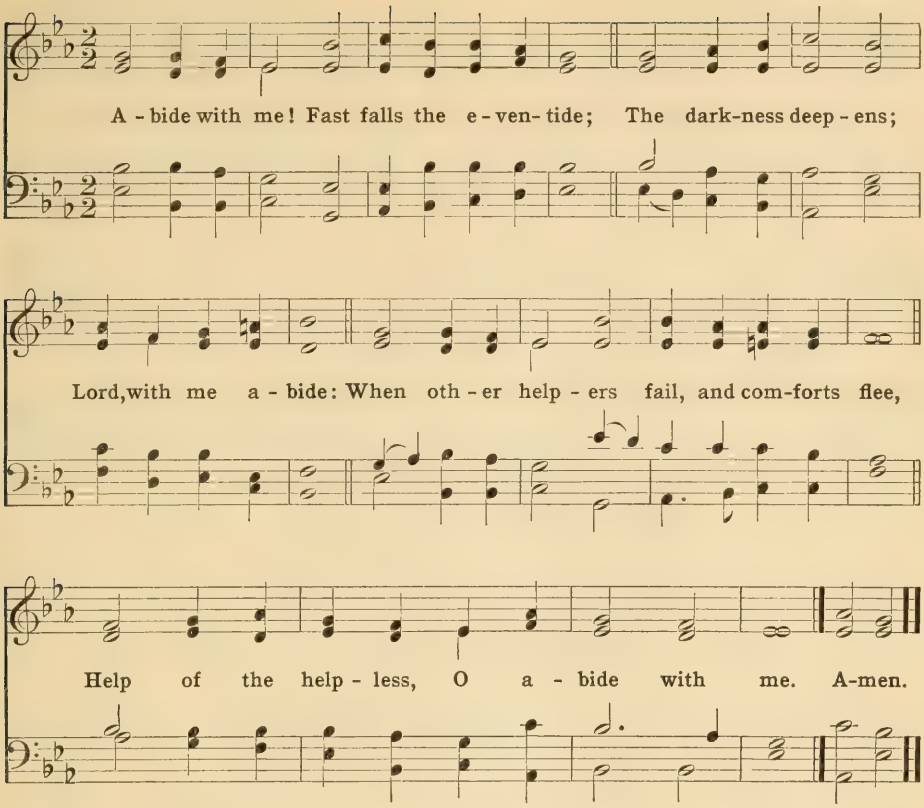
(*Second Tune*)

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST 6.4.6.6. HENRY SMART, 1872



28

EVENTIDE 10.10.10.10. W. H. Monk, 1861


A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven- tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A-men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

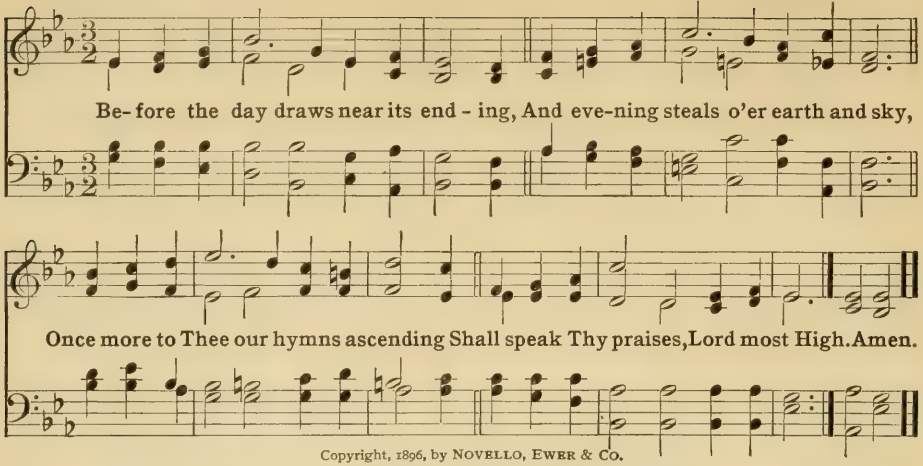
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1847

29

DAY'S ENDING 9.8.9.8. J. BARNBY, 1896


Be-fore the day draws near its end-ing, And eve-ning steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most High. Amen.

Copyright, 1896, by NOVELLO, EWER & CO.

2 Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.

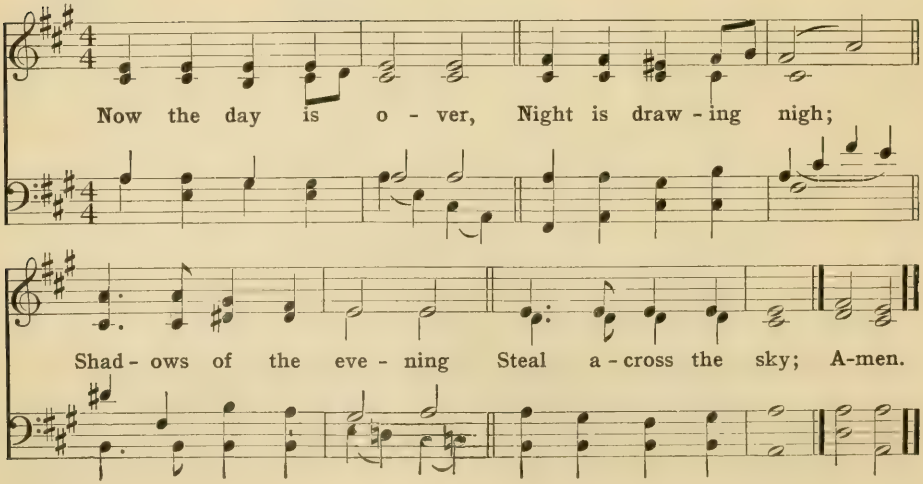
3 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee;
Thy Christ hath said, Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.

4 When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1880

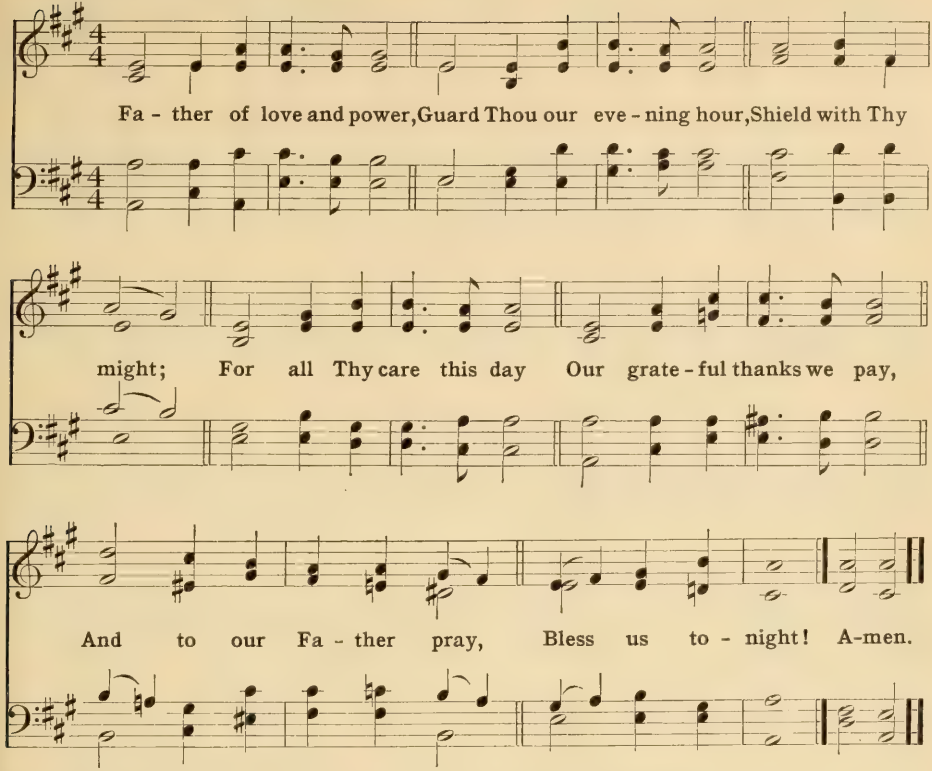
30

MERRIAL 6.5.6.5. J. BARNBY, 1868



31

BETHEL 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. J. H. Cornell, 1872


Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour, Shield with Thy
might; For all Thy care this day Our grate - ful thanks we pay,
And to our Fa - ther pray, Bless us to - night! A-men.

2 Jesus Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of holiness,
Gently transforming grace,
Indwelling Light;
Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possest,
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night!

George Rawson, 1853

(MERRIAL) 6.5.6.5.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

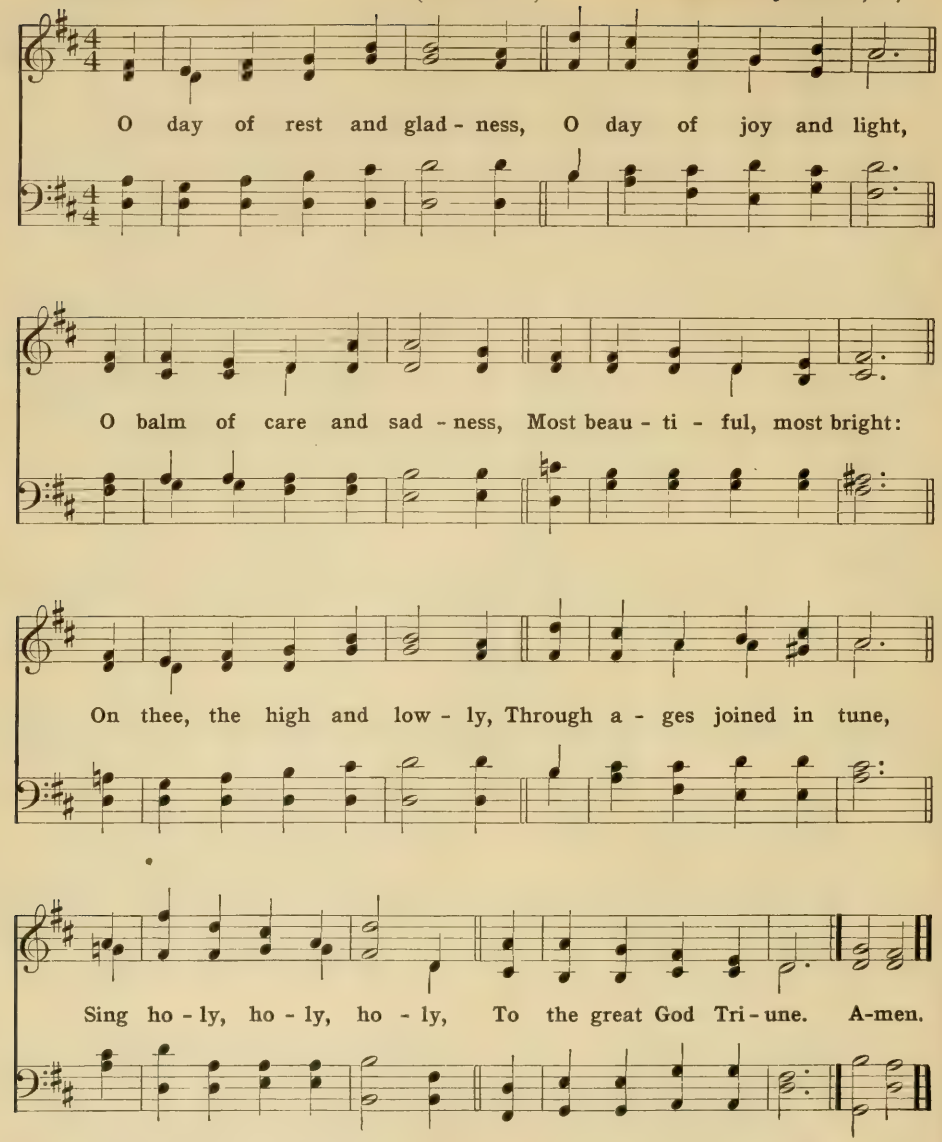
4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

32

BENTLEY 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) J. HULLAH, 1867

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:
On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-men.

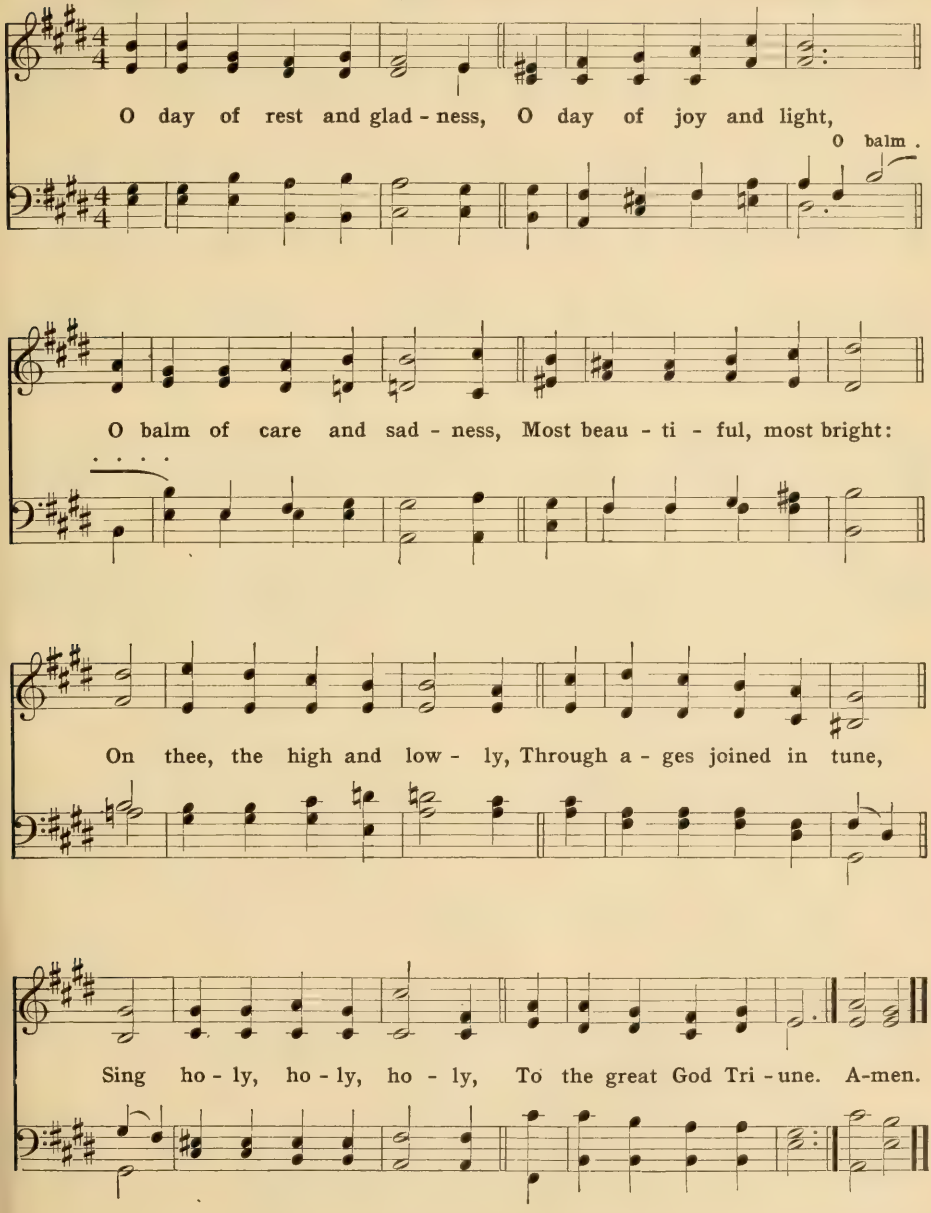
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

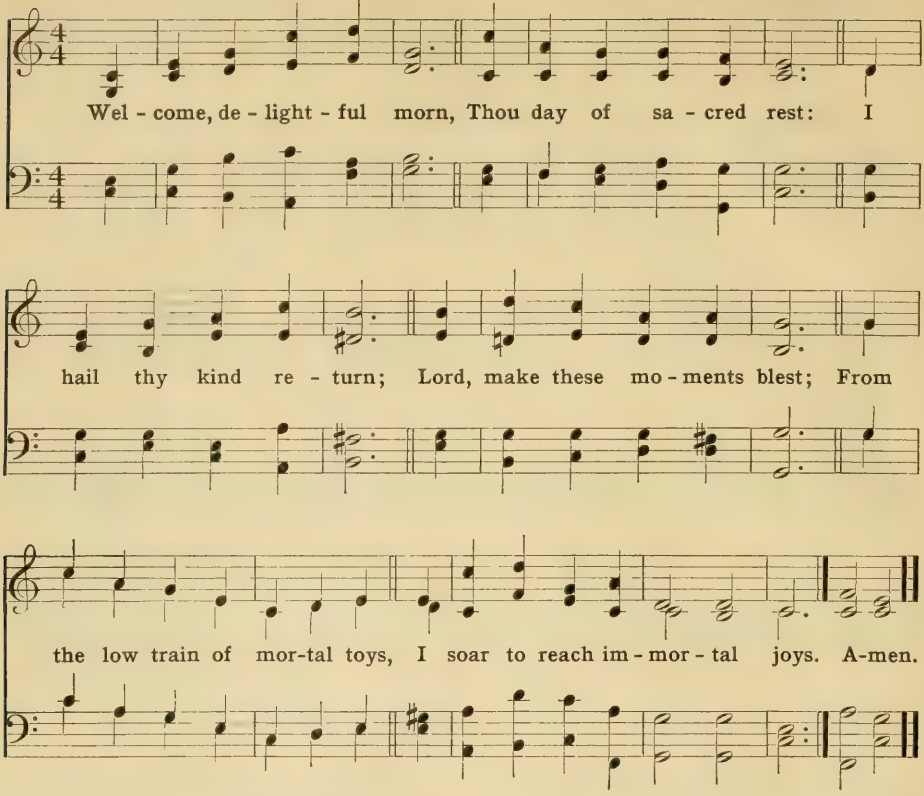
4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1858

32

ST. ANSELM 7.6.7.6.D. (*Second Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1869

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm.
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:
On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-men.

33

CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune*) CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865

Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest: I
hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest; From
the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys. A-men.

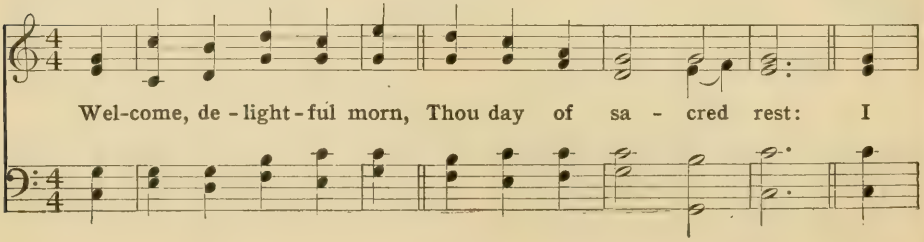
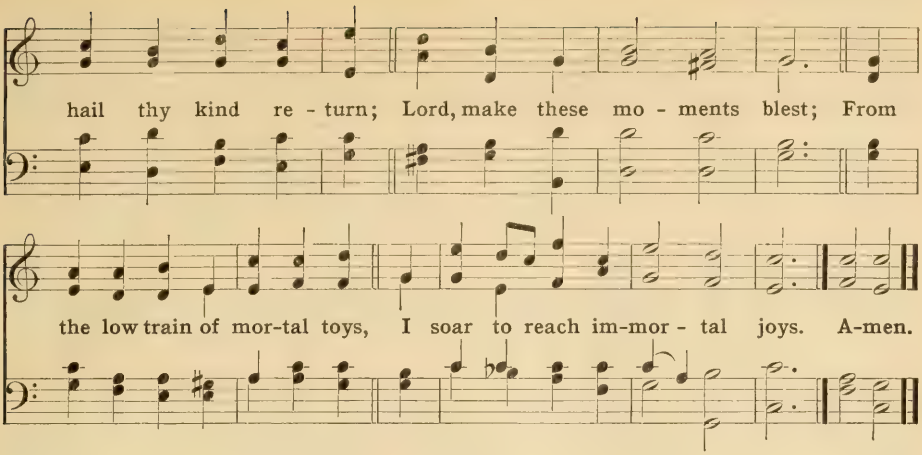
2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace:
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

HAYWARD, in John Dobbell's Collection, 1806

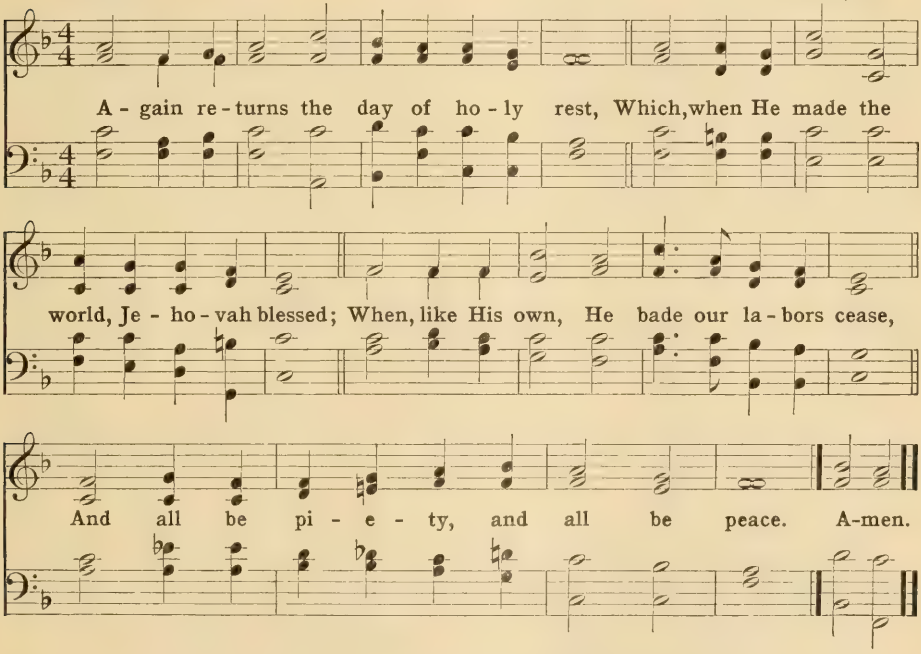
33

MANSFIELD 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1893



34

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10. J. LANGRAN, 1862

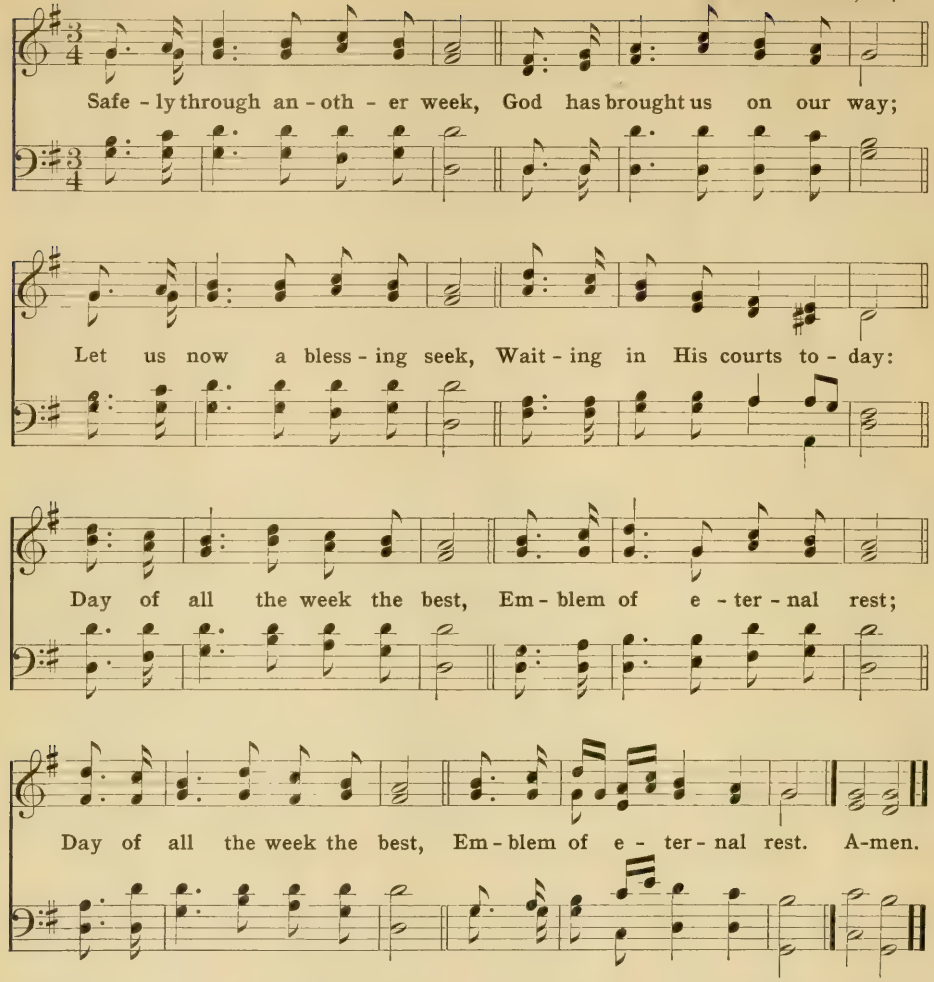

A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when He made the
world, Je - ho - vah blessed; When, like His own, He bade our la - bors cease,
And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace. A-men.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

Rev. WILLIAM MASON, 1796

35

SABBATH Six 7's. L. MASON, 1824

Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. A-men.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

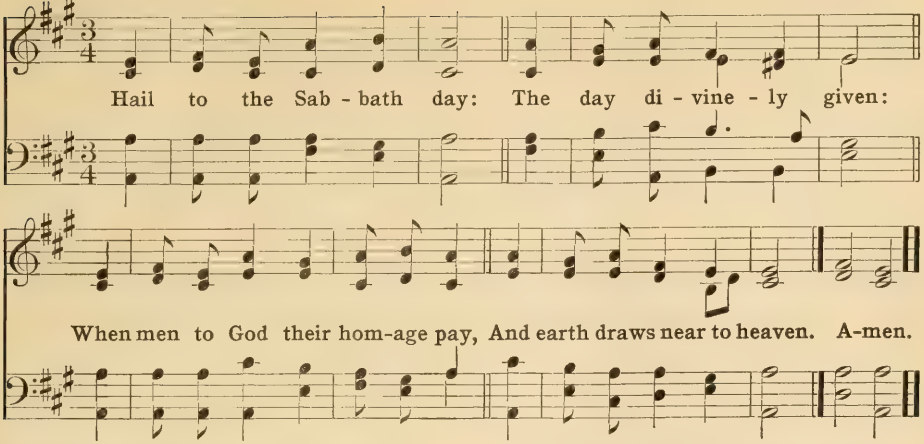
4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

36

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824



2 Lord, in this sacred hour
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

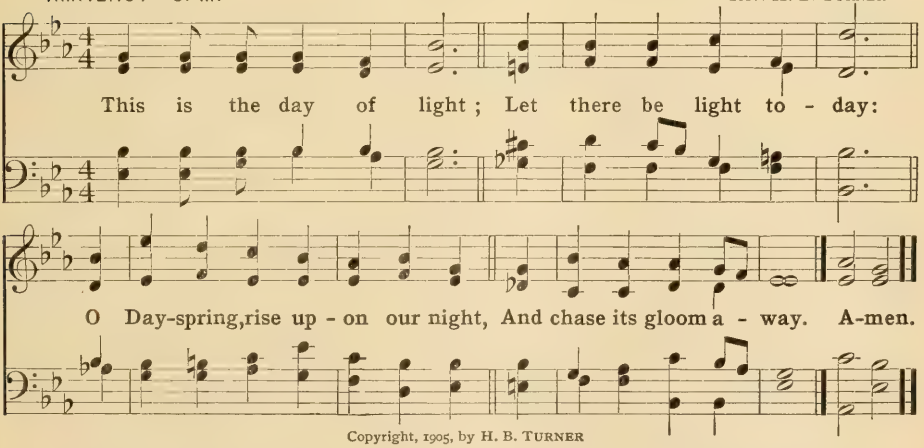
3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Rev. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULLFINCH, 1832

37

AMHERST S. M.

Rev. H. B. TURNER

Copyright, 1905, by H. B. TURNER

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill:
Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

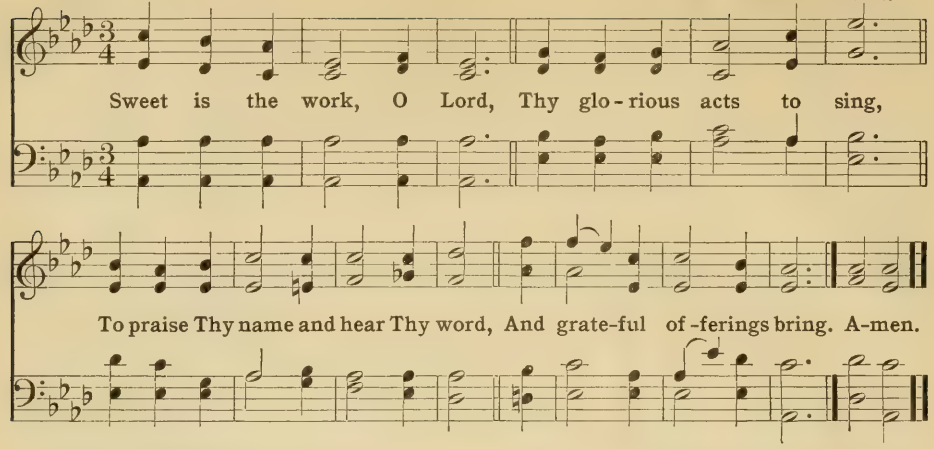
4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868

38

GREENWOOD S. M. J. E. Sweetser, 1849



2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

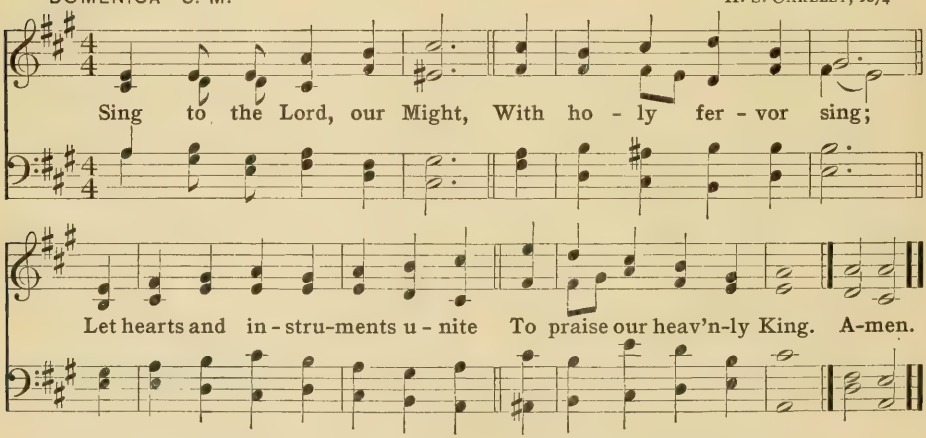
3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829

39

DOMENICA S. M. H. S. Oakeley, 1874



2 This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

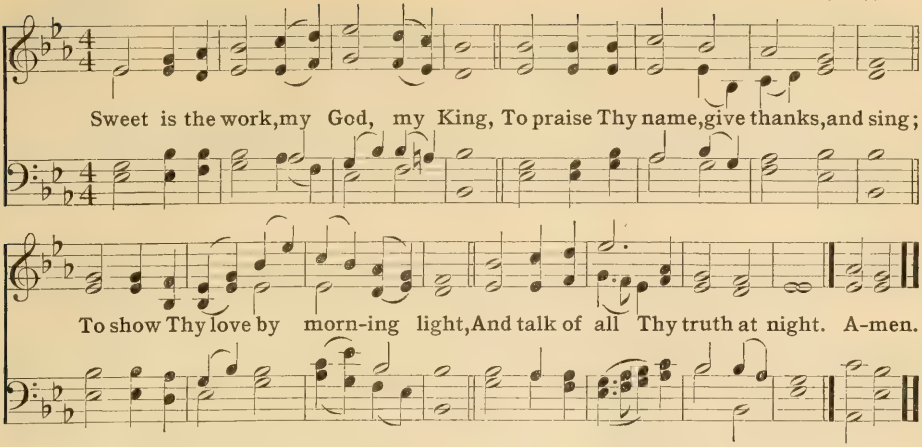
5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

40

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793


Sweet is the work,my God, my King, To praise Thy name,give thanks,and sing;
To show Thy love by morn-ing light,And talk of all Thy truth at night. A-men.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

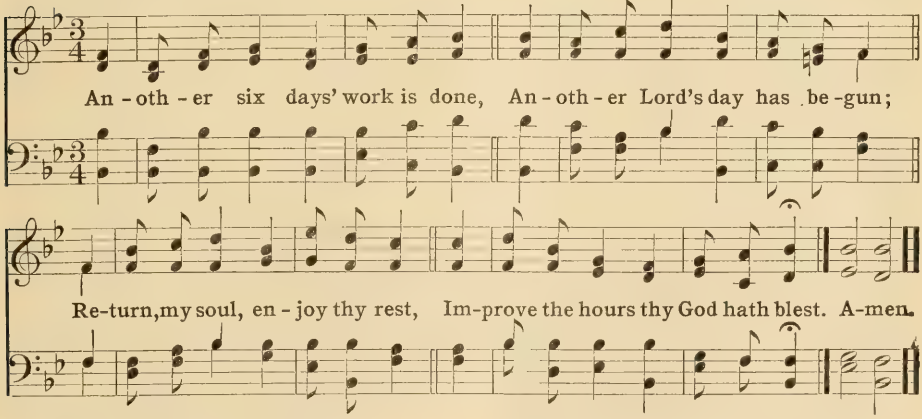
5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

41

HEBRON L. M.

L. MASON, 1830


An-oth-er six days' work is done, An-oth-er Lord's day has be-gun;
Re-turn,my soul, en-joy thy rest, Im-prove the hours thy God hath blest. A-men.

2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know!

3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

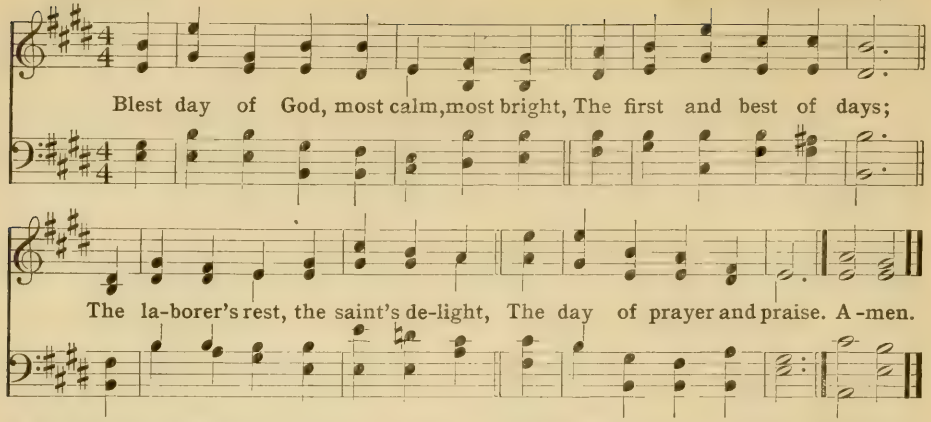
4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. J. STENNETT. 1712

42

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872


Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days;
The la-borer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise. A-men.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

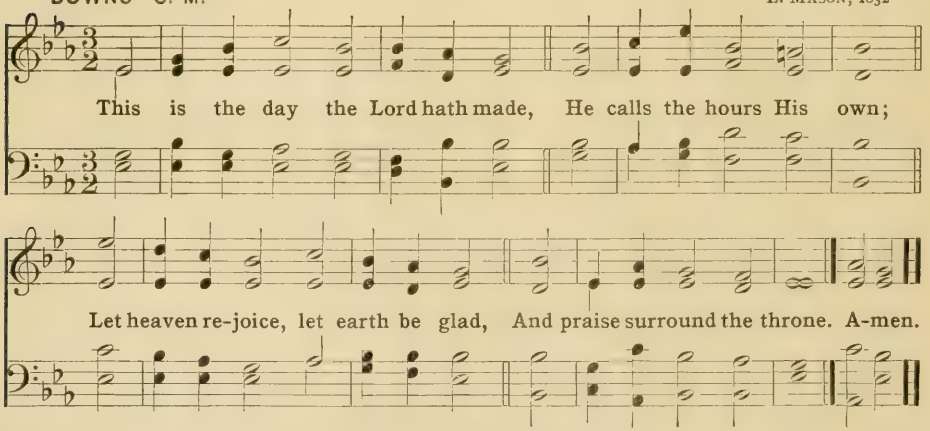
4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. MASON, 1683

43

DOWNS C. M.

L. MASON, 1832


This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A-men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

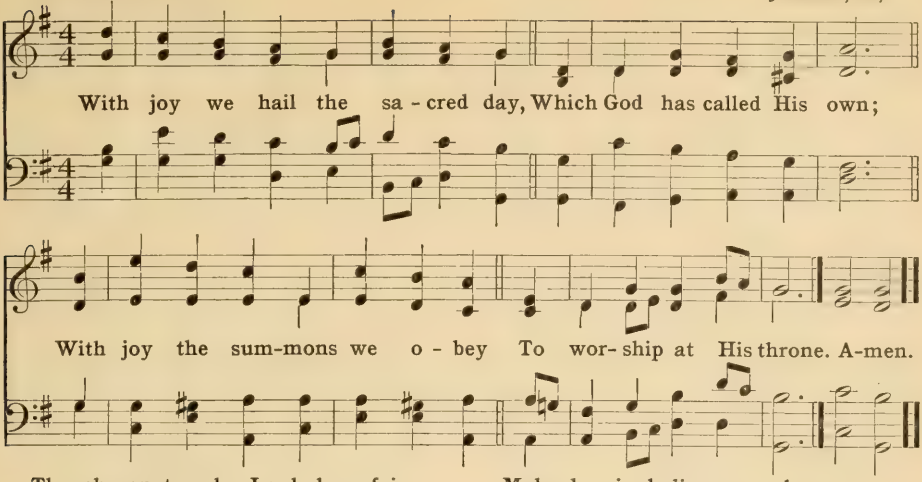
5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

44

FERNSHAW C. M.

J. Booth, 1887



2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

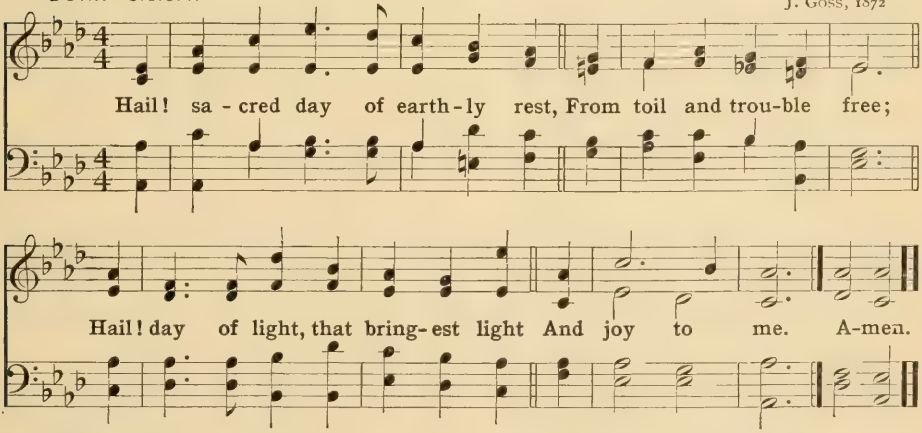
4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber, 1829

45

DONA 8.6.8.4.

J. Goss, 1872



2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

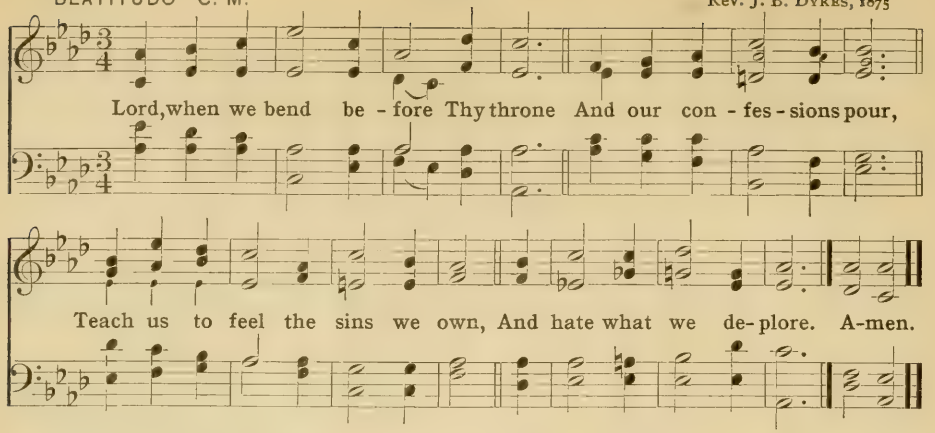
4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given;
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1858

46

BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875



2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

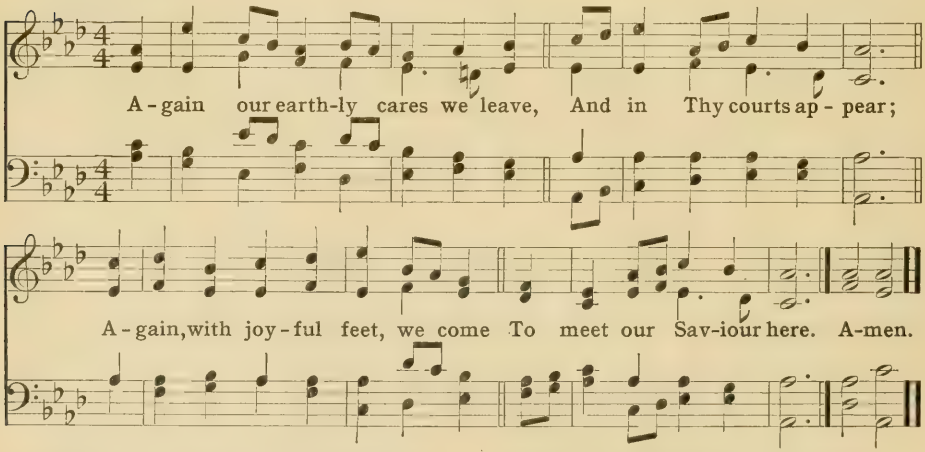
5 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1804

47

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

W. Jones, 1789



2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

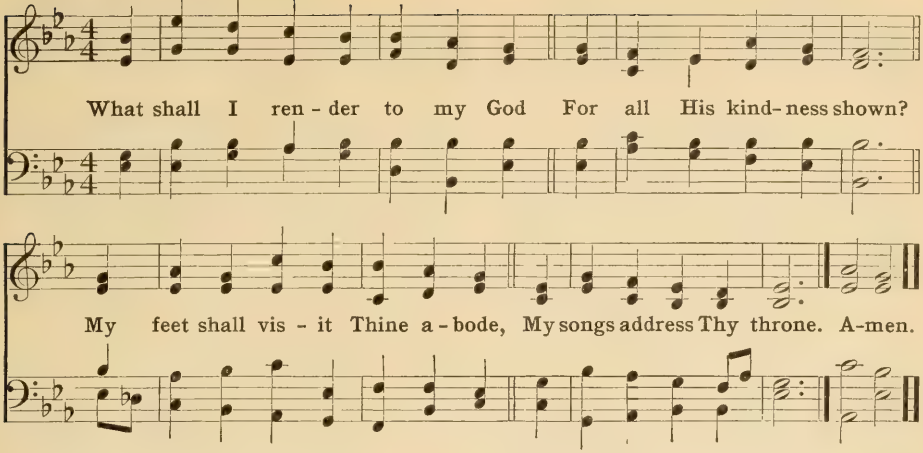
4 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

Rev. John Newton, 1779. Ver. 1, Thomas Cotterill, 1819

48

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826



2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

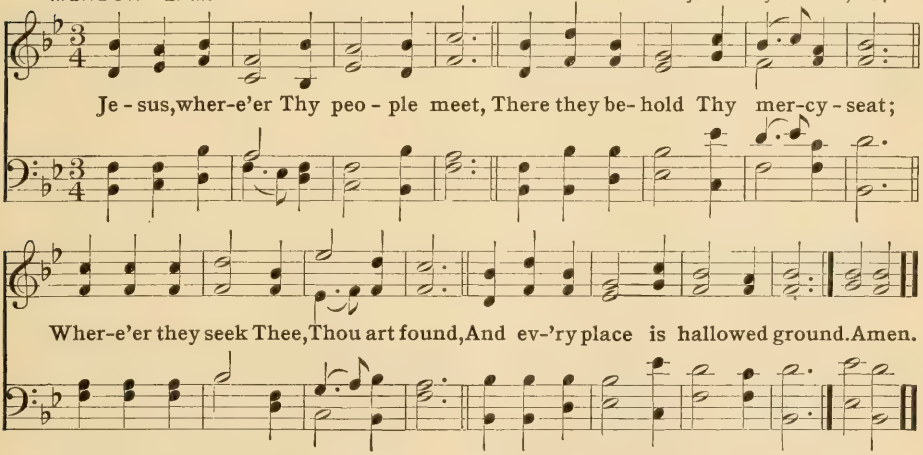
4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

49

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. Dyer, 1824


Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer-cy - seat;
Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground. Amen.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

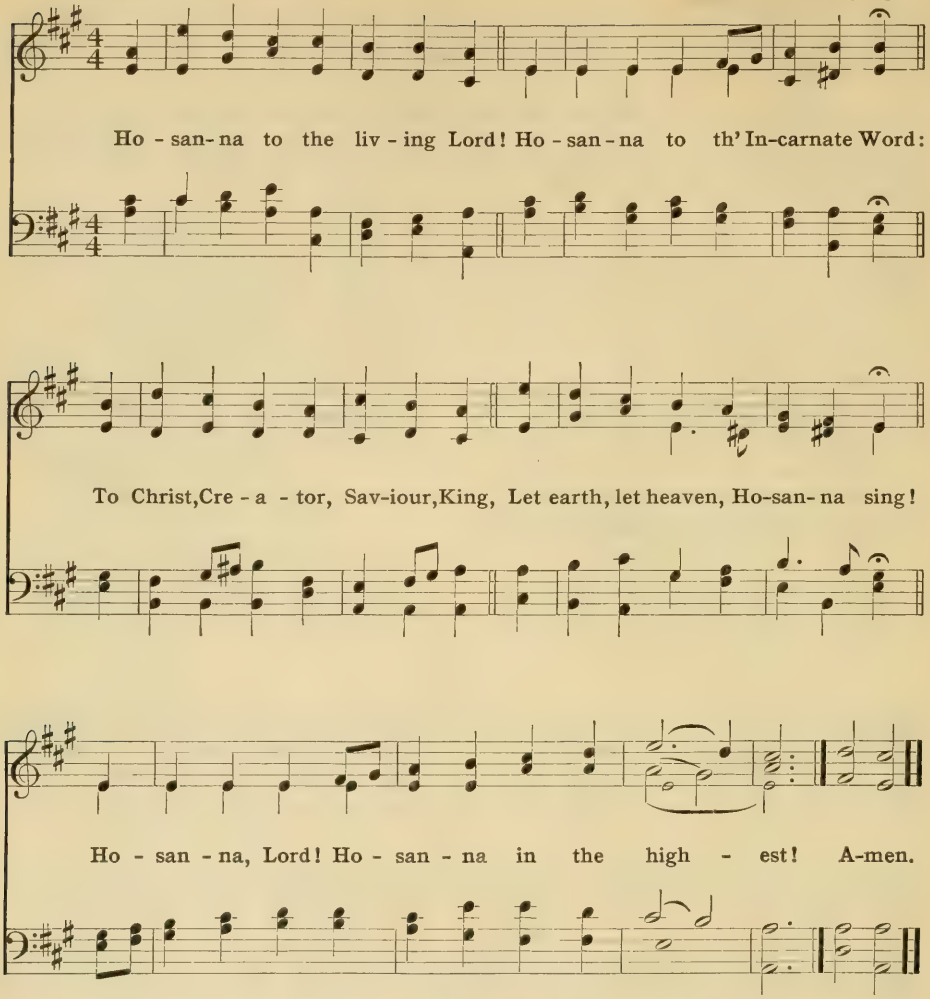
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1769

50

HOSANNA L. M. *With Chorus*

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1865


Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' In-carnate Word:
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav-iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Ho-san - na sing!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A-men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

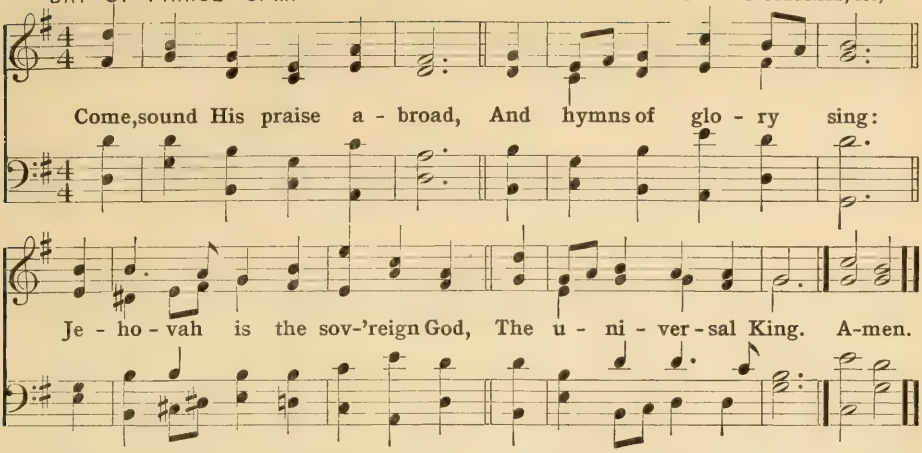
5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811

51

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867



2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

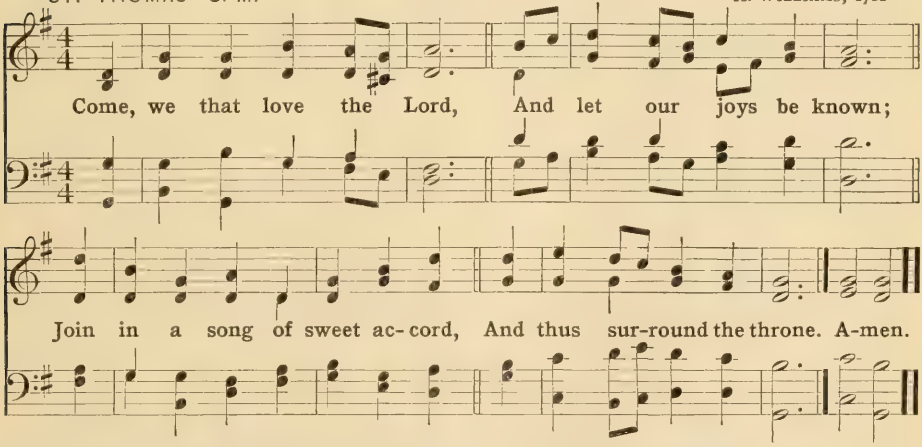
3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord,
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod:
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

52

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1762

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

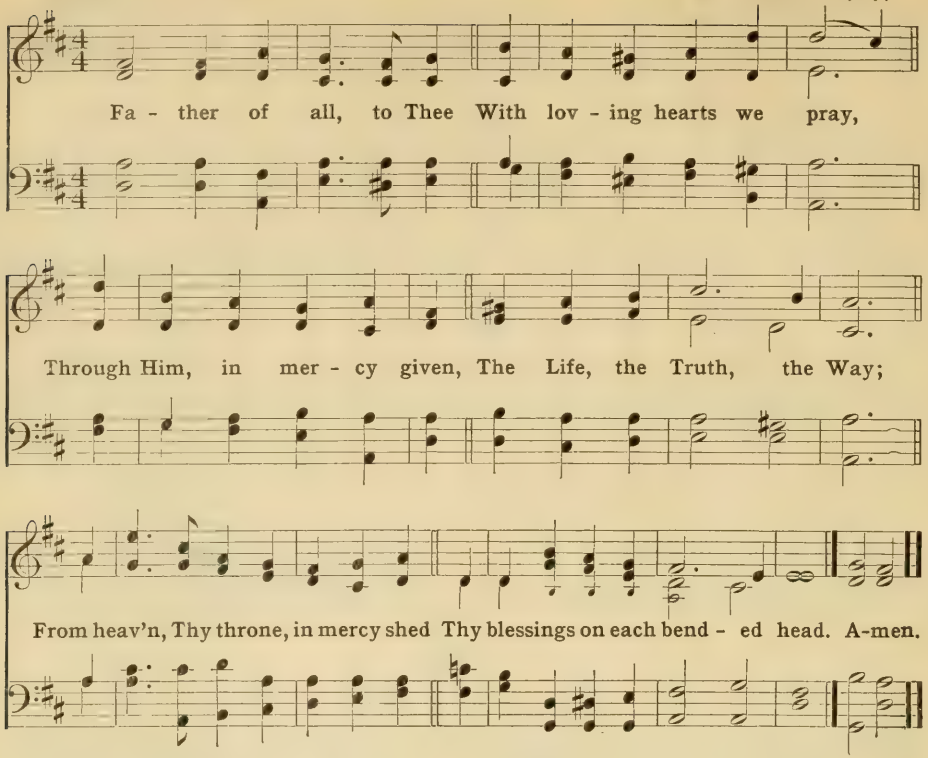
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

53

SAMUEL 6.6.6.6.8.8. A. SULLIVAN, 1874


Fa - ther of all, to Thee With lov - ing hearts we pray,
Through Him, in mer - cy given, The Life, the Truth, the Way;
From heav'n, Thy throne, in mercy shed Thy blessings on each bend - ed head. A-men.

2 Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

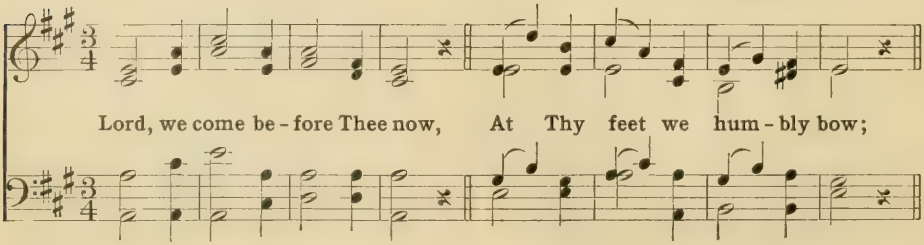
3 Father of all, to Thee
We breathe unuttered fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trembling child.

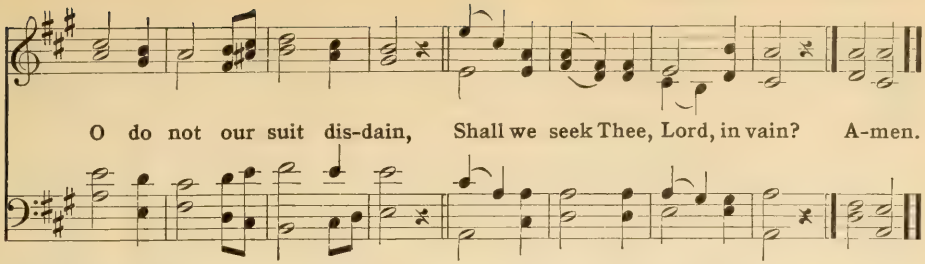
4 Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallowed joy;
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace, which leads to Thee.

Rev. JOHN JULIAN, 1874

54

HORTON 7.7.7.7. X. VON WARTENSEE. Arr.





2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

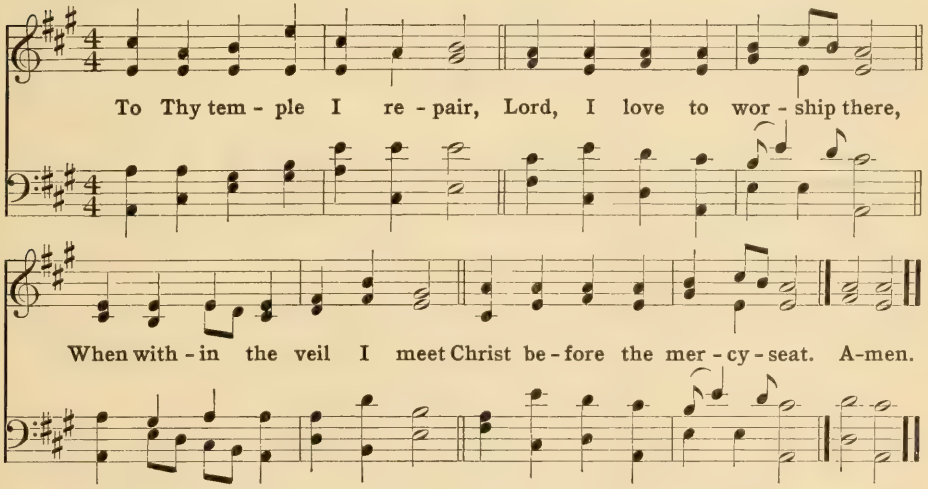
4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745

55

NUREMBERG 7.7.7.7. J. R. AHLE, 1664

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

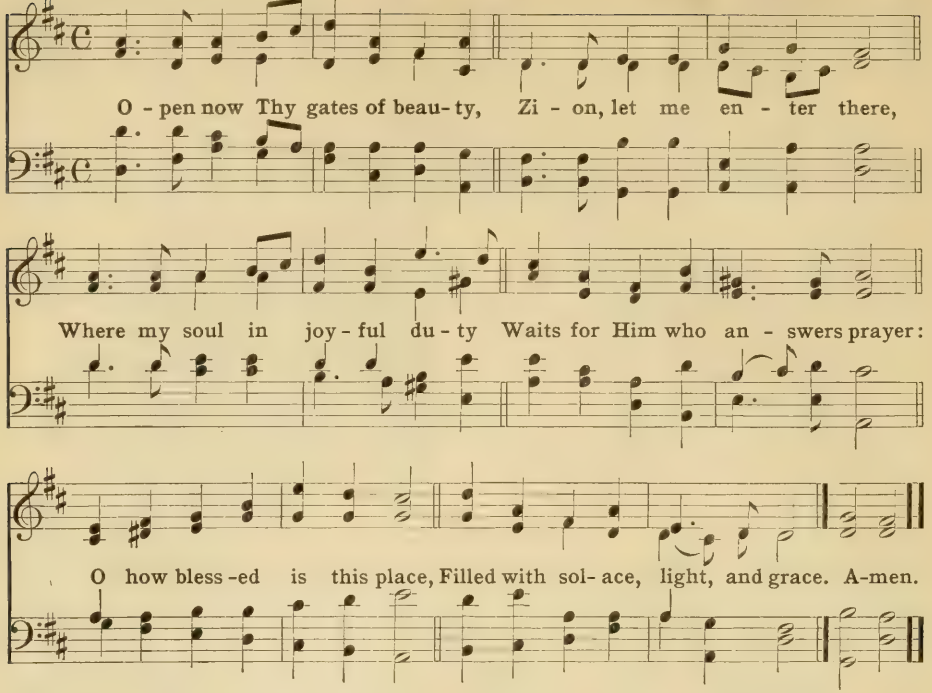
4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1812

56

PRESCOTT 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*First Tune*) R. P. STEWART, 1868

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:
O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A-men.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

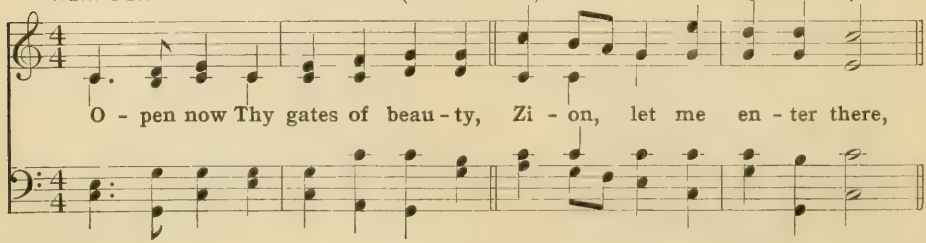
3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

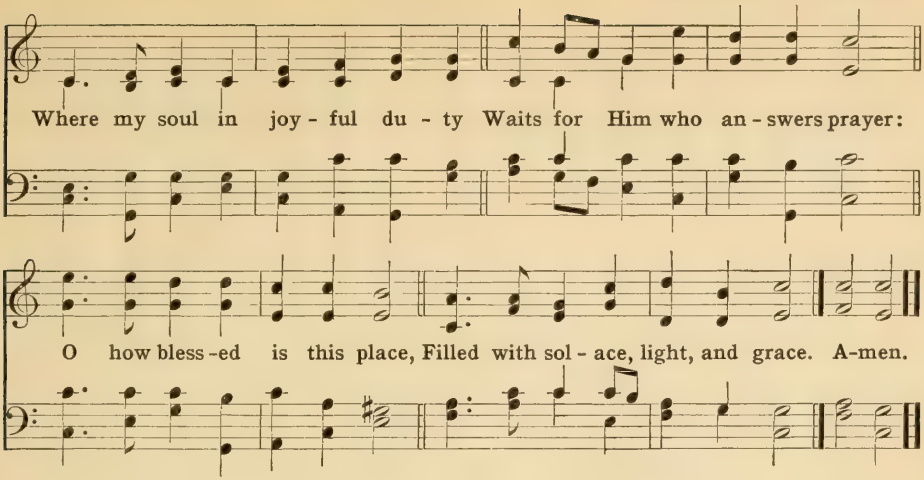
4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Rev. BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1732. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863

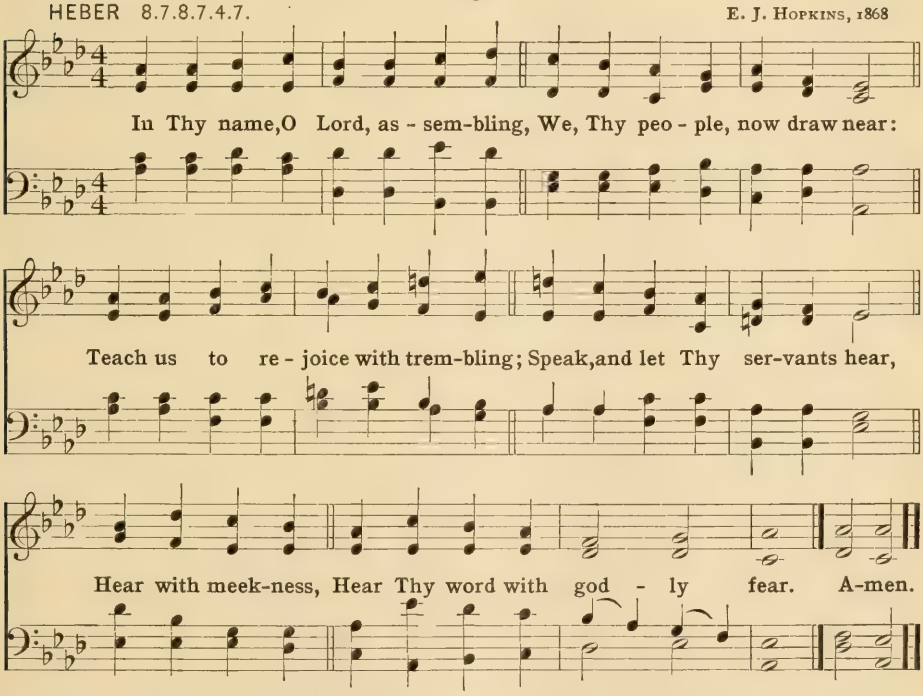
56

NEANDER 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*Second Tune*) Rev. J. NEANDER, 1680




Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:
O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A-men.

57

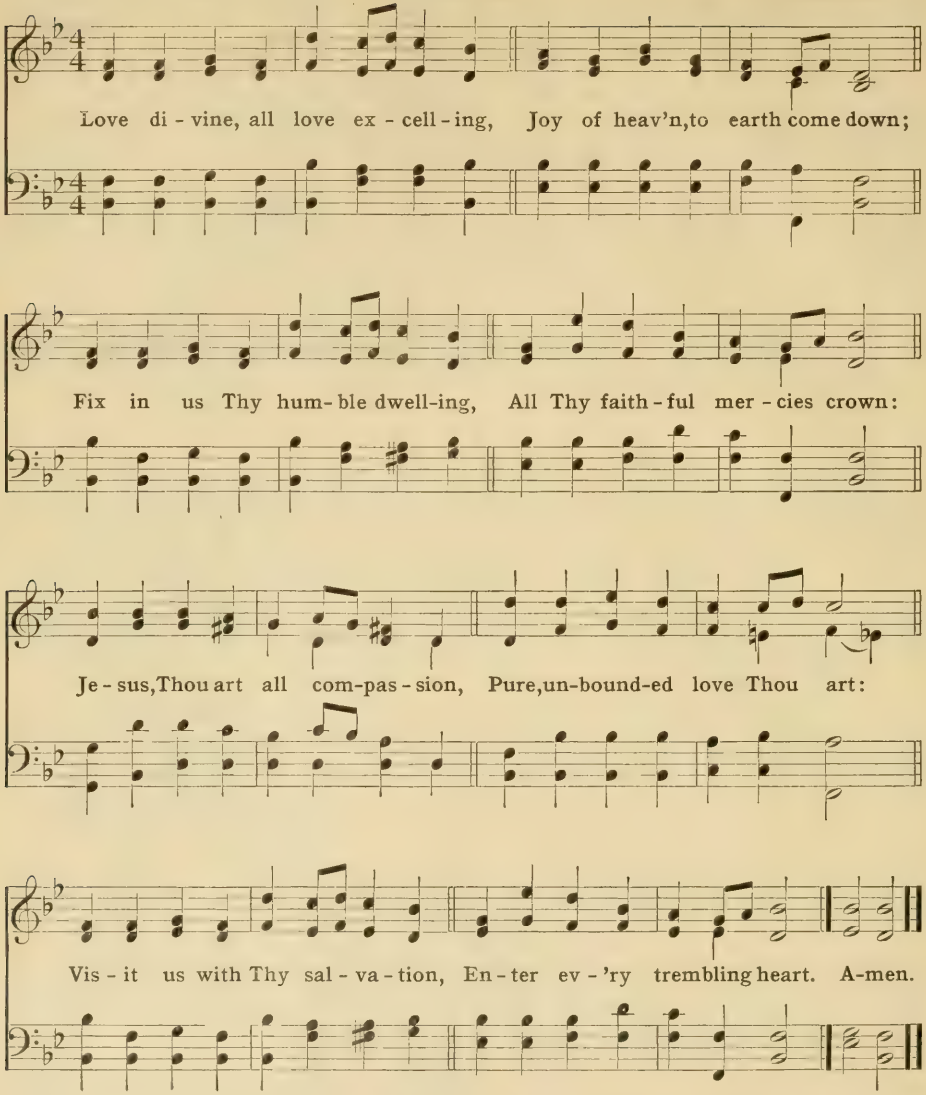
HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS, 1868

In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem-bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near:
Teach us to re - joice with trem-bling; Speak, and let Thy ser-vants hear,
Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A-men.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee, Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1815

58

BEECHER 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) J. ZUNDEL, 1870

Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n,to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
Je - sus,Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure,un-bound-ed love Thou art:
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart. A-men.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast:
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:
Take away our love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

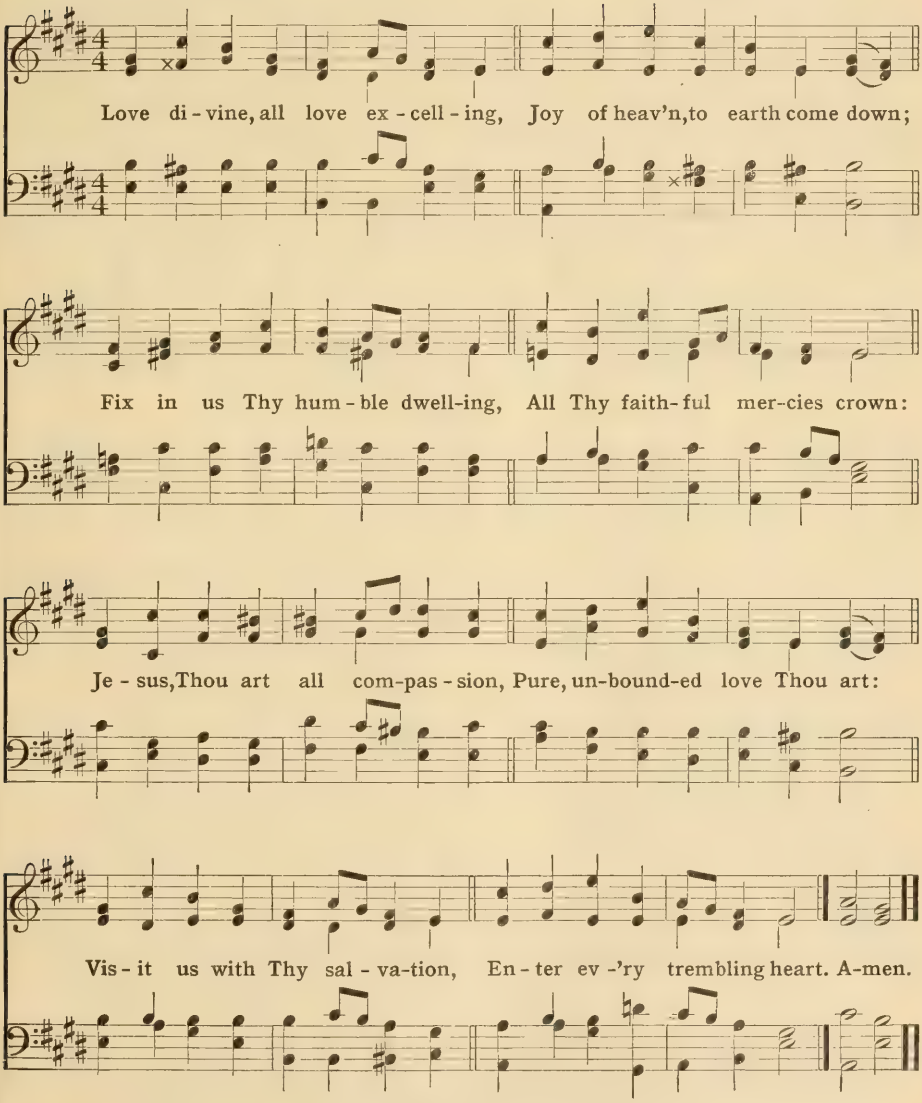
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1747

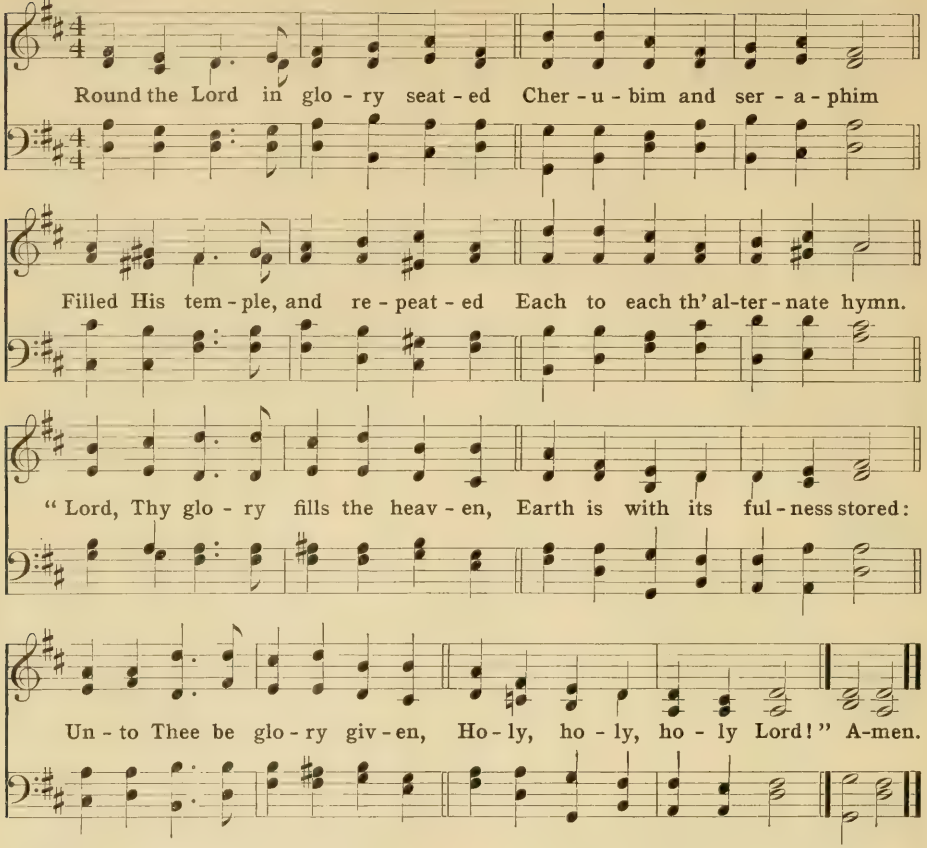
58

PROMISED LAND 8.7.8.7.D. (*Second Tune*) HOMER N. BARTLETT, 1903


Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art:
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev -'ry trembling heart. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. BARNES & CO.

59

ST. FRIDESWIDE 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) C. H. Lloyd, 1889

Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al-ter - nate hymn.
" Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored:
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" A-men.

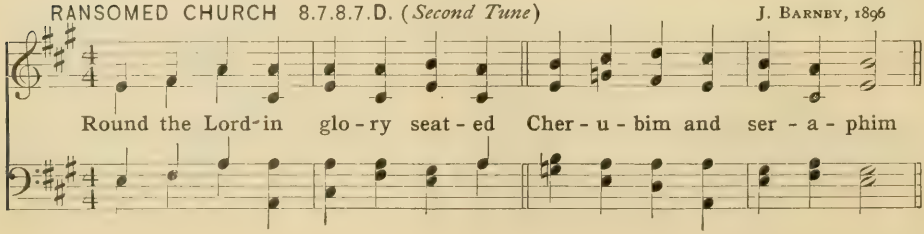
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy," singing,
" Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

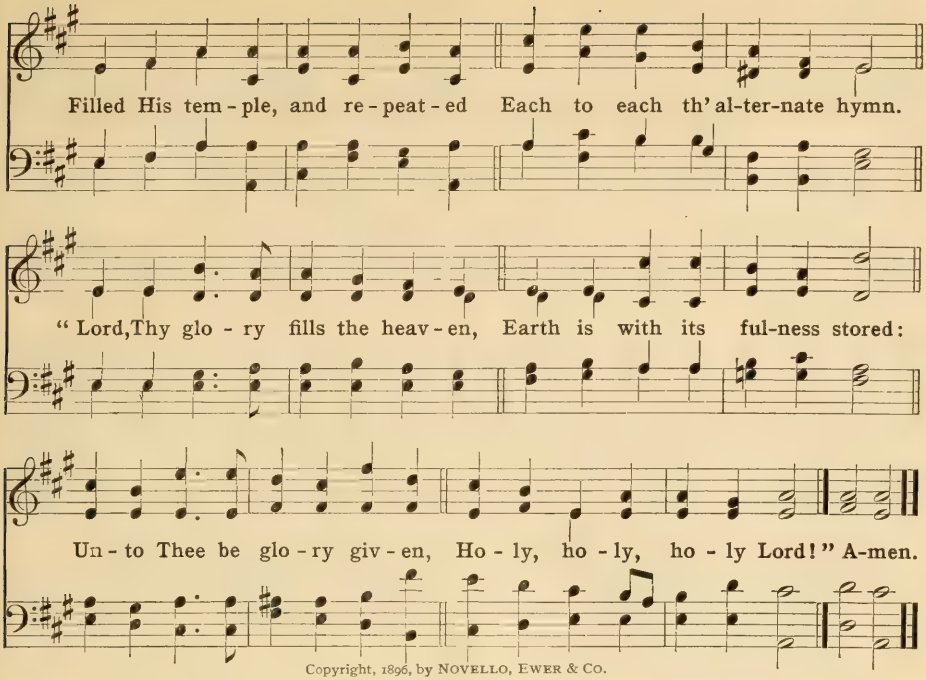
3 " Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee the Lord of Hosts most high.

Richard Mant, 1837

59

RANSOMED CHURCH 8.7.8.7.D. (*Second Tune*) J. Barnby, 1896




Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al-ter-nate hymn.
" Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful-ness stored:
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" A-men.

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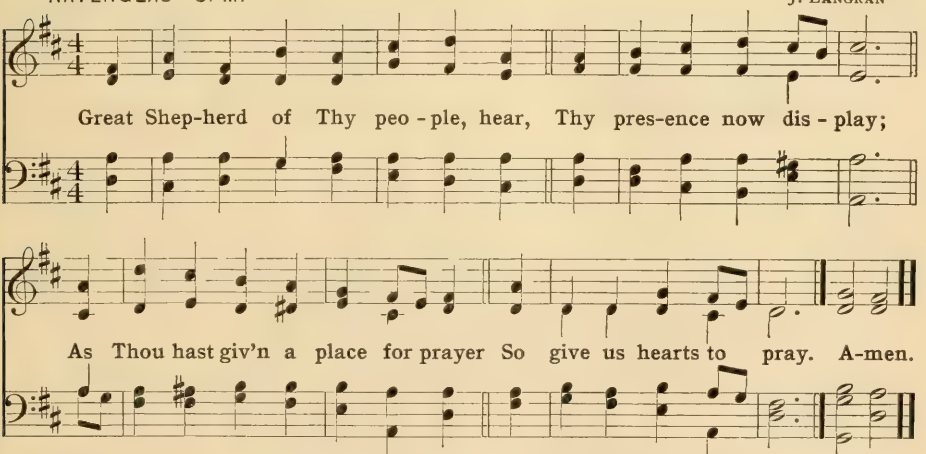
60

RAVENGLAS C. M.

J. LANGRAN


Great Shep-herd of Thy peo - ple, hear, Thy pres-ence now dis - play;
As Thou hast giv'n a place for prayer So give us hearts to pray. A-men.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our feeble hopes to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

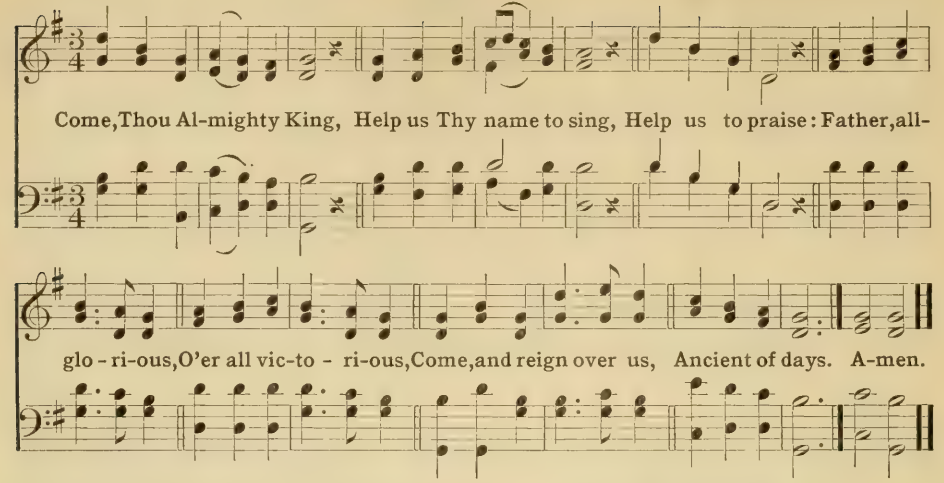
3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

61

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune*) FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769


Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father, all-
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days. A-men.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

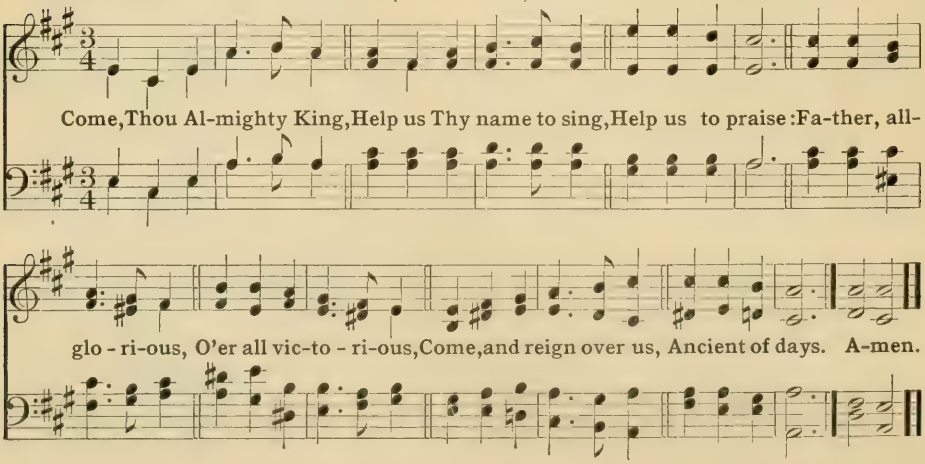
3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon.

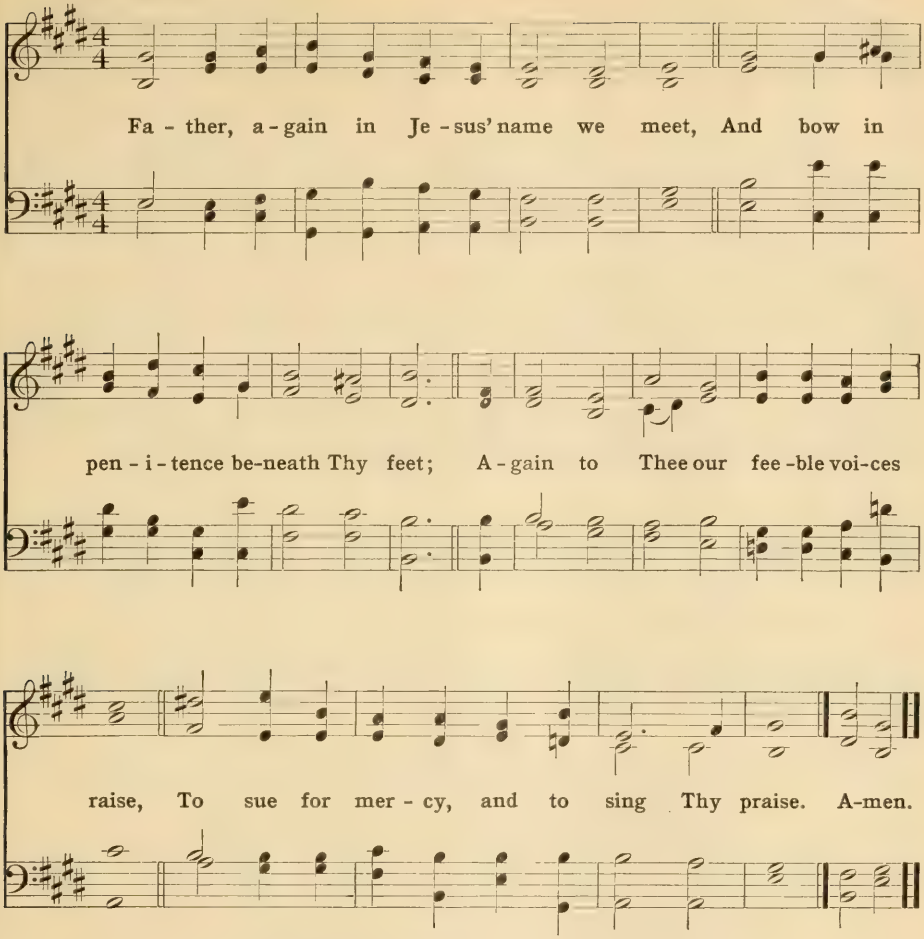
61

DORCHESTER 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*) WAITE'S Psalmody


Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days. A-men.

62

LONGWOOD 10.10.10.10. J. Barney, 1883


Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in
pen - i - tence be-neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi-ces
raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A-men.

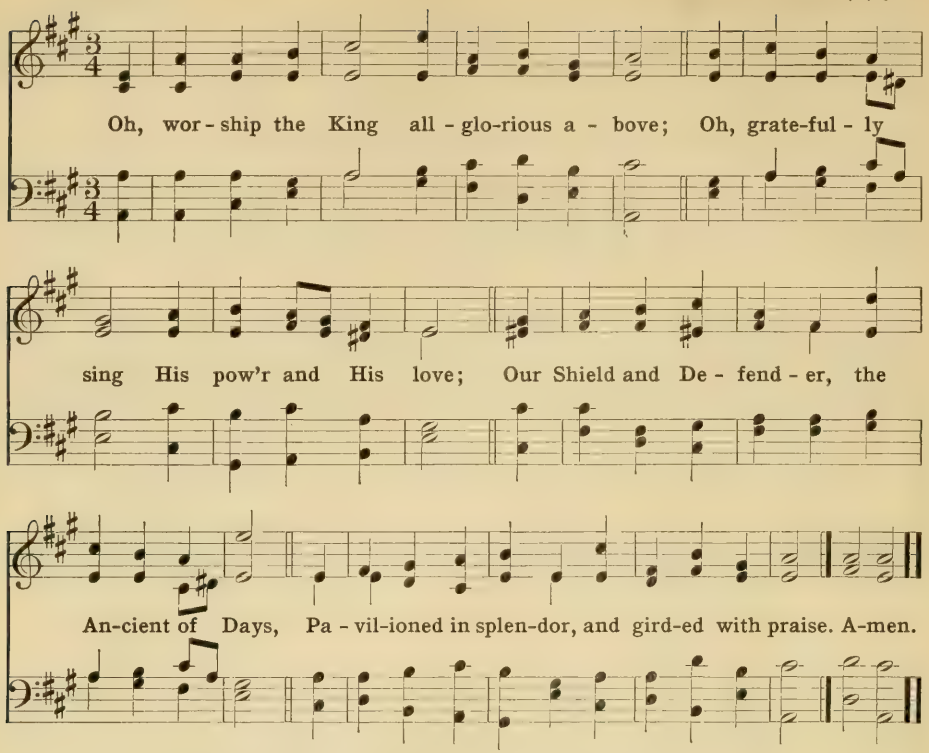
2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824

HANOVER 10.10.11.11. W. CROFT, 1703


Oh, wor - ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove; Oh, grate-ful - ly
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
An-cient of Days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

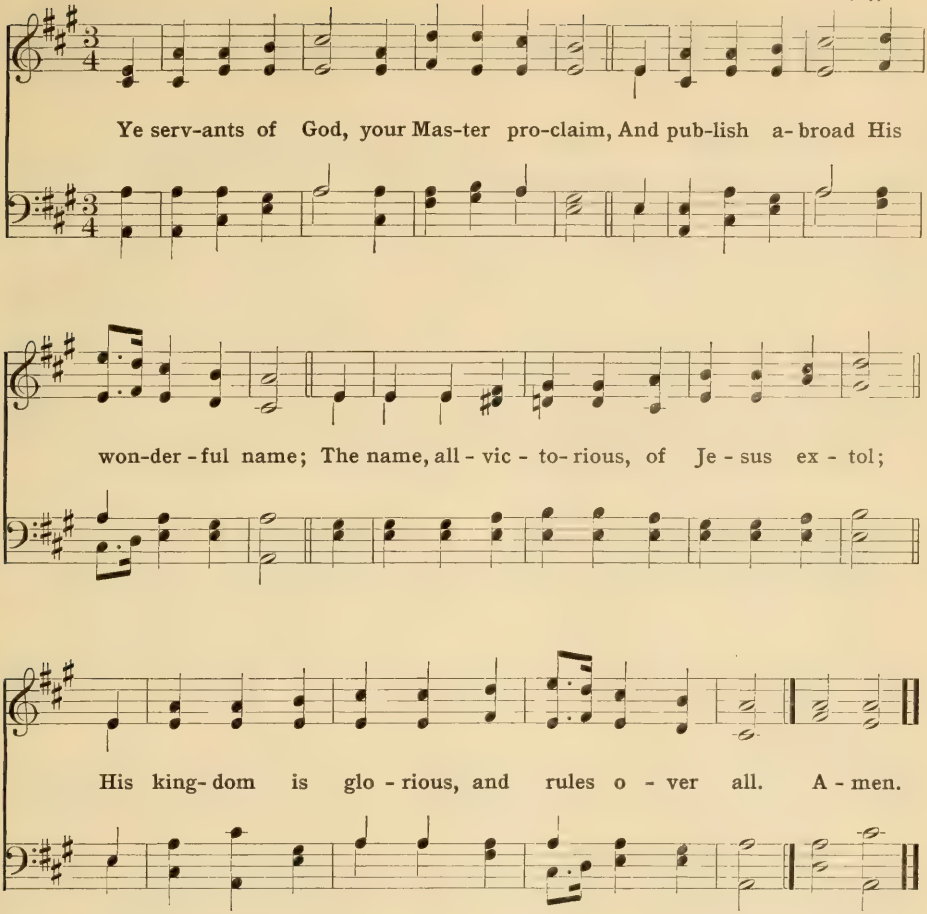
6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

ROBERT GRANT, 1830

64

LYONS 10.10.11.11.

Arr. from MICHAEL HAYDN, 1770


Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name, all-vic-to-rious, of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh — His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

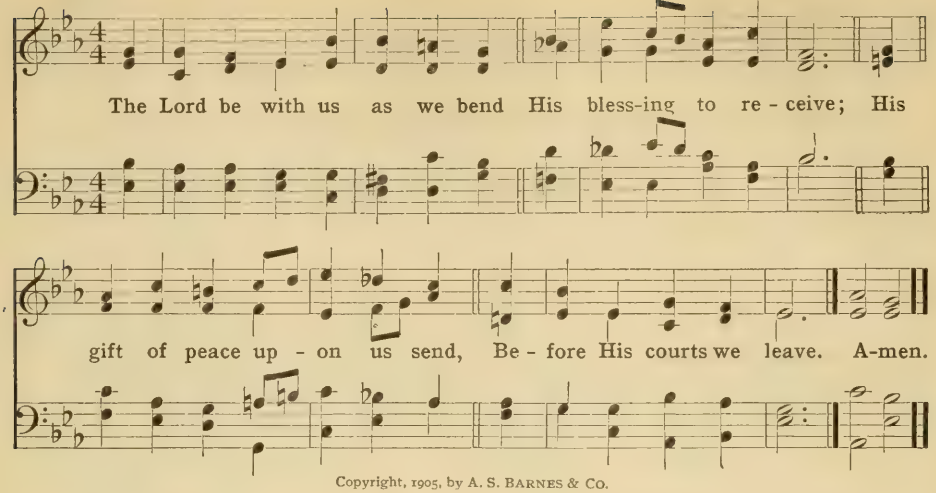
4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1744: verse 3, line 3, alt.

65

BARTLETT C. M.

H. N. BARTLETT, 1903



Copyright, 1905, by A. S. BARNES & CO.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

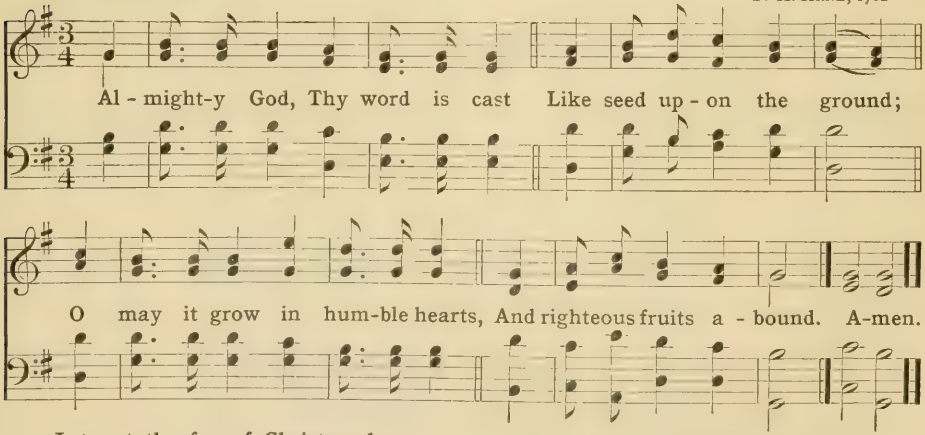
4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
His nightly watch to keep;
Crown with His peace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1872

66

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. ARNE, 1762



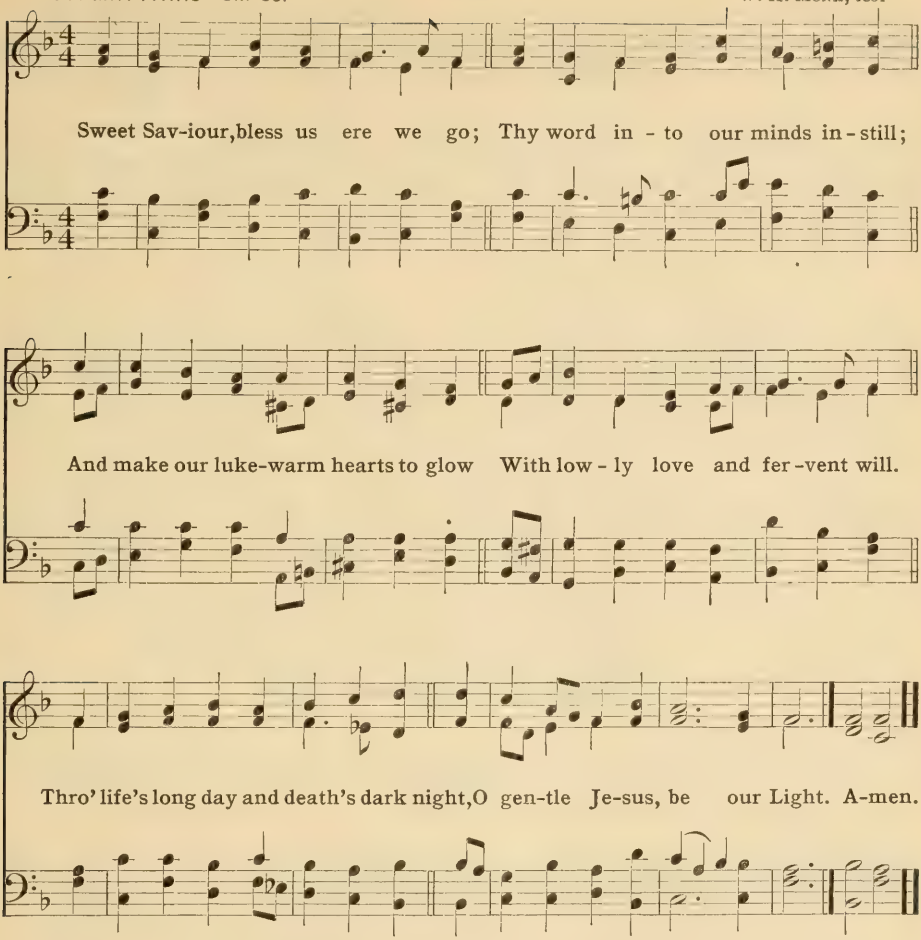
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

REV. JOHN CAWOOD, 1816

67

ST. MATTHIAS Six 8s. W. H. MONK, 1861

Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our Light. A-men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

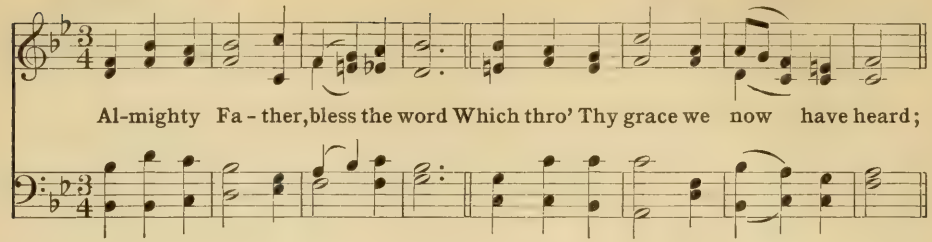
5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

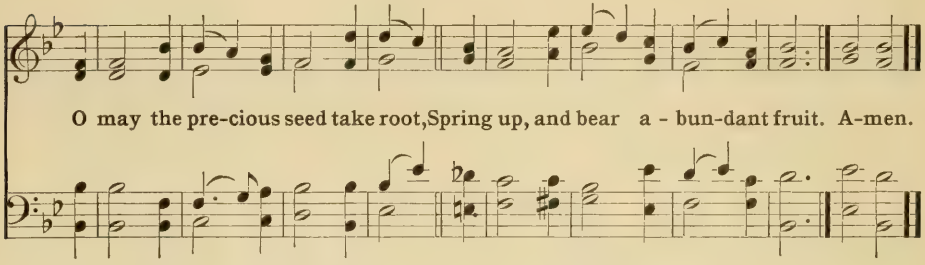
REV. FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849

68

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815





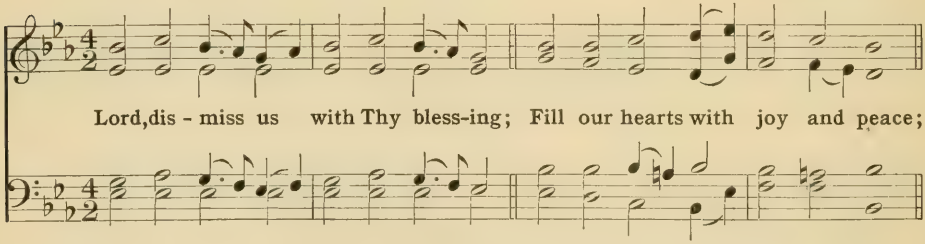
2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face.
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

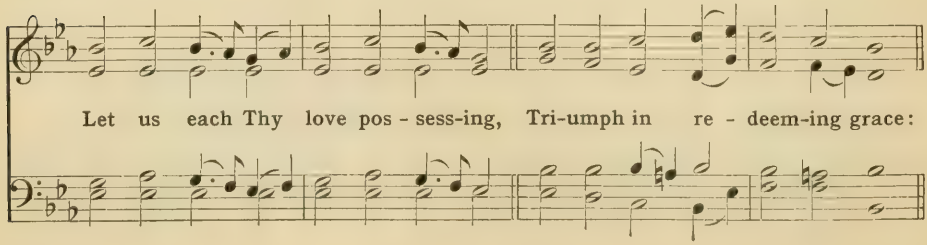
Anon.

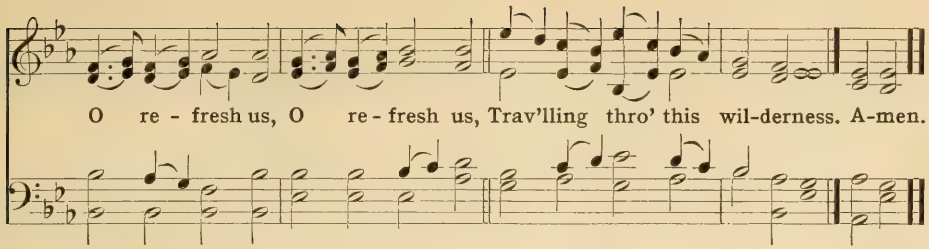
69

SICILIAN MARINERS 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*)

Sicilian Melody







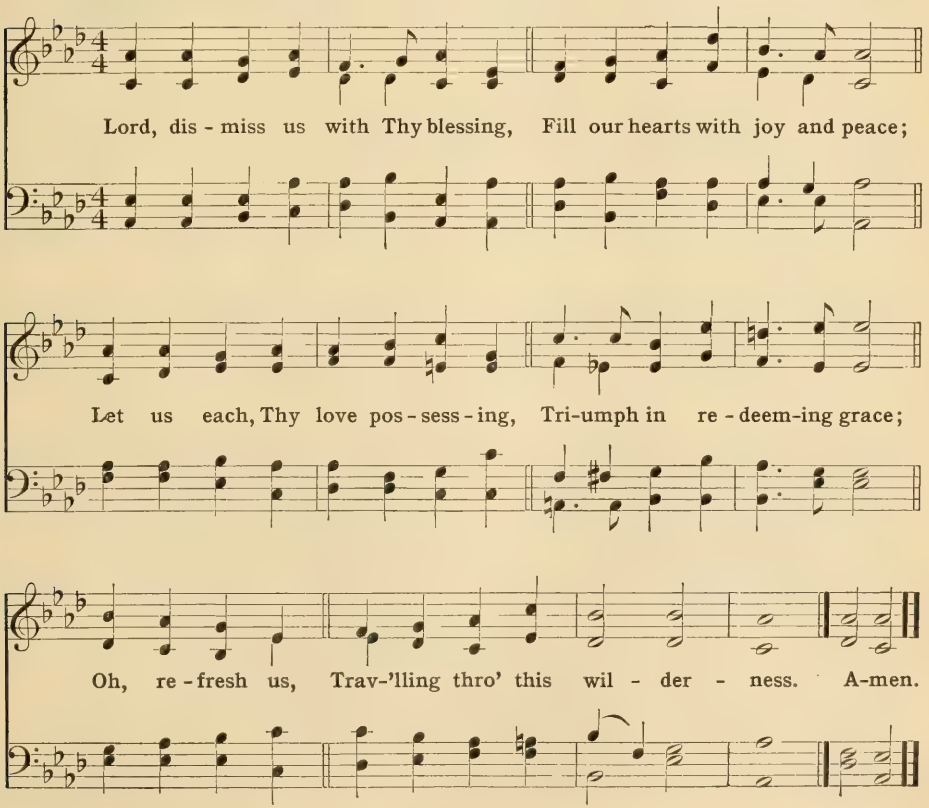
2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Anon. 1773 (ascribed to Rev. JOHN FAWCETT)

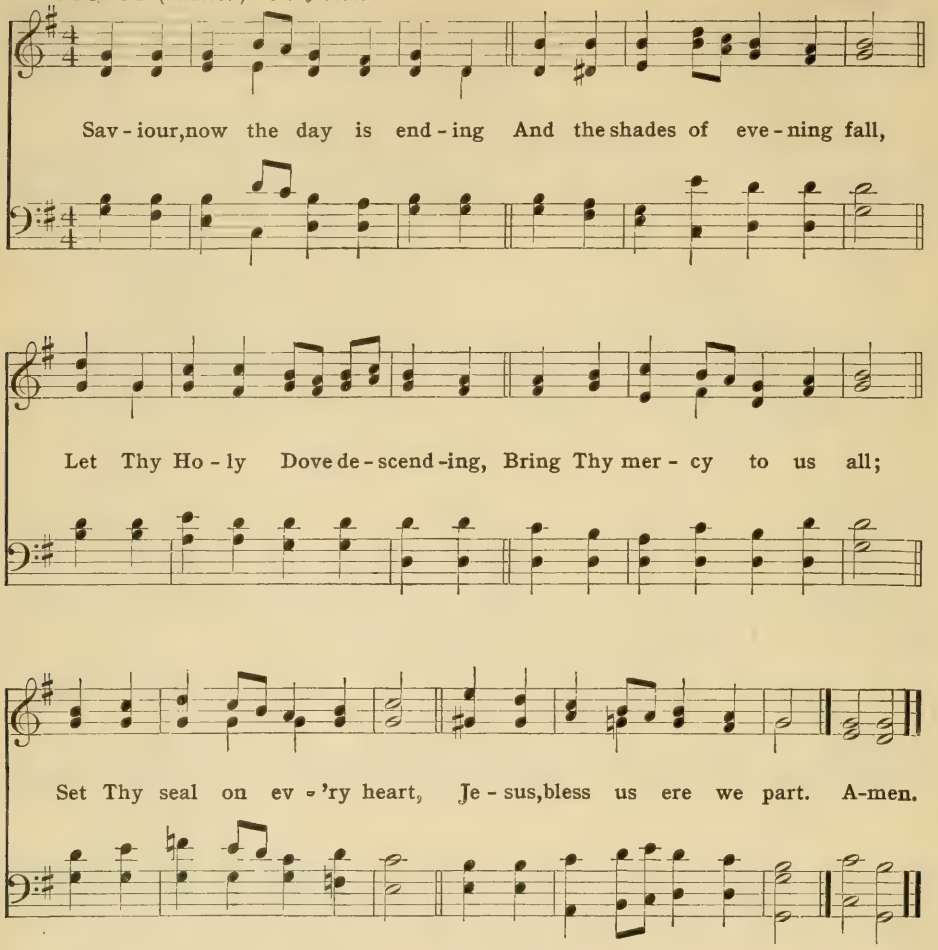
69

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1862


Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace;
Oh, re - fresh us, Trav-'lling thro' this wil - der - ness. A-men.

70

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. GOUNOD


Sav - iour, now the day is end - ing And the shades of eve - ning fall,
Let Thy Ho - ly Dove de - scend - ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all;
Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part. A-men.

2 Bless the gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

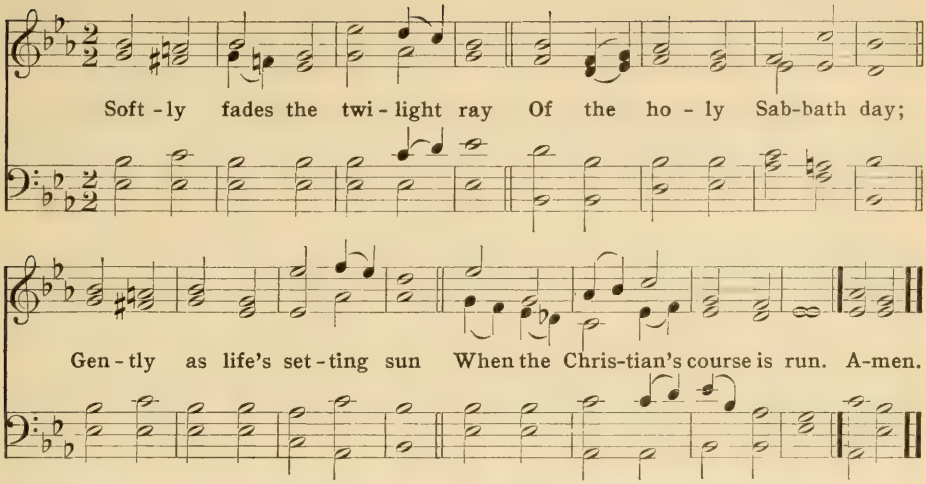
3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought ;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

SARAH DOUDNEY, 1881

71

SOLITUDE 7.7.7.7. L. T. Downes, 1851



2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

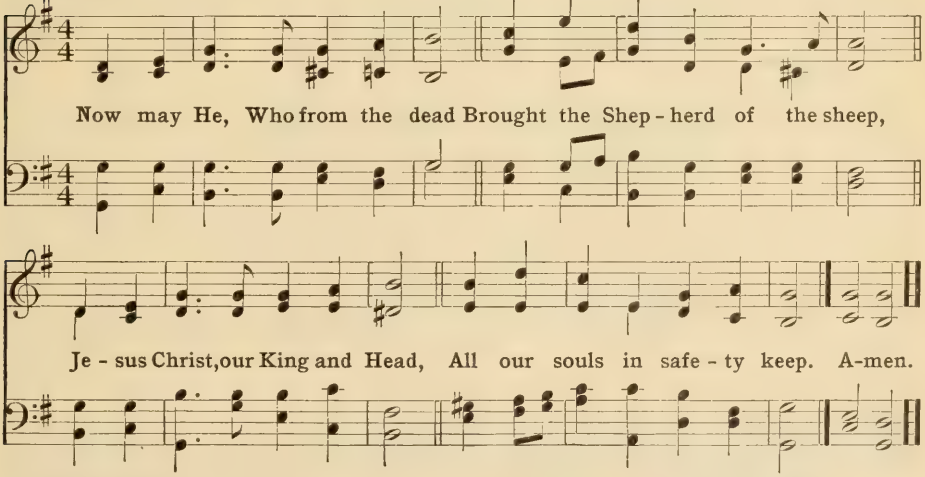
3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
When the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.

Rev. S. F. Smith, 1832

72

CANTONE 7.7.7.7. A. H. Mann, 1894


Now may He, Who from the dead Brought the Shep - herd of the sheep,
Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep. A-men.

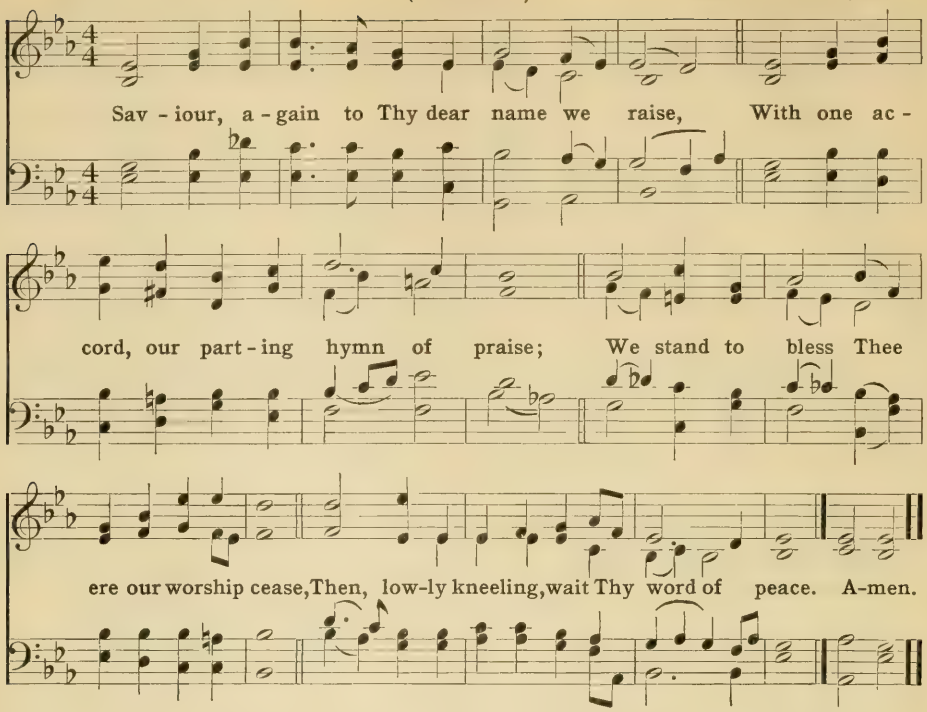
2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

73

PAX DEI 10.10.10.10. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868


Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

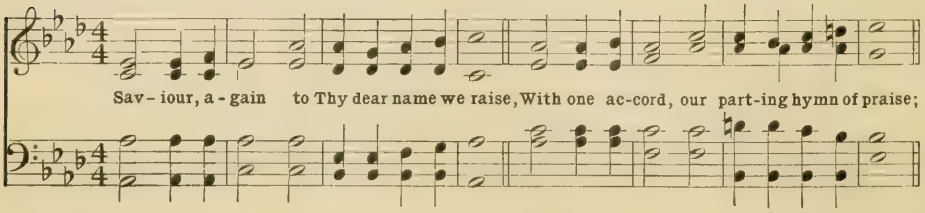
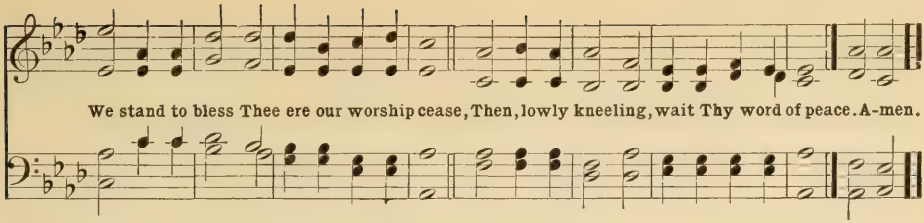
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866

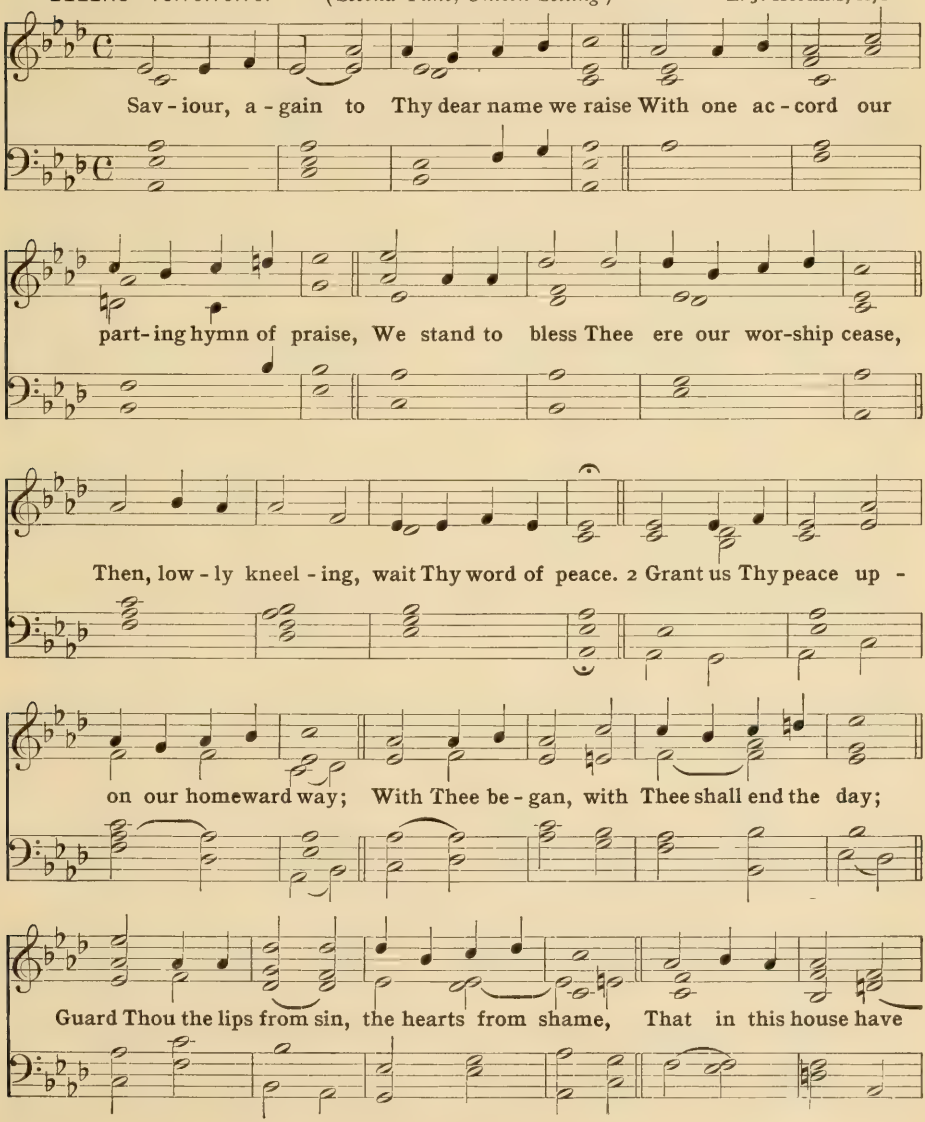
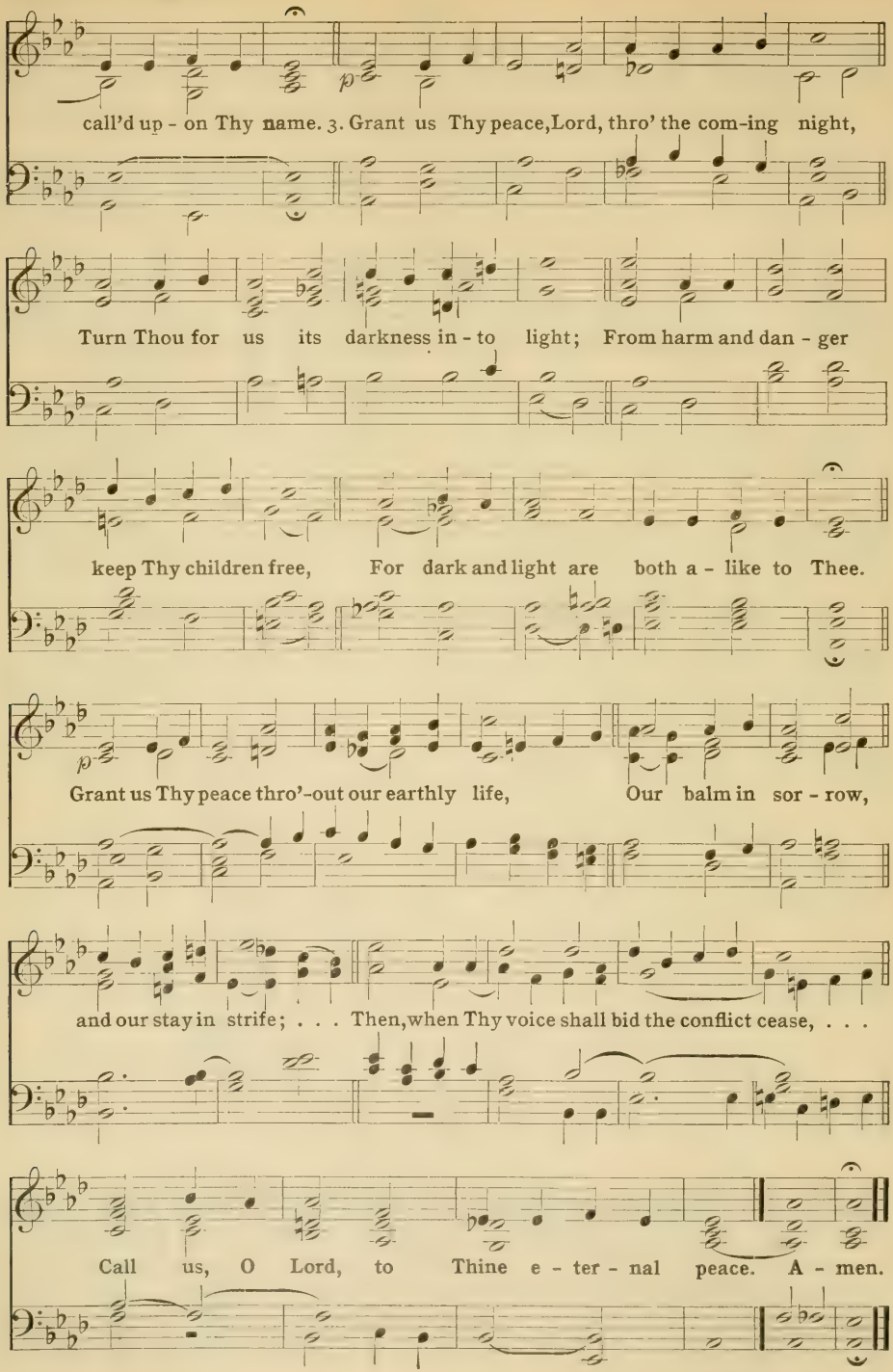
73

ELLERS 10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune*) E. J. Hopkins, 1871



73

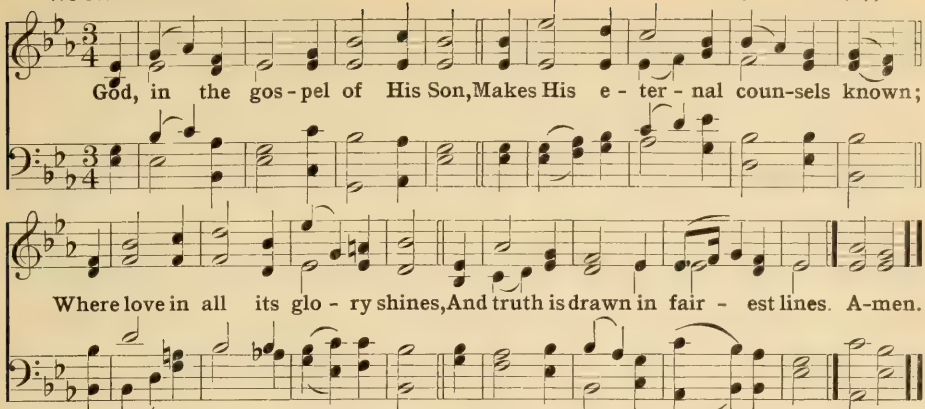
ELLERS 10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune, Unison Setting*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1871


Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise, We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease,
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. 2 Grant us Thy peace up -
on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have

call'd up - on Thy name. 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,
and our stay in strife; . . . Then, when Thy voice shall bid the conflict cease, . . .
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

74

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by E. MILLER, 1790


God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known;
Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A-men.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

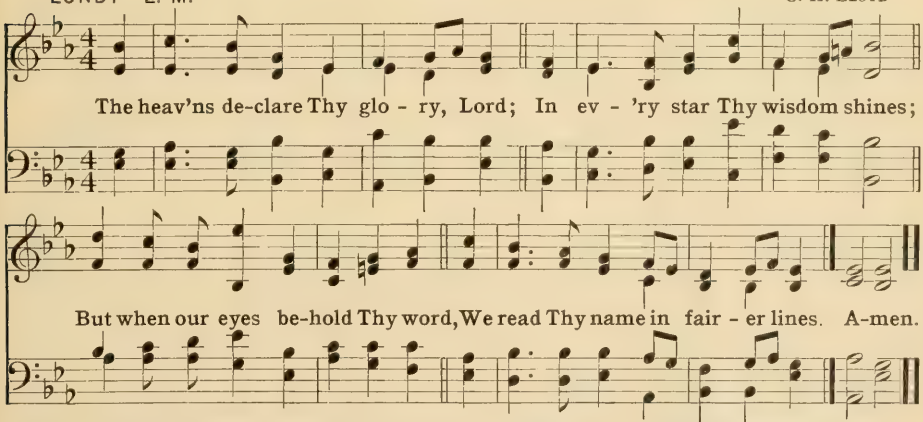
4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Verses 1, 2, Rev. BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787
Verses 3, 4, 5, Rev. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819

75

LUNDY L. M.

C. H. LLOYD

The heav'ns de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. A-men.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

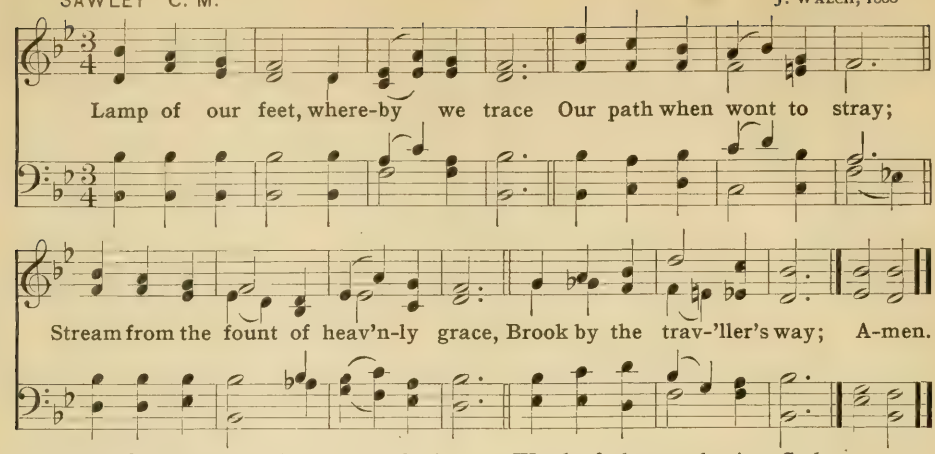
4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

76

SAWLEY C. M. J. WALCH, 1860


Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ller's way; A-men.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day,
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.

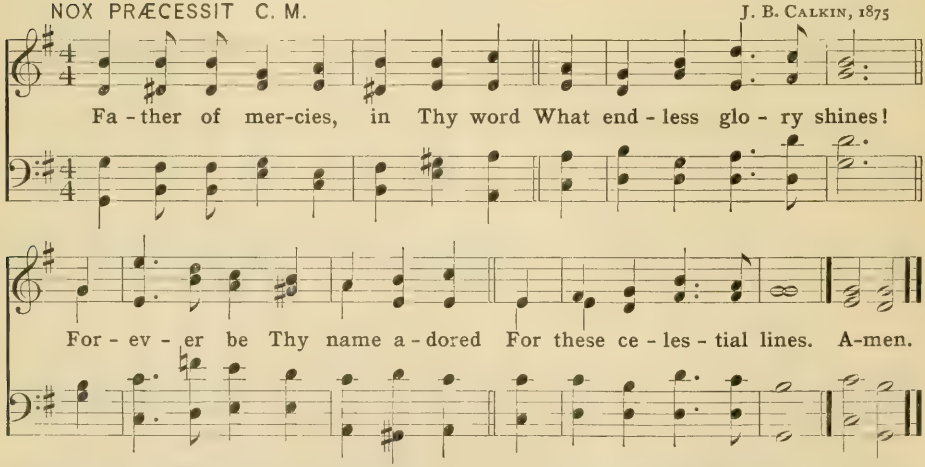
4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

BERNARD BARTON, 1827

77

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M. J. B. CALKIN, 1875



2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

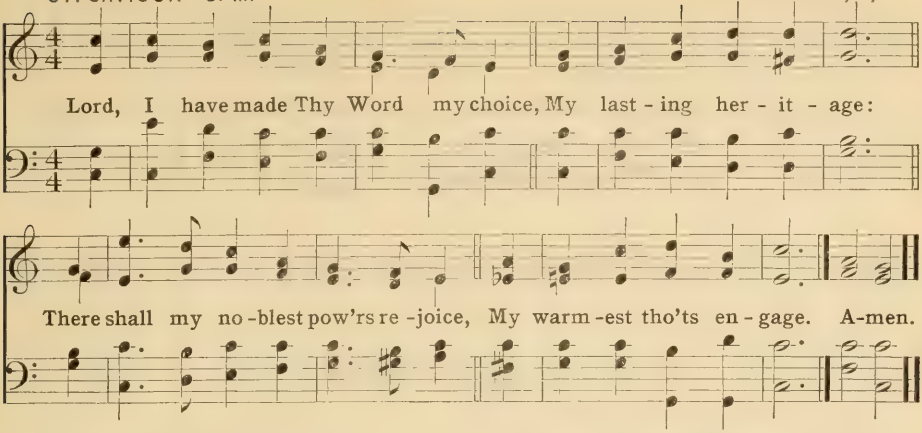
4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

78

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. Baker, 1872


Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age:
There shall my no - blest pow'rs re - joice, My warm - est tho'ts en - gage. A-men.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

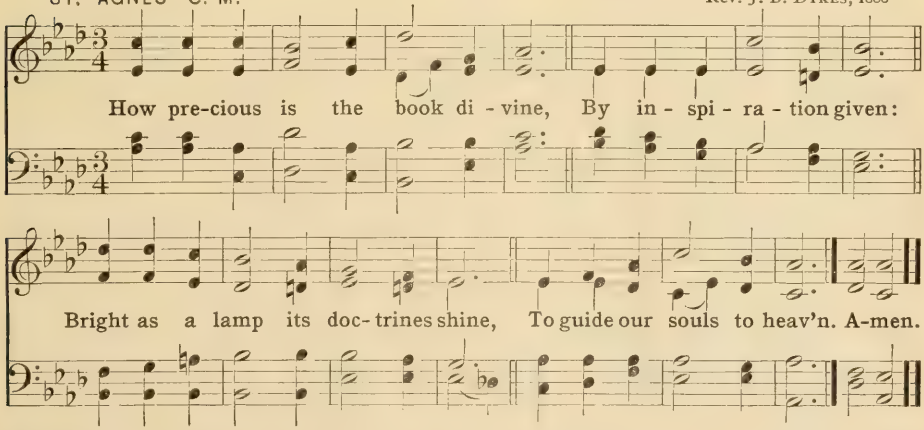
4 The best relief that mourners have:
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

79

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1866


How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given:
Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A-men.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

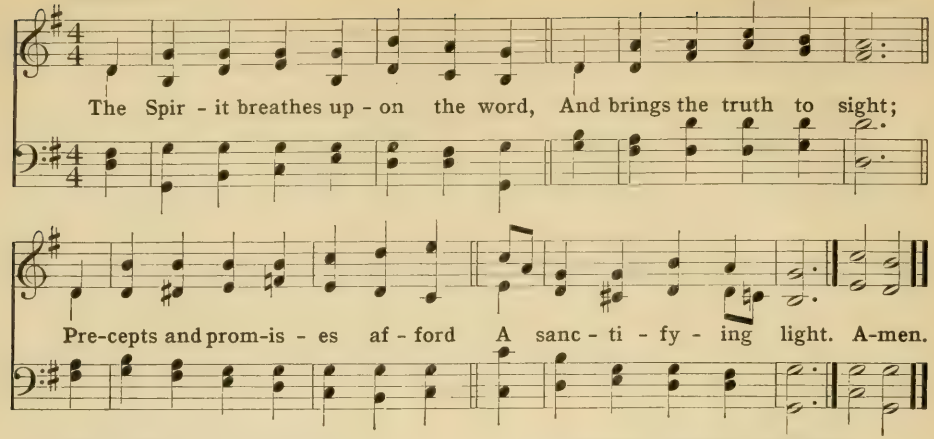
4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

80

EMMANUEL C. M. — Arr. from BEETHOVEN



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

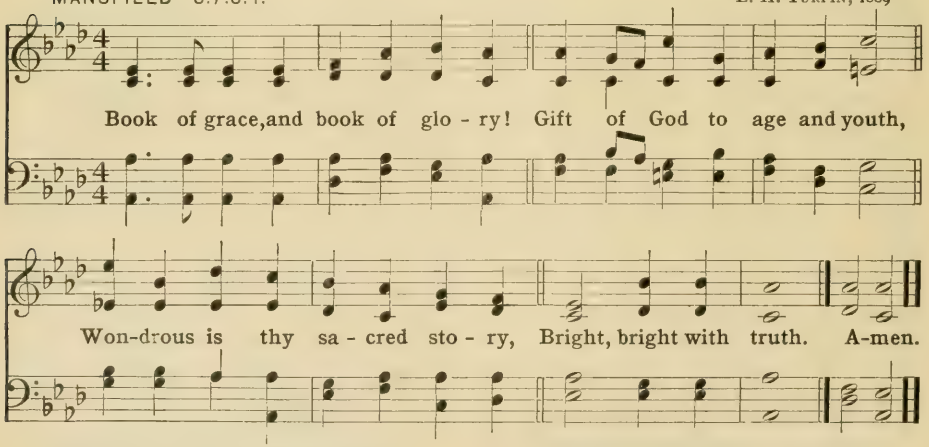
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779

81

MANSFIELD 8.7.8.4. — E. H. TURPIN, 1889



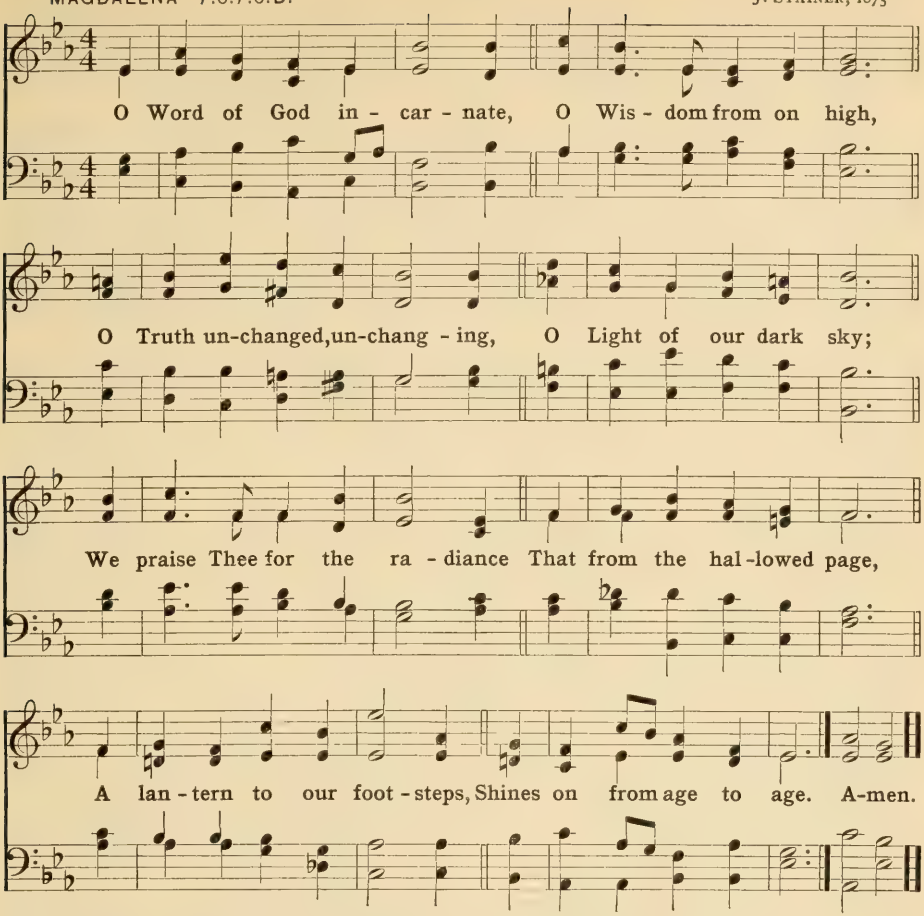
2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to me!"

4 Book of life, when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1843

82

MAGDALENA 7.6.7.6.D. J. STAINER, 1875

O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
O Truth un-changed, un-chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal-lowed page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-men.

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Thee, the living Word.

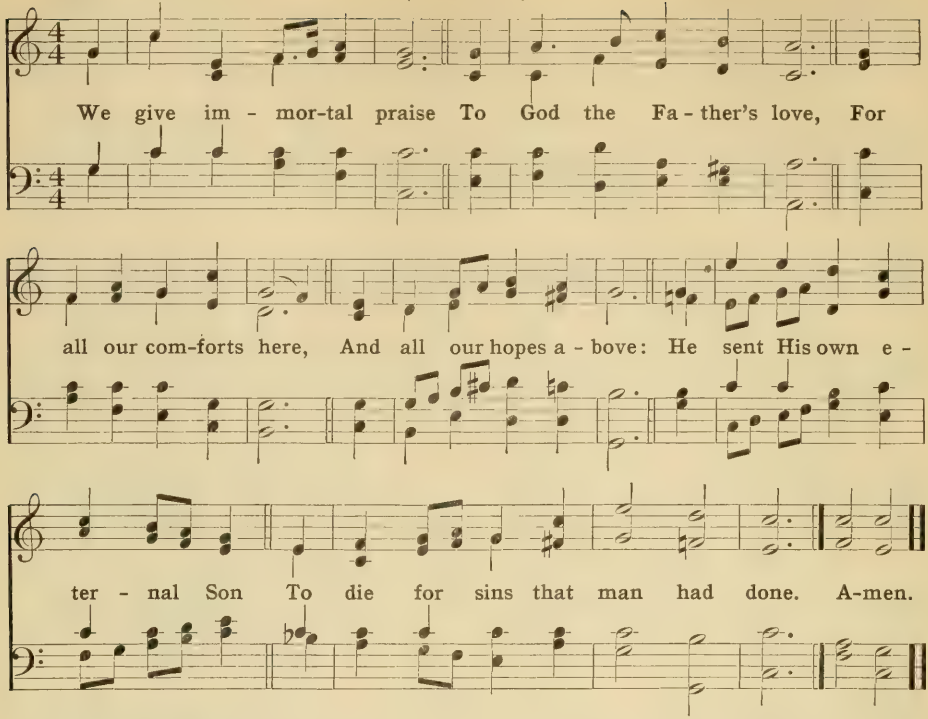
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, 1867

83

WATTS 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. S. B. Hodges


We give im - mor-tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For
all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own e -
ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

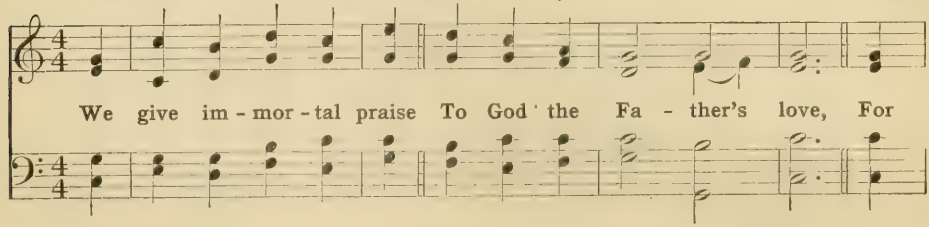
3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

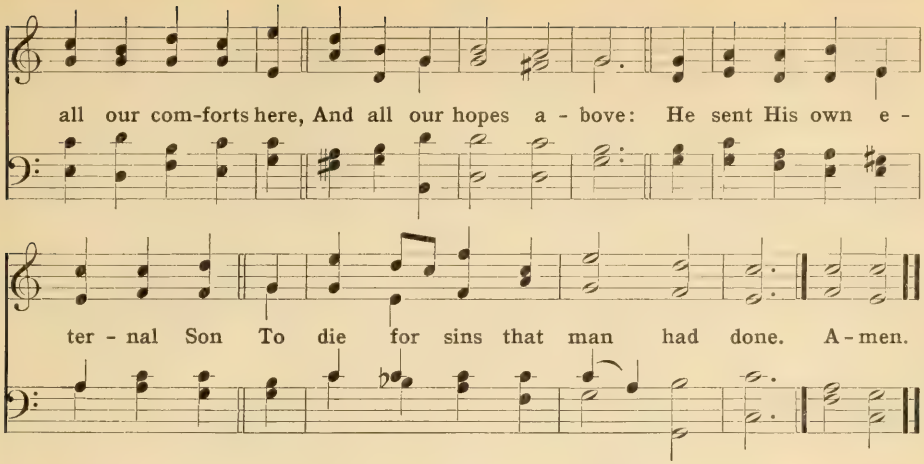
4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

83

MANSFIELD 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune*) J. Barnby, 1893

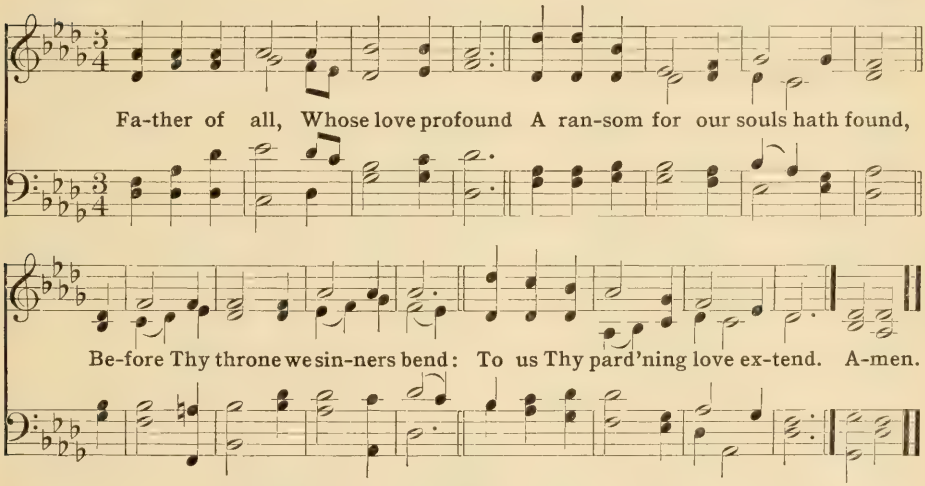




84

RIVAULX L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868


Fa-ther of all, Whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found,
Be-fore Thy throne we sin-ners bend: To us Thy pard'ning love ex-tend. A-men.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

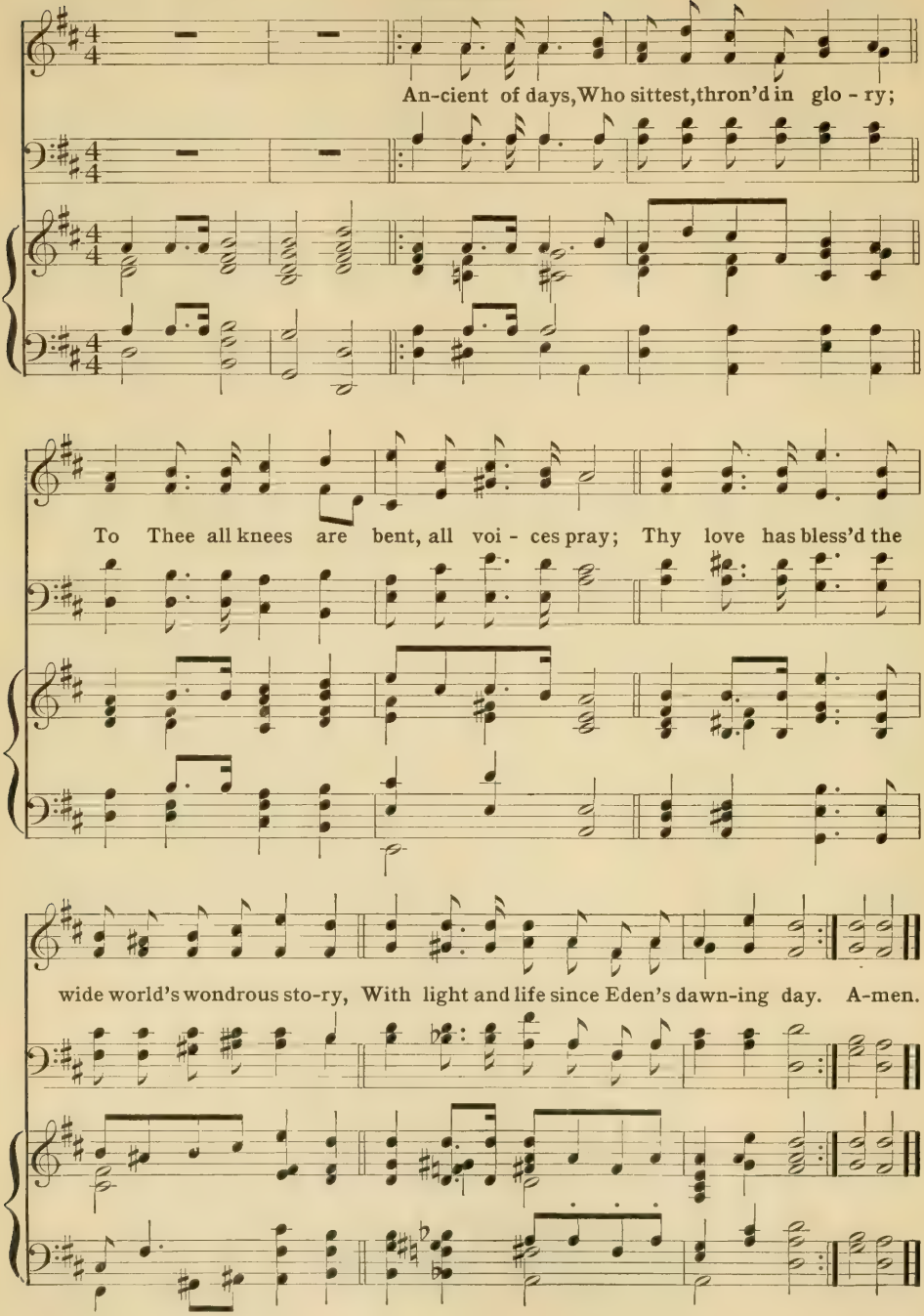
4 Jehovah, — Father, Spirit, Son, —
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Rev. Edward Cooper, 1805

85

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11.10.11.10. (*First Tune*)

T. A. JEFFERY, 1886


An-cient of days, Who sittest, thron'd in glo - ry;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the
wide world's wondrous sto-ry, With light and life since Eden's dawn-ing day. A-men.

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

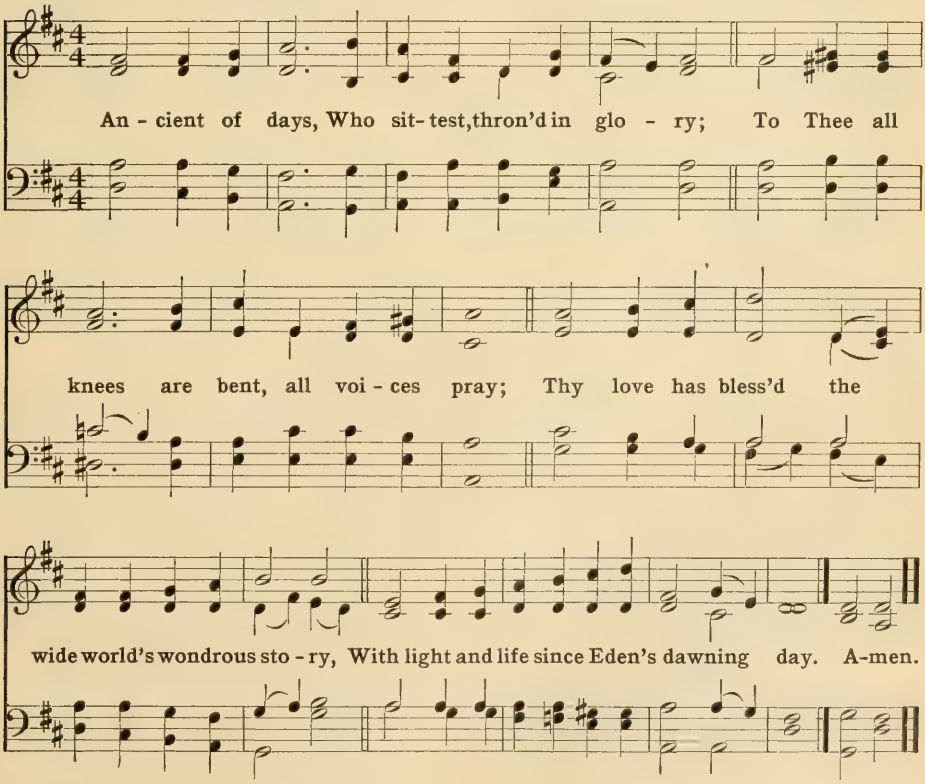
4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-Giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us alway.

BISHOP WILLIAM CROSSWELL DOANE, 1886

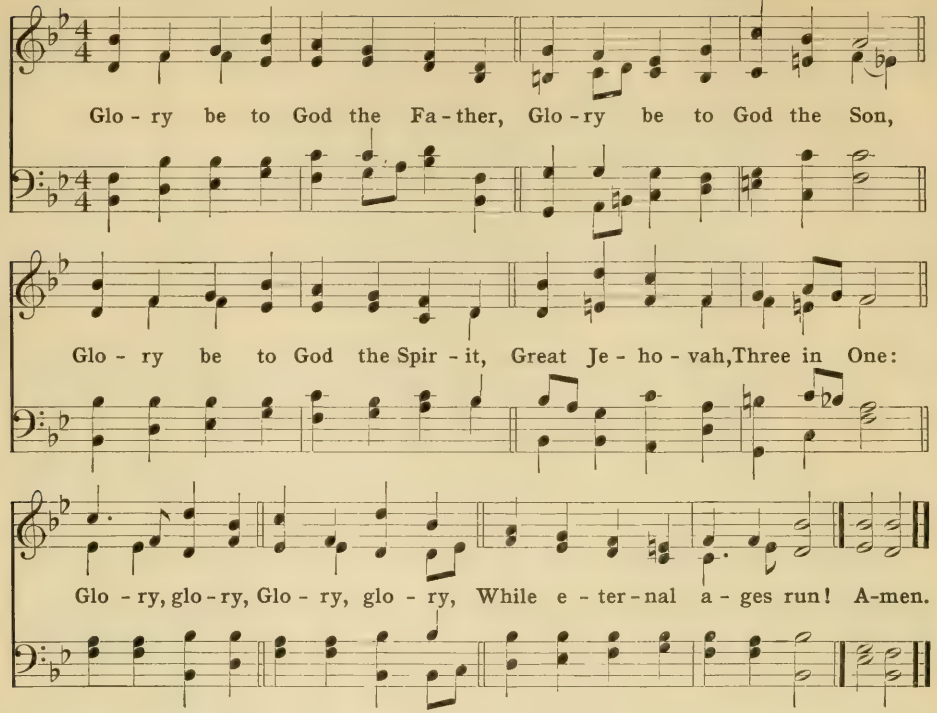
85

(*Second Tune*)

STRENGTH AND STAY 11.10.11.10. Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

An - cient of days, Who sit- test, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all
knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the
wide world's wondrous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawning day. A-men.

86

ENNERDALE 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. CLIPPINGDALE


Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A-men.

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

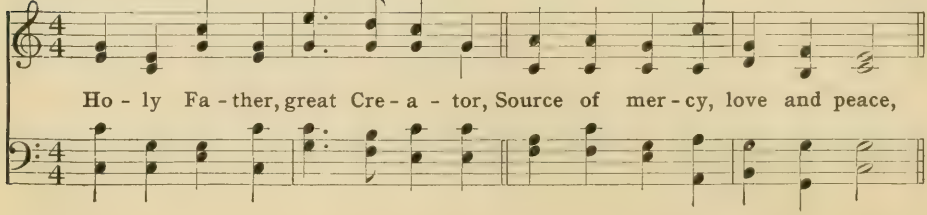
3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

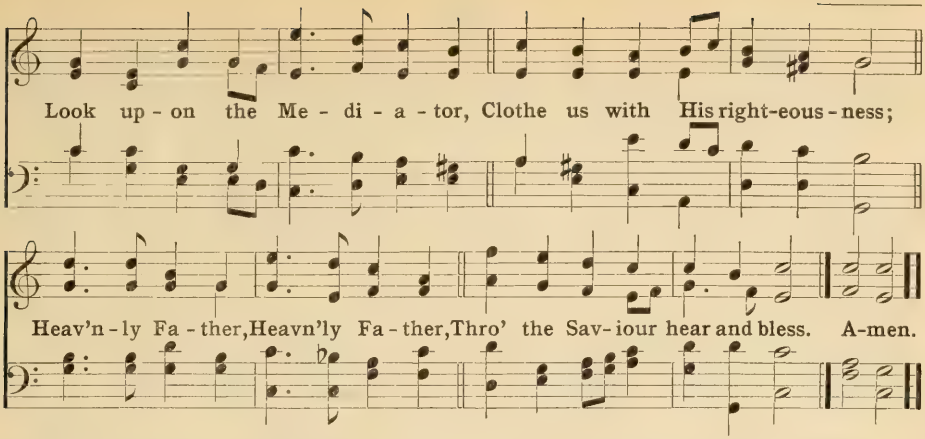
4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

87

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7. H. SMART, 1867




Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right-eous - ness;
Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Heavn'ly Fa - ther, Thro' the Sav - iour hear and bless. A-men.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

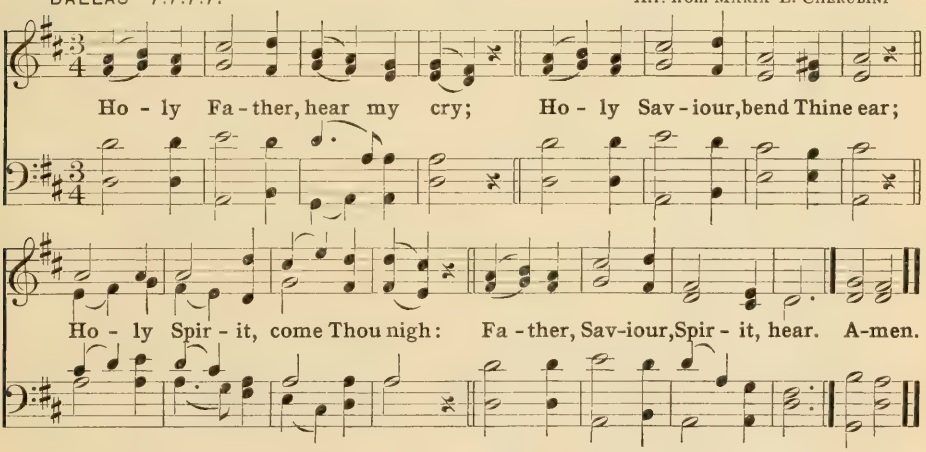
3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Bishop A. V. Griswold, 1837

88

DALLAS 7.7.7.7. Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini



2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

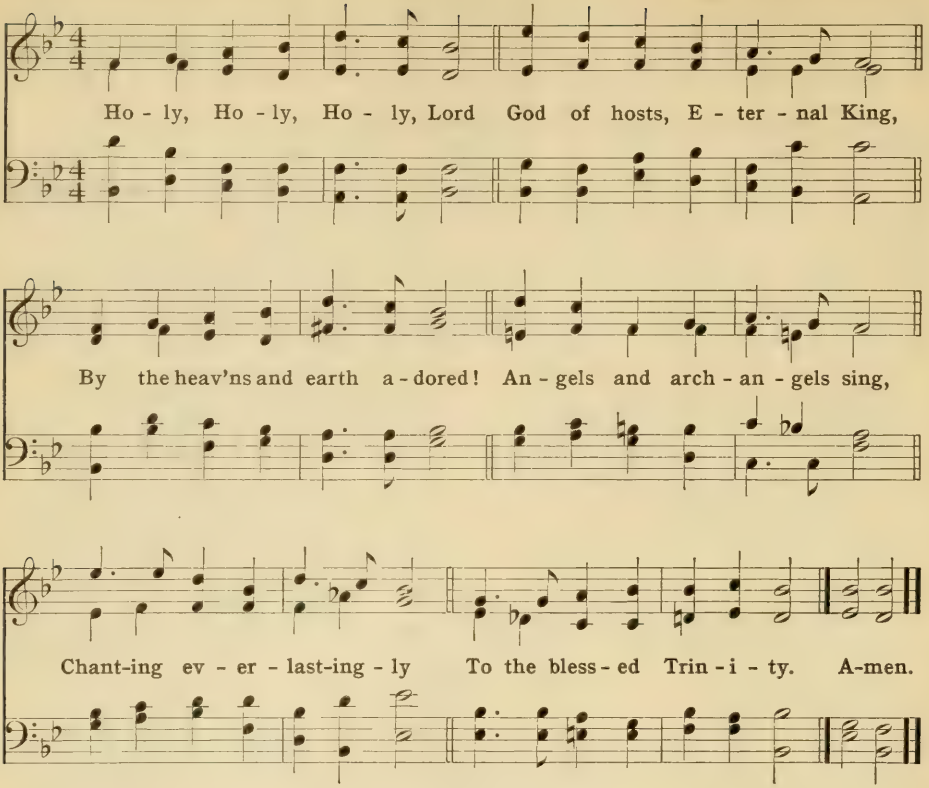
3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

89

ST. ATHANASIUS Six 7s. E. J. HOPKINS, 1872


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant-ing ev - er - last-ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A-men.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

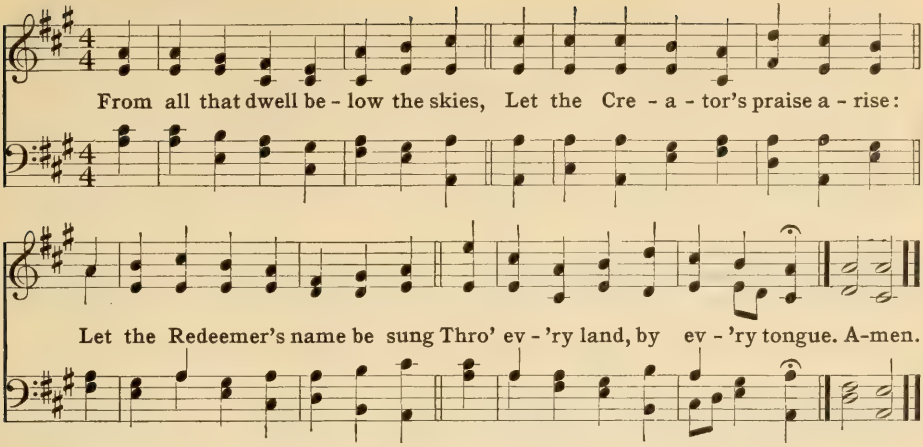
5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

90

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M. Genevan Psalter, 1551

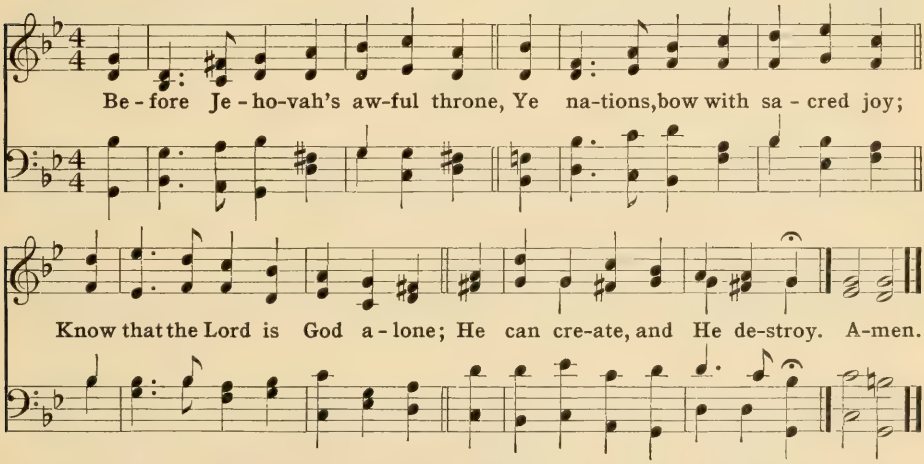

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. A-men.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

91

CANNONS L. M. HANDEL


Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy. A-men.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

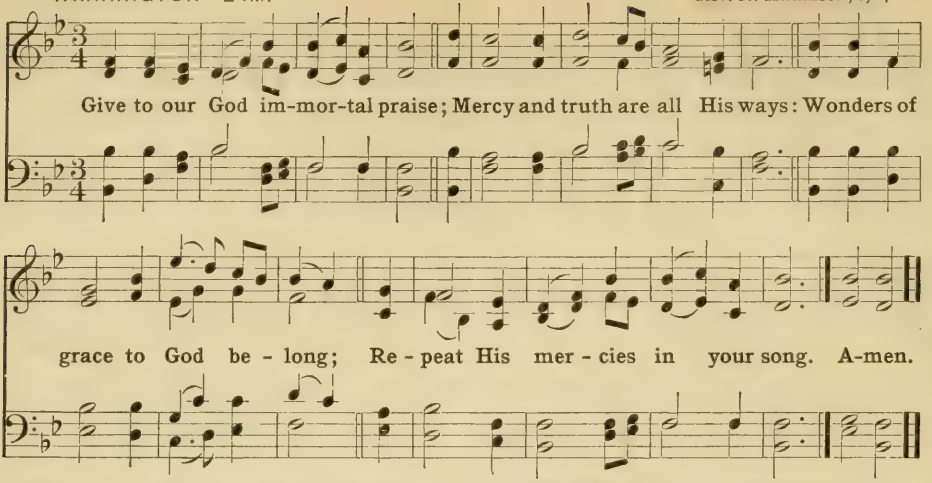
5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1741

92

WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. R. HARRISON, 1784


Give to our God im-mor-tal praise; Mercy and truth are all His ways: Wonders of
grace to God be - long; Re - peat His mer - cies in your song. A-men.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

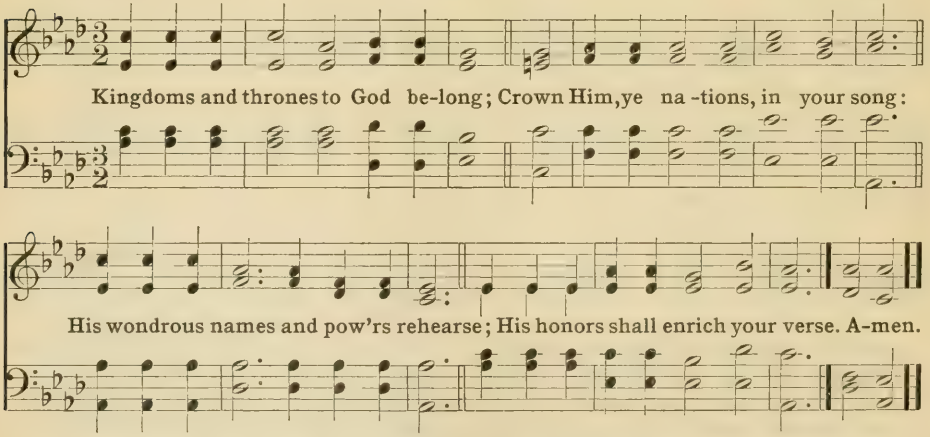
5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

93

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. ZEUNER, 1839


Kingdoms and thrones to God be-long; Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song:
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His honors shall enrich your verse. A-men.

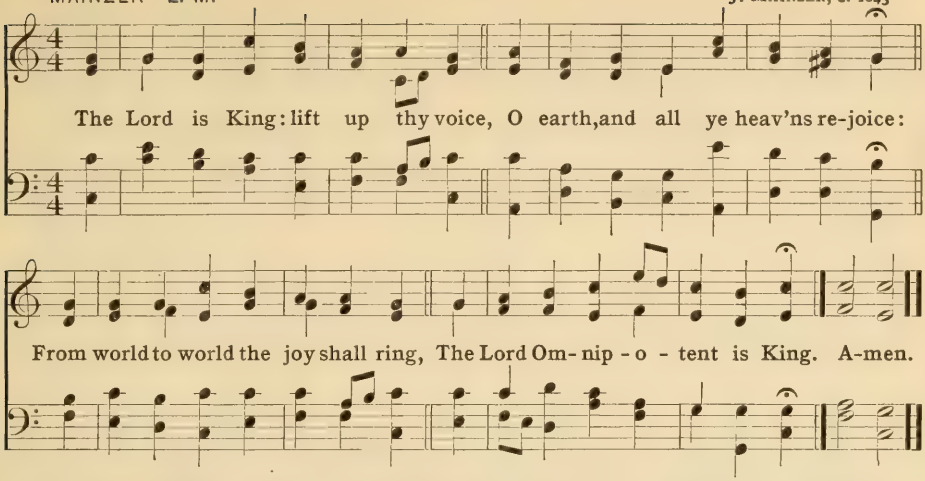
2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

94

MAINZER L. M.

J. MAINZER, c. 1845

The Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns re-joice:
From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om-nip-o-tent is King. A-men.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

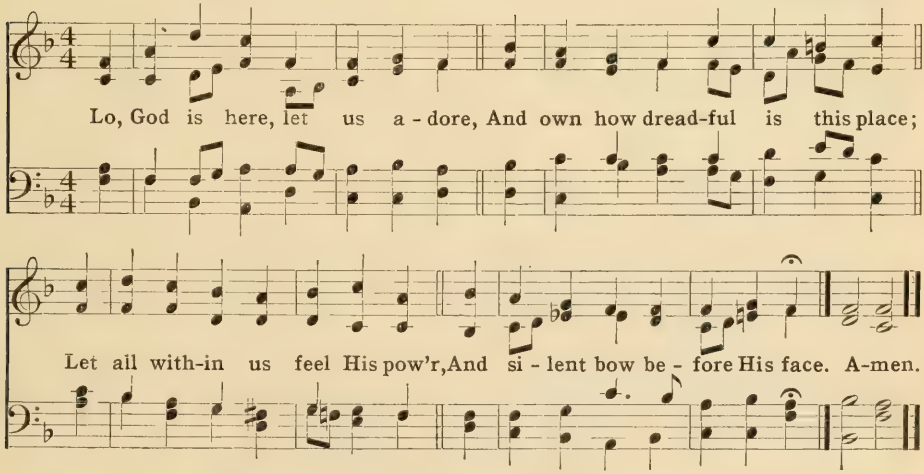
5 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824

95

LITLINGTON TOWER L. M.

J. BARNBY, 1862


Lo, God is here, let us a-dore, And own how dread-ful is this place;
Let all with-in us feel His pow'r, And si-lent bow be-fore His face. A-men.

2 Lo, God is here: Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

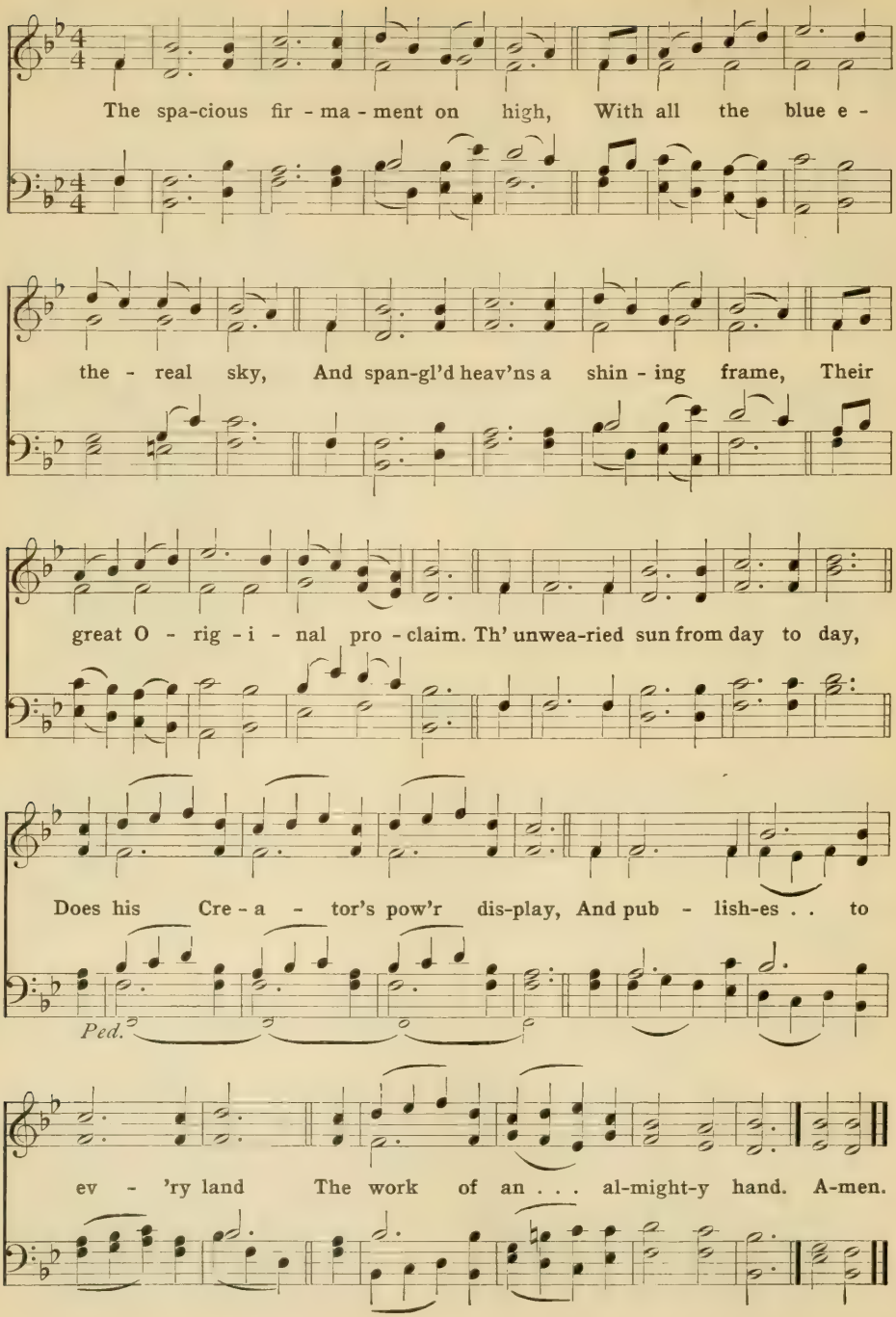
3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1739

96

CREATION L. M. D.

F. J. HAYDN, 1798


The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
the - real sky, And span-gl'd heav'ns a shin - ing frame, Their
great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' unwea-ried sun from day to day,
Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play, And pub - lish-es . . to
Ped.
ev - 'ry land The work of an . . . al-might-y hand. A-men.

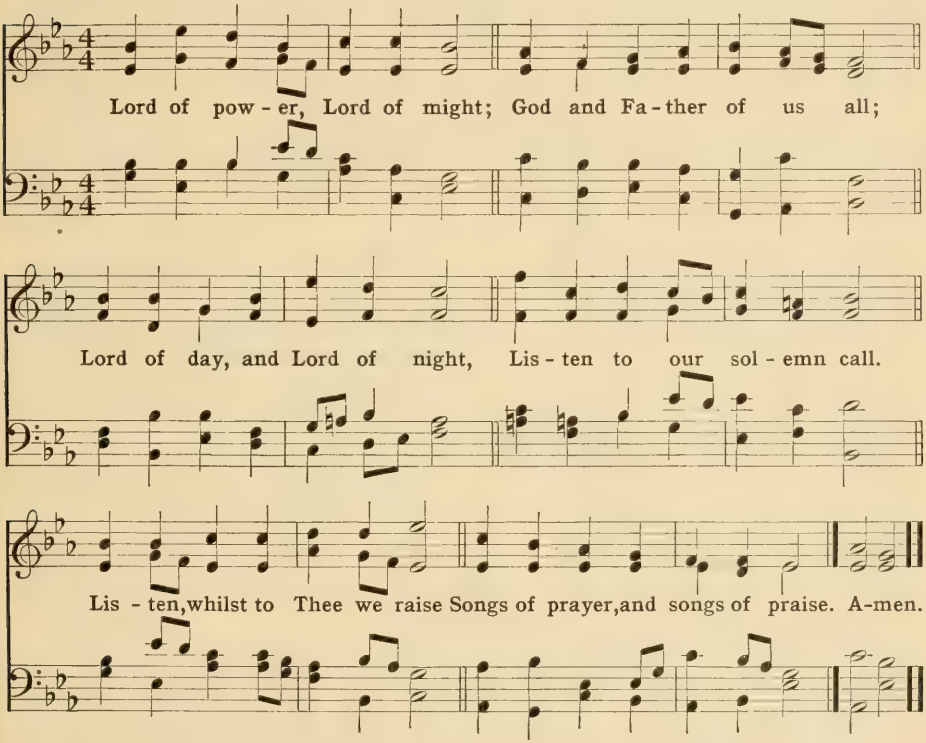
2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison, 1712

97

HEATHLANDS Six 7s. H. Smart, 1867


Lord of pow - er, Lord of might; God and Fa - ther of us all;
Lord of day, and Lord of night, Lis - ten to our sol - emn call.
Lis - ten, whilst to Thee we raise Songs of prayer, and songs of praise. A-men.

2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

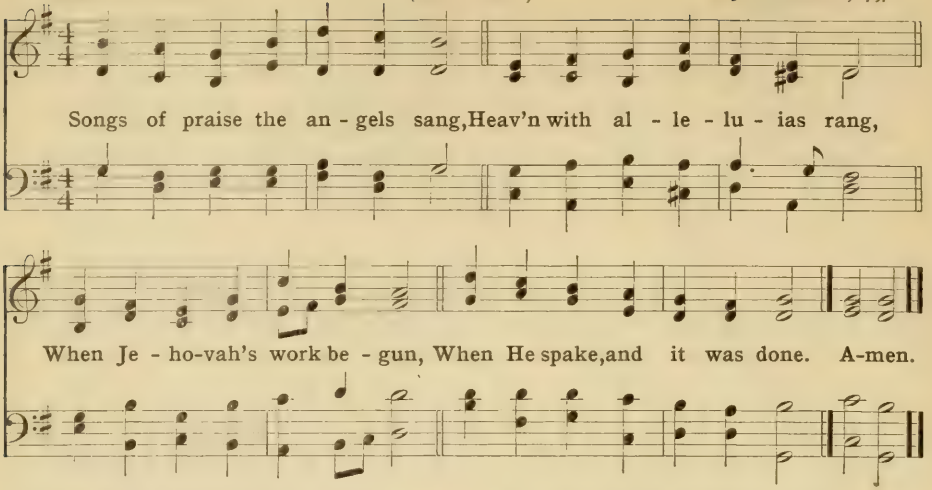
3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862

98

VIENNA 7.7.7.7. (*First Tune*) J. H. KNECHT, 1797



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

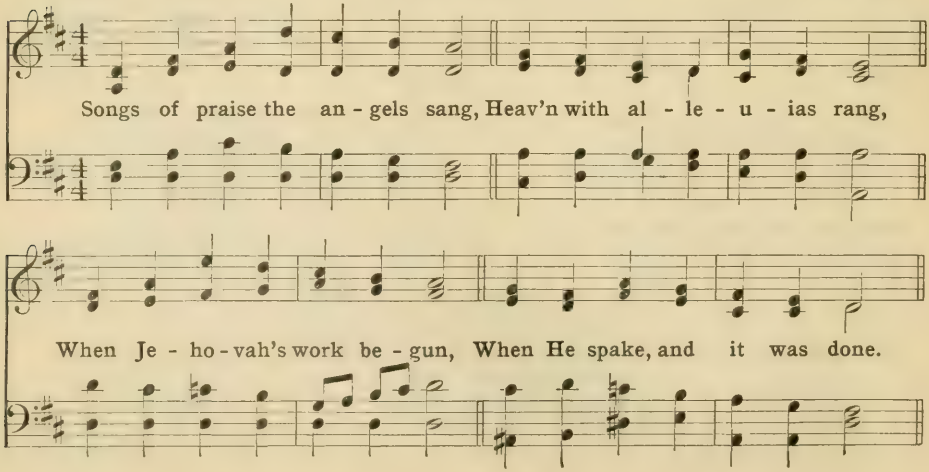
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

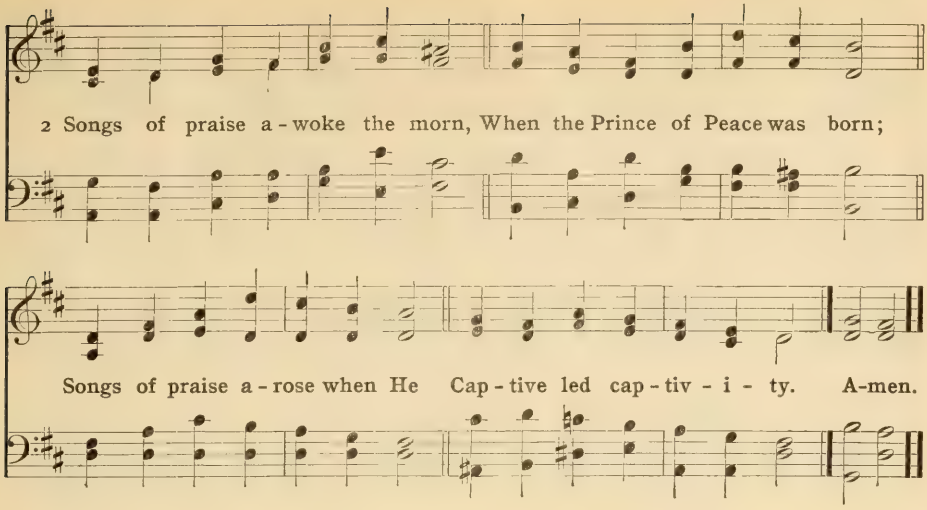
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

98

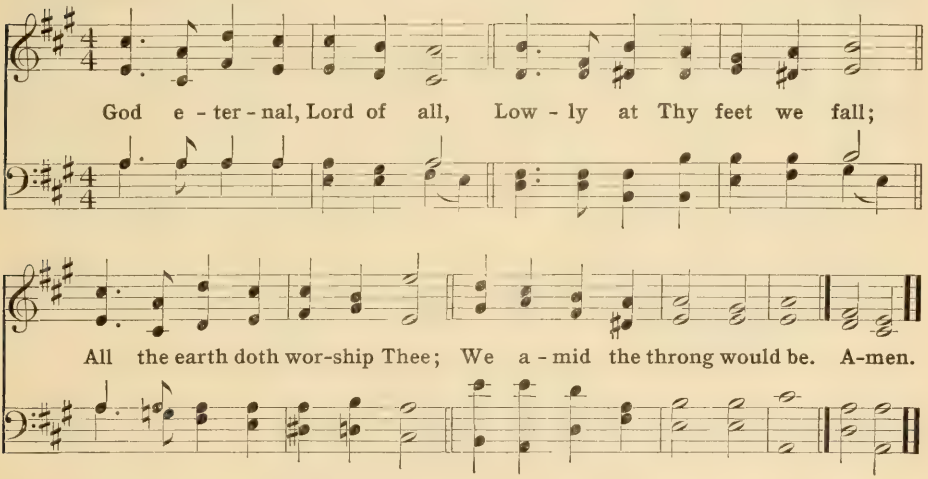
HONITON Eight 7s. (*Second Tune*) E. FLOOD, 1845




2 Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. A-men.

99

ELLINGHAM 7.7.7.7. S. N. Godfrey, 1881



2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice Holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly Powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

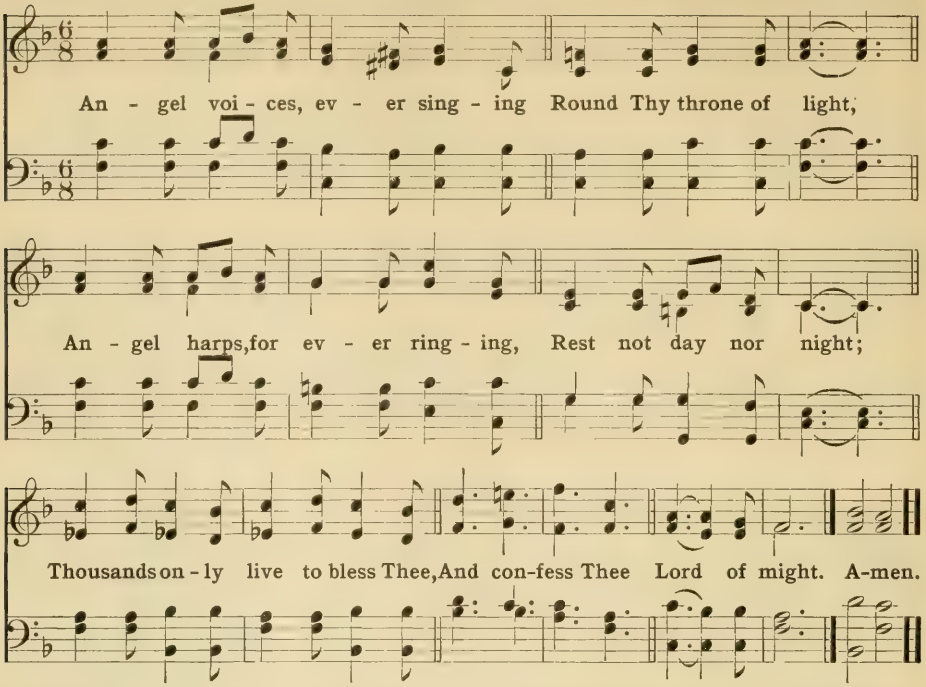
4 With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear!

6 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

Tr. by James E. Millard, 1848

100

ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7. (*First Tune*) A. SULLIVAN, 1872

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might. A-men.

2 Thou Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

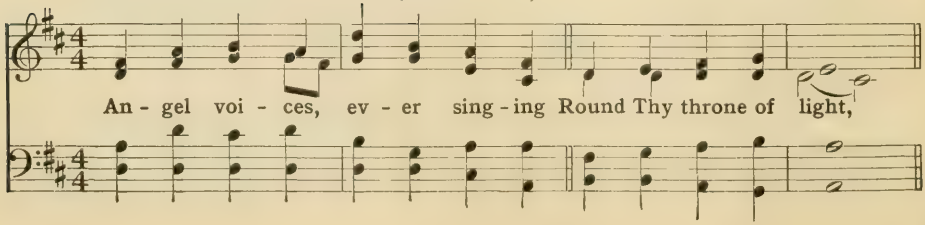
3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

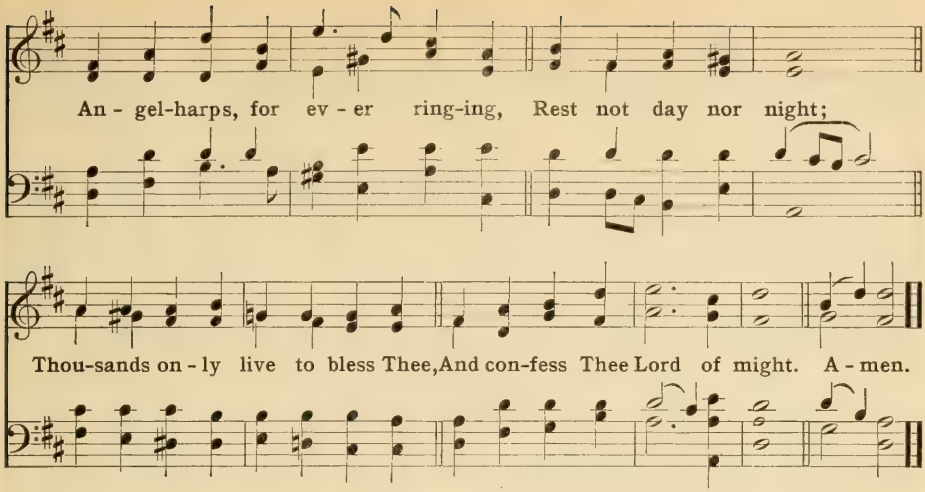
4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, 1866

100

ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7. (*Second Tune*) E. G. MONK

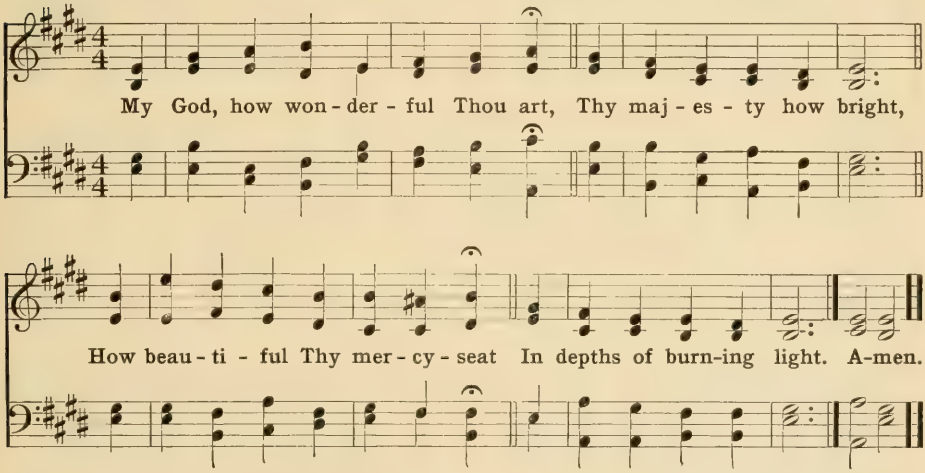




101

DUNDEE C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615



2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;

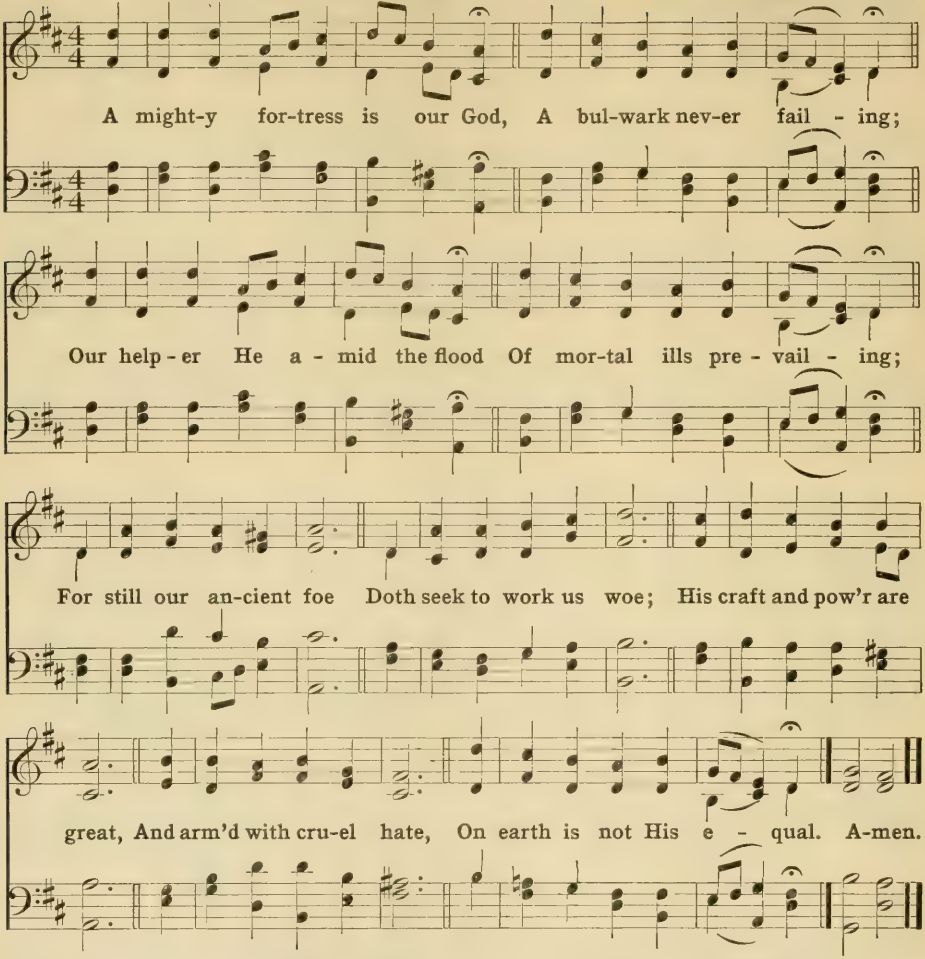
4 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Rev. Frederic W. Faber, 1849

102

EIN FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529

A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
Our help-er He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing;
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
great, And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not His e - qual. A-men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing, —
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth, His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

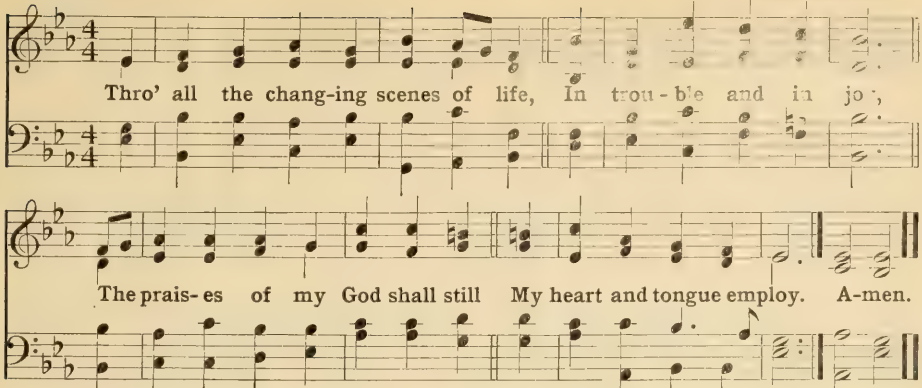
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure;
For lo, his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him Who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE, 1852

103

HORSLEY C. M.

W. HORSLEY, 1844

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succor trust.

4 O make but tria of His love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

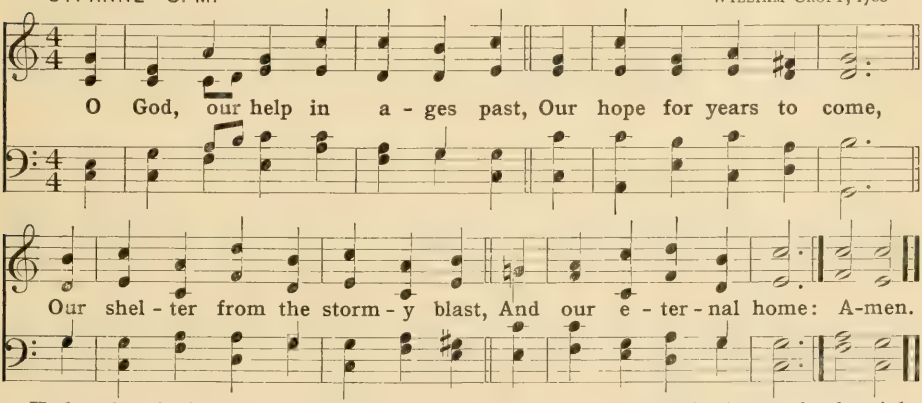
5 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye His service your delight,—
He'll make your wants His care.

TATE and BRADY, 1696

104

ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

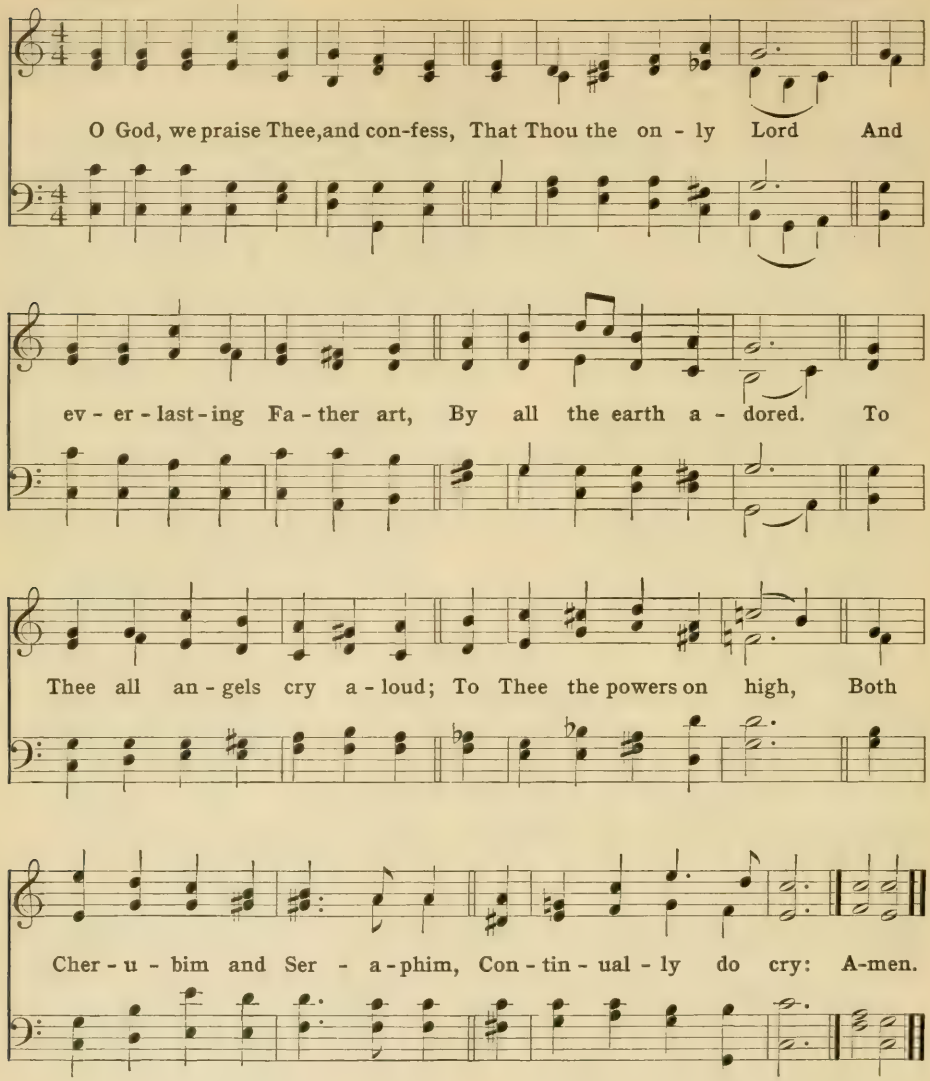
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

105

ANAGOLA C. M. D.

J. H. Crossley, 1876

O God, we praise Thee, and con-fess, That Thou the on - ly Lord And
ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored. To
Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To Thee the powers on high, Both
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim, Con - tin - ual - ly do cry: A-men.

2 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

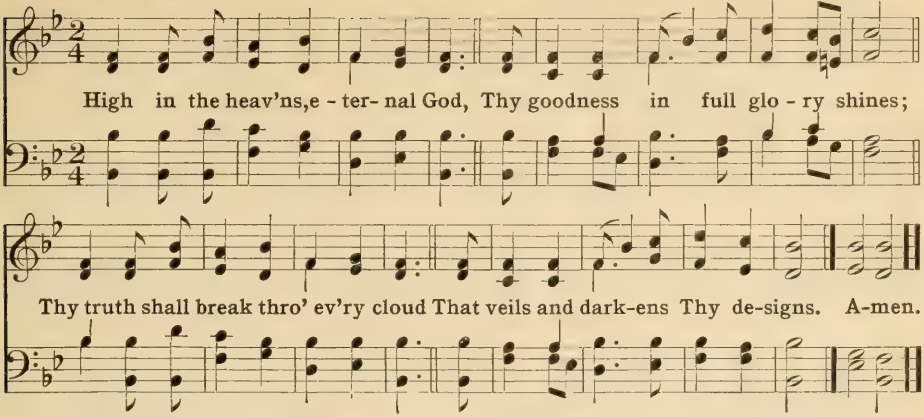
3 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
Thy honored, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Tr. by Nahum Tate, 1703

106

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by L. MASON, 1830


High in the heav'ns,e - ter- nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. A-men.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring.
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

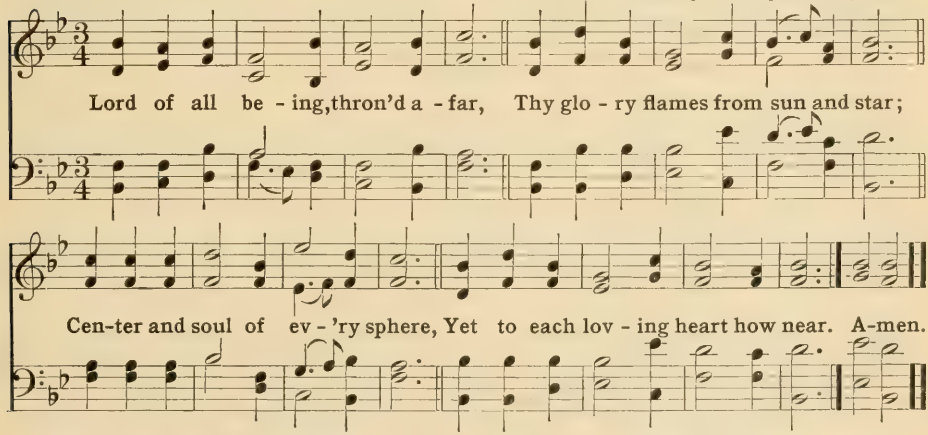
4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

107

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824


Lord of all be - ing,thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen-ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near. A-men.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

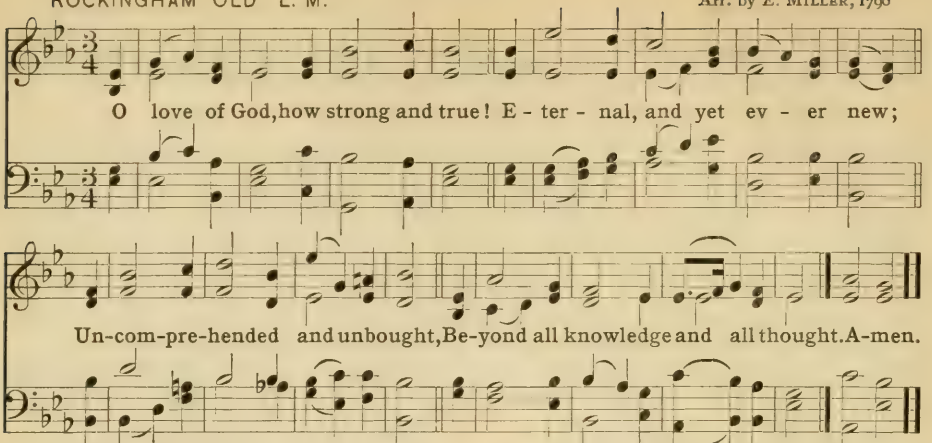
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848

108

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by E. MILLER, 1790


O love of God, how strong and true! E - ter - nal, and yet ev - er new;
Un-com-pre-hended and unbought, Be-yond all knowledge and all thought. A-men.

2 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read Thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.

4 We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 We read Thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of Thy might.

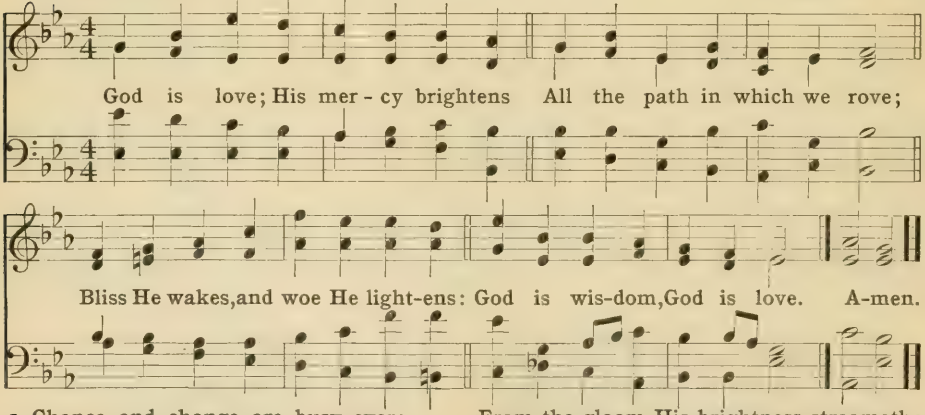
6 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1861

109

ALL FOR JESUS 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1872


God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love. A-men.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

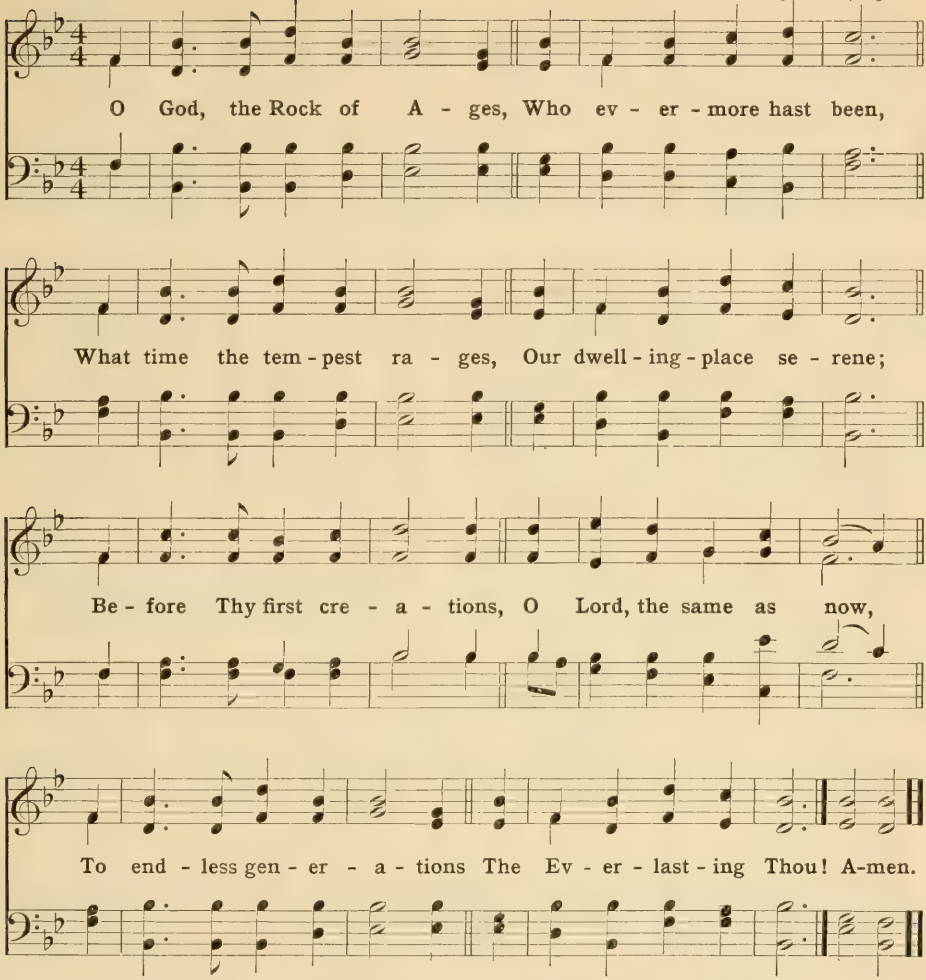
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING, 1825

110

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. Webb, 1830

O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A-men.

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

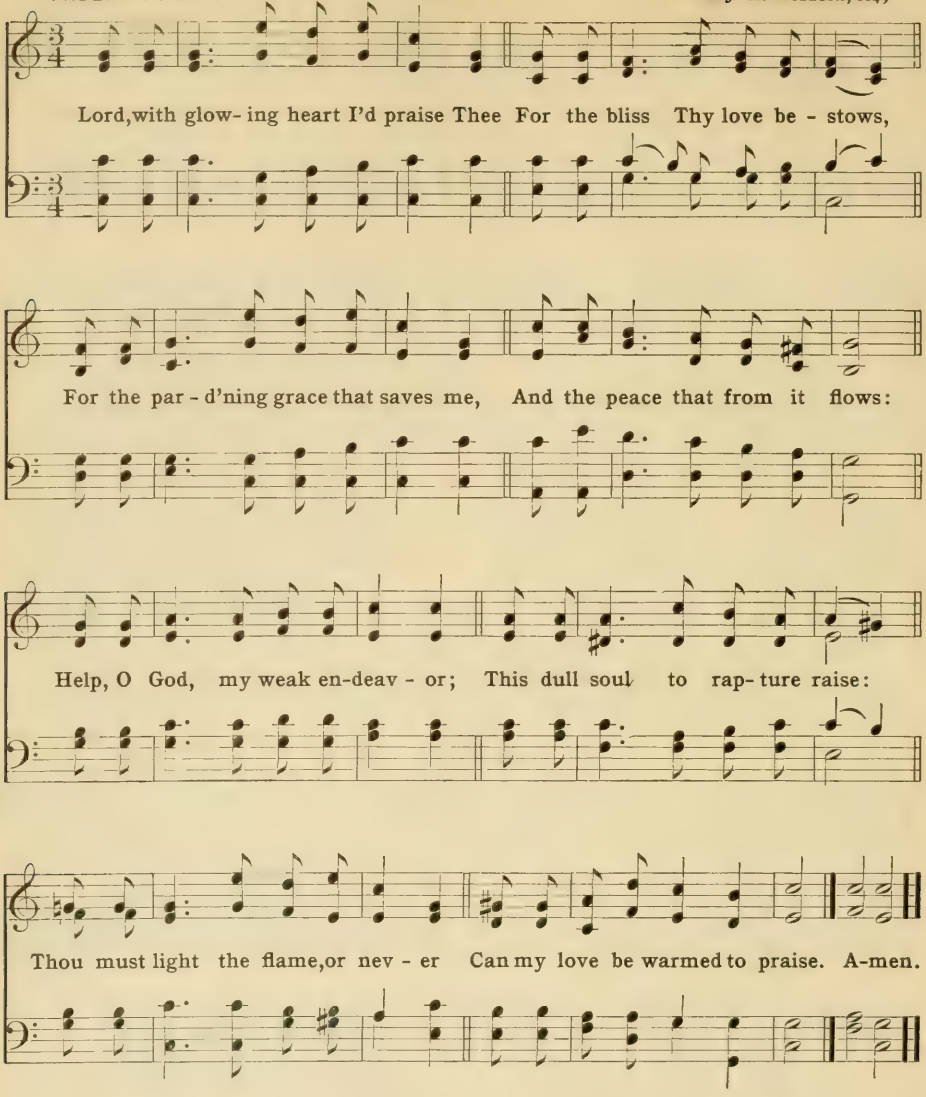
3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1866

111

FABEN 8.7.8.7.D.

J. H. Willcox, 1849

Lord, with glow- ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak en-deav - or; This dull soul to rap- ture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

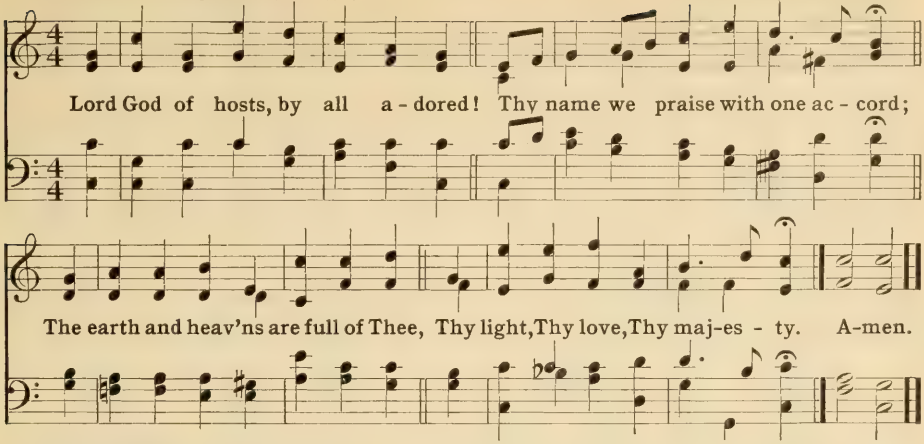
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key, 1823

112

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

JAMES W. ELLIOTT, 1874


Lord God of hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;
The earth and heav'ns are full of Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy maj-es - ty. A-men.

2 Loud alleluias to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets aid to swell the song;
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

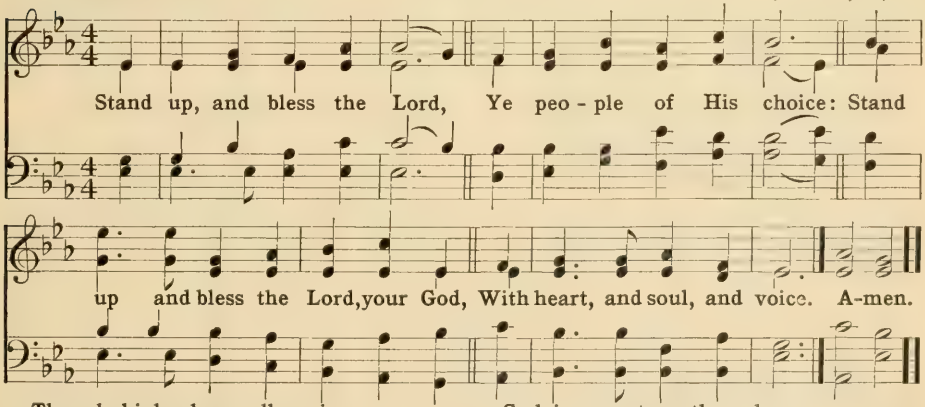
5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

Tr. by JOHN GAMBOLD, 1754. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1810

113

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887



2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

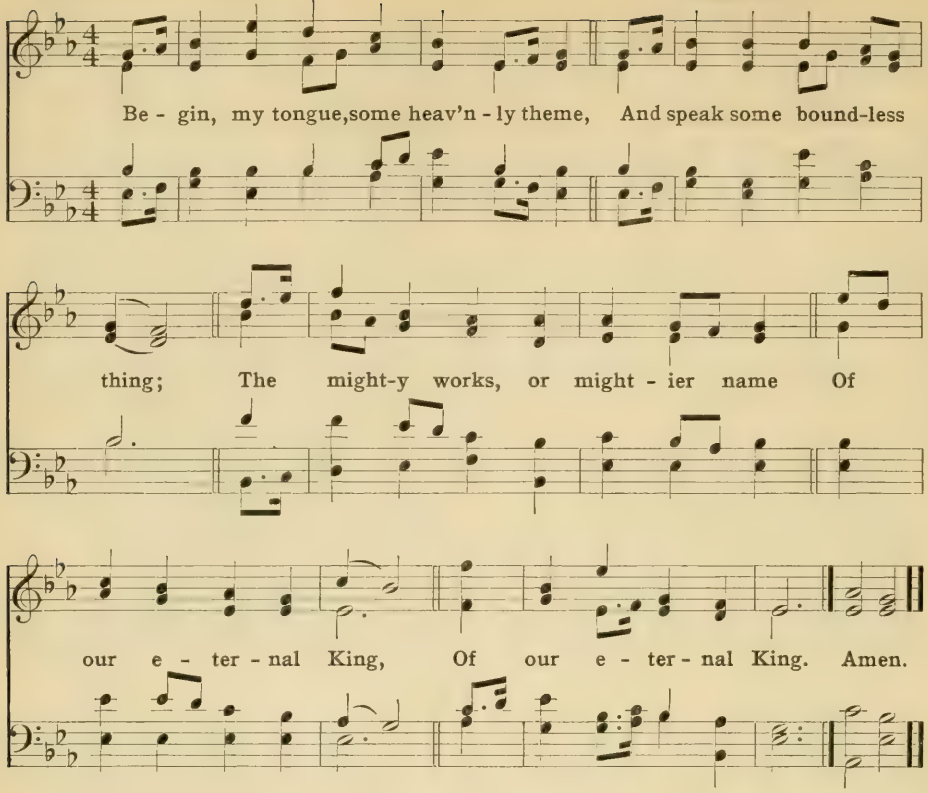
4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

114

CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL, 1728

Be - gin, my tongue,some heav'n - ly theme, And speak some bound-less
thing; The might-y works, or might - ier name Of
our e - ter - nal King, Of our e - ter - nal King. Amen.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet praises of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

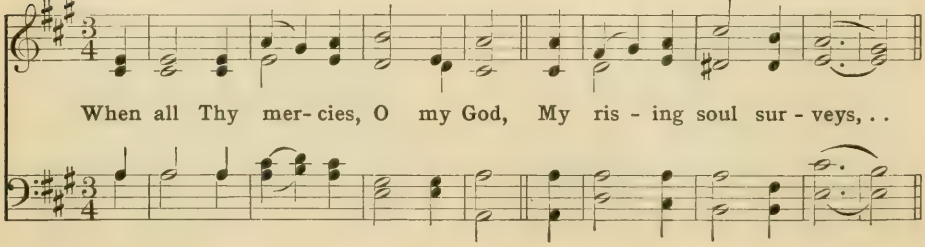
4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

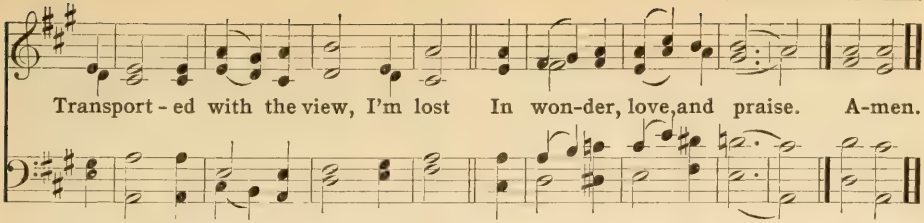
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

115

SABBATA (Sharon) C. M.

H. F. HEMY, 1865





2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face:
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

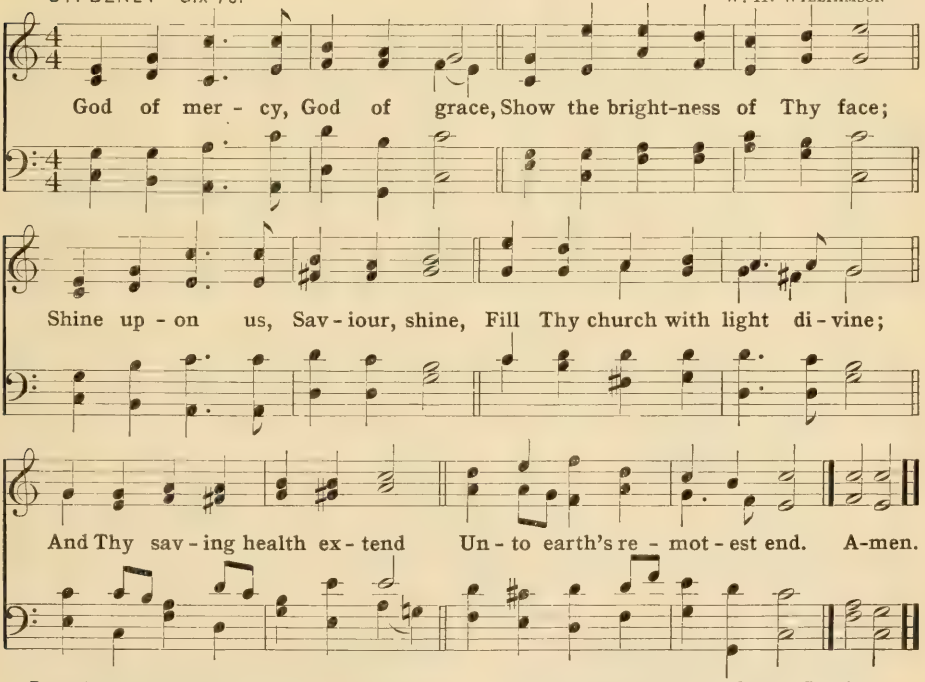
5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712

116

ST. BENET Six 7s. W. H. WILLIAMSON

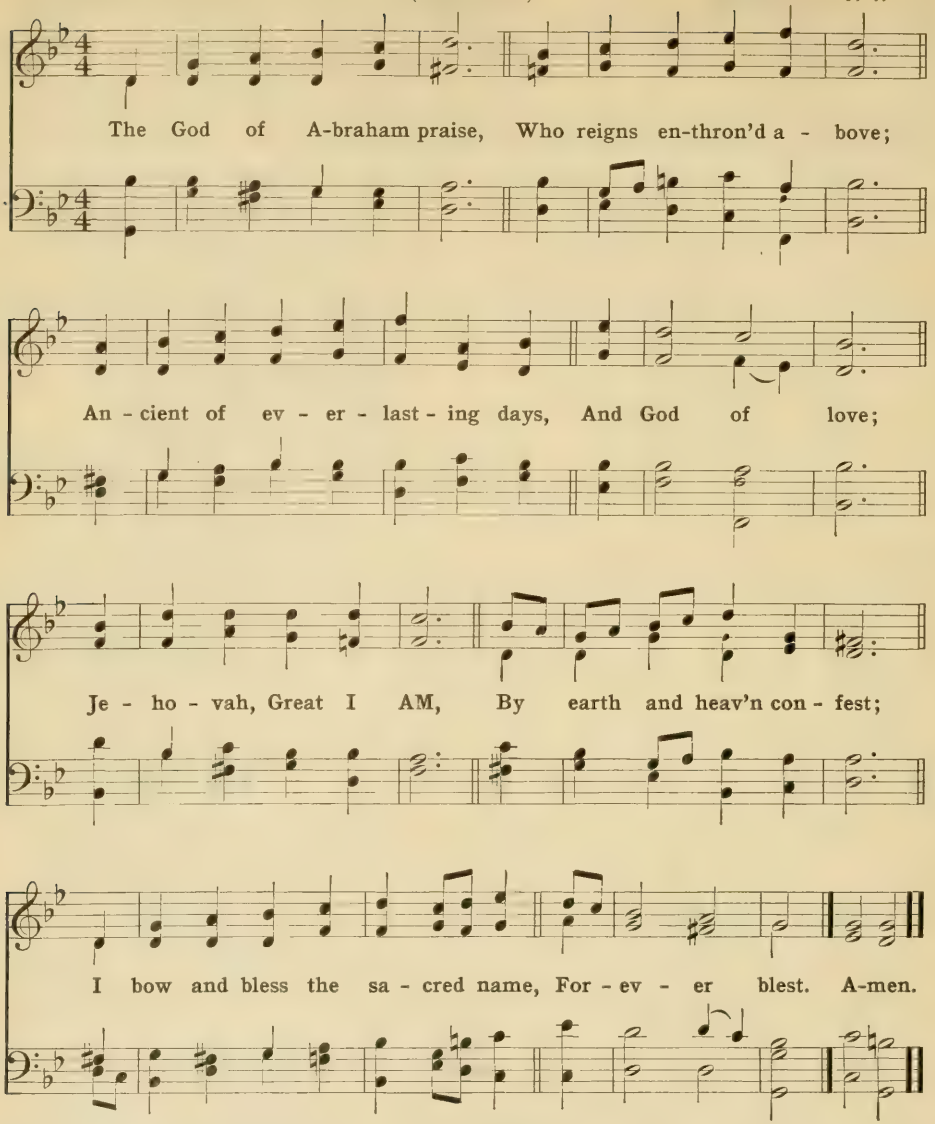

God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;
Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy church with light di - vine;
And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A-men.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

117

LEONI 6.6.8.4.D (*First Tune*) Jewish Melody, 1770

The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;
I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest. A-men.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

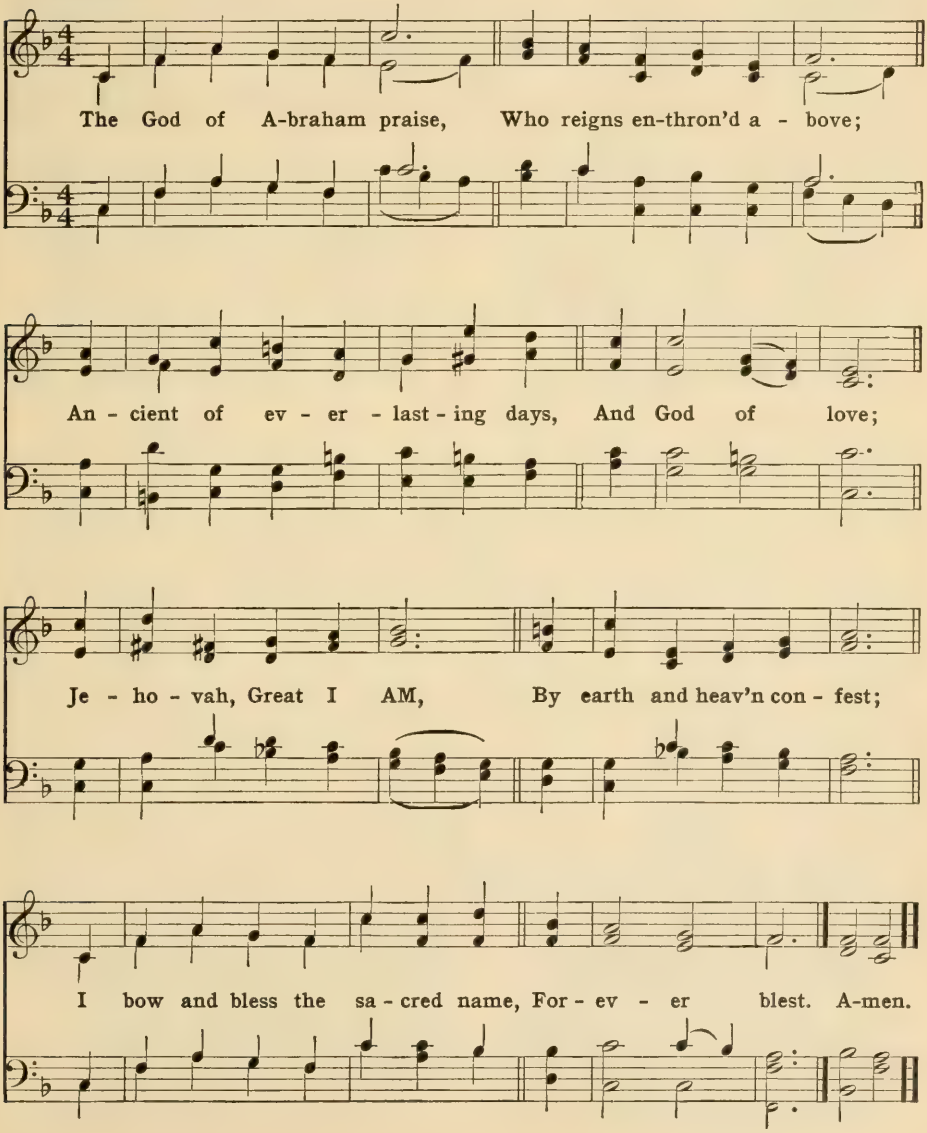
3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

4 **The whole triumphant host**
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:

Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

T. Olivers, 1770

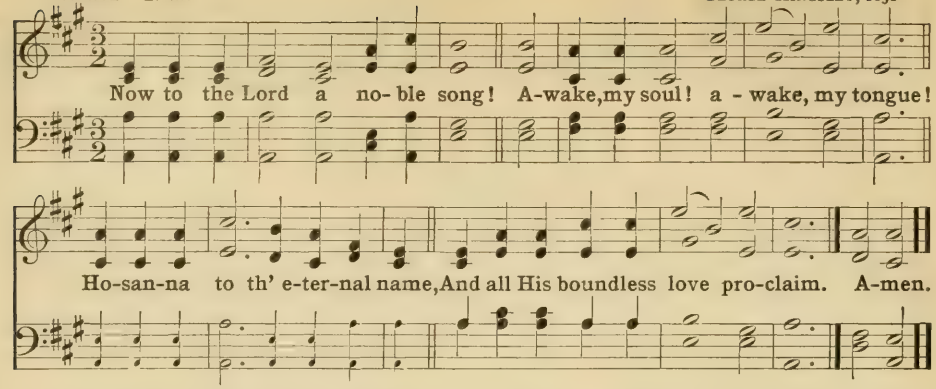
117

COVENANT 6.6.8.4.D. (*Second Tune*) J. Stainer, 1889

The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;
I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest. A-men.

118

WARE L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838


Now to the Lord a no- ble song! A-wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!
Ho-san-na to th' e-ter-nal name, And all His boundless love pro-claim. A-men.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of His grace!
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace, —'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

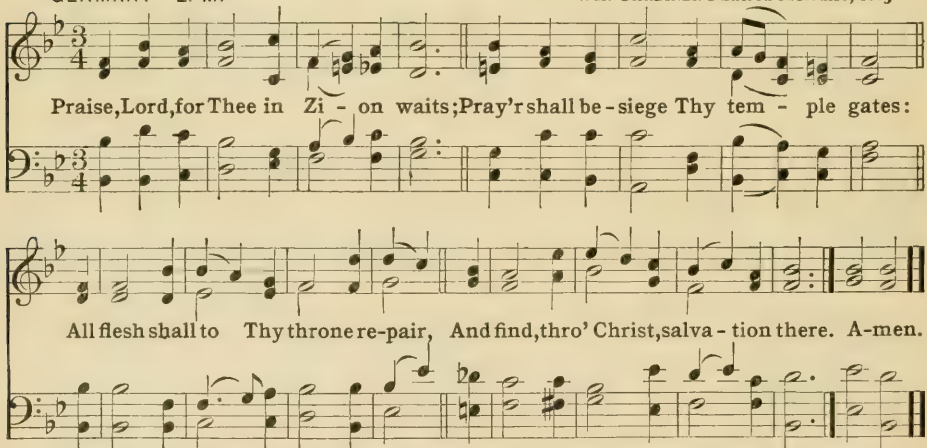
5 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

119

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815


Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates:
All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, salva - tion there. A-men.

2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

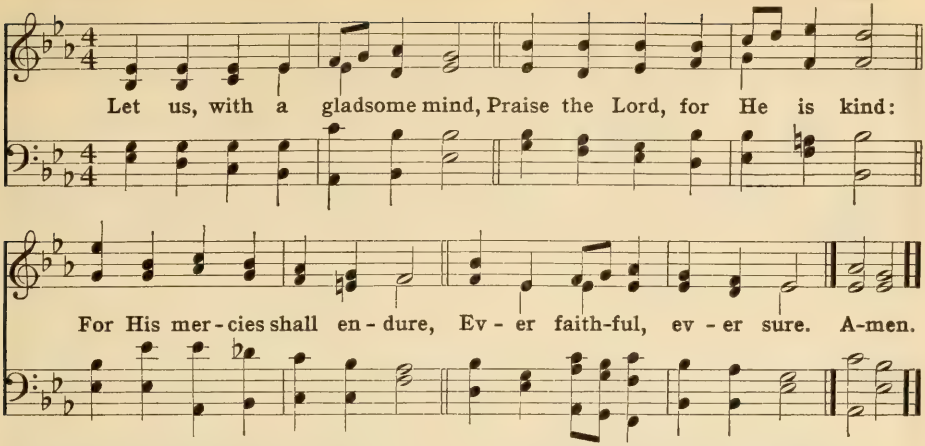
4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
The clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore:
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

120

POSEN 7.7.7.7. C. G. STRATTNER, 1691



2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

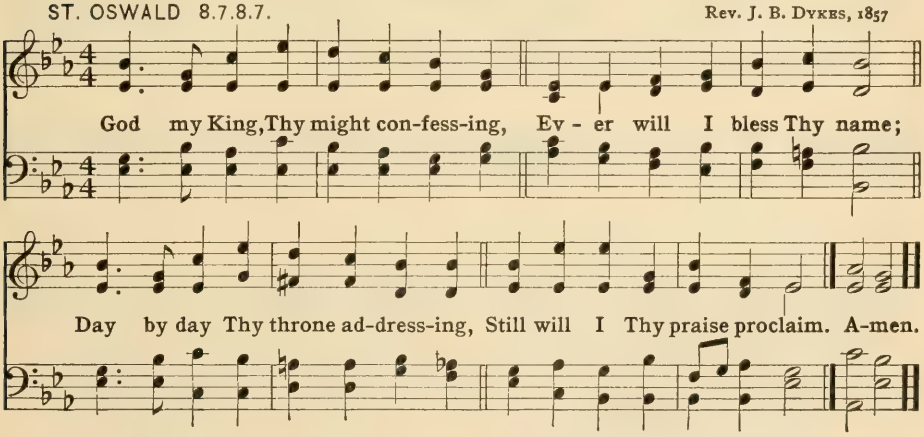
4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1624

121

ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7. Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1857


God my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

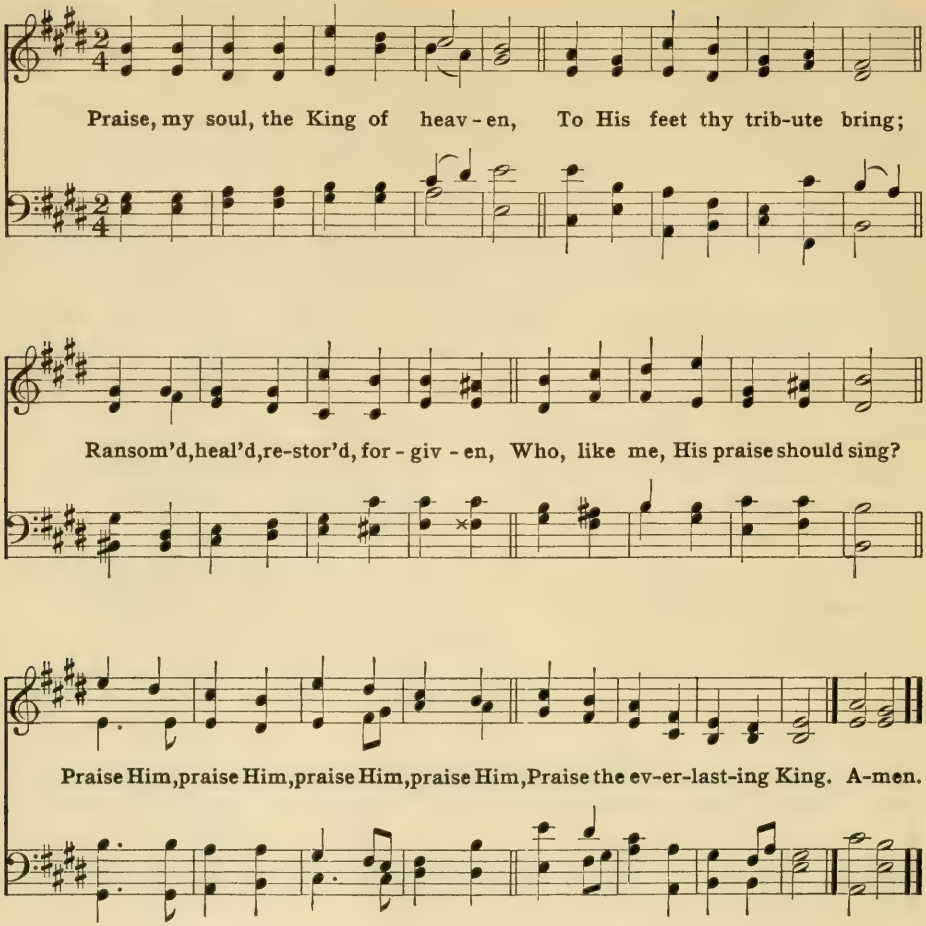
3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

4 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1824

122

PRAISE, MY SOUL 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. Goss, 1867


Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for-giv-en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev-er-last-ing King. A-men.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

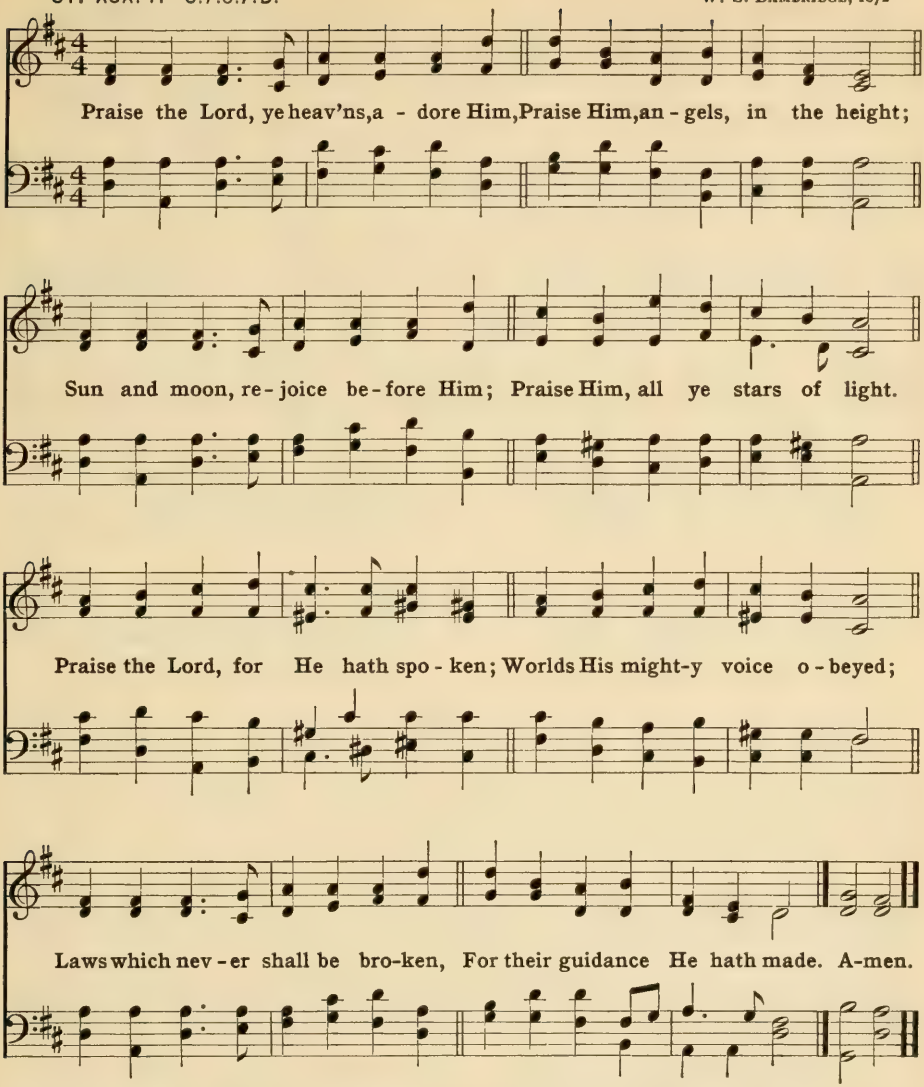
3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev H. F. Lyte, 1834

123

ST. ASAPH 8.7.8.7.D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872

Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro-ken, For their guidance He hath made. A-men.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

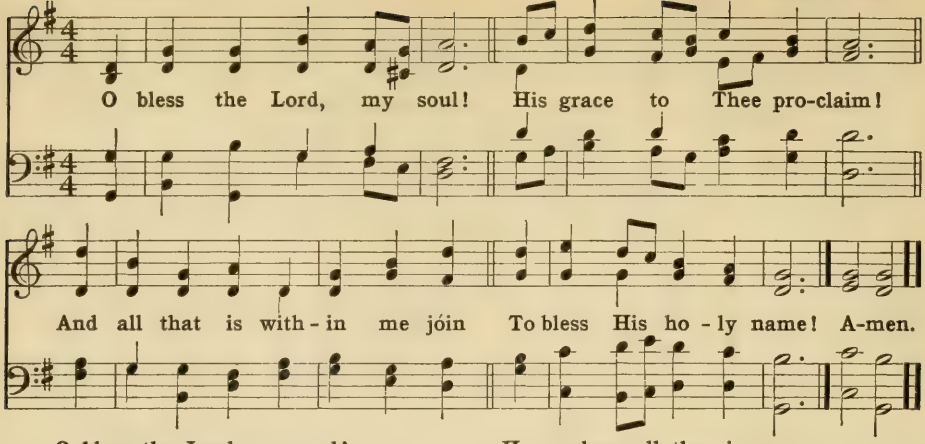
3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Foundling Chapel Coll. 1796;
Verse 3, EDWARD OSLER, 1836

124

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1762



2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

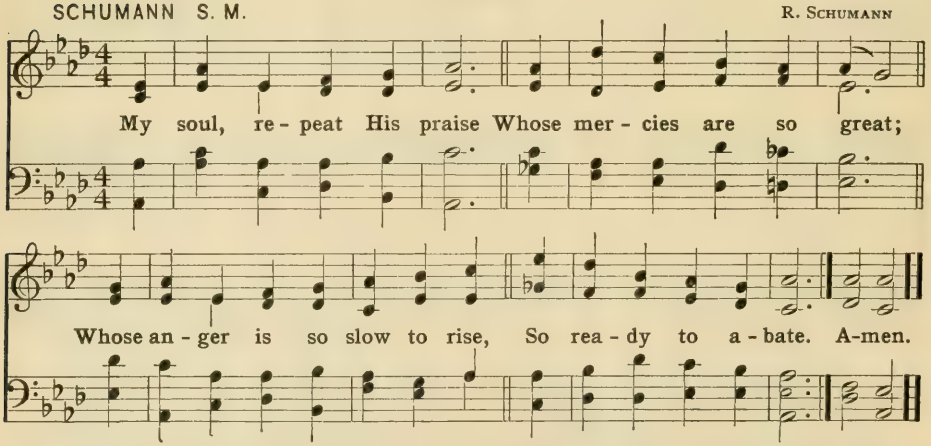
5 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

125

SCHUMANN S. M.

R. SCHUMANN



2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

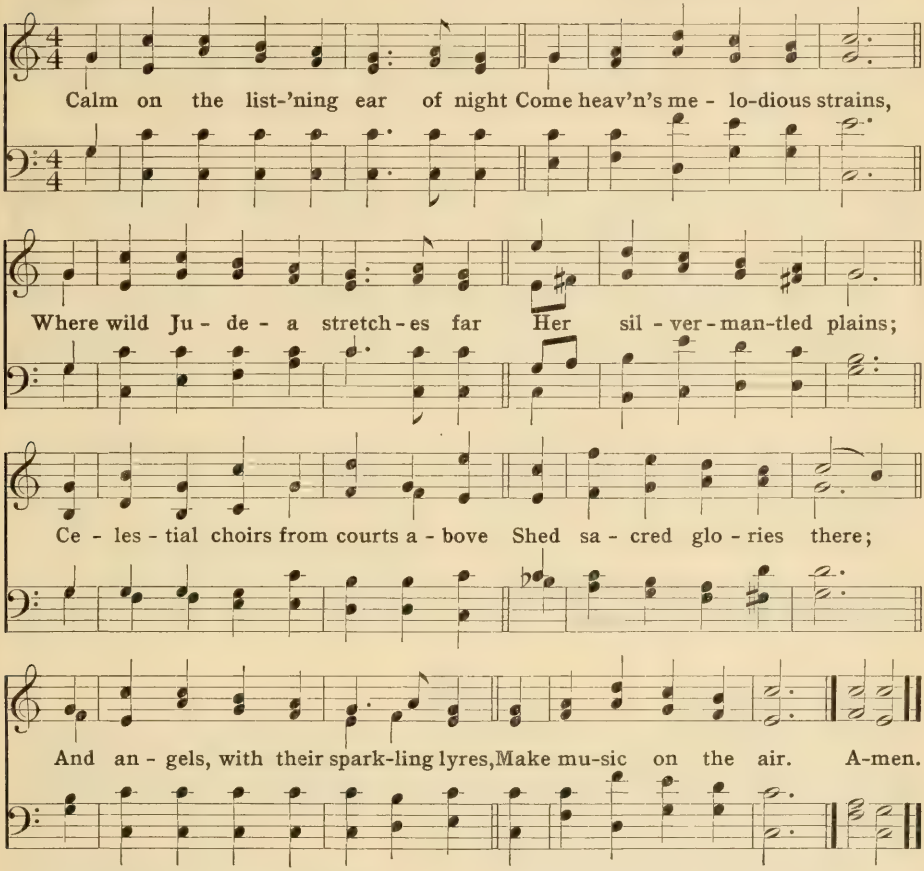
5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

126

GABRIEL C.M.D.

Traditional. Arr. by A. Sullivan

Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo-dious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man-tled plains;
Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
And an - gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. A-men.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Glory to God! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

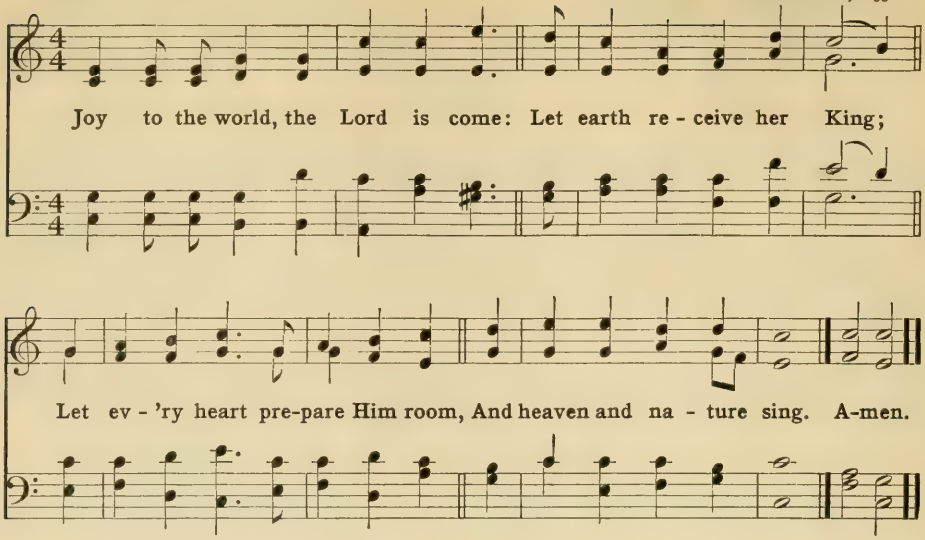
4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay, —
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1834

127

NATIVITY C. M.

HENRY LAHEE, 1855


Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na - ture sing. A-men.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

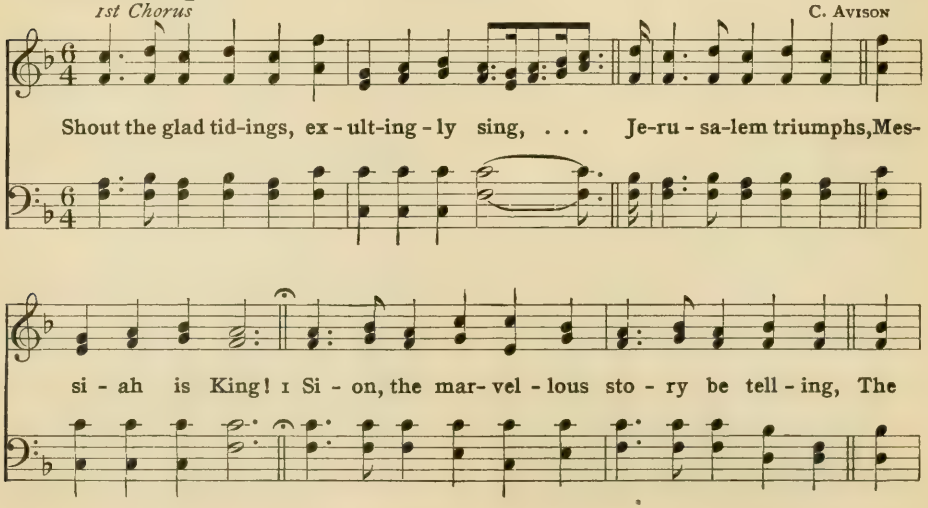
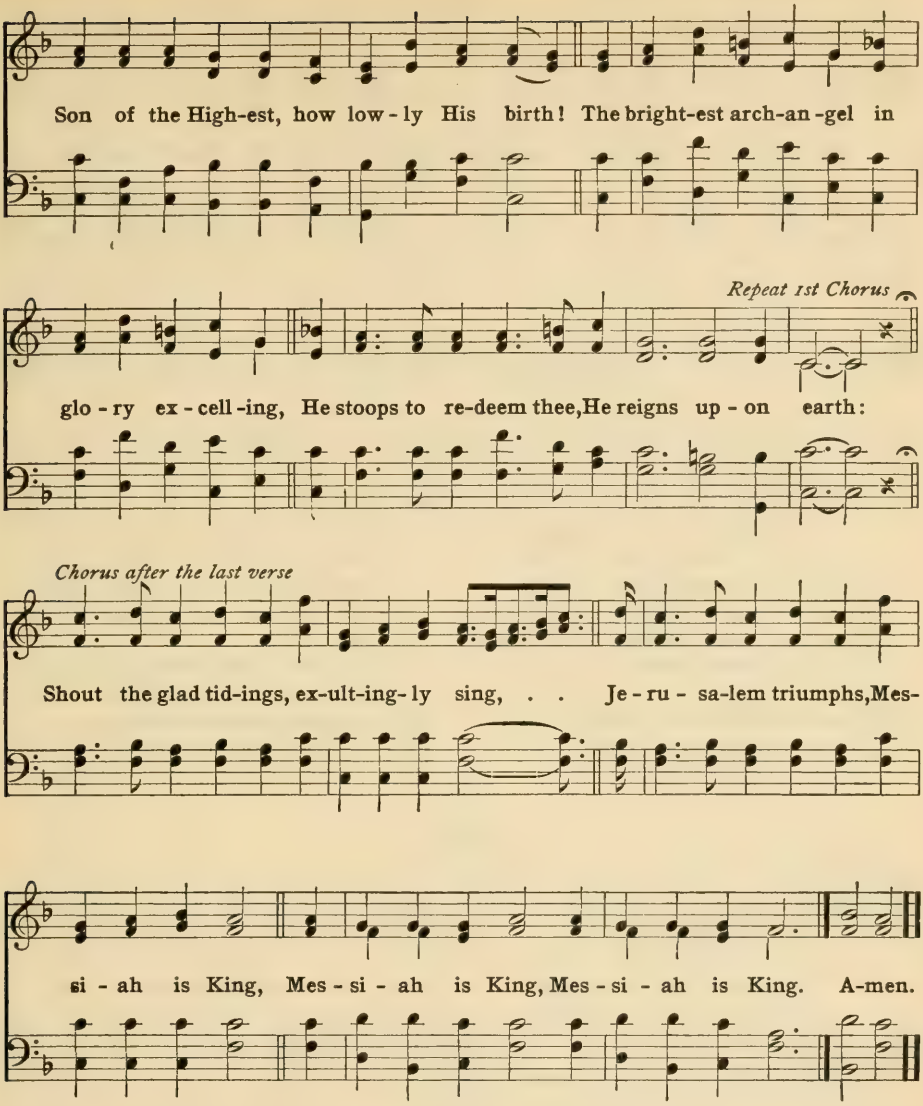
REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

128

AVISON Irregular

1st Chorus

C. AVISON



Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth! The bright-est arch-an-gel in
Repeat 1st Chorus
glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth:
Chorus after the last verse
Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King. A-men.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

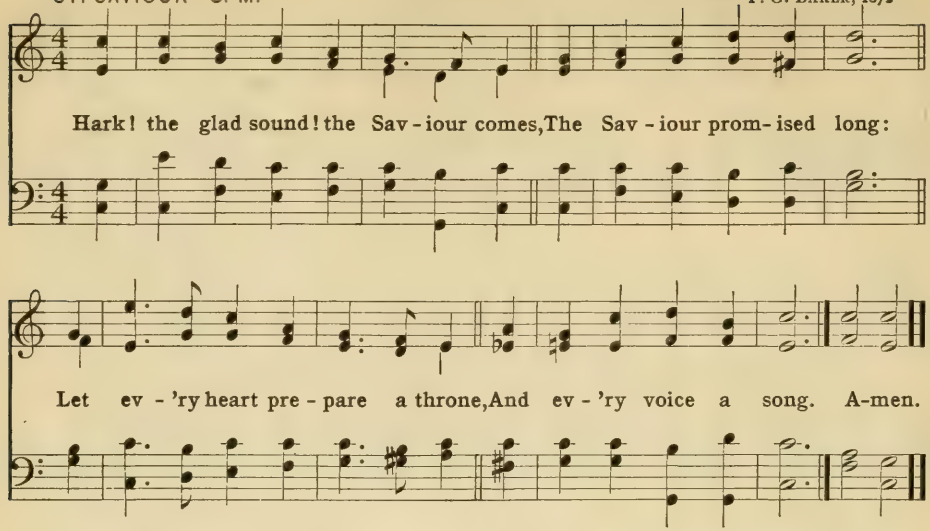
3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

129

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. BAKER, 1872


Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long:
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-men.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

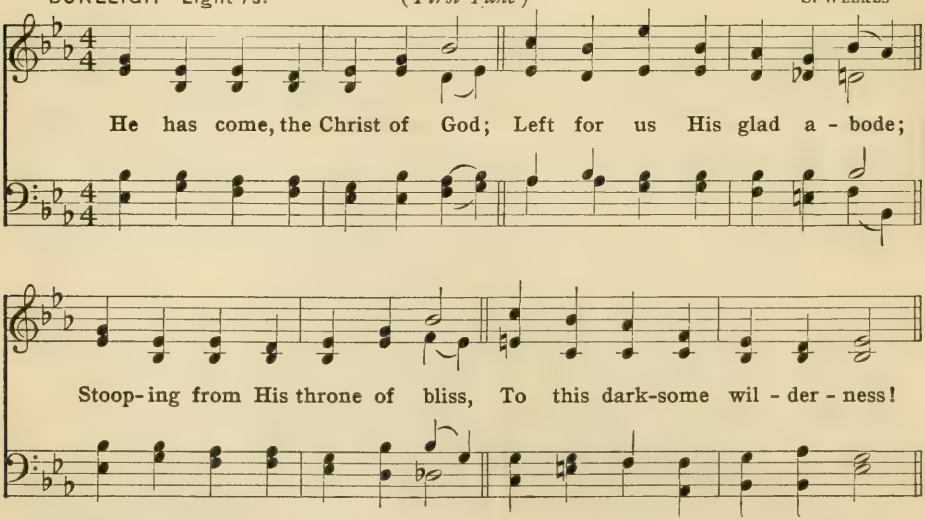
4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

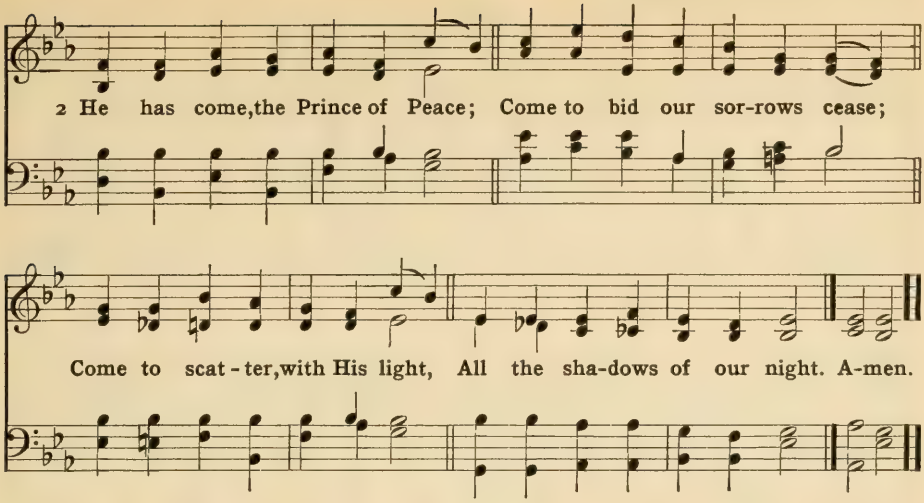
REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735

130

BURLEIGH Eight 7s. (*First Tune*)

S. WEEKES




2 He has come, the Prince of Peace; Come to bid our sor-rows cease;
Come to scat-ter, with His light, All the sha-dows of our night. A-men.

3 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.

4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.

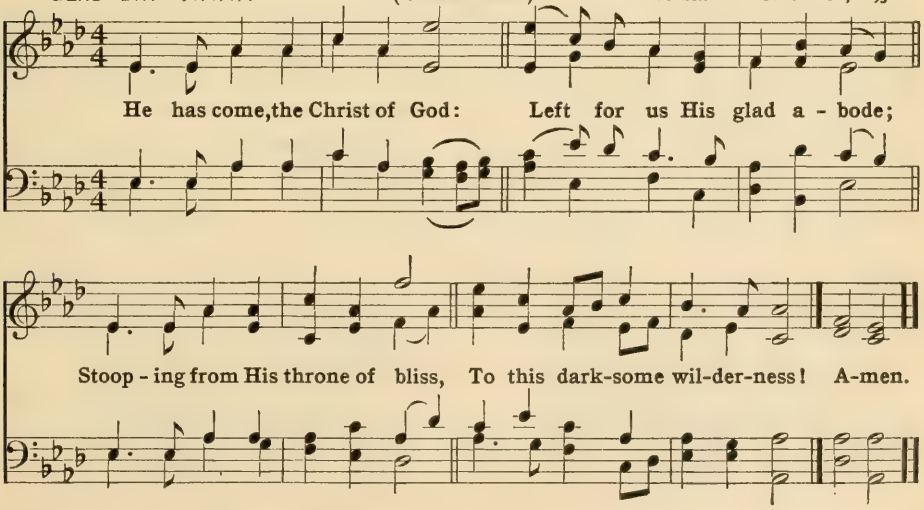
5 Unto us a Child is born;
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Out of all the morns of time
Half so glorious in its prime.

6 Unto us a Son is given;
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace, and holy love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

130

GLAD DAY 7.7.7.7. (*Second Tune*) William W. Gilchrist, 1895


He has come, the Christ of God: Left for us His glad a-bode;
Stoop-ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark-some wil-der-ness! A-men.

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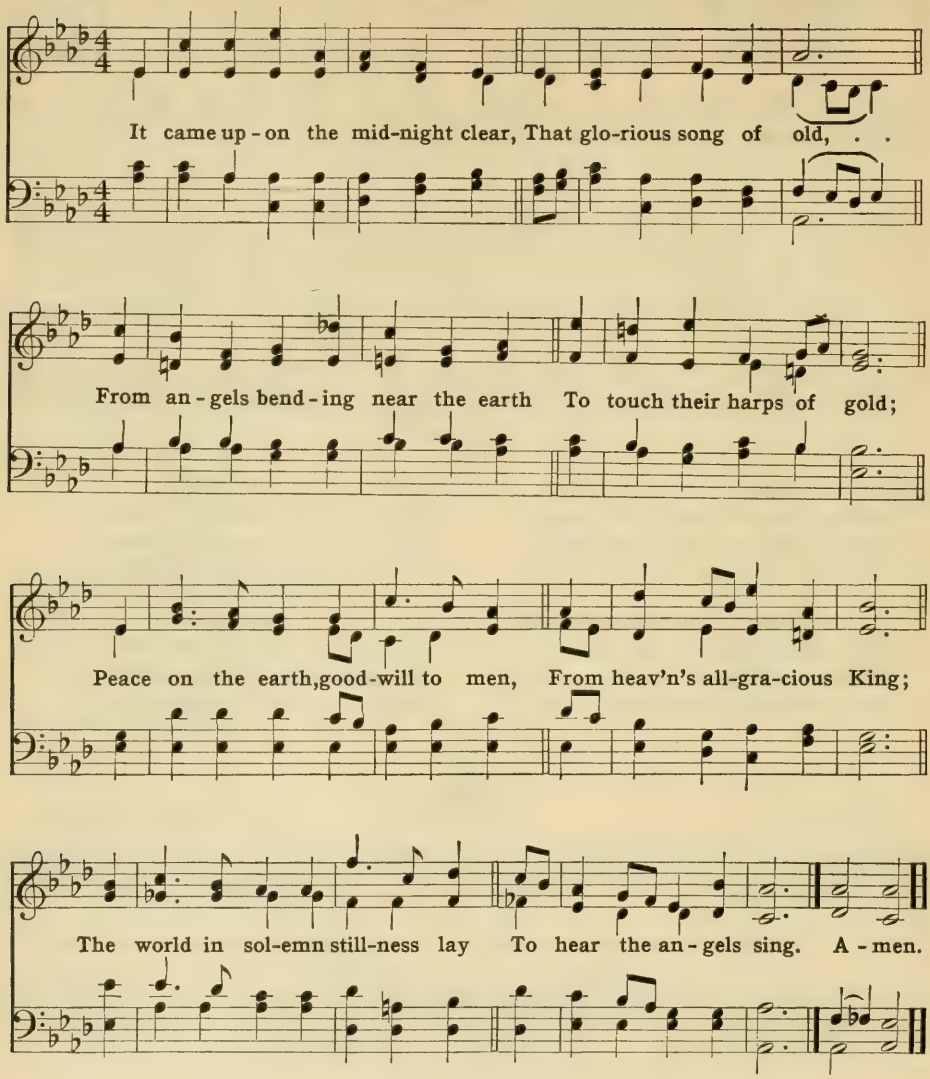
131

KNOX C. M. D. (*First Tune*) J. C. KNOX


It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, . .
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;
The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.

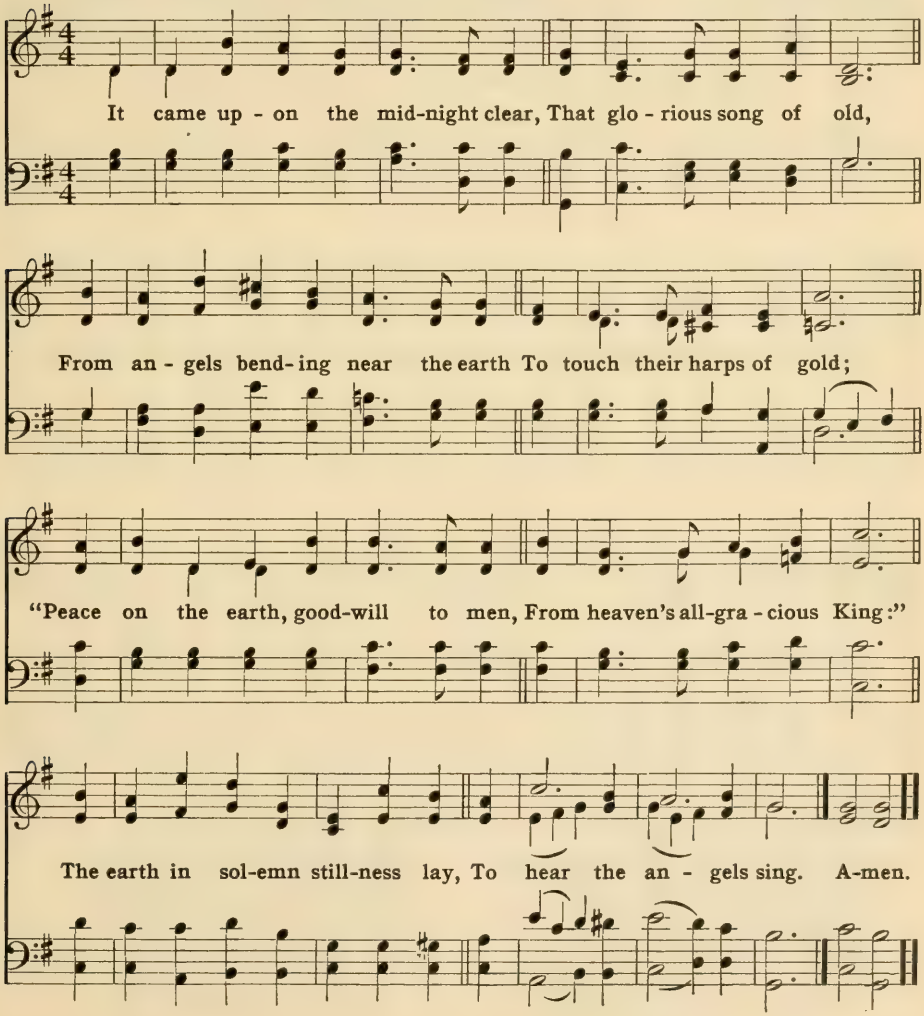
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

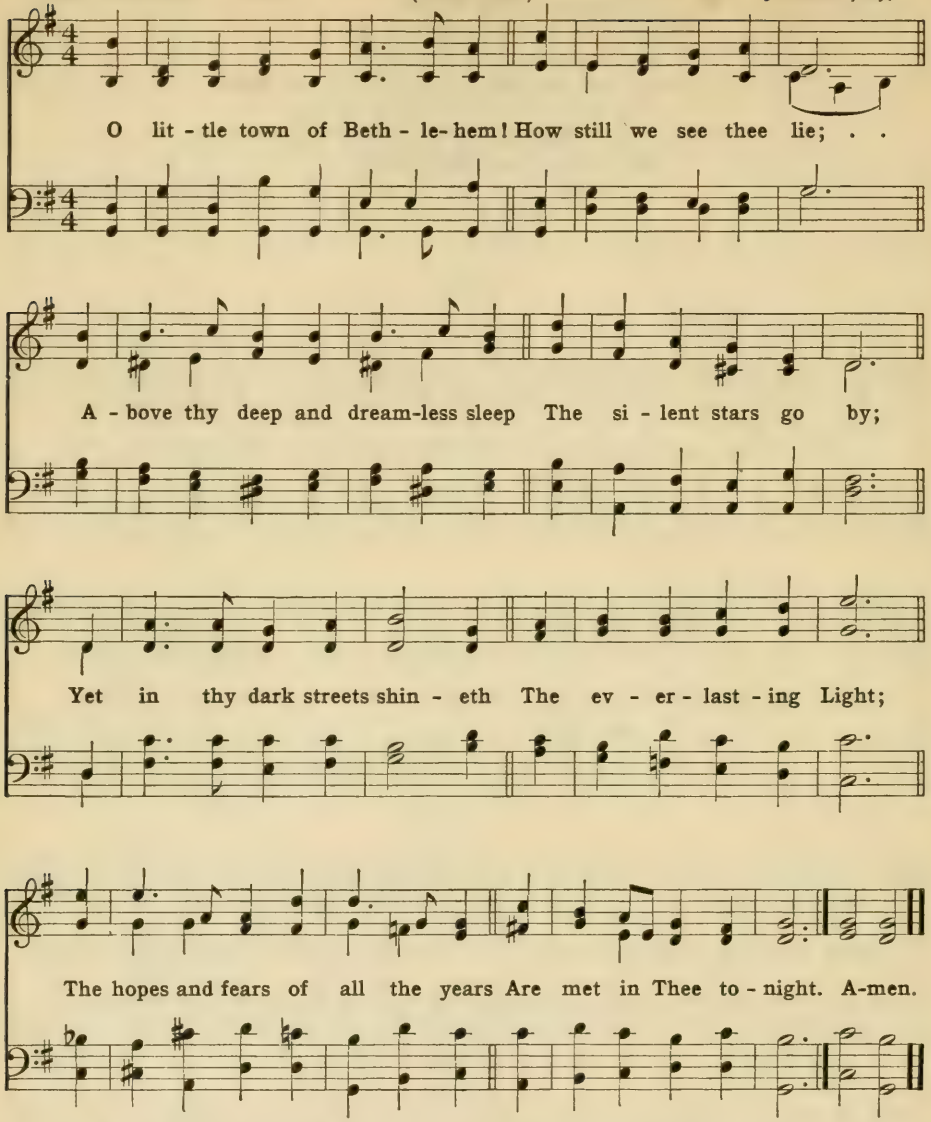
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1849

131

CANTUS GLORIOSUS C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) F. L. SEALY, 1892

It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra - cious King:"
The earth in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

132

BETHLEHEM C. M. D. (*First Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1894


O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem! How still we see thee lie; . .
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in Thee to - night. A-men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

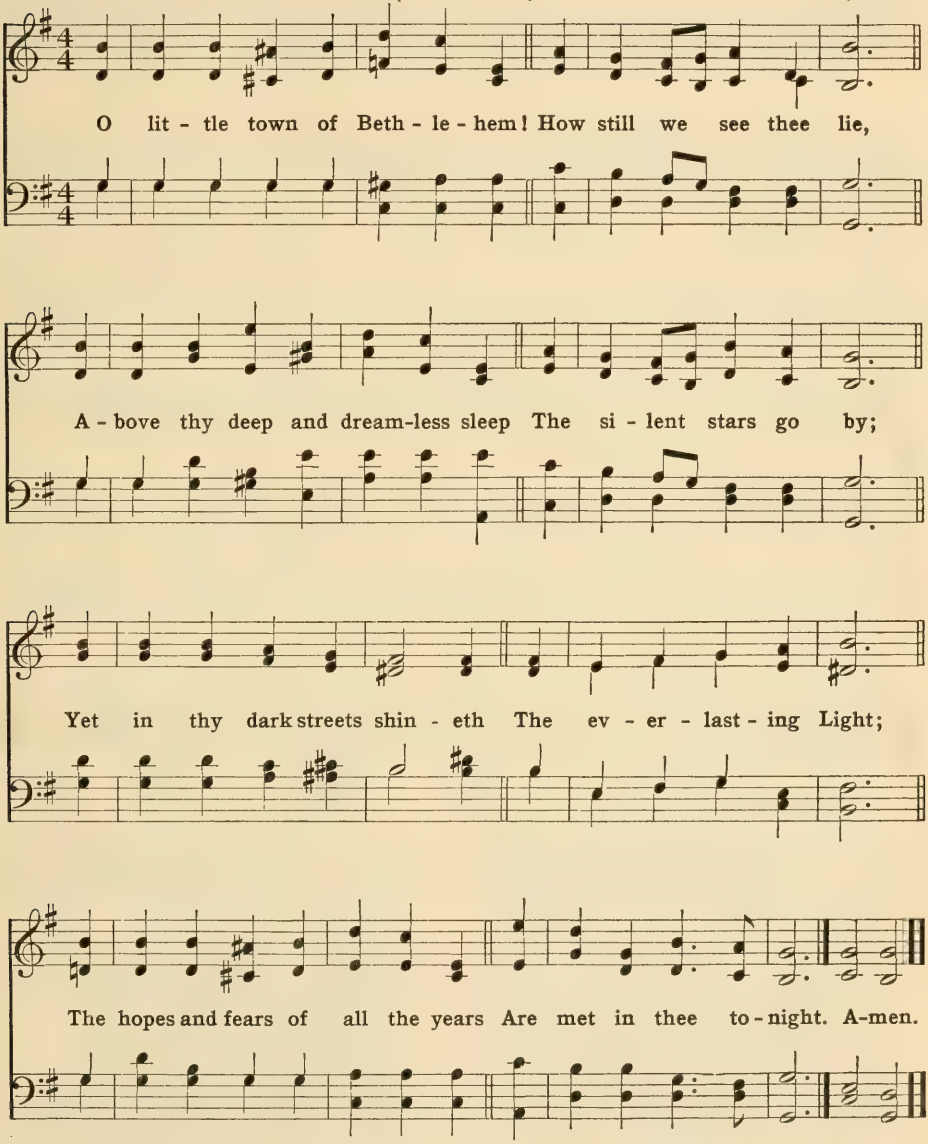
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1866

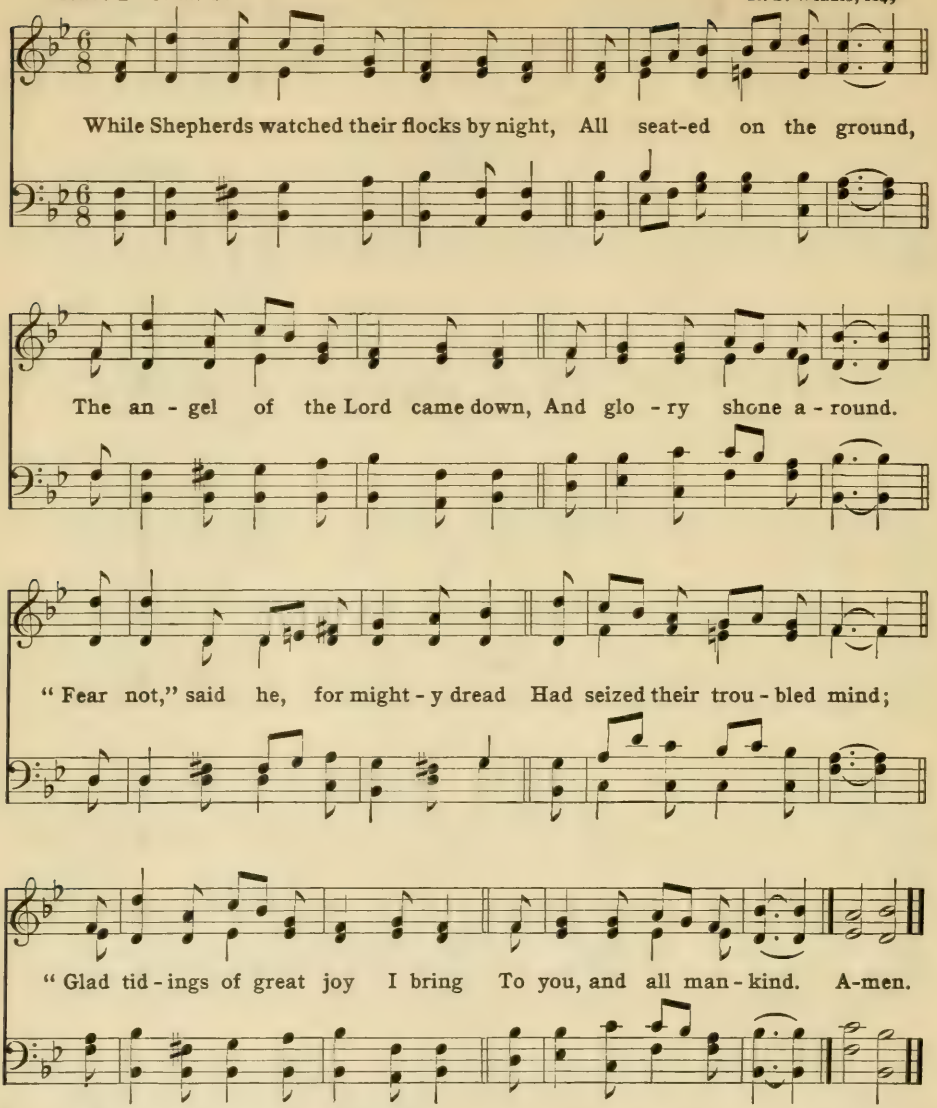
132

ST. LOUIS C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) L. H. REDNER, 1880

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A-men.

133

CAROL C. M. D.

R. S. WILLIS, 1849

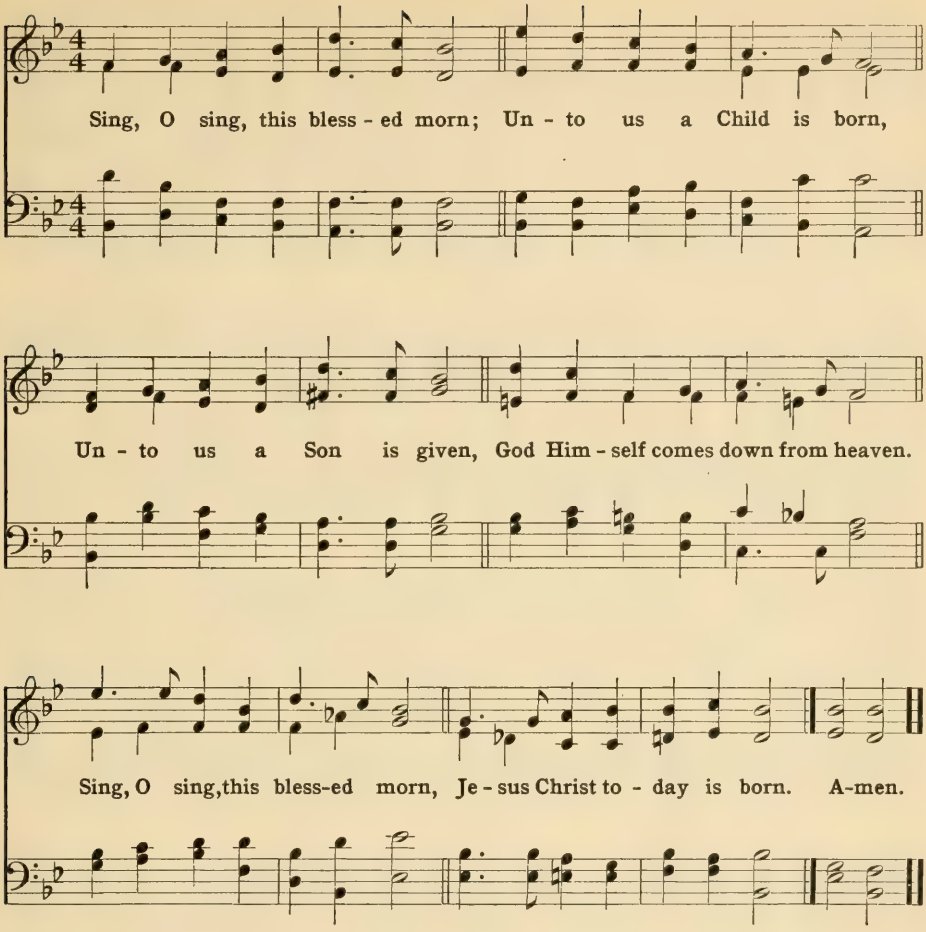

While Shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
" Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind;
" Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man - kind. A-men.

2 " To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
" All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

NAHUM TATE, 1703

134

ST. ATHANASIUS Six 7s. E. J. HOPKINS, 1872

Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a Child is born,
Un - to us a Son is given, God Him - self comes down from heaven.
Sing, O sing,this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A-men.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
And on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
He is Son of Man that we
By Him sons of God may be.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

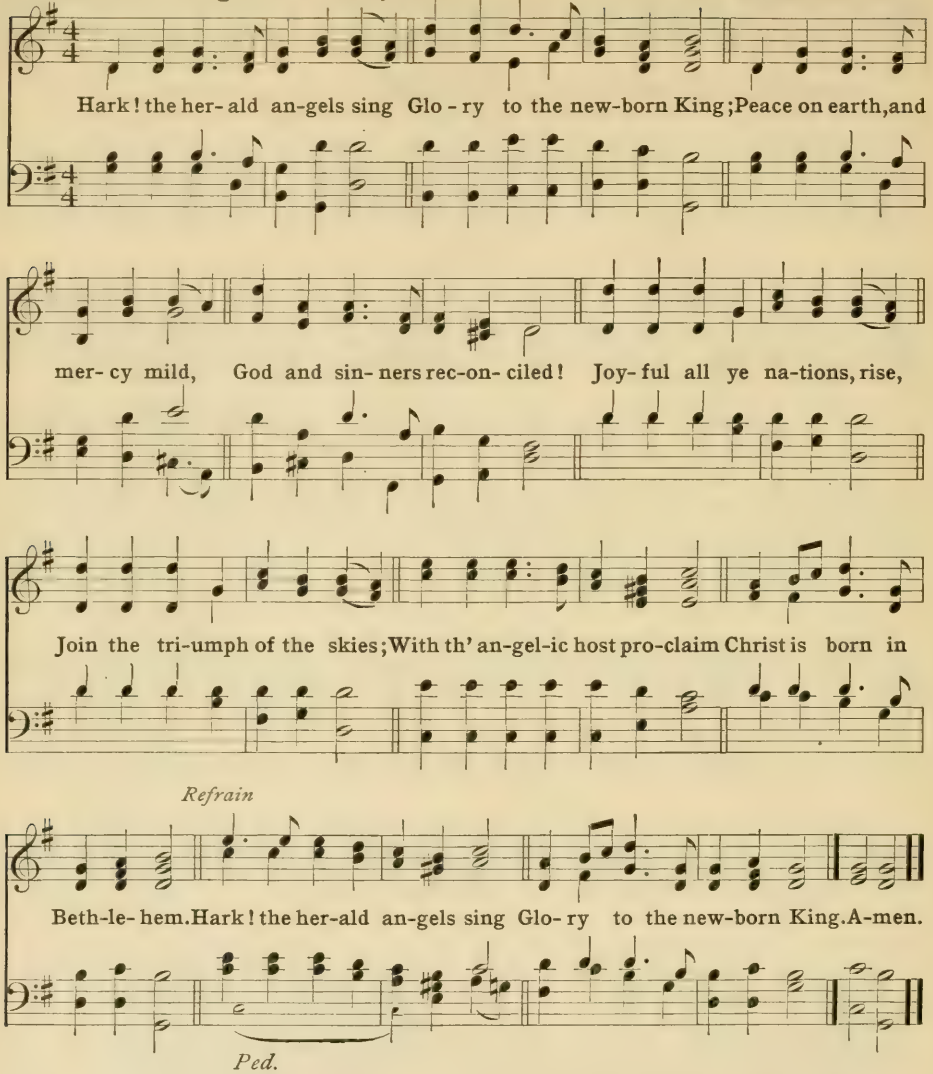
5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

135

(*First Tune*)

MENDELSSOHN Eight 7s. *With Refrain* MENDELSSOHN, 1840


Hark! the her- ald an-gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer- cy mild, God and sin- ners rec-on- ciled! Joy- ful all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim Christ is born in
Refrain
Beth-le- hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo- ry to the new-born King. A-men.
Ped.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

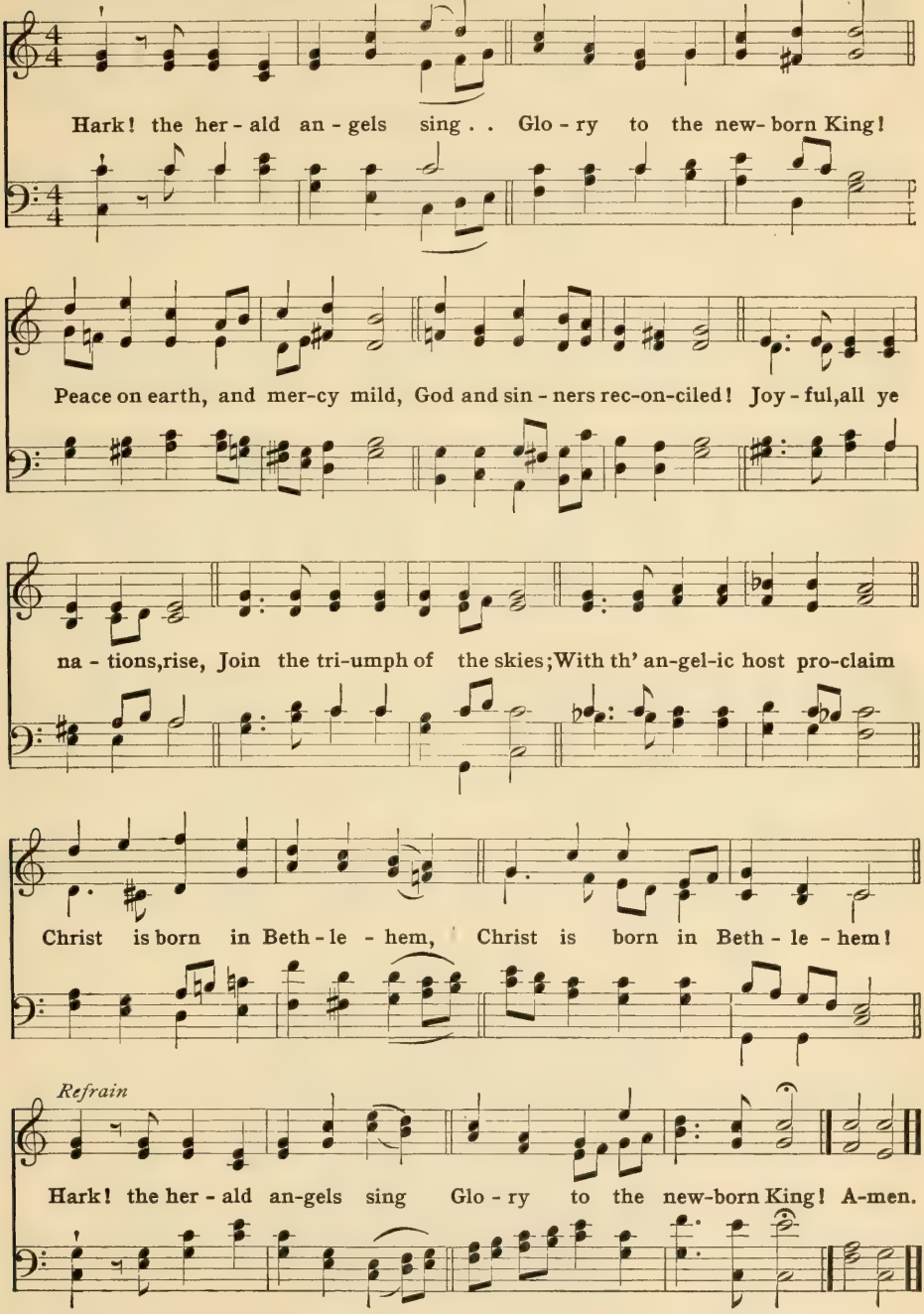
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

135

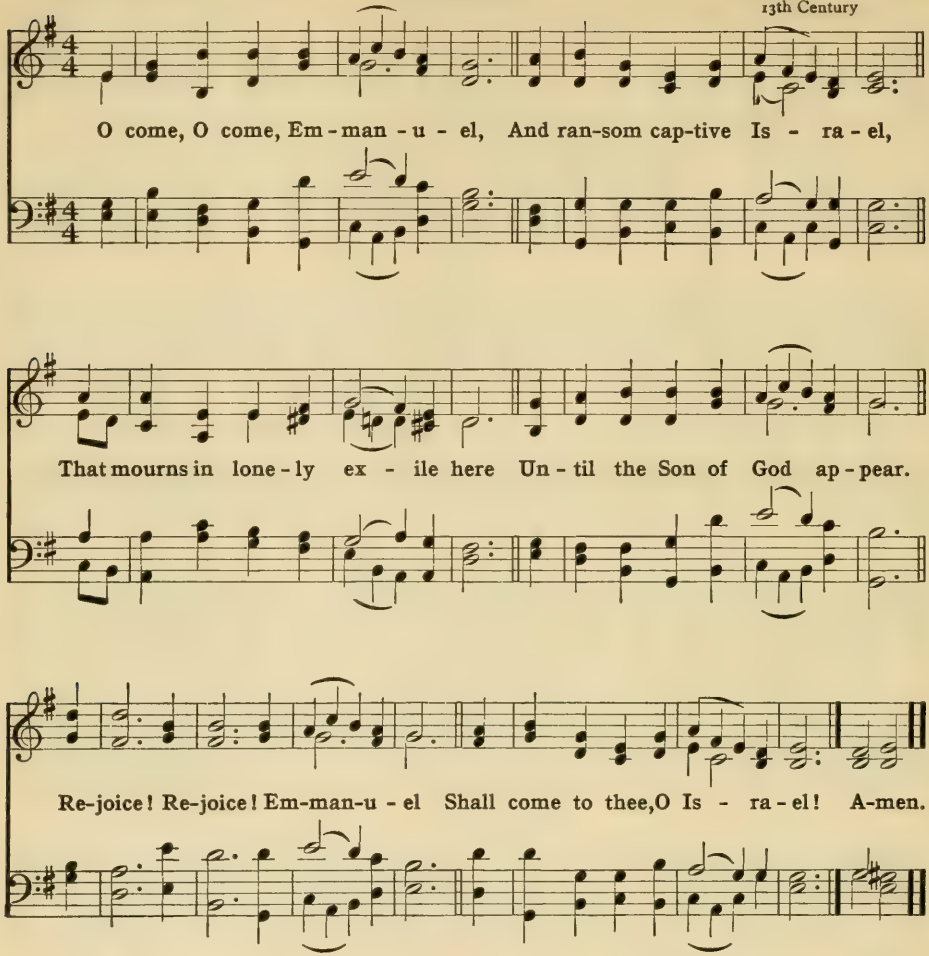
(*Second Tune*)

HERALD ANGELS Eight 7s. *With Refrain*

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1867


Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing . . Glo - ry to the new- born King!
Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled! Joy - ful,all ye
na - tions,rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim
Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
Refrain
Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King! A-men.

136

VENI EMMANUEL Si: 8s. (*First Tune*) Ancient Plain Song
13th Century

O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-men.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

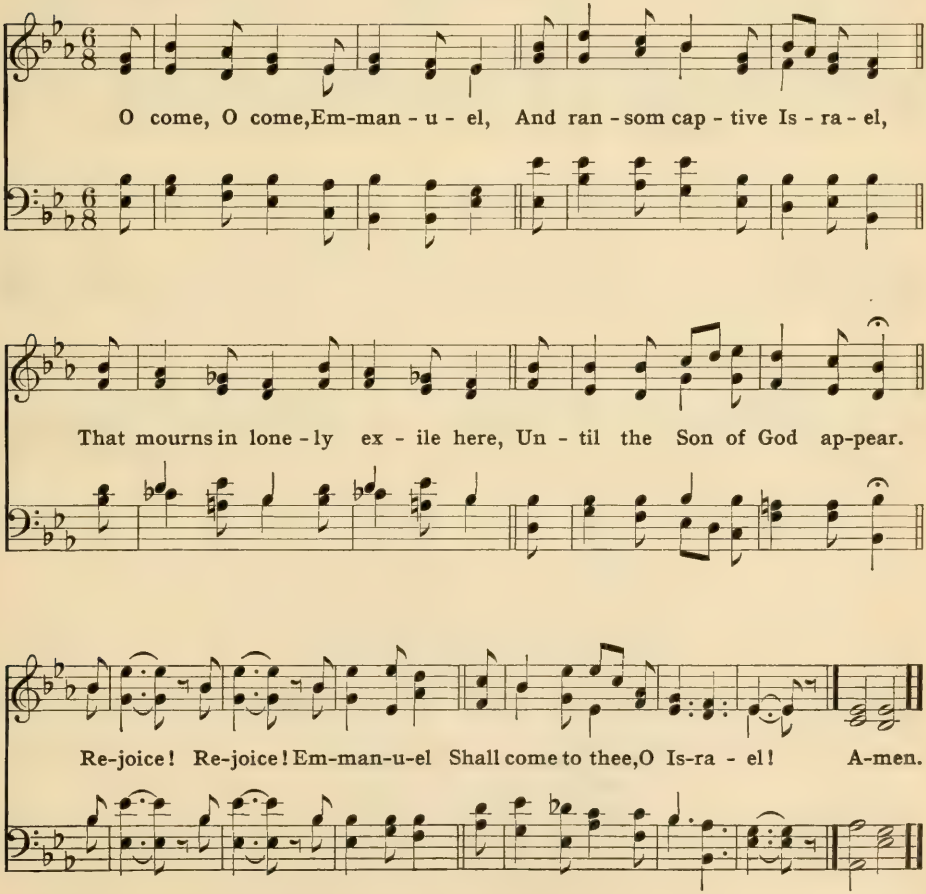
3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

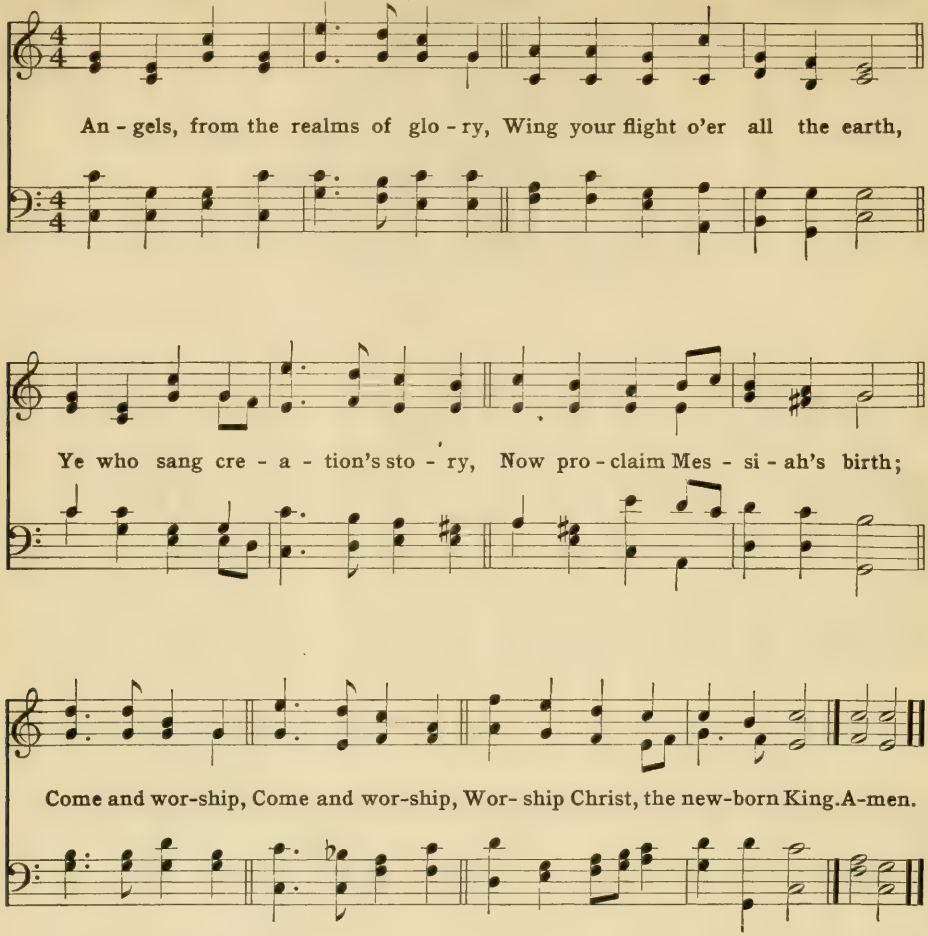
Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851

136

VENI EMMANUEL Six 8s. *(*Second Tune*) C. GOUNOD, 1872

O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap-pear.
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra - el! A-men.

137

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*) H. SMART, 1867


An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor- ship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

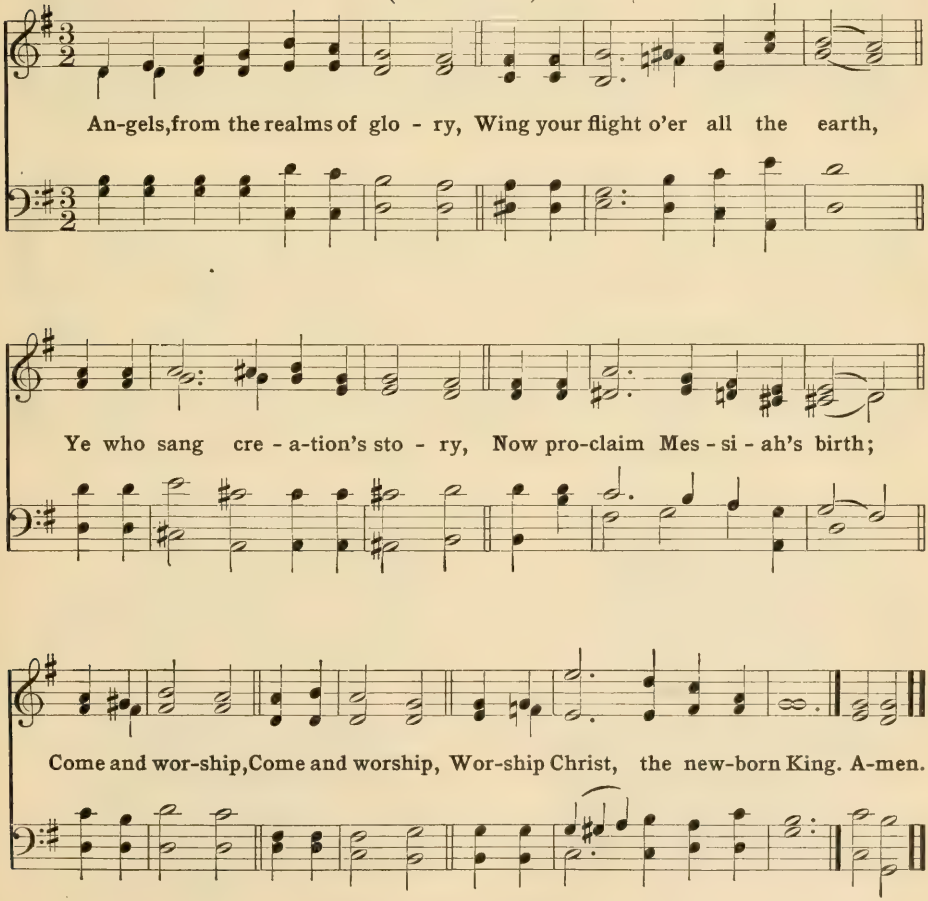
3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son —
Evermore your voices raising
To th' Eternal Three in One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

137

MINSTER 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*) C. S. JEKYLL

An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

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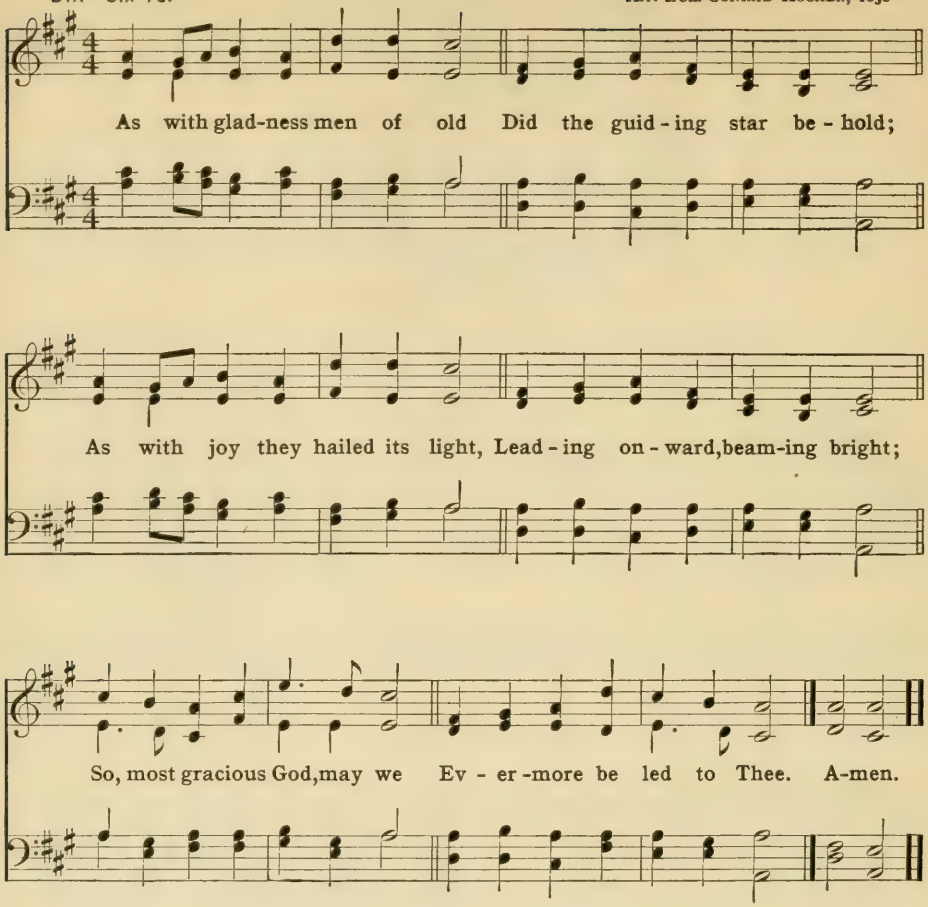
138

DIX Six 7s.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838


As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gracious God, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

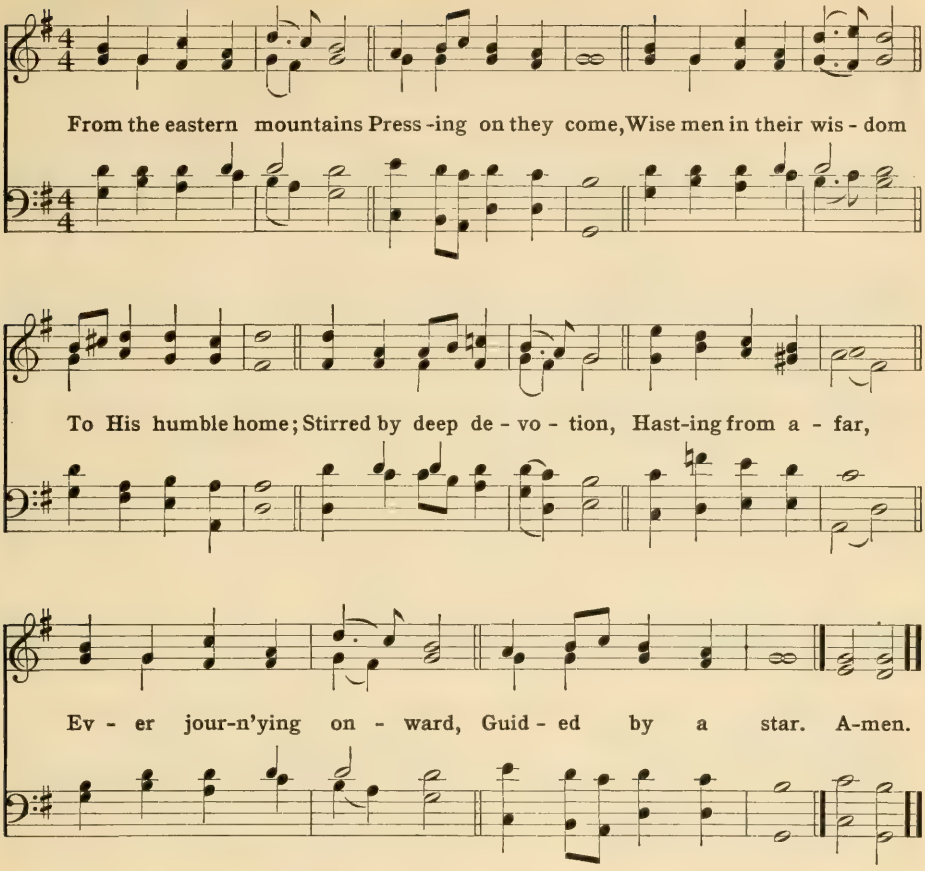
5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William C. Dix, 1860

139

PRINCETHORPE 6.5.6.5.D.

W. PITTS


From the eastern mountains Press-ing on they come, Wise men in their wis-dom
To His humble home; Stirred by deep de-vo-tion, Hast-ing from a-far,
Ev-er jour-n'ying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star. A-men.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

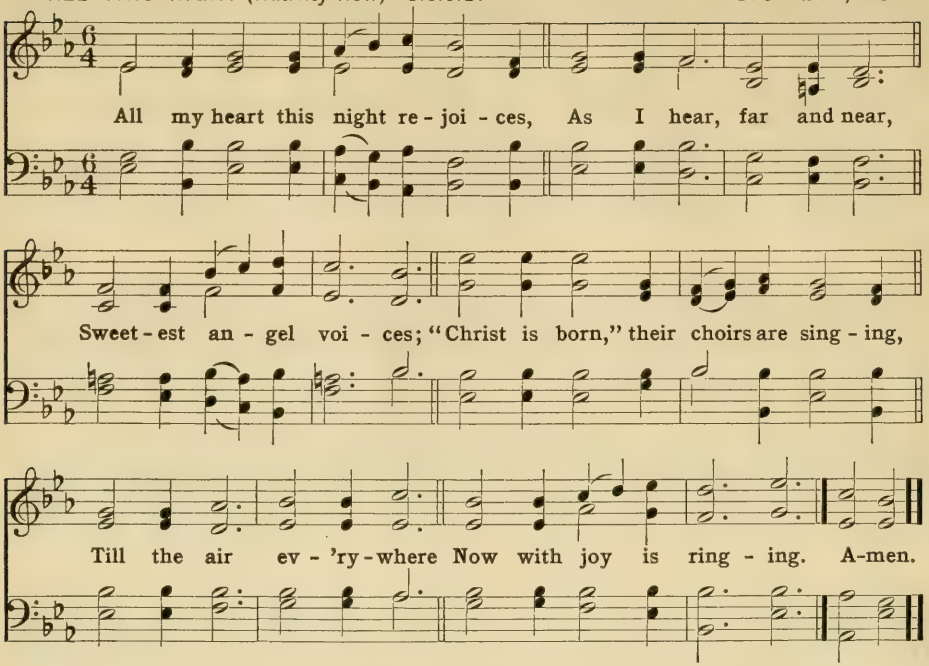
5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1879

140

(*First Tune*)

ALL THIS NIGHT (Nativity New) 8.6.6.D. F. C. MAKER, 1881


All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A-men.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

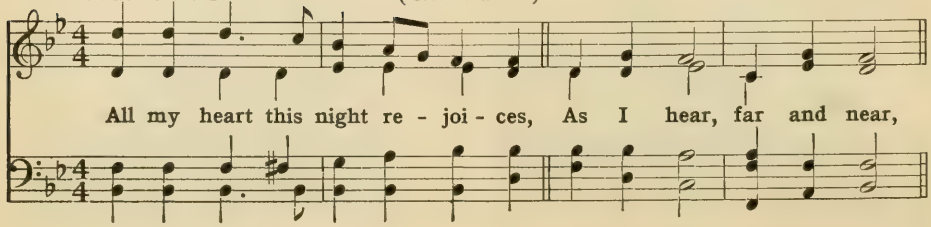
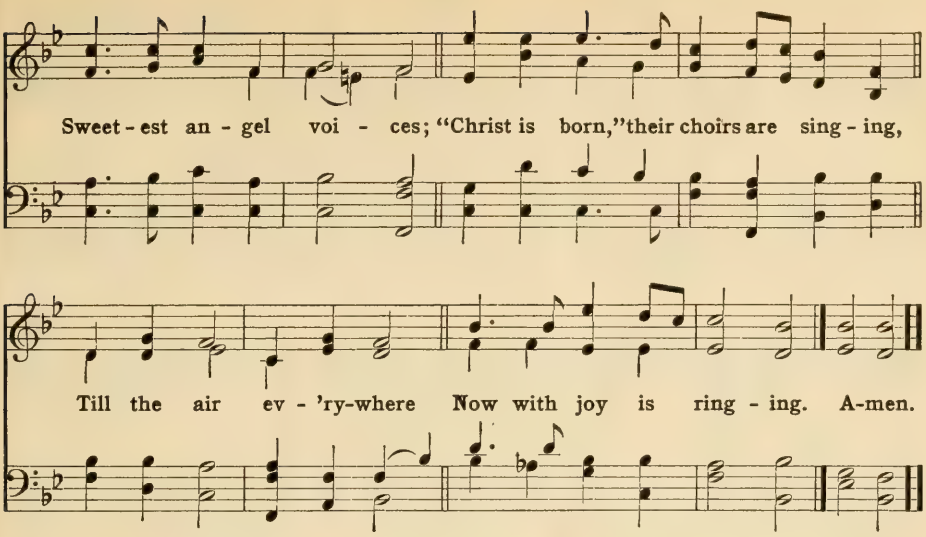
3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger
Soft and sweet, doth entreat —
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you."

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning:
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858

140

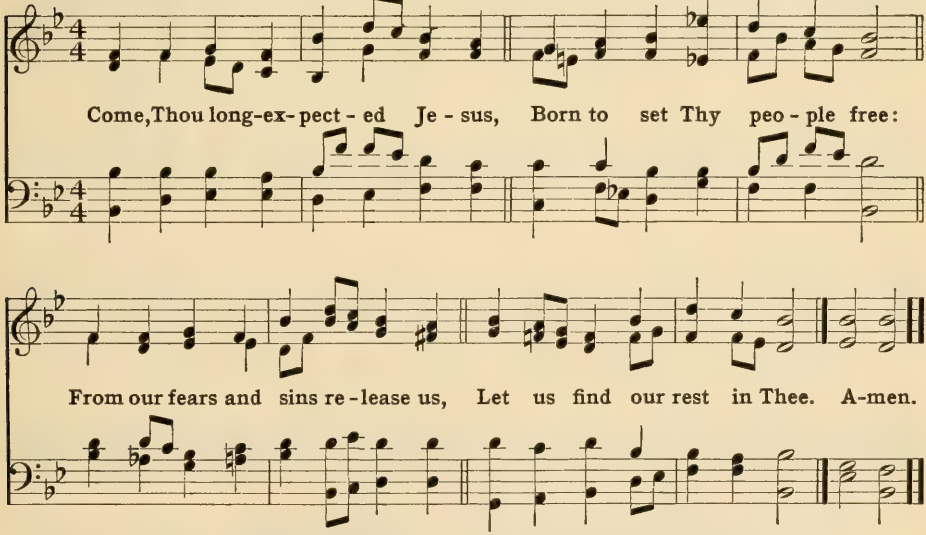
STELLA 8.6.6.D. (*Second Tune*) HORATIO W. PARKER



141

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, 1840


Come, Thou long-ex-pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free:
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A-men.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

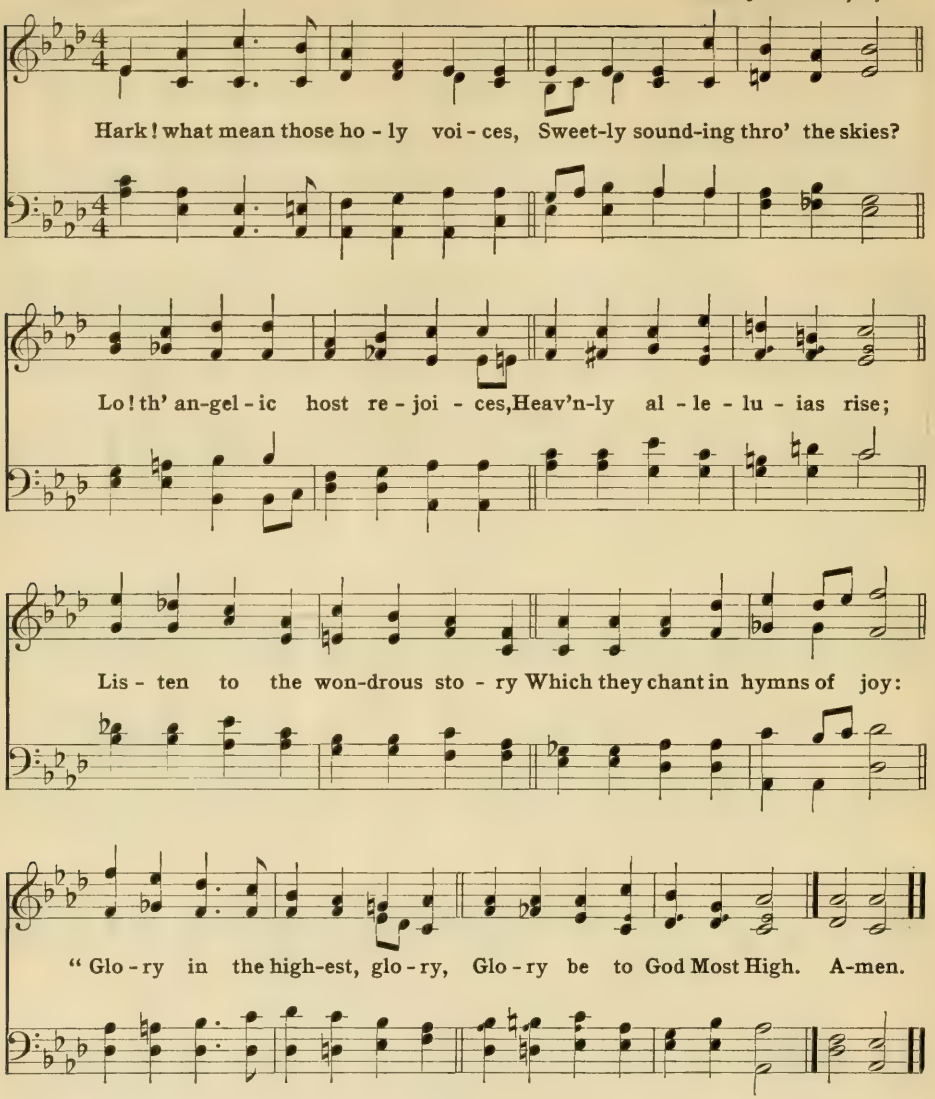
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1744

142

SANCTUARY 8.7.8.7.D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1871

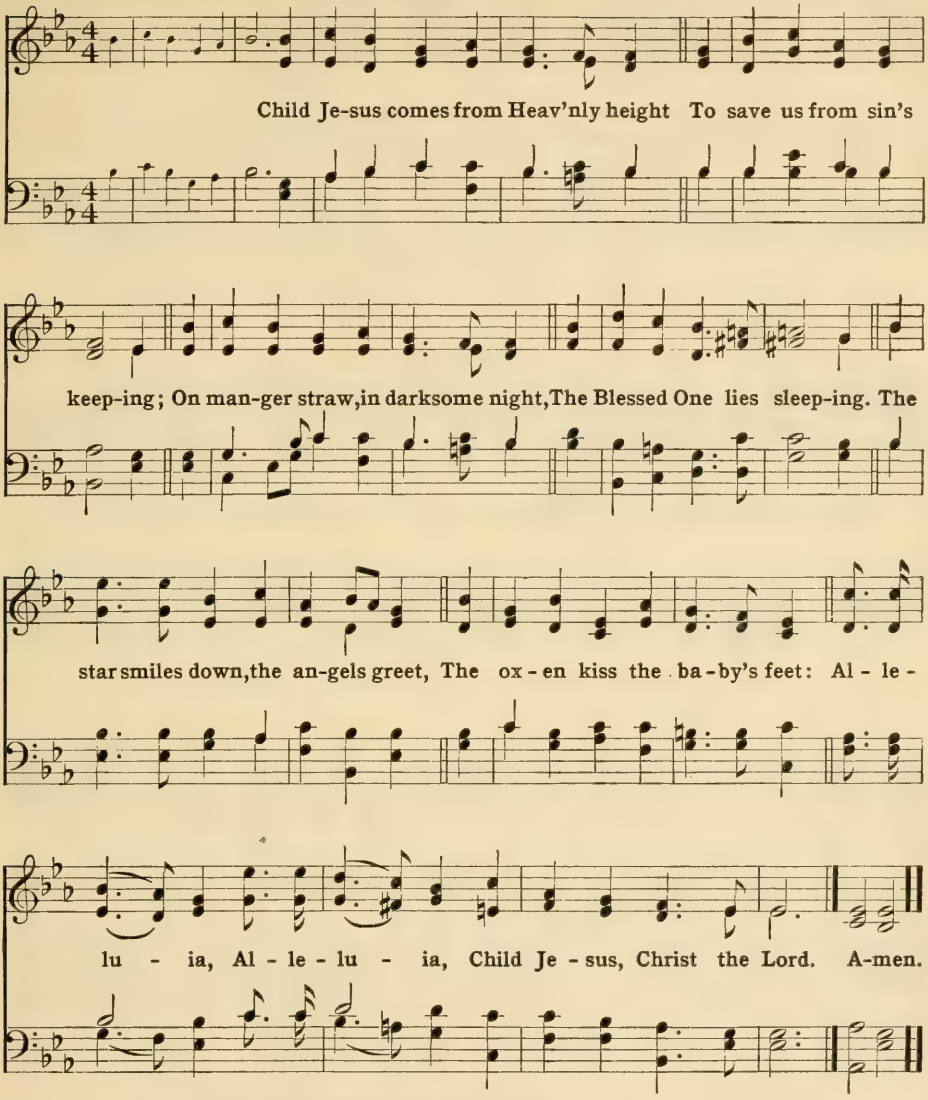

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
Lo! th' an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise;
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:
" Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God Most High. A-men.

2 " Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 " Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy:
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God Most High!' "
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood, 1819

143

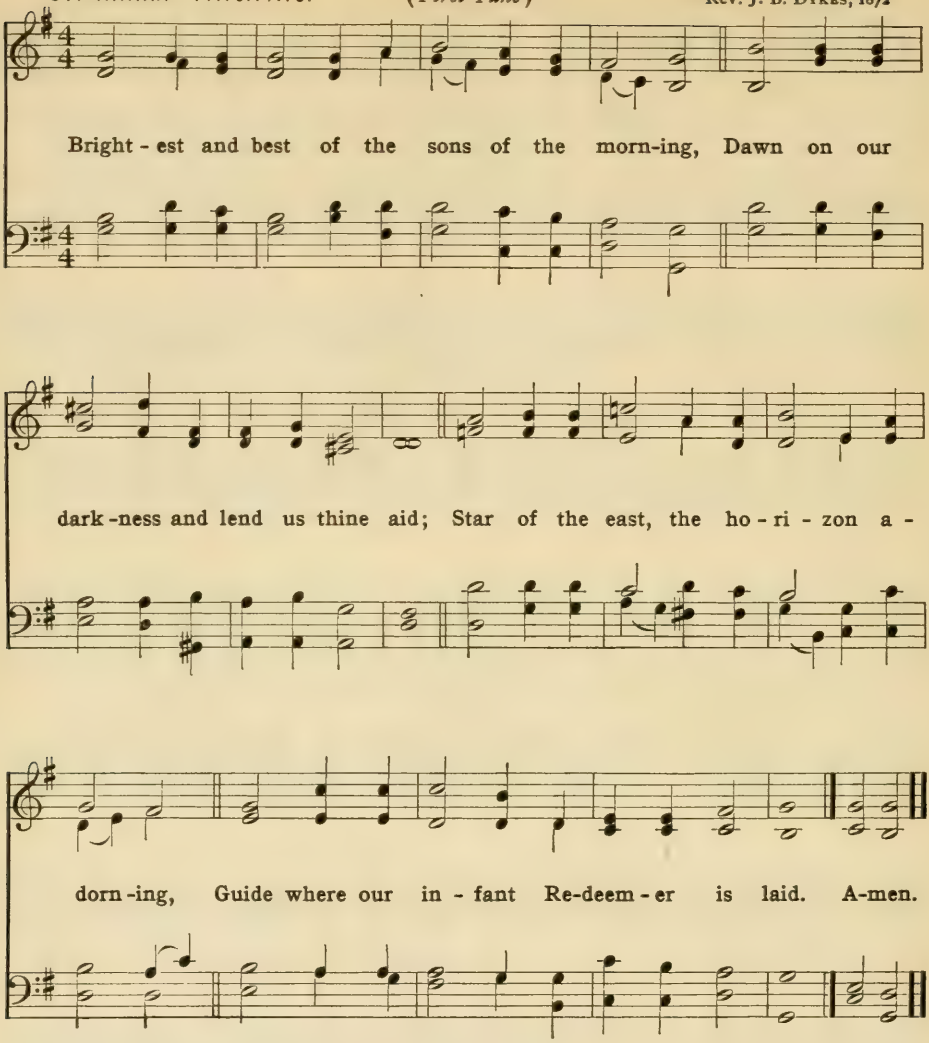
ANDERSEN 8.7.8.7.8.8. *With Refrain* N. W. GADE

Child Je-sus comes from Heav'nly height To save us from sin's
keep-ing; On man-ger straw, in darksome night, The Blessed One lies sleep-ing. The
star smiles down, the an-gels greet, The ox-en kiss the ba-by's feet: Al-le-
lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Child Je-sus, Christ the Lord. A-men.

2 Take courage, soul in grief cast down,
Forget the bitter dealing:
A Child is born in David's town
To touch all souls with healing.
Then let us go and seek the Child,
Children like Him meek, undefiled.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Child Jesus! Christ the Lord!

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
Translated from the Danish

144

ST. NINIAN 11.10.11.10. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1872


Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid. A-men.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

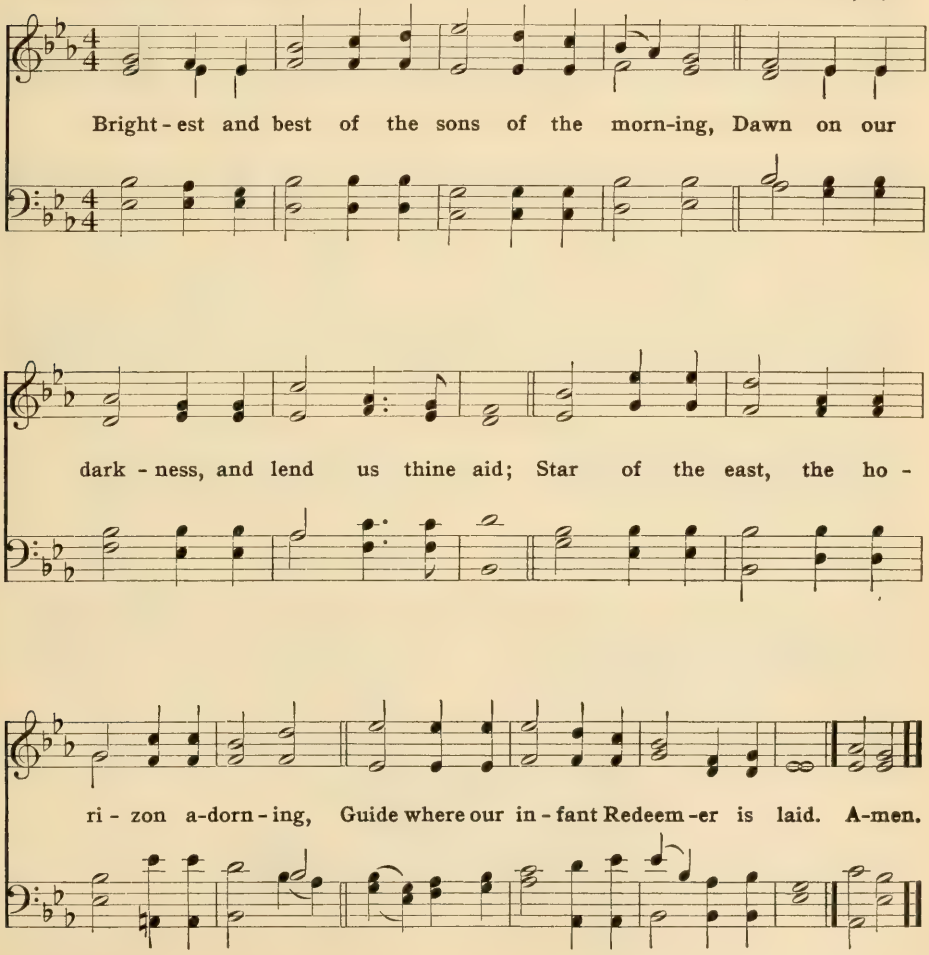
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1811

144

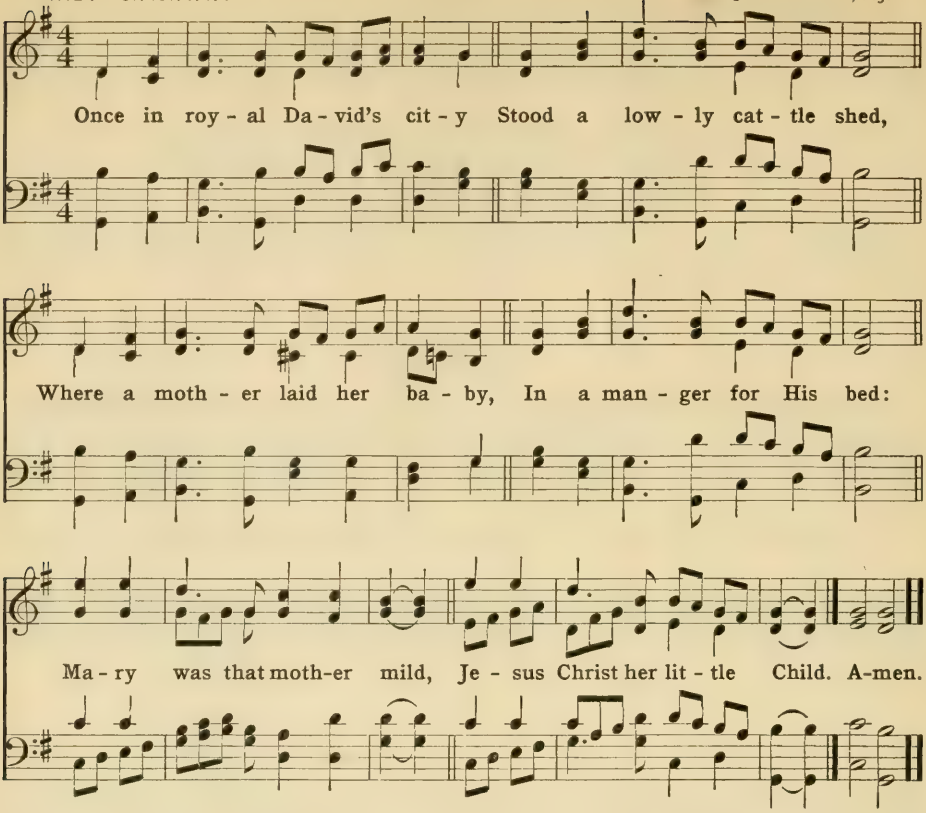
(*Second Tune*)

BRIGHTEST AND BEST 11.10.11.10. Rev. J. F. THRUPP, 1848

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho -
ri - zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Redeem - er is laid. A-men.

145

IRBY 8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1856


Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed:
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

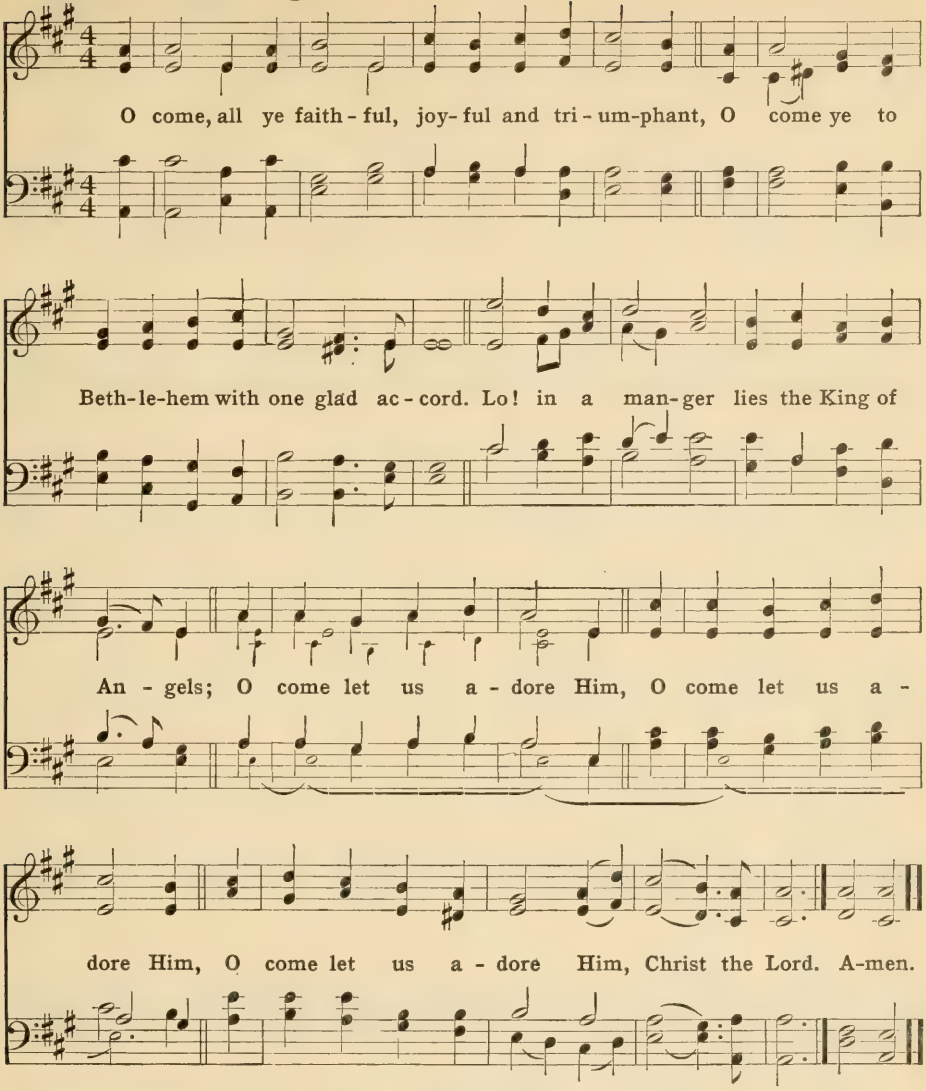
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848

146

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

J. READING, 1692

O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye to
Beth-le-hem with one glad ac-cord. Lo! in a man-ger lies the King of
An-gels; O come let us a-dore Him, O come let us a-
dore Him, O come let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord. A-men.

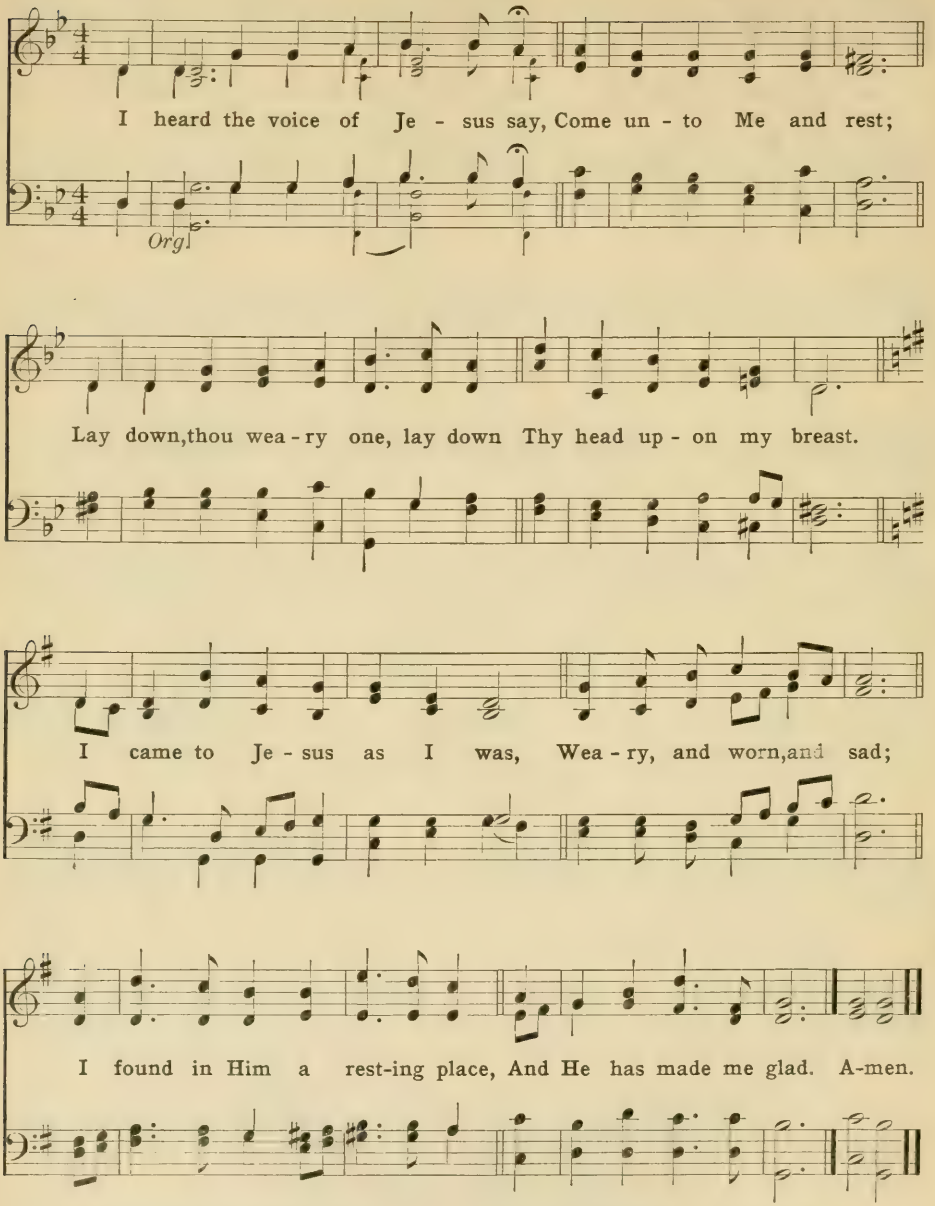
2 O sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye that hear in heaven God's holy word.
Give to our Father glory in the highest;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 O Hail! Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
O Jesus! for ever more be Thy name adored.
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Anon. Latin, 17th Century

147

VOX DILECTI C. M. D. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868


I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
Org.
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad. A-men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.

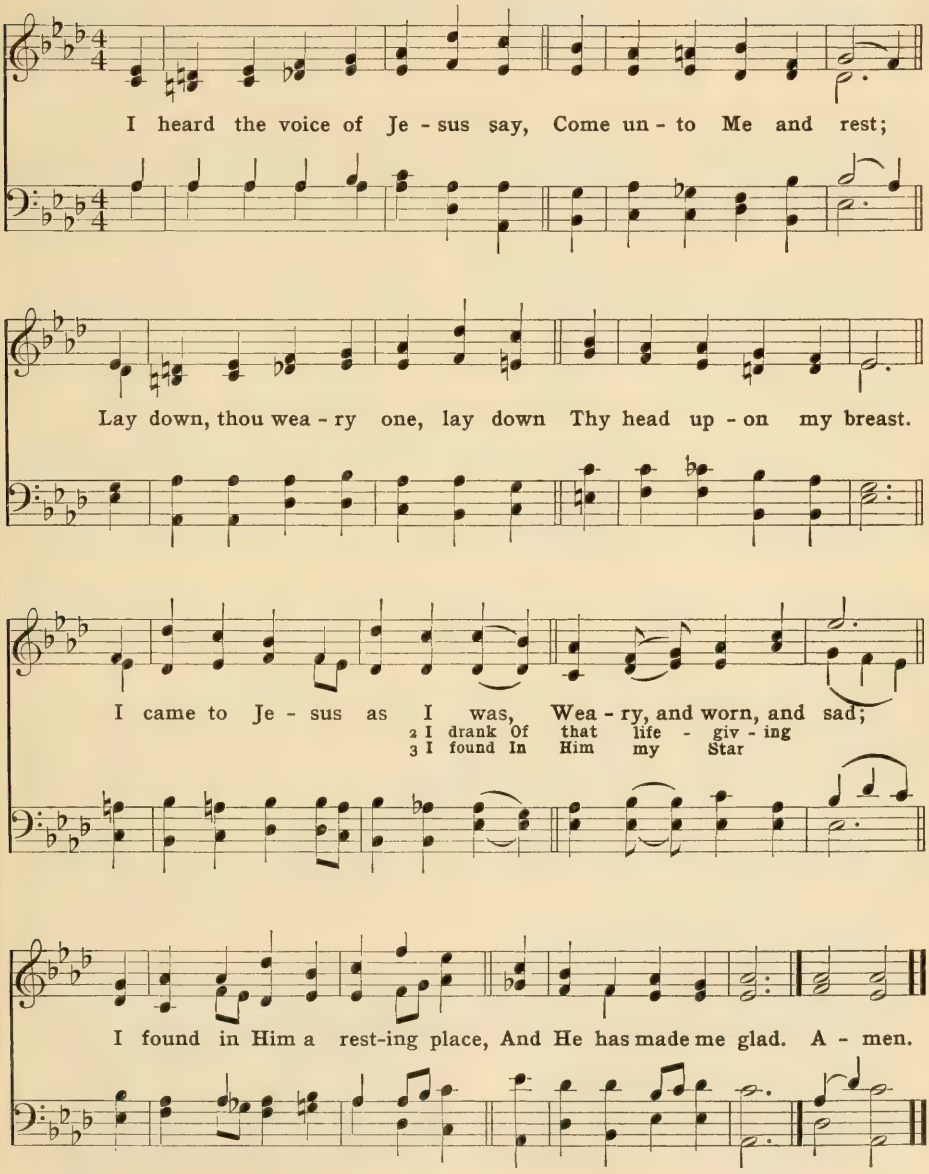
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1846

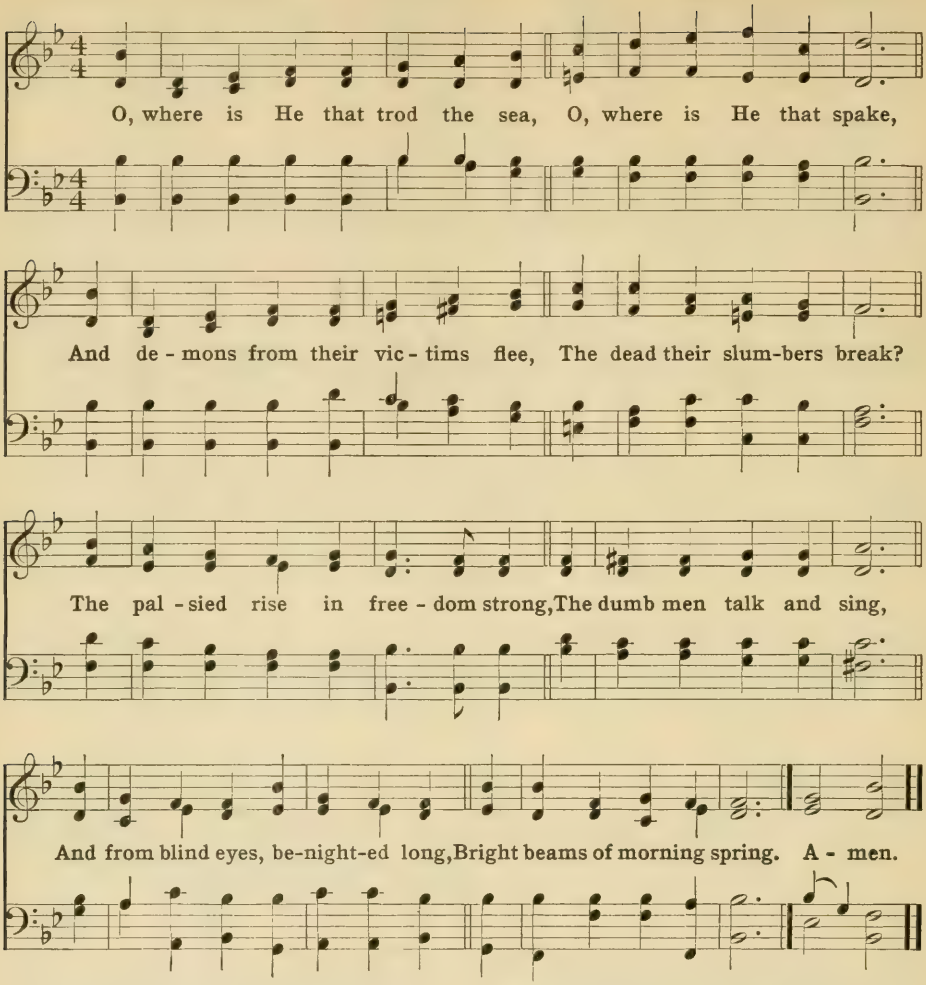
147

BELLAMY C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) W. F. BIDDLE

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
2 I drank Of that life - giv - ing
3 I found In Him my Star
I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

Copyright, 1898, by W. F. BIDDLE

148

FILIUS DEI C. M. D.

A. R. GAUL

O, where is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake,
And de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum-bers break?
The pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morning spring. A - men.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea,
O, where is He that spake,
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, 'Tis He can save.

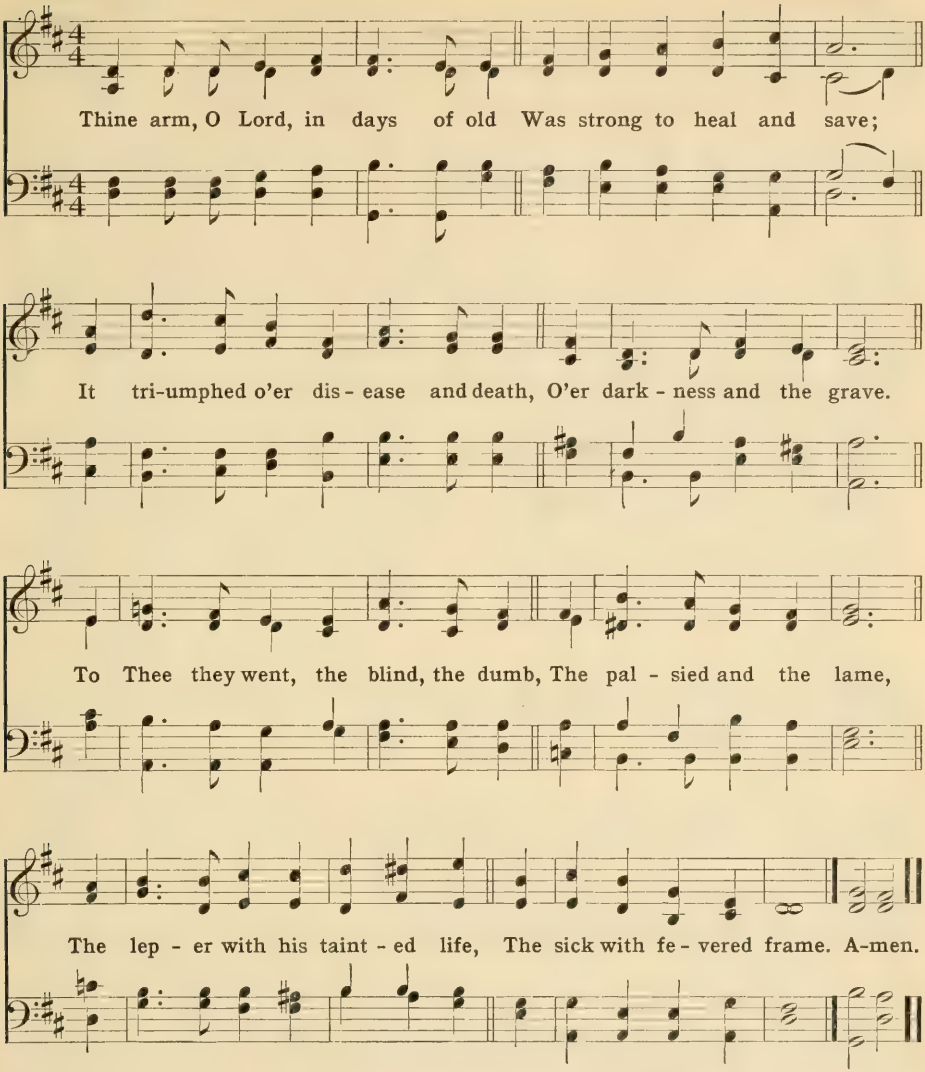
3 O, where is He that trod the sea,
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.

4 O, where is He that trod the sea;
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

REV. THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1855

149

DELIVERANCE C. M. D.

J. Barnby, 1867

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,
The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-men.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

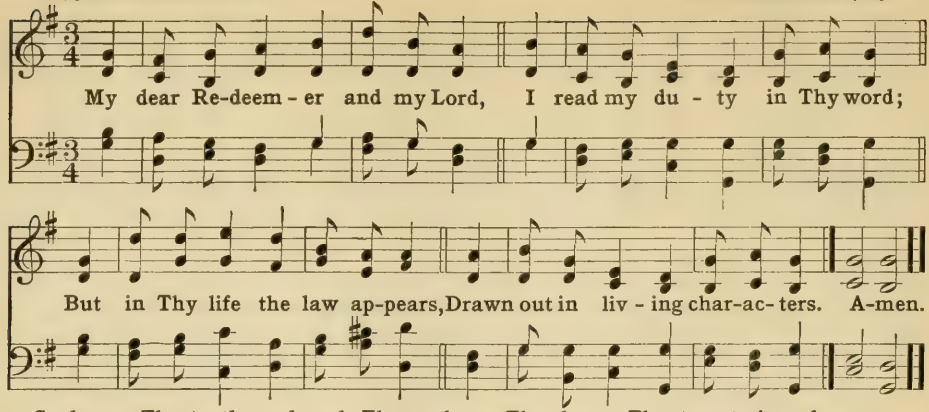
3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore.
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1864

150

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

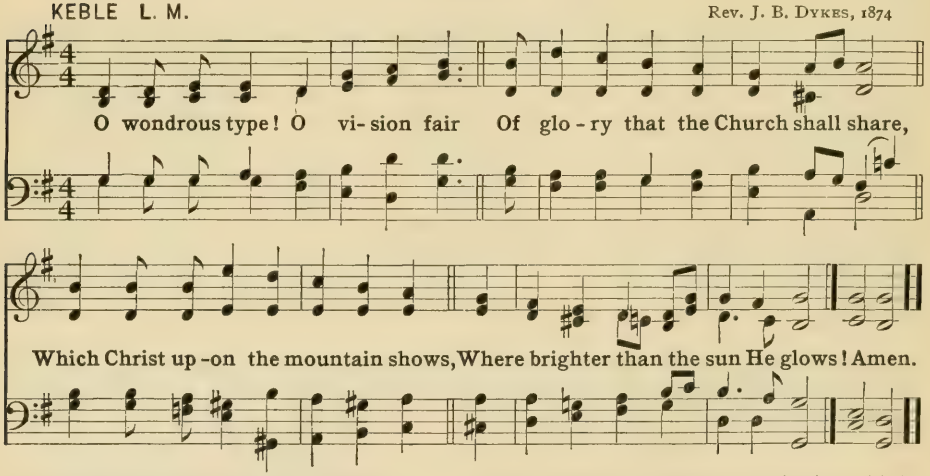
4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

151

KEBLE L. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1874


O wondrous type! O vi- sion fair Of glo - ry that the Church shall share,
Which Christ up -on the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! Amen.

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

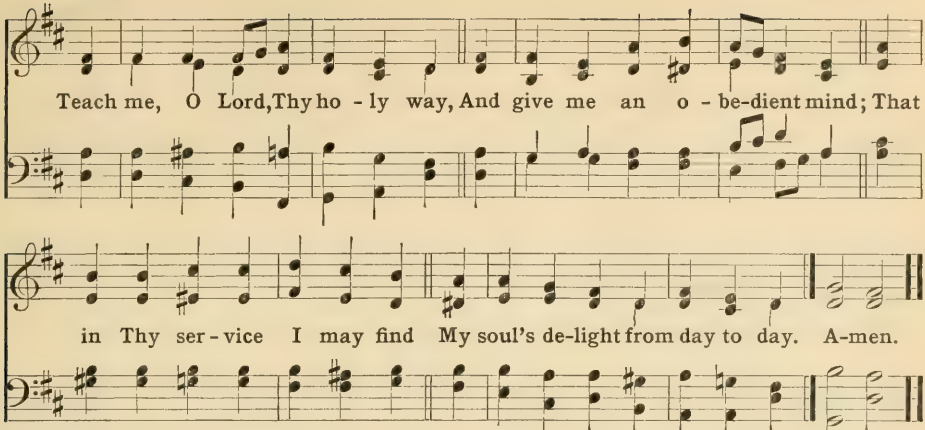
5 O Father, with th' eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

Latin. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1854

152

OXFORD L. M.

J. STAINER



2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessèd land.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;
And, meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

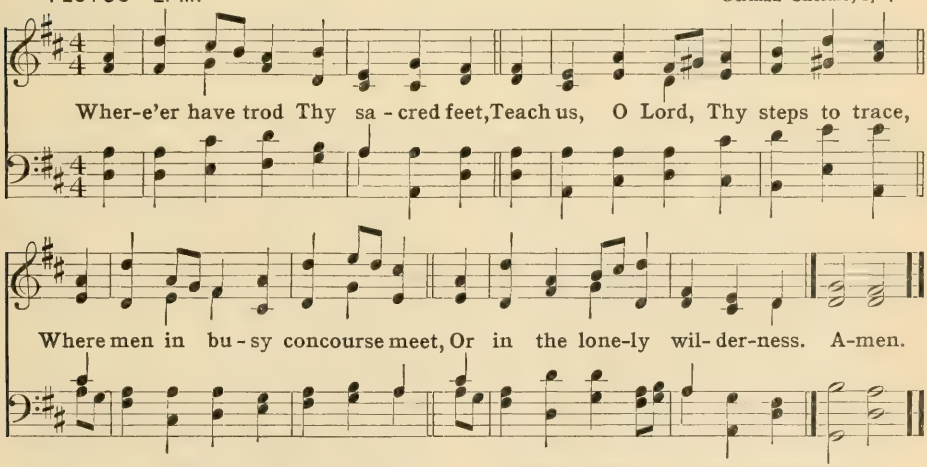
5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee:
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

Rev. WILLIAM T. MATSON, 1887

153

FESTUS L. M.

German Chorale, 1784


Wher-e'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
Where men in bu - sy concourse meet, Or in the lone-ly wil- der-ness. A-men.

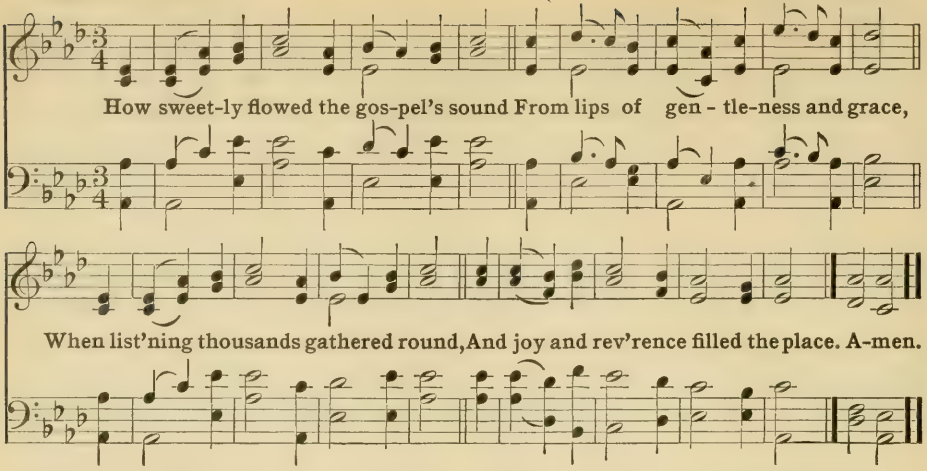
2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Oh, may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be.

Anon., 1864

154

LOUVAN L. M. V. C. TAYLOR, 1847


How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel's sound From lips of gen - tle-ness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence filled the place. A-men.

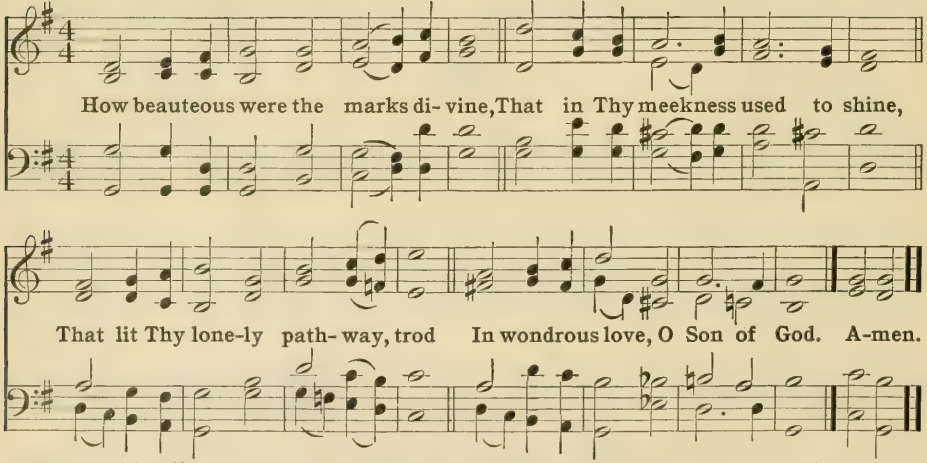
2 From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blessed.

JOHN BOWRING, 1823

155

LASUS L. M. A. H. MANN


How beauteous were the marks di- vine, That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lone-ly path- way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God. A-men.

2 O Who like Thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light,
O Who like Thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O Who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

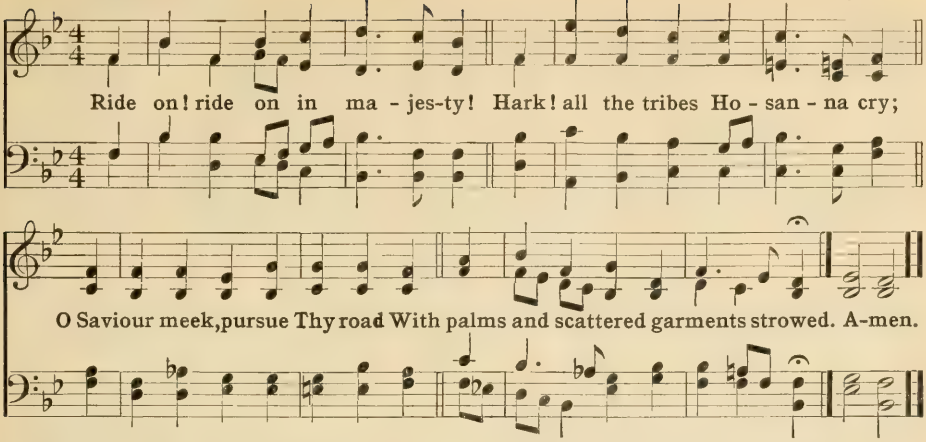
5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee,
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee, all my journey run.

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1838

156

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862


Ride on! ride on in ma - jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A-men.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death, and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

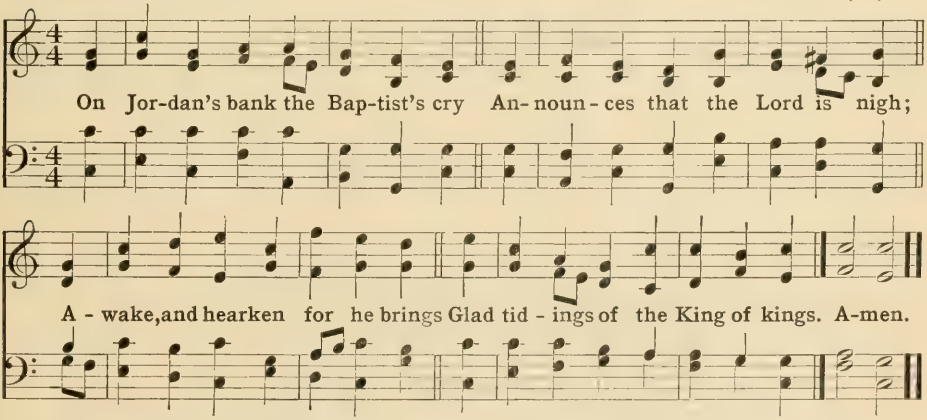
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Rev. H. H. Milman, 1827

157

WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Crasselius, 1690


On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun-ces that the Lord is nigh;
A - wake, and hearken for he brings Glad tid - ings of the King of kings. A-men.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

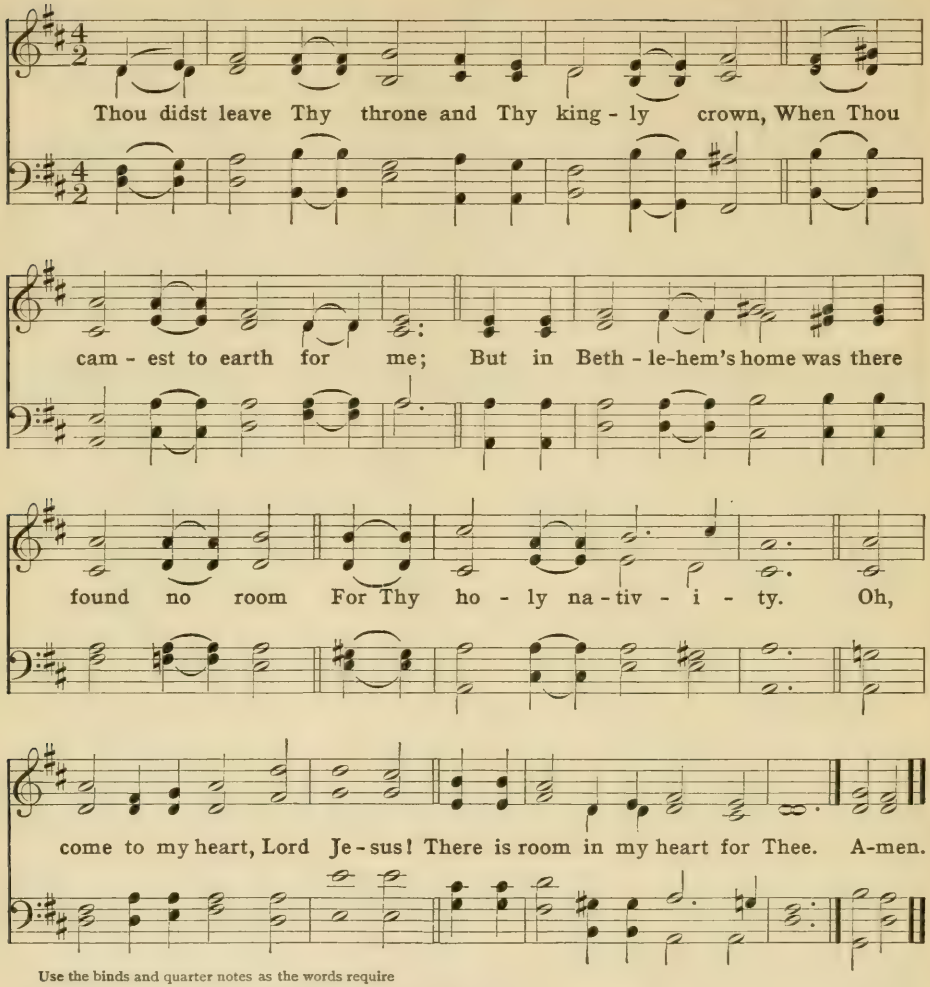
3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

Rev. C. Coffin, 1736. Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

158

MARGARET Irregular

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home was there
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A-men.

Use the binds and quarter notes as the words require

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

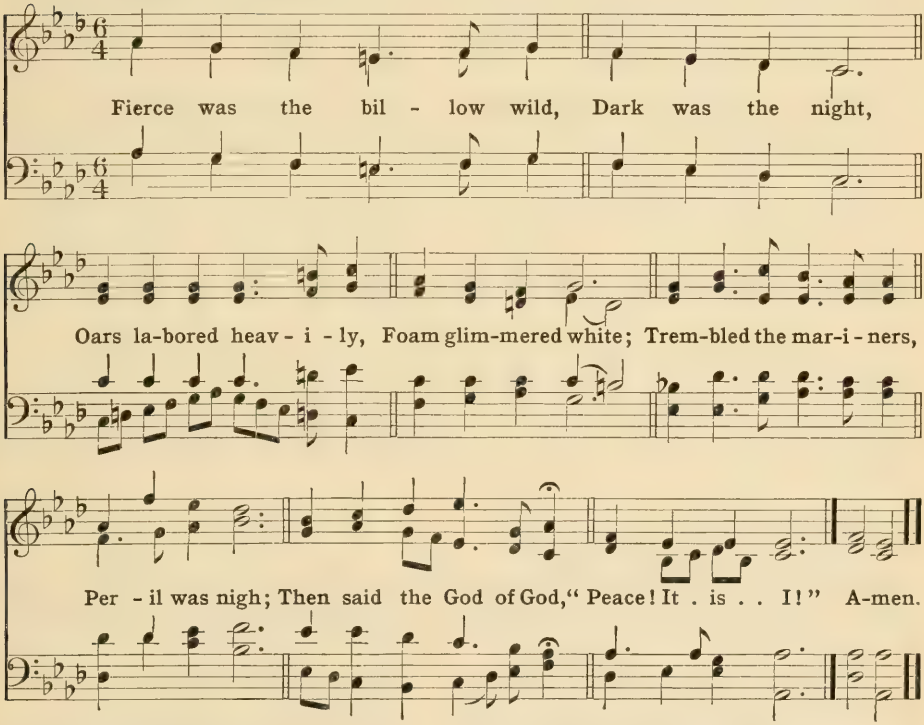
4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest me.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864

159

ST. SOPHRONIA 6.4.6.4.D. A. H. BROWN


Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night,
Oars la-bored heav - i - ly, Foam glim-mered white; Trem-bled the mar-i - ners,
Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It . is . . I!" A-men.

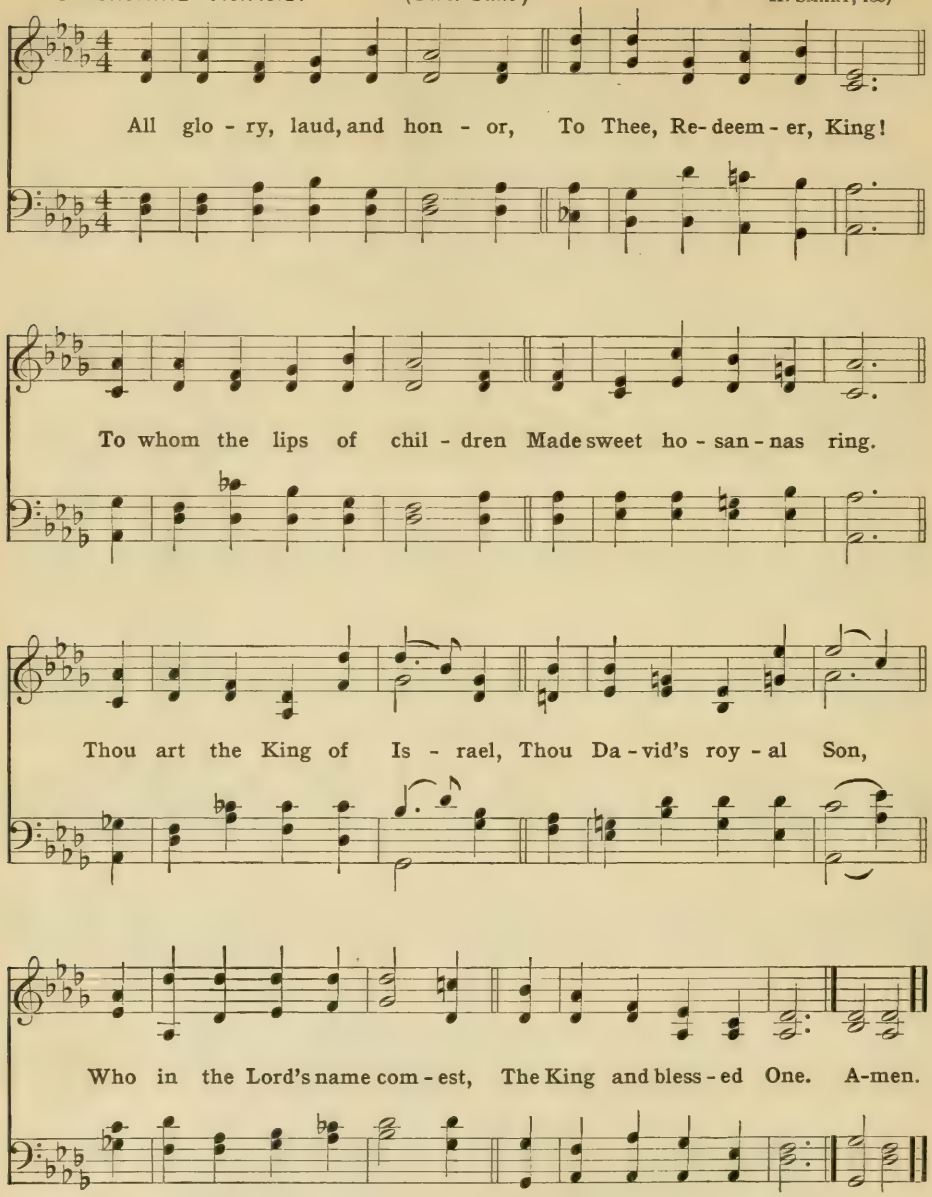
3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I!"

ANATOLIUS, d. 458. Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862

160

LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) H. SMART, 1867


All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One. A-men.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

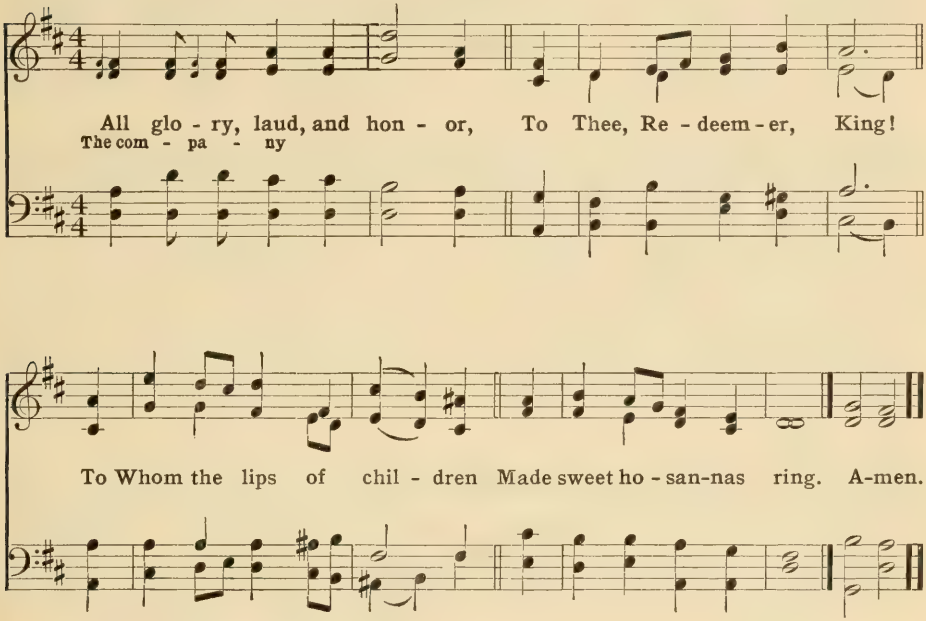
3 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

St. Theodulph, 820. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1851

160

COLLEGE CHAPEL 7.6.7.6. (*Second Tune*) Rev. A. E. Sharpley, 1904



Small notes at beginning are for 3d and 4th verses

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

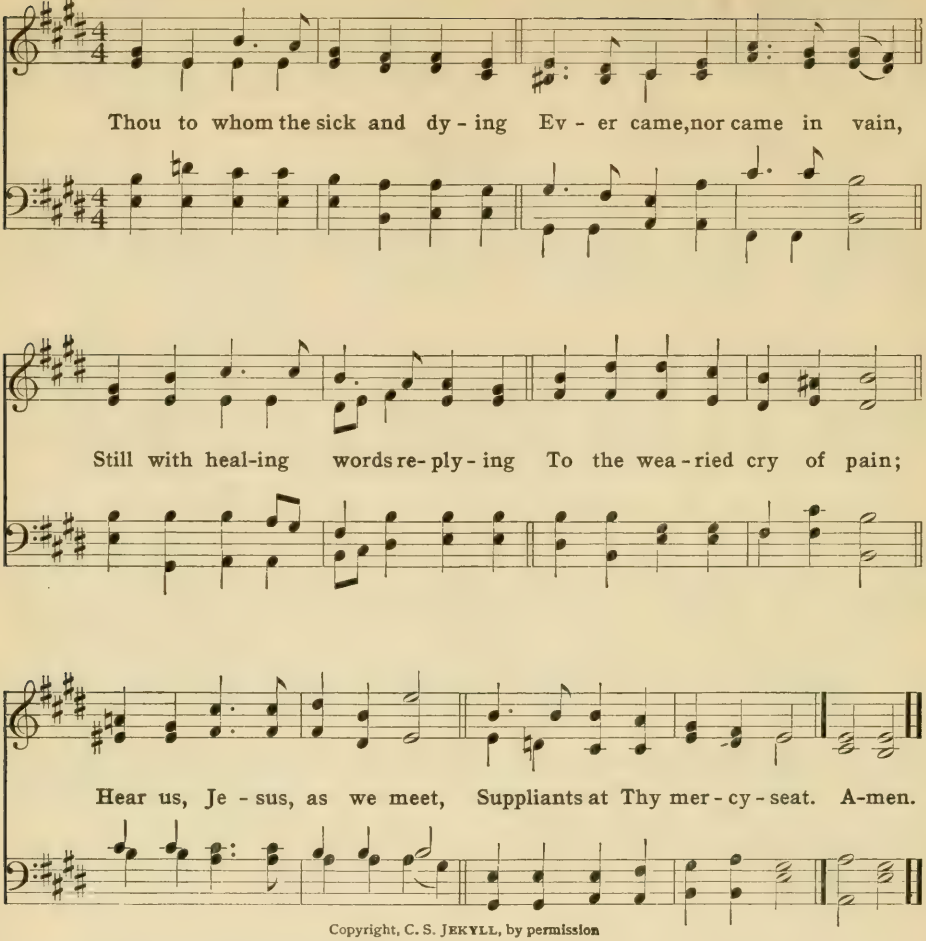
5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

St. Theodulph, 820. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851

161

STONELEIGH 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. S. JEKYLL


Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,
Still with heal-ing words re- ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain;
Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat. A-men.

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2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 Still the weary, sick and dying
Need a brother's loving care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

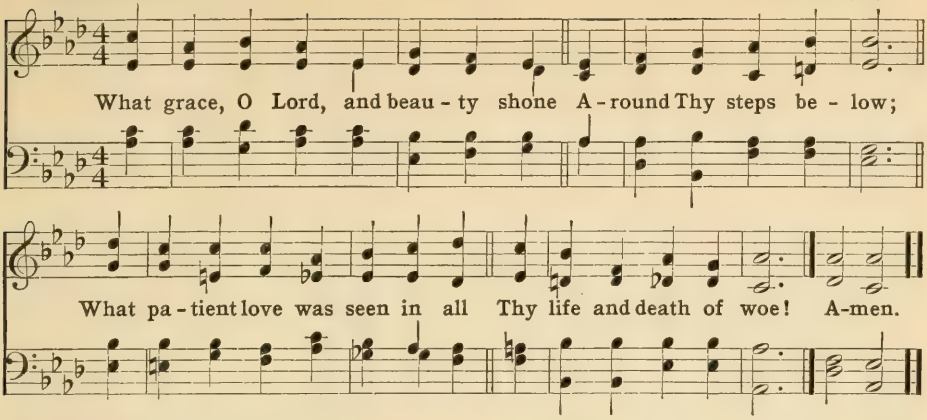
5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1866

162

MARGUERITE C. M.

E. C. WALKER, 1876



2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

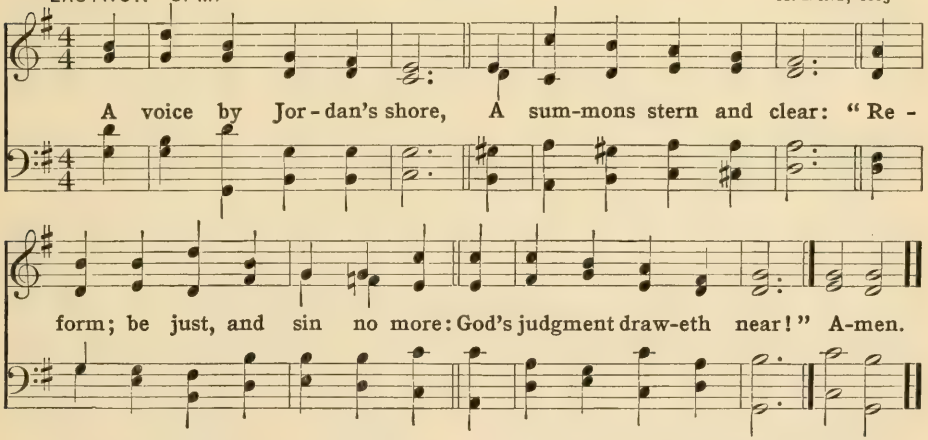
5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. DENNY, 1839

163

EASTNOR S. M.

A. KING, 1863



2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
"Love God; thy neighbor love: for see
God's mercy draweth near!"

3 O voice of duty, still
Speak forth: I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

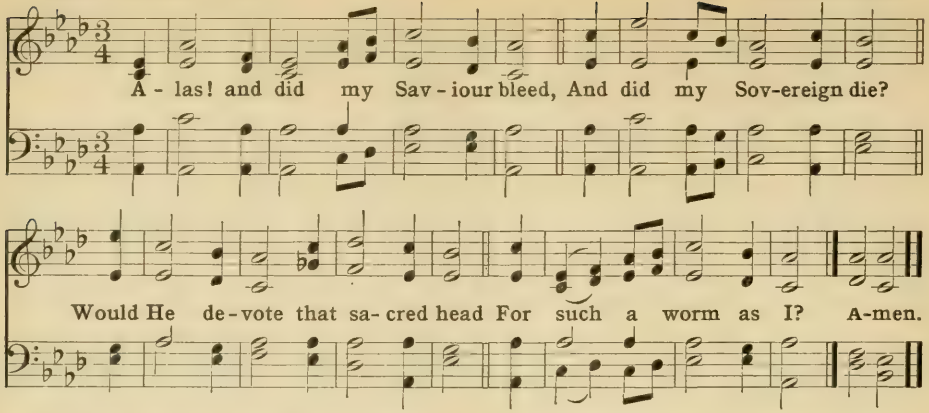
4 Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

164

MARTYRDOM C. M.

H. WILSON, 1800



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness!
And melt, mine eyes, to tears!

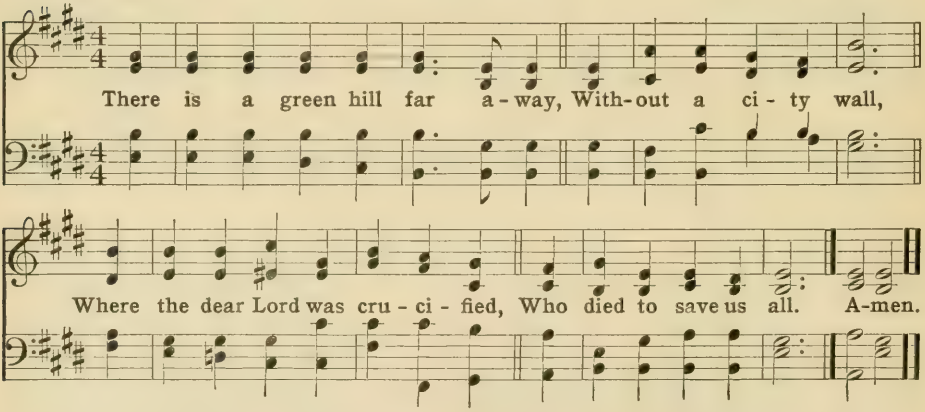
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

165

MEDITATION C. M.

JOHN H. GOWER, 1890



2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven;
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

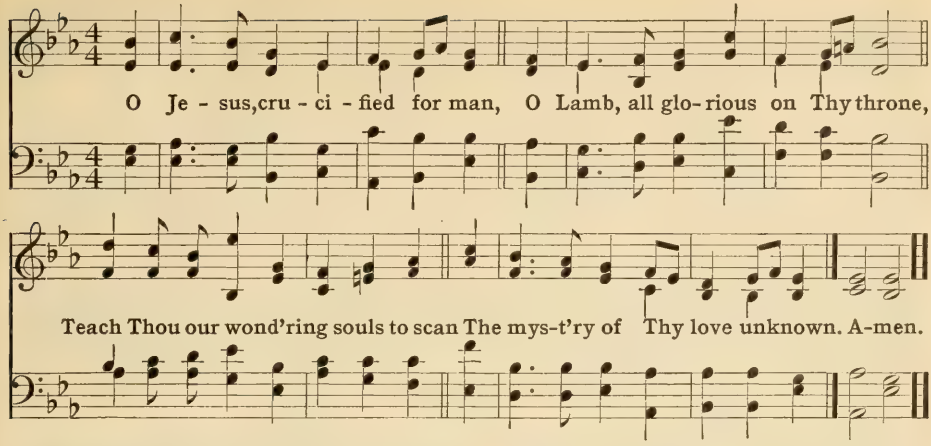
5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848

166

LUNDY L. M.

C. H. Lloyd


O Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo-rious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The mys-t'ry of Thy love unknown. A-men.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And day by day, O Lord, we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

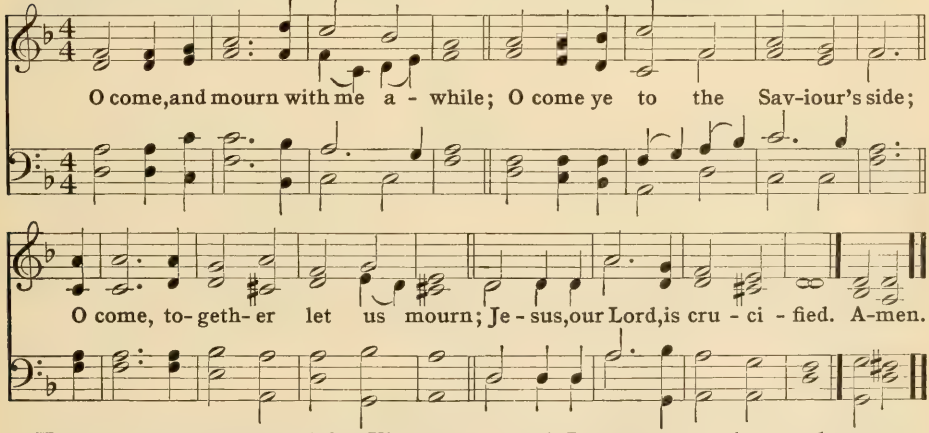
5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

Bishop W. W. How, 1871

167

ST. CROSS L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

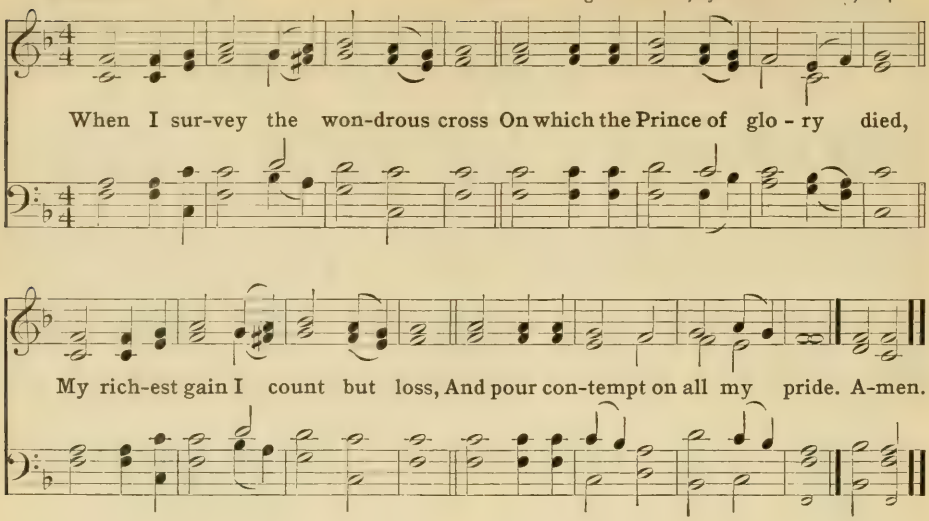
4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849

168

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824


When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A-men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

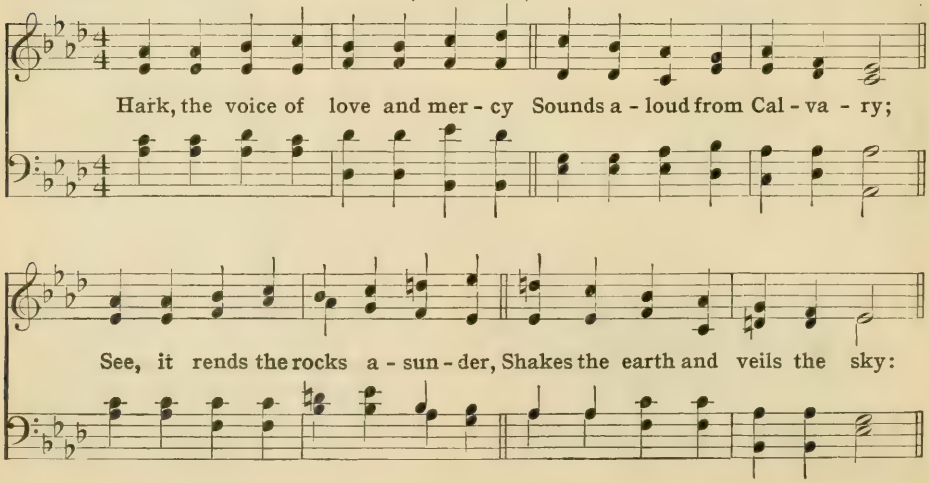
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

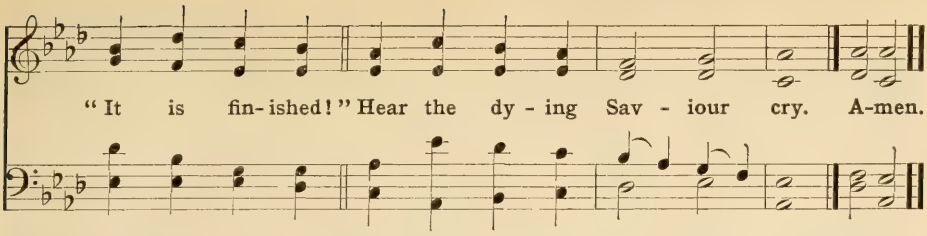
169

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(*First Tune*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1868


Hark, the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

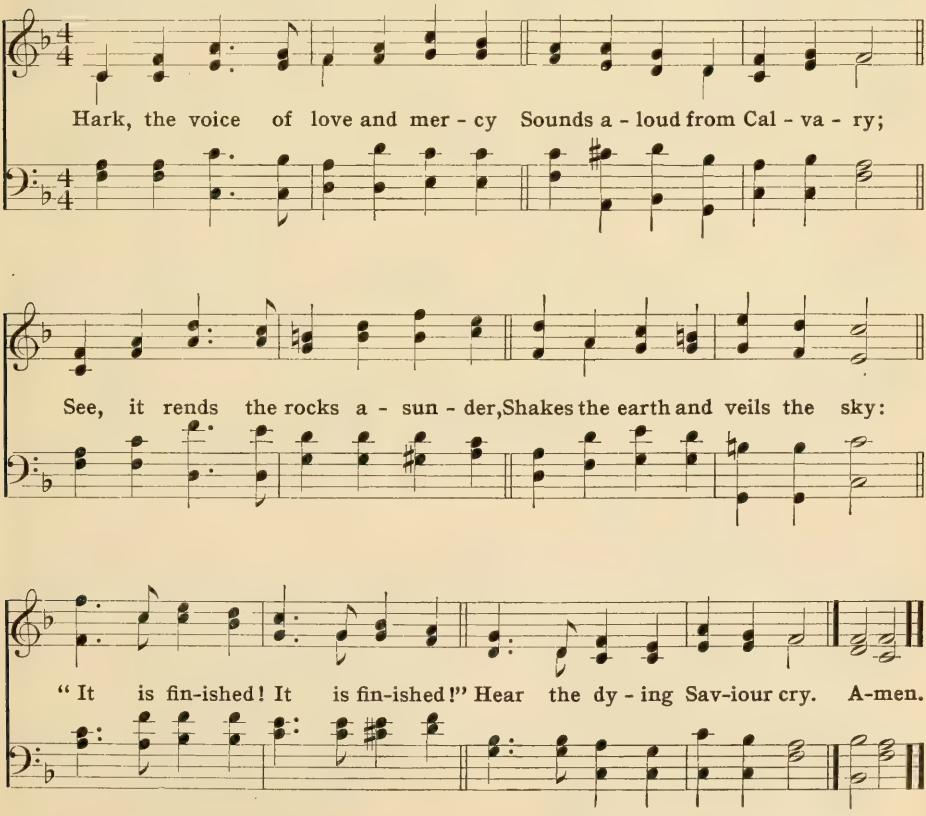


2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

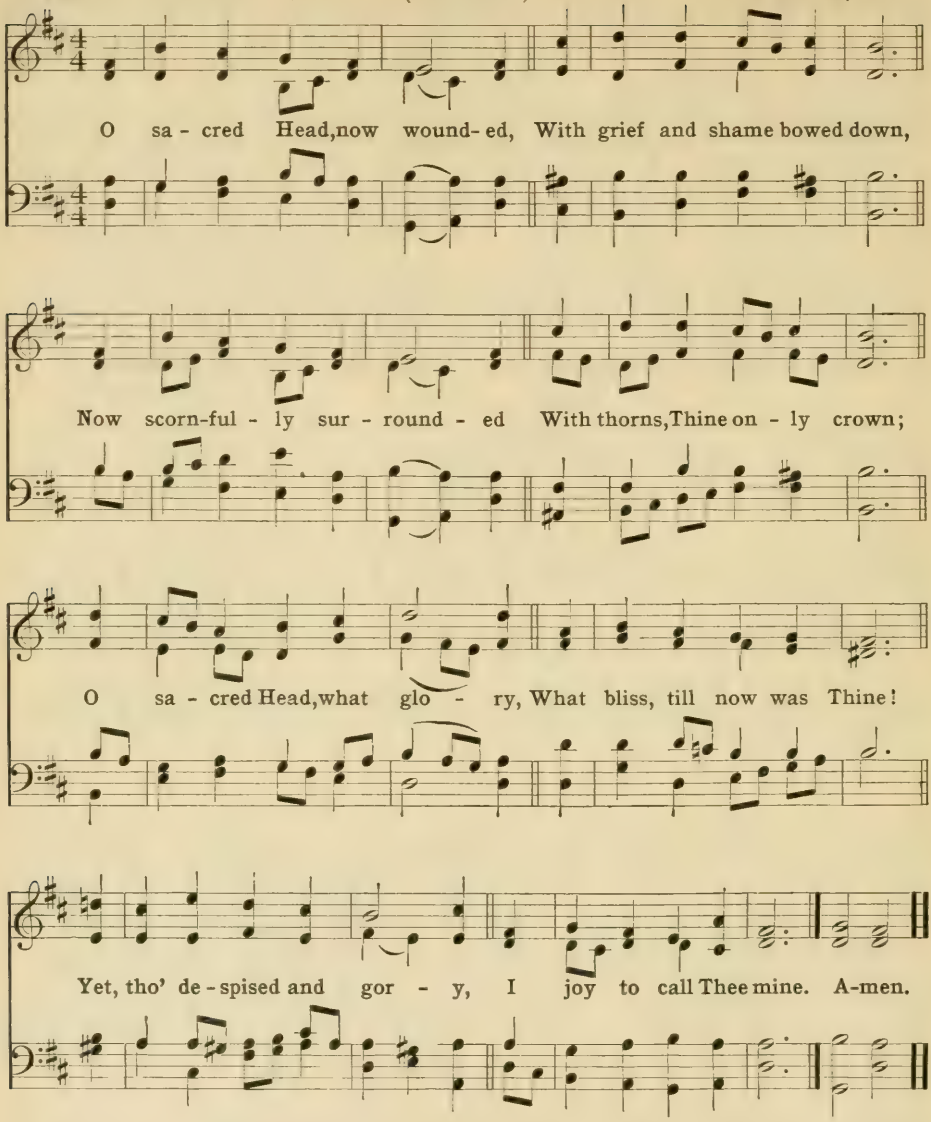
3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. JONATHAN EVANS, 1787

169

KENSINGTON NEW 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*) J. TILLEARD, 1866

Hark, the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
"It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-men.

170

PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) H. L. HASSLER, 1601

O sa - cred Head,now wound- ed, With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns,Thine on - ly crown;
O sa - cred Head,what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, tho' de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

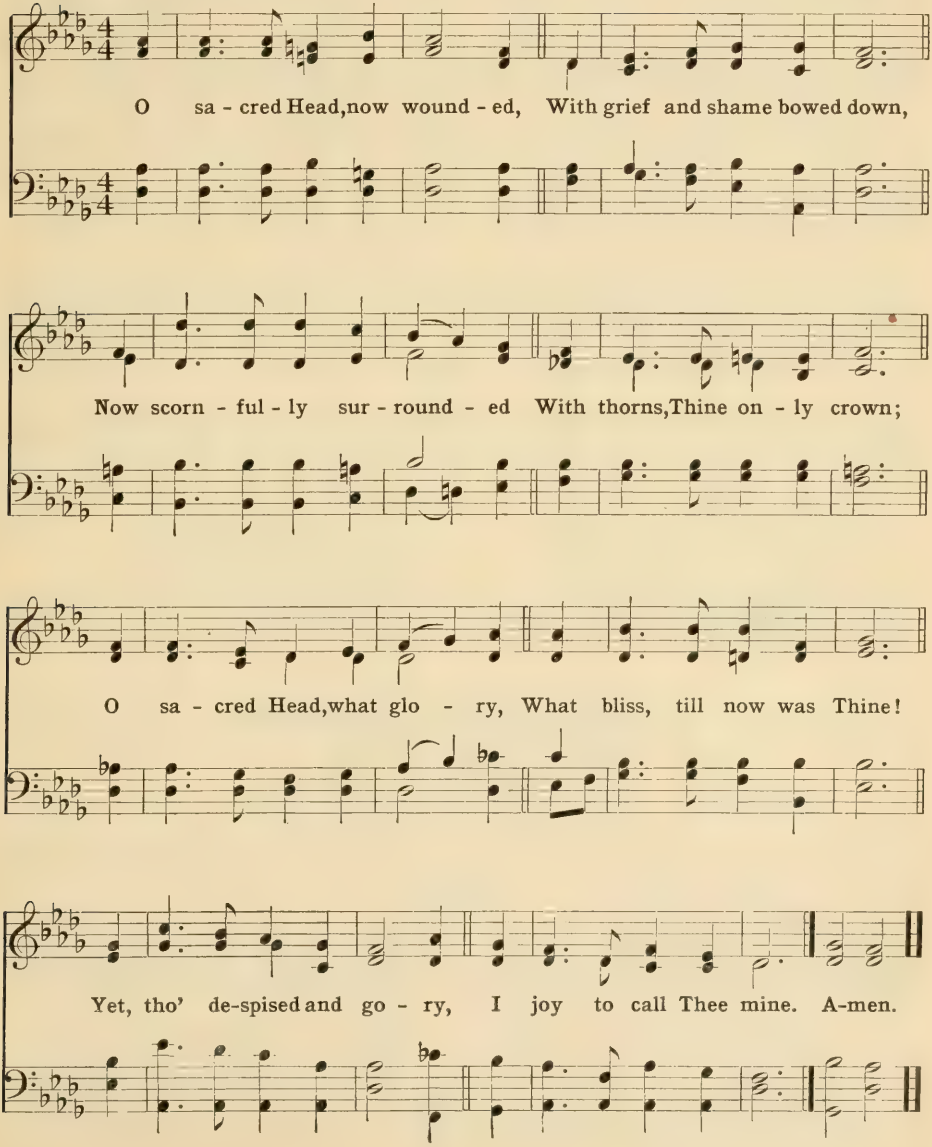
2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinner's gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

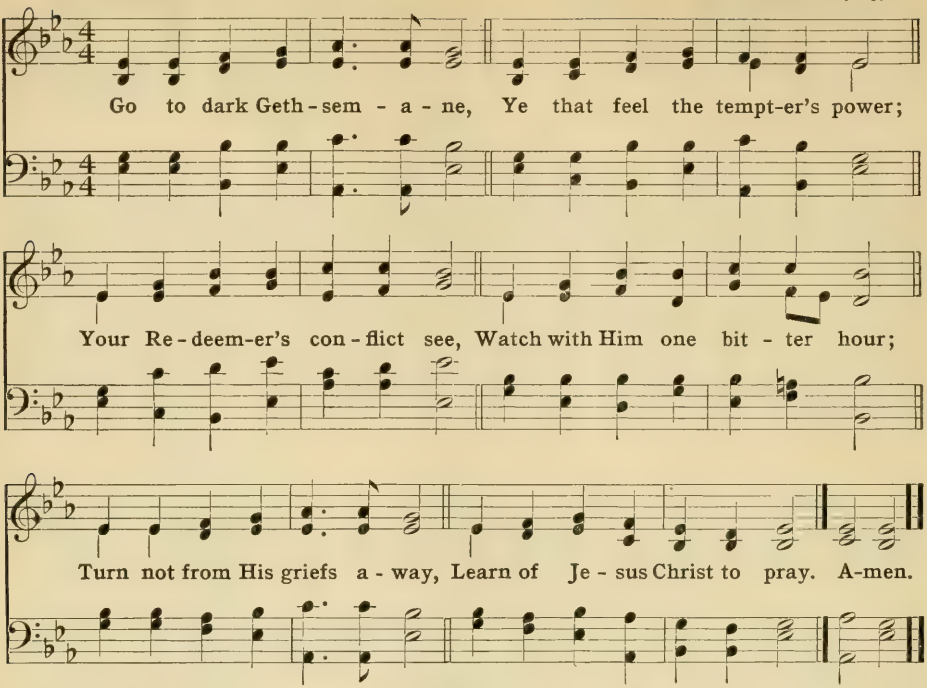
Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656
Tr. by James Waddell Alexander, 1829

170

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.7.6.D. (*Second Tune*) F. C. Maker, 1889

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, tho' de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

171

GETHSEMANE Six 7s. R. REDHEAD, 1853


Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

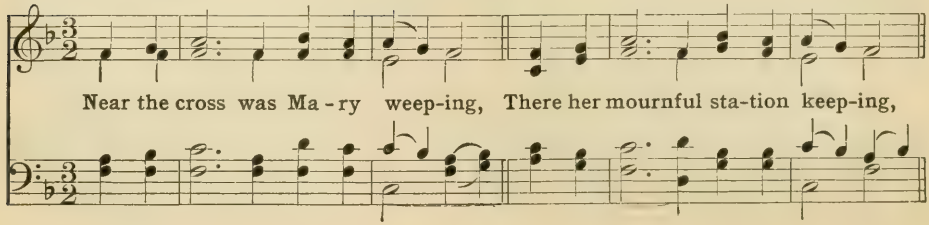
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

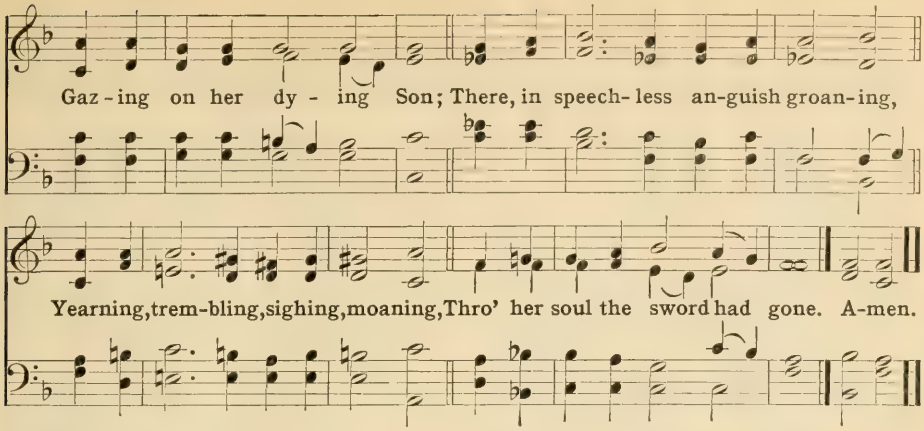
4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is rīsen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

172

STABAT MATER 8.8.7.D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875




Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son; There, in speech-less an-guish groan-ing,
Yearning, trem-bling, sigh-ing, moan-ing, Thro' her soul the sword had gone. A-men.

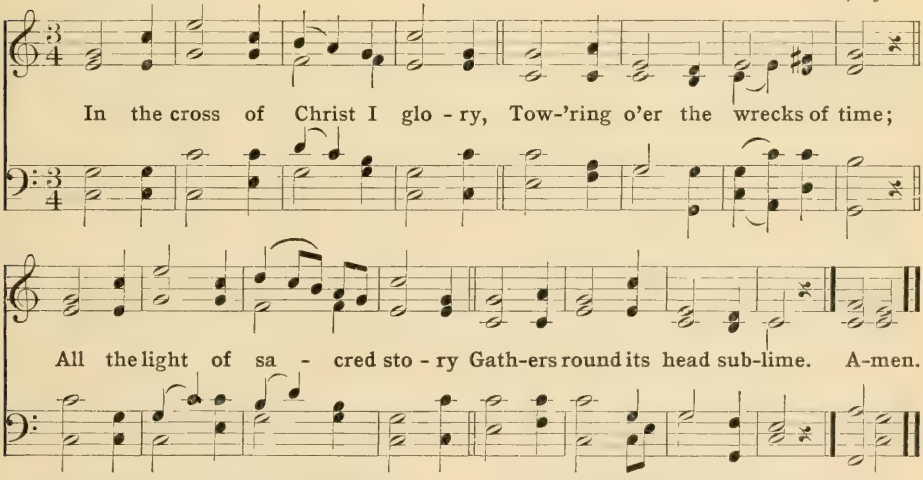
2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed:
By His stripes He wrought our healing,
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.

Latin. Tr. by Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER, 1842

173

RATHBUN 8.7.8.7. I. CONKEY, 1851


In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

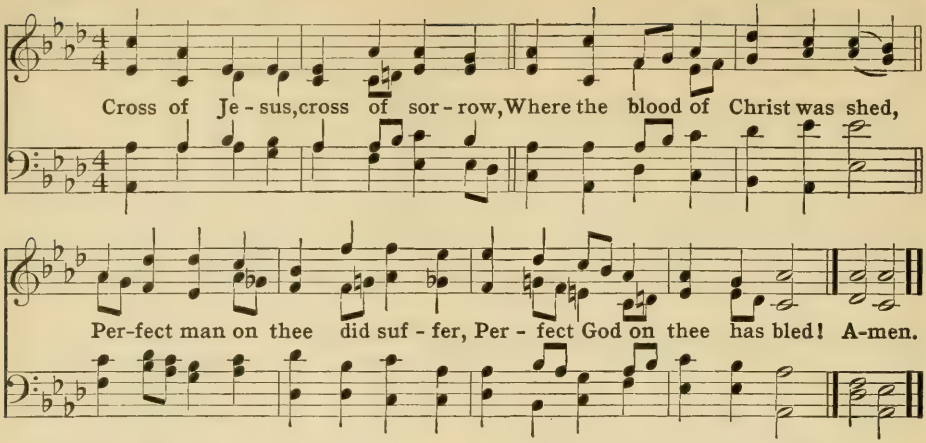
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING, 1825

174

CROSS OF JESUS 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER, 1887


Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Per-fect man on thee did suf - fer, Per - fect God on thee has bled! A-men.

2 Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be,
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.

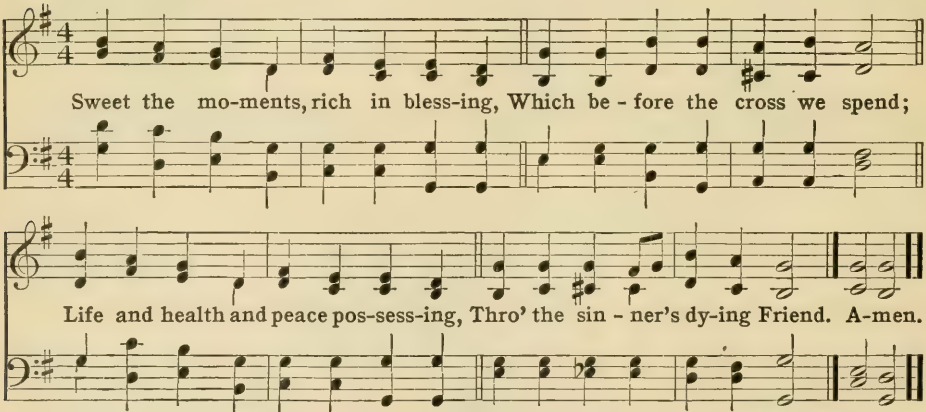
3 O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!

4 Evermore for human failure
By His passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.

JAMES S. SIMPSON, 1886

175

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7. C. A. BARNARD


Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend;
Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, Thro' the sin - ner's dy-ing Friend. A-men.

2 Here we sit, in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Make and plead our peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

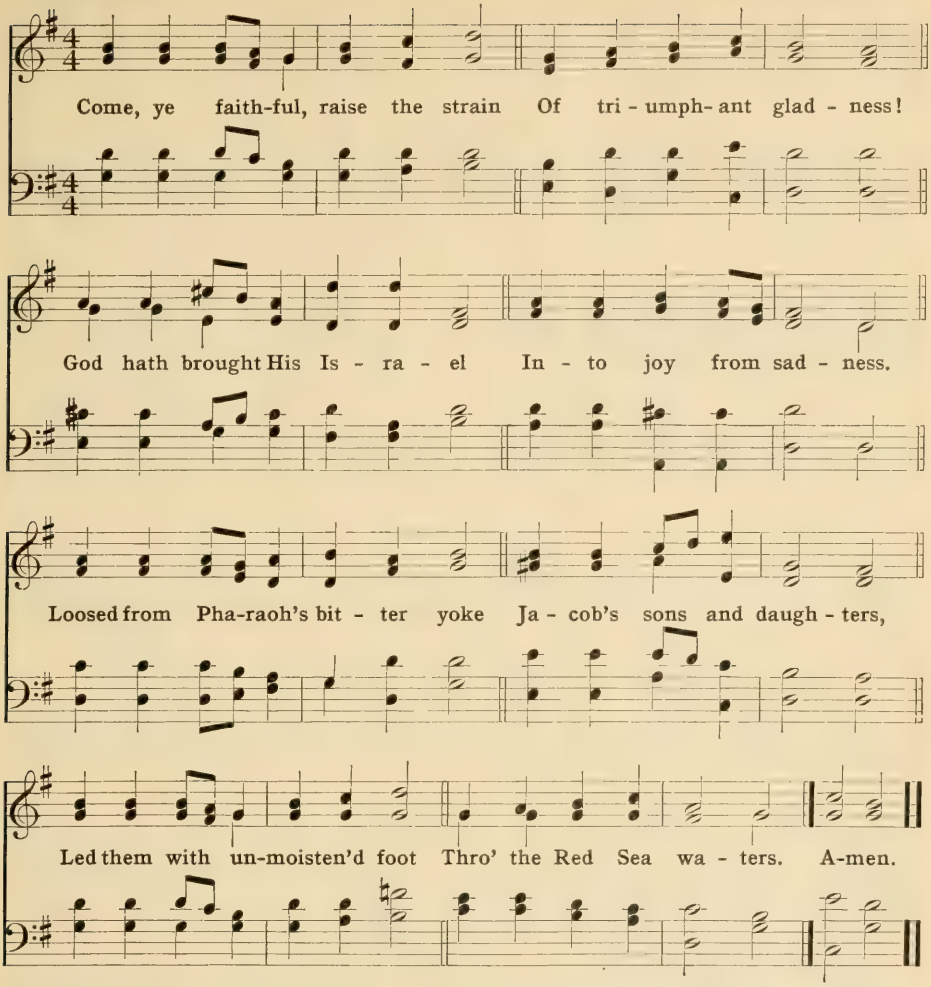
4 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

JAMES ALLEN, 1759

176

ST. KEVIN 7.6.7.6.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph- ant glad - ness!
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness.
Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
Led them with un-moisten'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

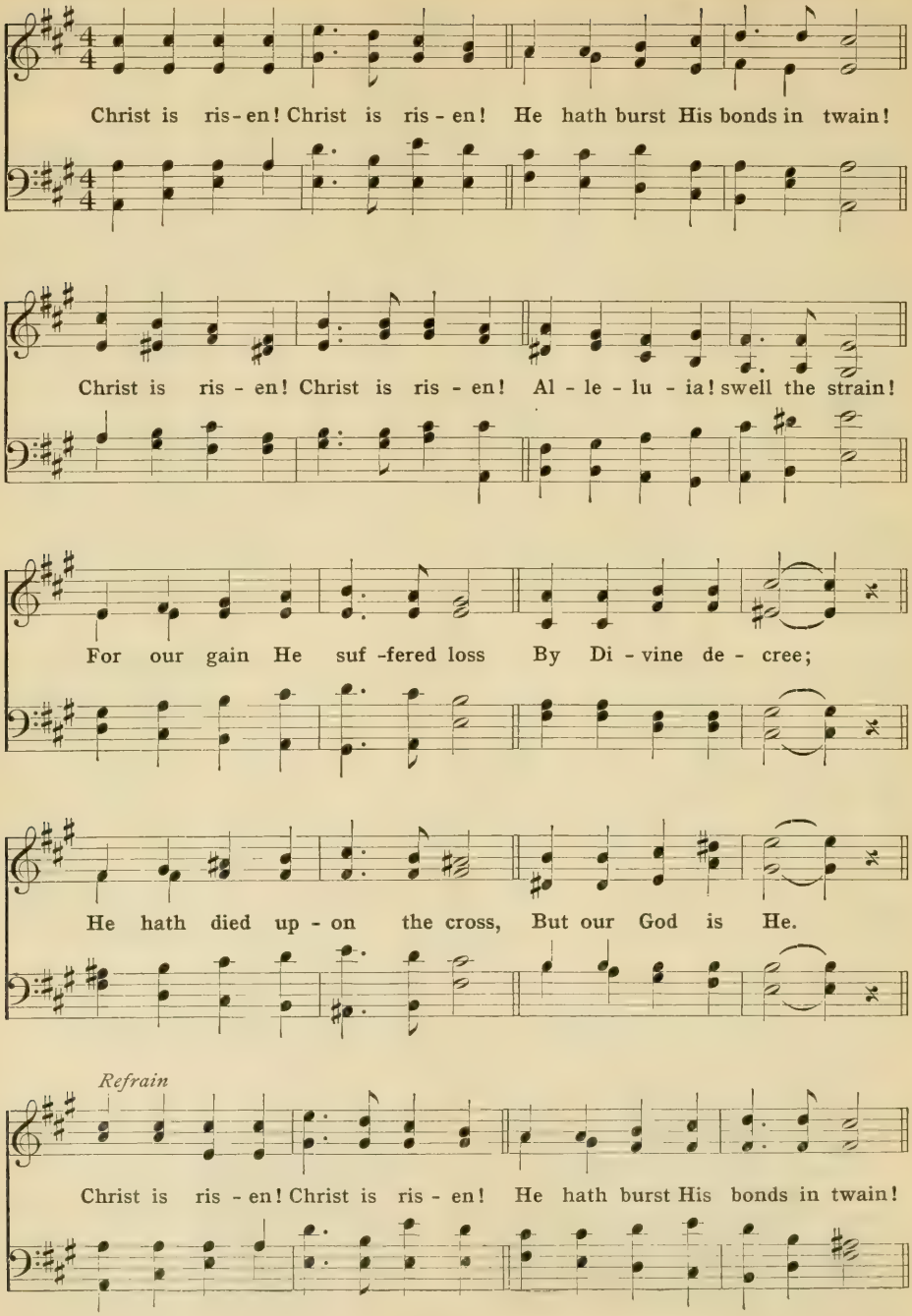
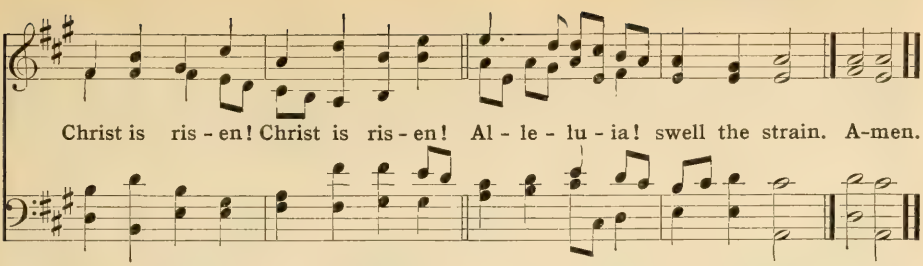
3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 "Alleluia!" now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who, triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
"Alleluia" with the Son,
God the Father praising;
"Alleluia" yet again
To the Spirit raising.

JOHN of Damascus, ab. 700. Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE, 1862

177

RESURREXIT Irregular

A. Sullivan, 1874

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain!
For our gain He suf-fered loss By Di-vine de-cree;
He hath died up-on the cross, But our God is He.
Refrain
Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

2 See the chains of death are broken!
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.

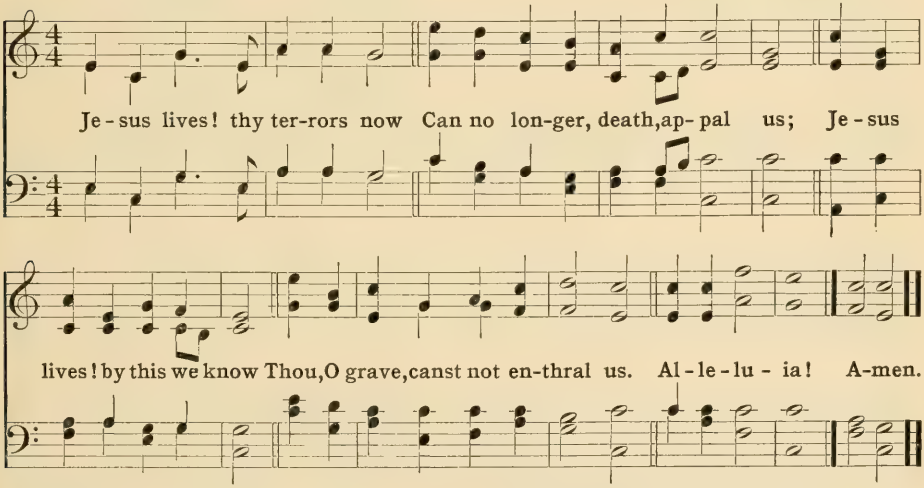
3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice!
He o'er all shall reign!"

Rev. Archer T. Gurney, 1862

178

ST. ALBINUS 7.8.7.8. *With Alleluia*

H. J. Gauntlett, 1872


Je - sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap- pal us; Je - sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thral us. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

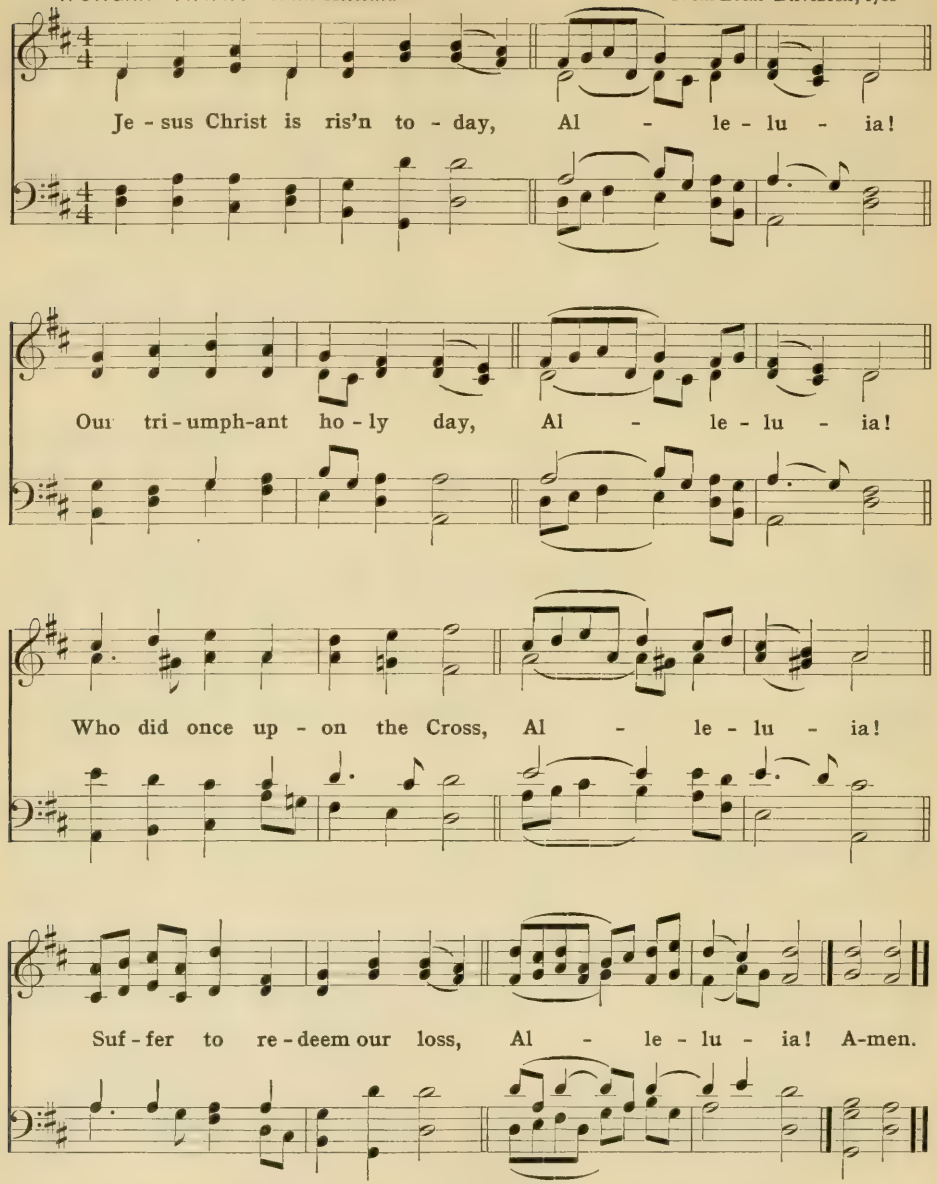
Rev. C. F. Gellert, 1757. Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1849

179

(*First Tune*)

WORGAN 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia*

From LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708


Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

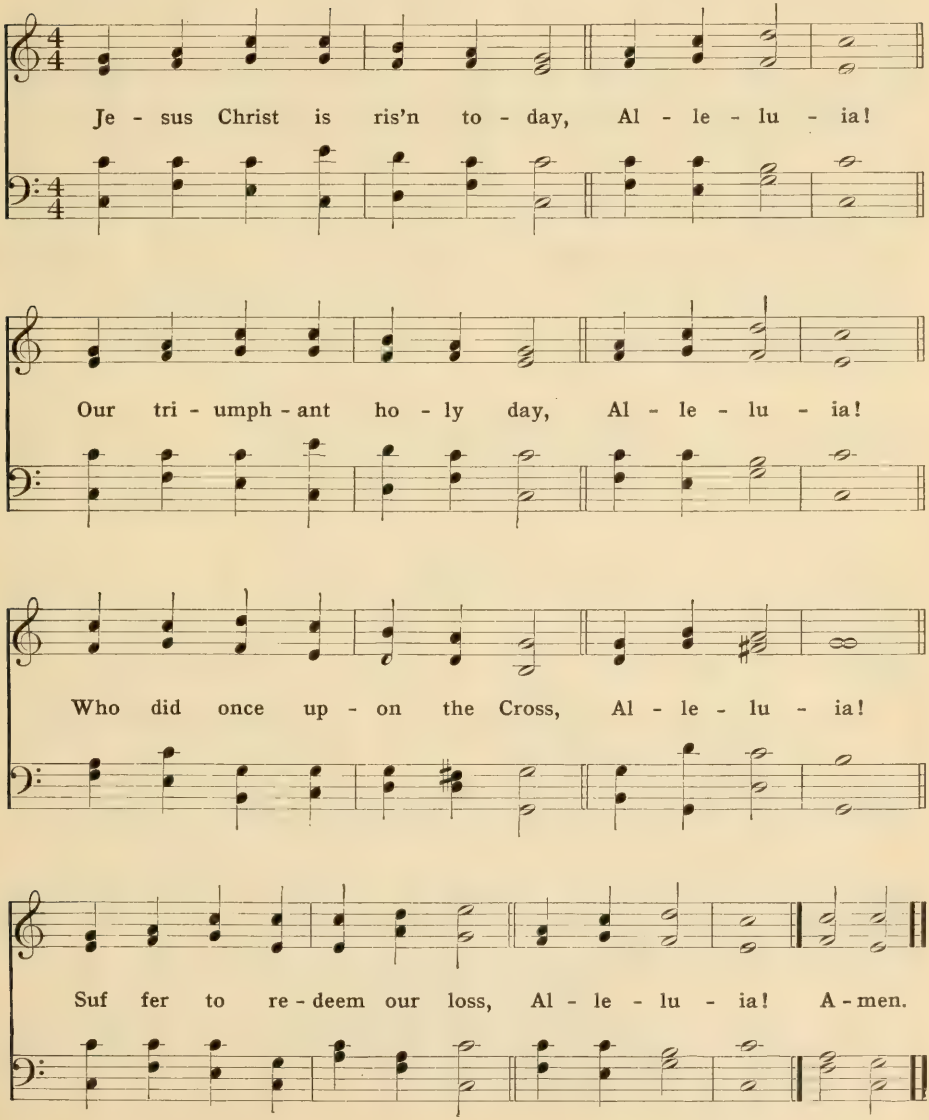
3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

Latin. TATE and BRADY

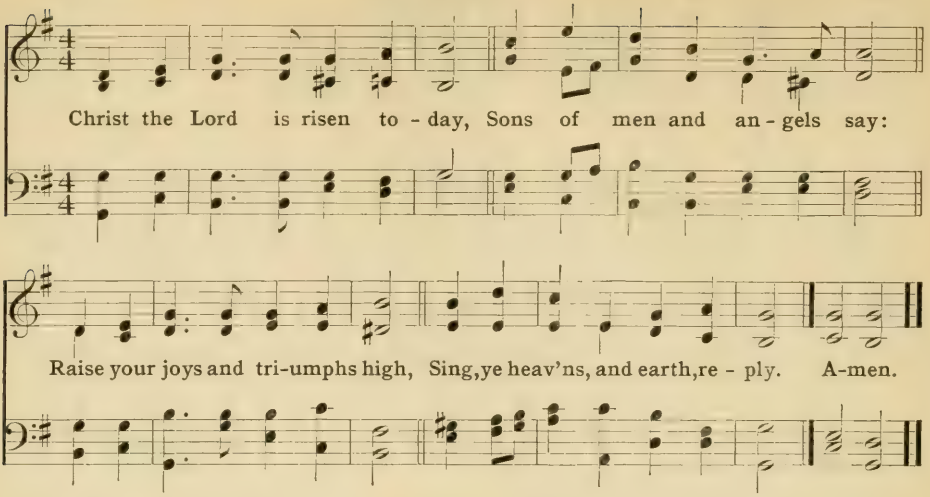
179

(*Second Tune*)

EASTER HYMN 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia* W. H. MONK, 1854

Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!
Suf fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

180

CANTONE 7.7.7.7. (*First Tune*) A. H. MANN, 1894


Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

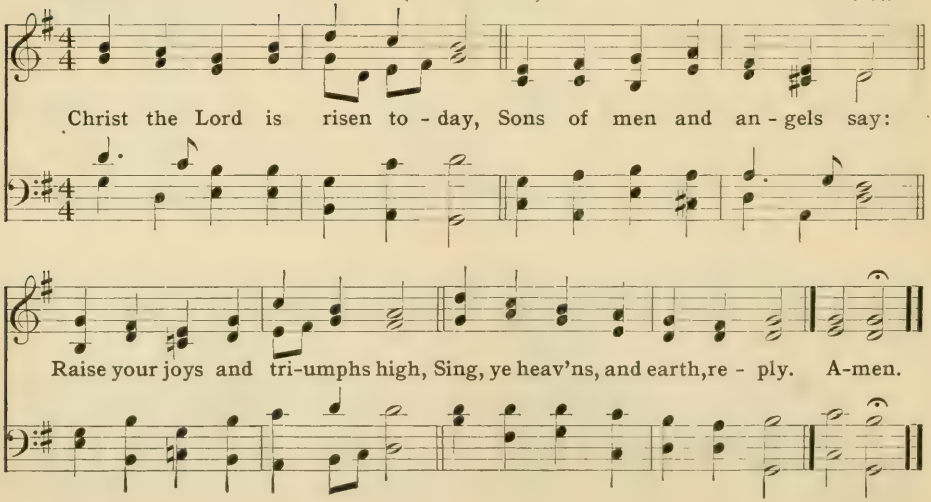
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

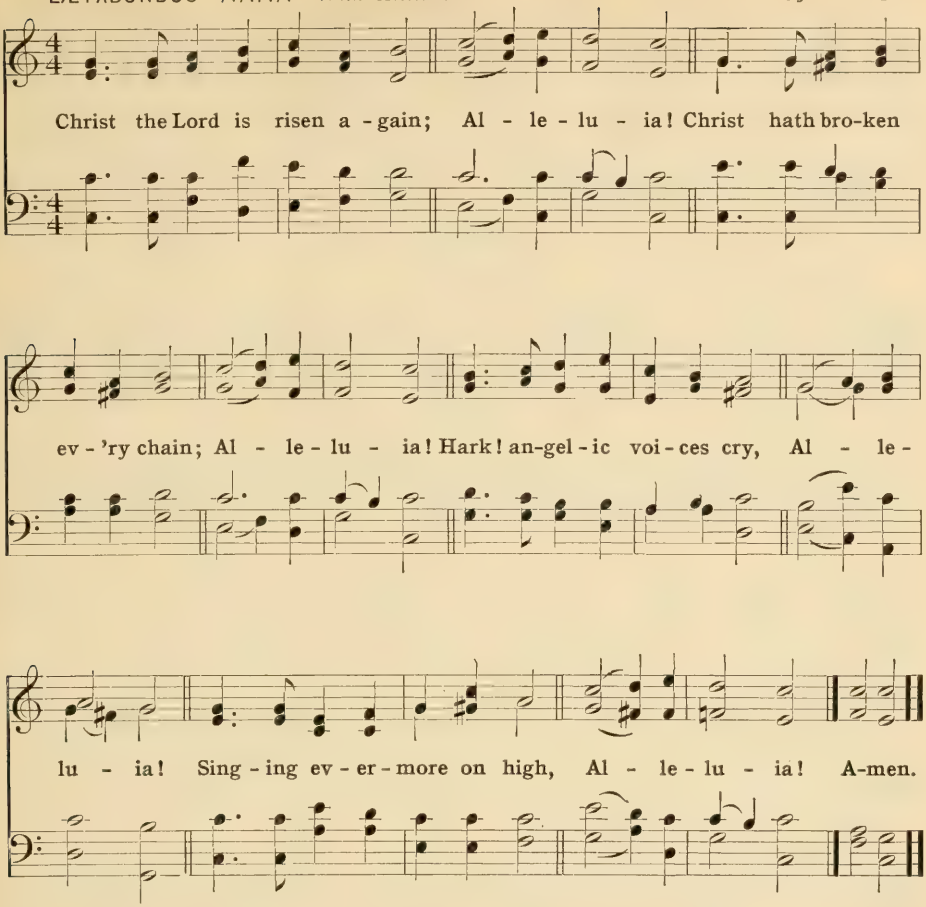
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

180

VIENNA 7.7.7.7. (*Second Tune*) J. H. KNECHT, 1797


Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply. A-men.

181

LÆTABUNDUS 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia* E. J. HOPKINS

Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ hath bro-ken
ev - 'ry chain; Al - le - lu - ia! Hark! an-gel - ic voi - ces cry, Al - le -
lu - ia! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

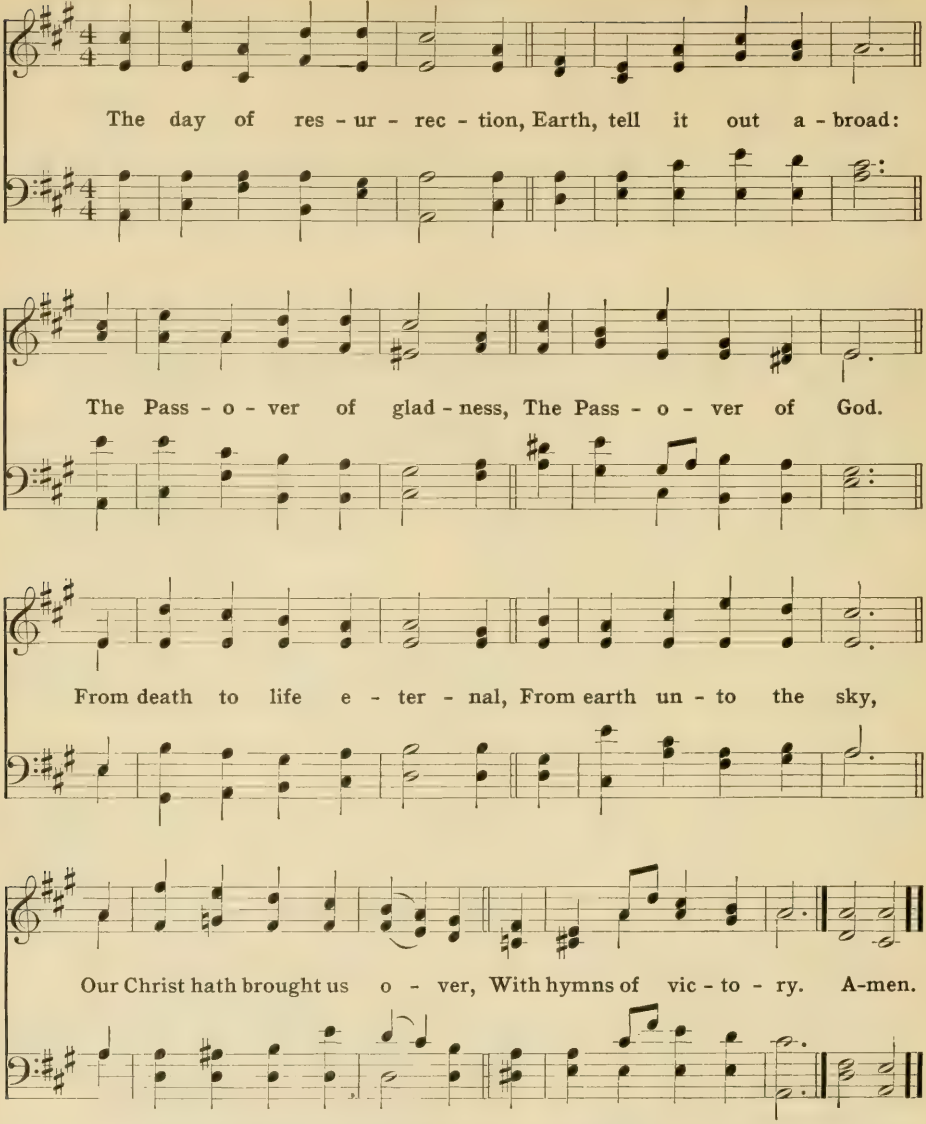
5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!

Rev. MICHAEL WEISSE, 1531. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858

182

ROTTERDAM 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) B. TOURS, 1875


The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad:
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.

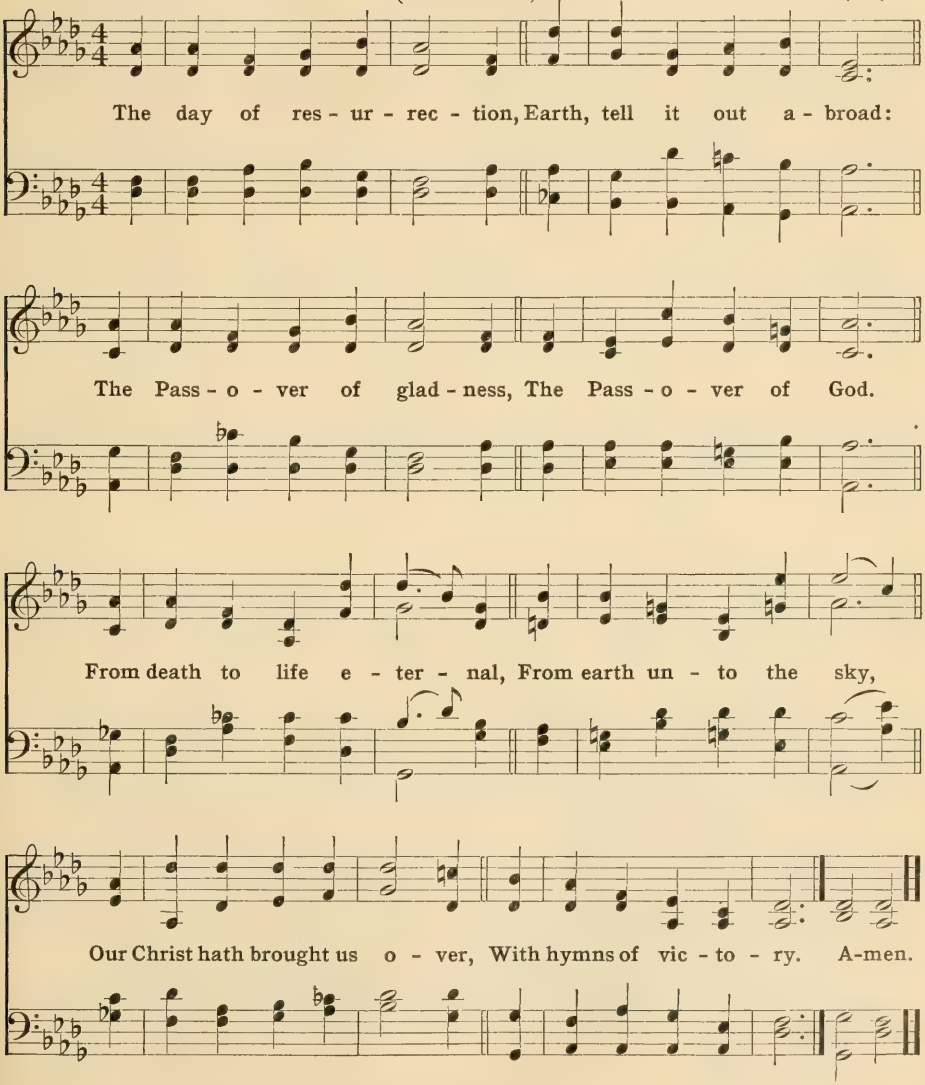
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

JOHN of Damascus, ab. 700. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862

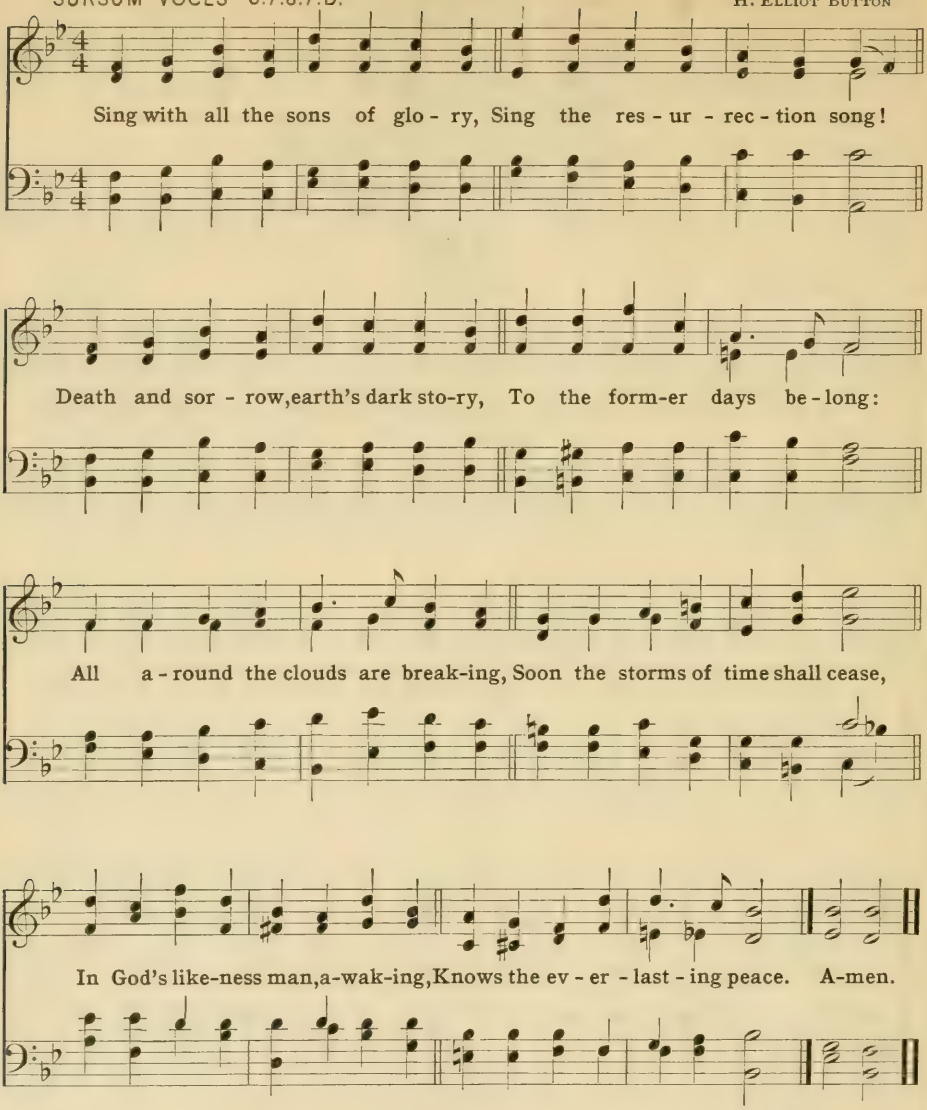
182

LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6.D. (*Second Tune*) H. SMART, 1867


The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad:
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.

183

SURSUM VOCES 8.7.8.7.D.

H. Elliot Button

Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!
Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto-ry, To the form-er days be - long:
All a - round the clouds are break-ing, Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's like-ness man, a-wak-ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace. A-men.

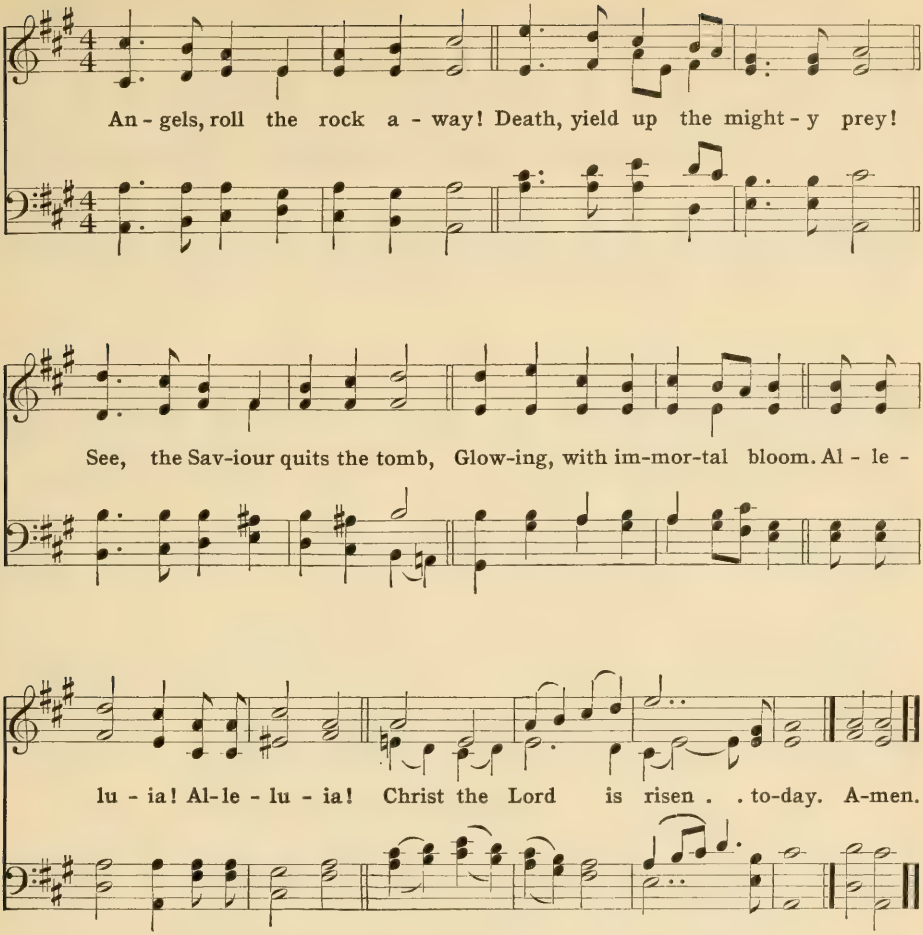
2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"

Rev. William J. Irons, 1875

184

EASTER 7.7.7.7.8.7

Rev. J. B. Dykes

An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y prey!
See, the Sav-iour quits the tomb, Glow-ing, with im-mor-tal bloom. Al - le -
lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen . . to-day. A-men.

2 'Tis the Saviour: angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount Thy throne,
Thy great Father's and Thine own.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

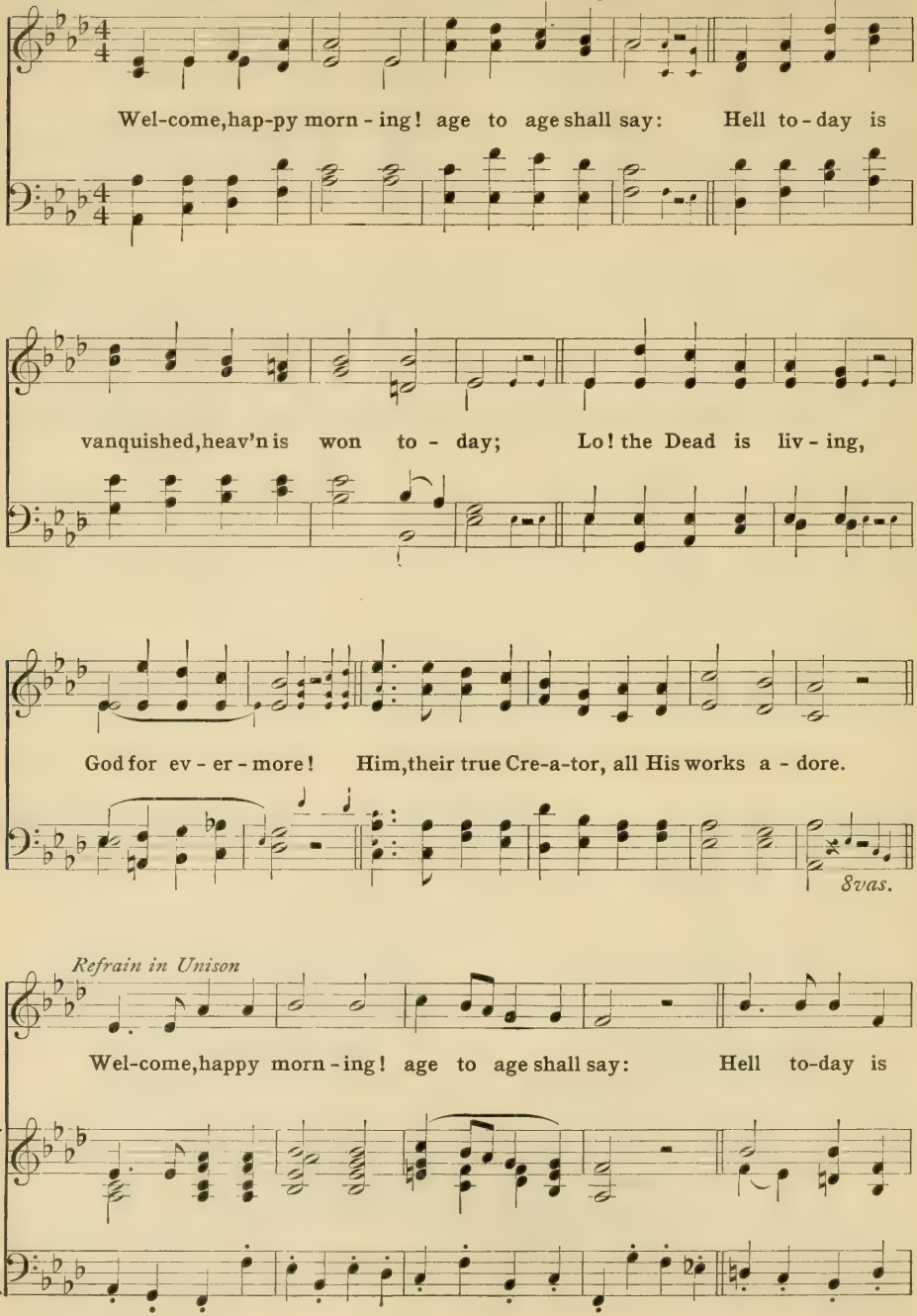
4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

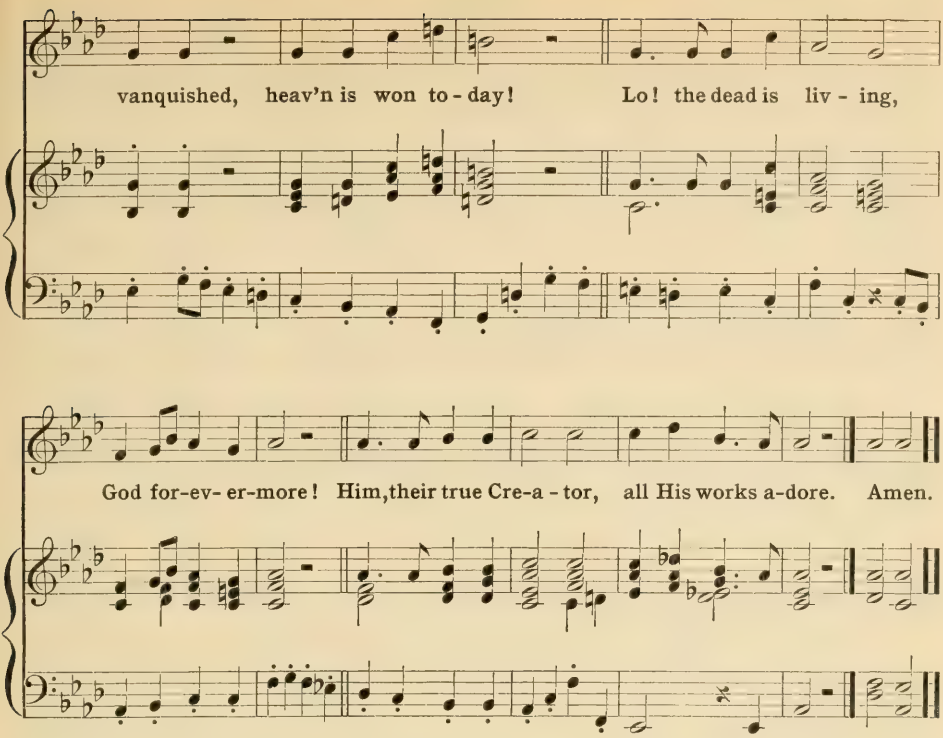
Rev. Thomas Scott, 1769

185

(*First Tune*)

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING 11.11.11.11. *With Refrain* J. B. CALKIN, 1866


Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is
vanquished, heav'n is won to-day; Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,
God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.
8vas.
Refrain in Unison
Wel-come, happy morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is



2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

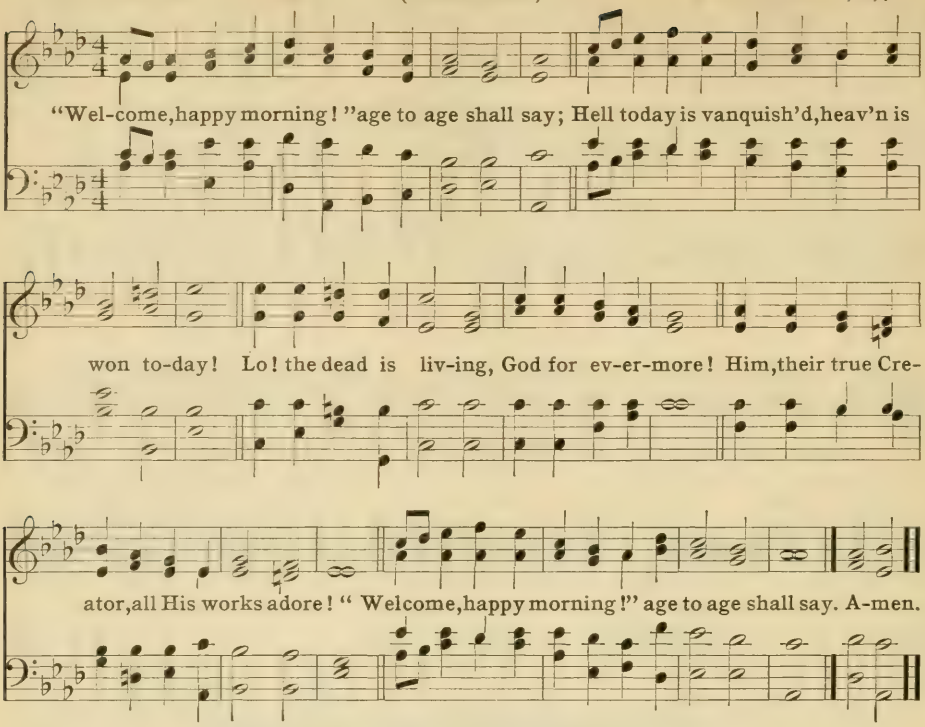
4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 590. Tr. by Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868

185

FORTUNATUS 11s. 5 lines (*Second Tune*) A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874


"Wel-come, happy morning!" age to age shall say; Hell today is vanquish'd, heav'n is
won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-
ator, all His works adore! "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. A-men.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

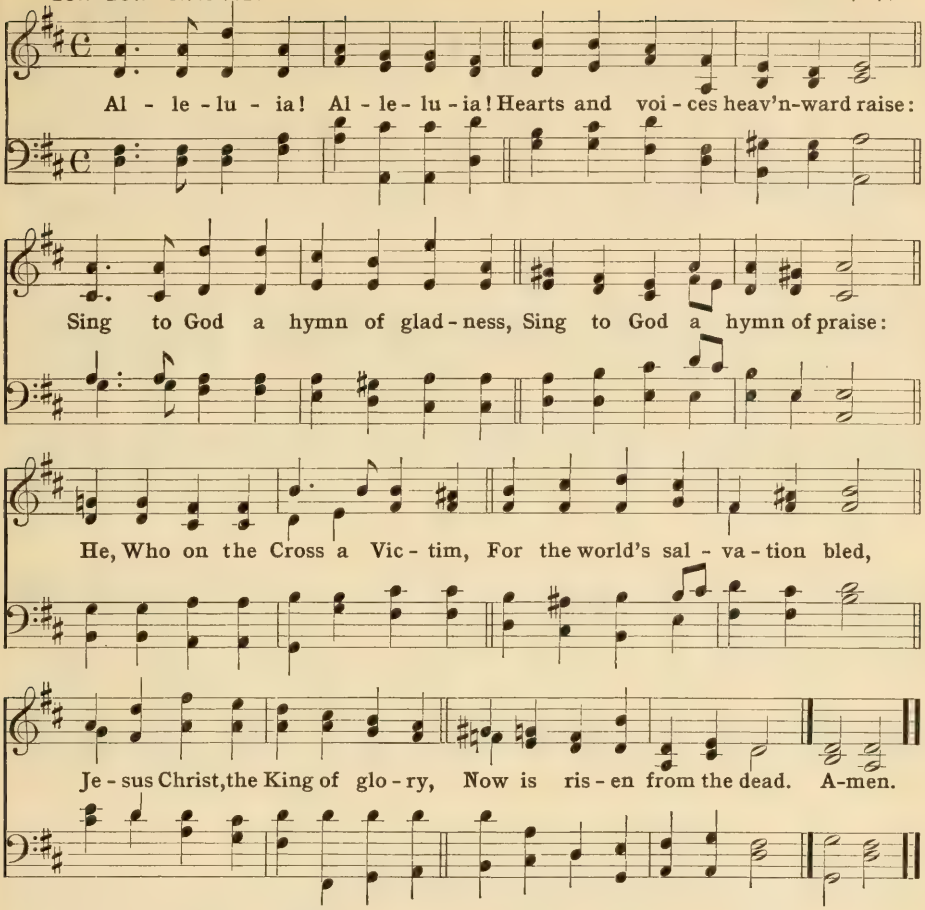
4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 590. Tr. by Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868

186

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi - ces heav'n-ward raise:
Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:
He, Who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A-men.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

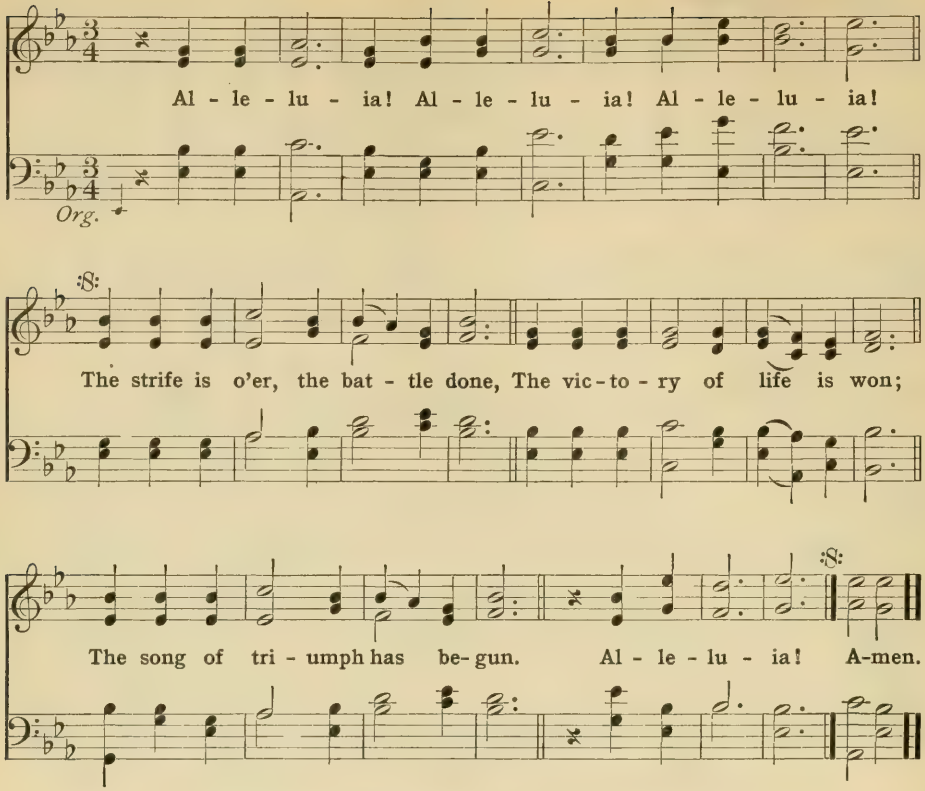
5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

187

VICTORY 8.8.8.4.

From PALESTRINA, 1588


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;
The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

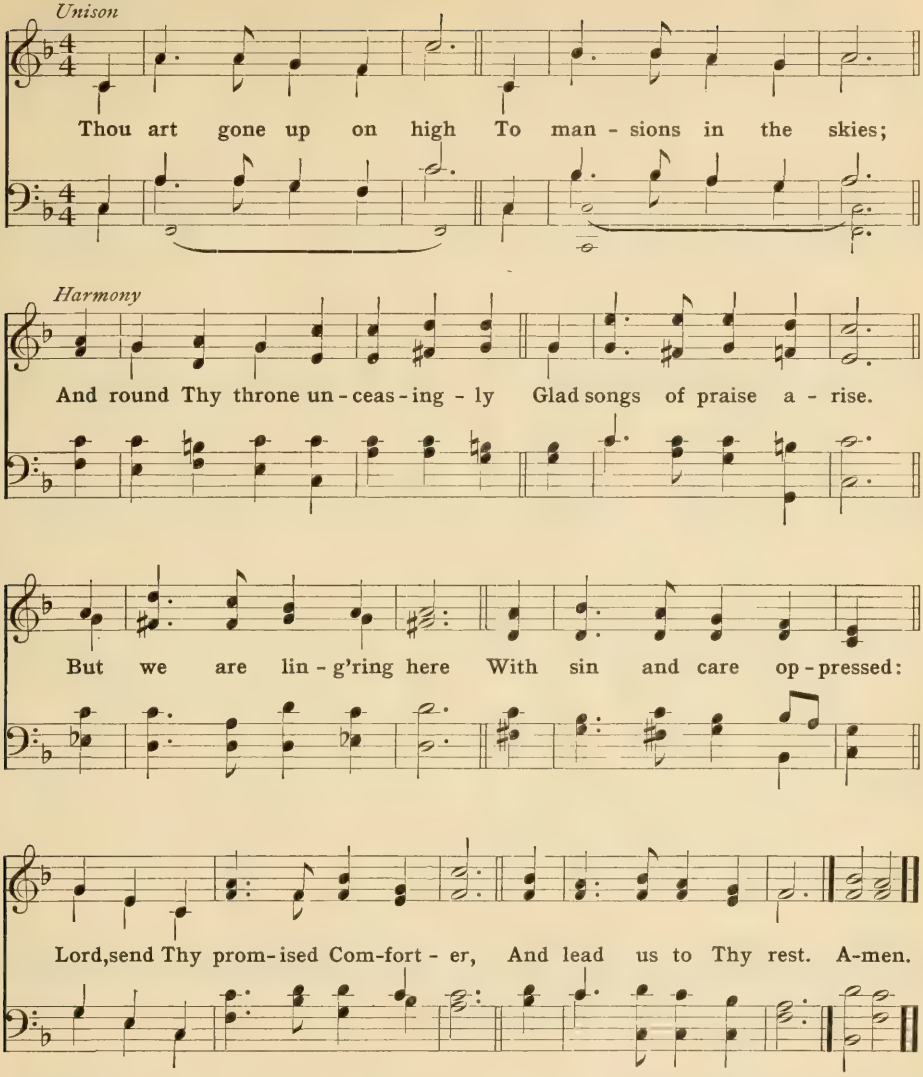
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia!

Latin. Tr. Rev. FRANCIS POTT, 1862

188

ASCENSION S. M. D.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1877

Unison
Thou art gone up on high To man - sions in the skies;
Harmony
And round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly Glad songs of praise a - rise.
But we are lin - g'ring here With sin and care op - pressed:
Lord, send Thy prom - ised Com - fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up on high:
  But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
  To pass unto Thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
  Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
  Lead us at last to Thee.

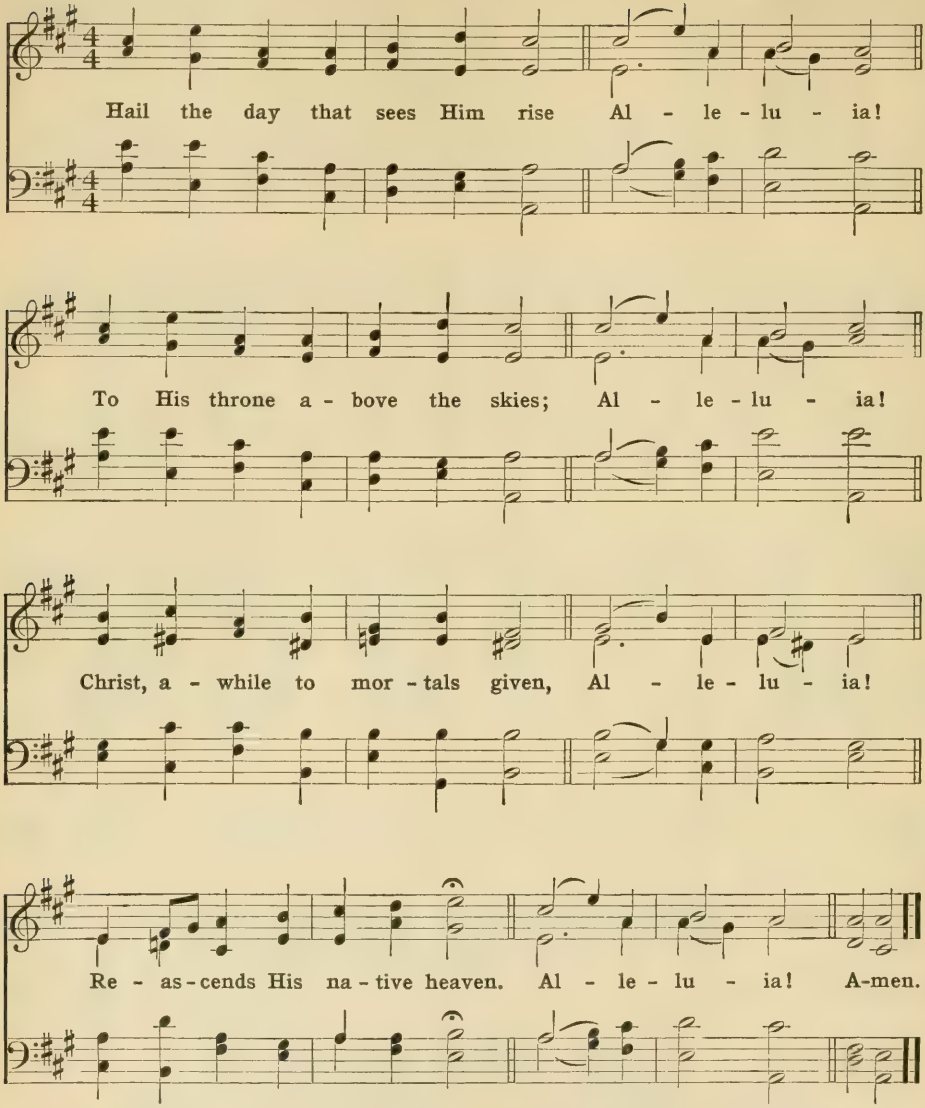
3 Thou art gone up on high:
  But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in Thy train.
O, by Thy saving power,
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
  At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke, 1851

189

(*First Tune*)

ASCENSION 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluias* — W. H. Monk, 1861


Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!
To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!
Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

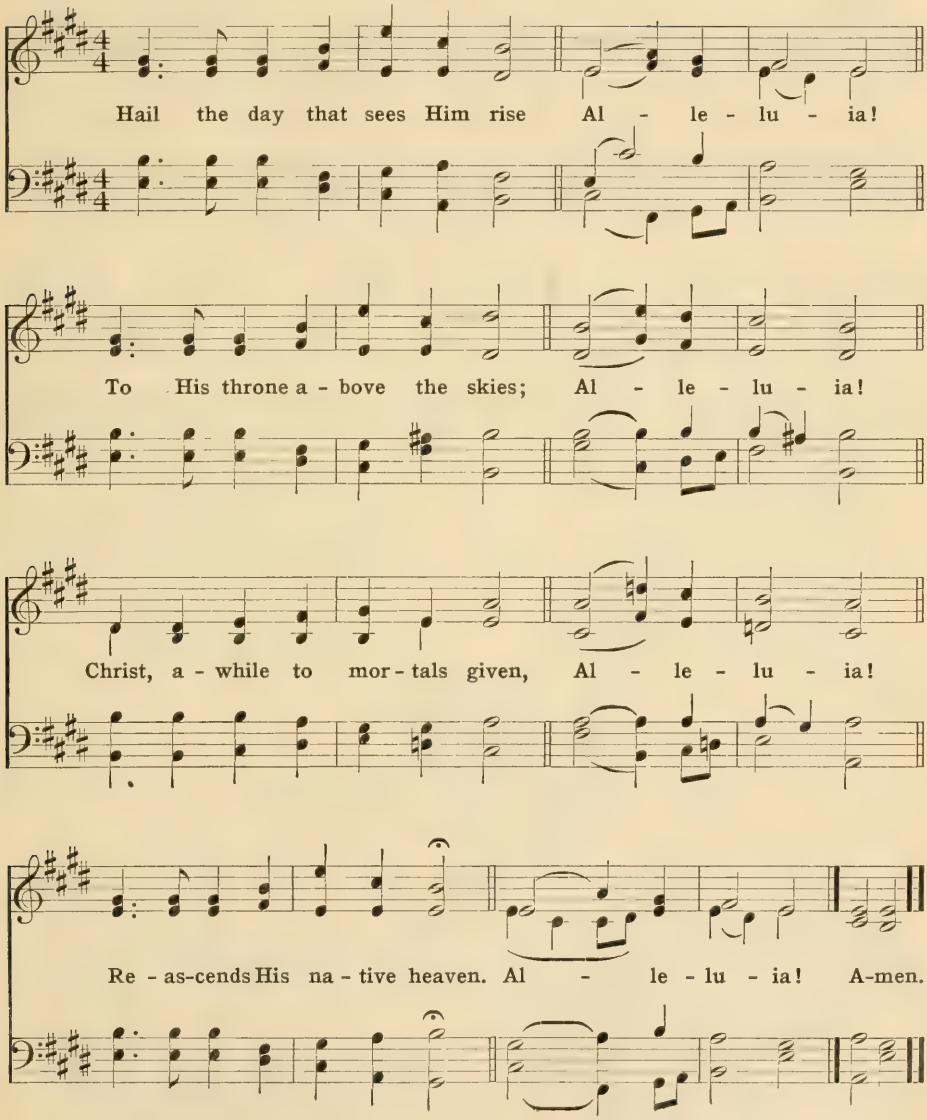
6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739

189

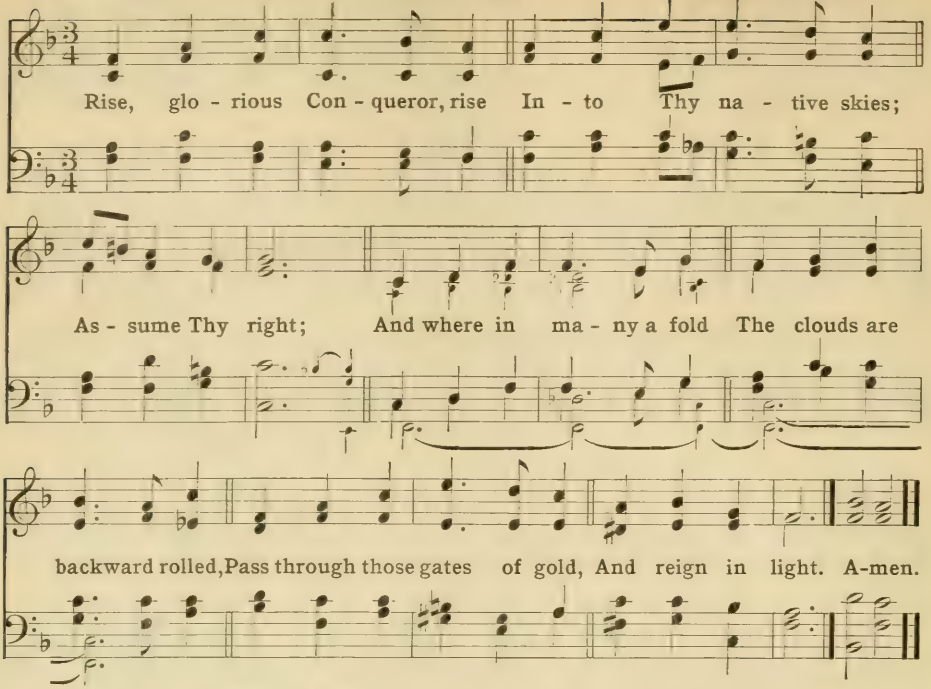
(*Second Tune*)

LAUS SEMPITERNA 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluias* S. Reay


Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!
To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!
Re - as-cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

190

VERRINDER 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune*) C. G. VERRINDER


Rise, glo - rious Con - queror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies;
As - sume Thy right; And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are
backward rolled, Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light. A-men.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train.
Praises all heaven inspire,
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.

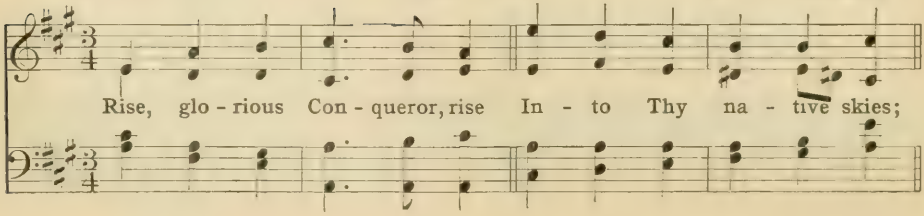
3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown.

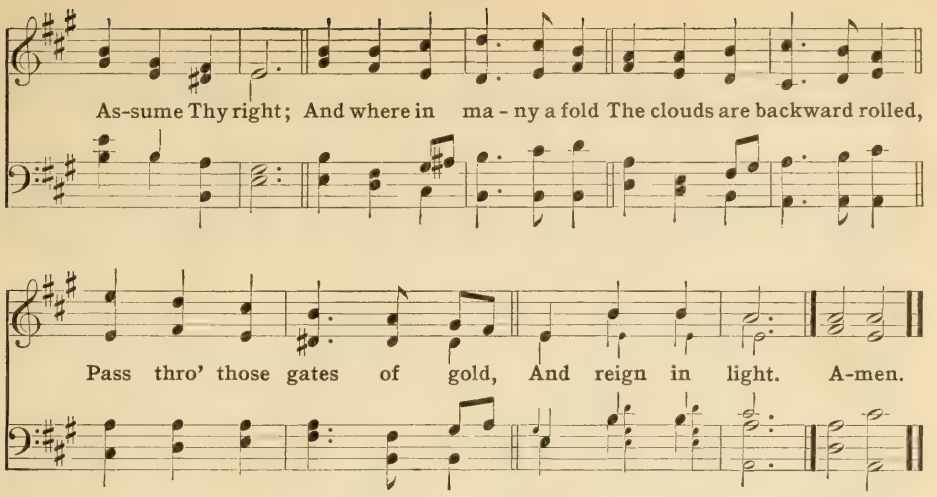
4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848

190

FIAT LUX 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*) Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

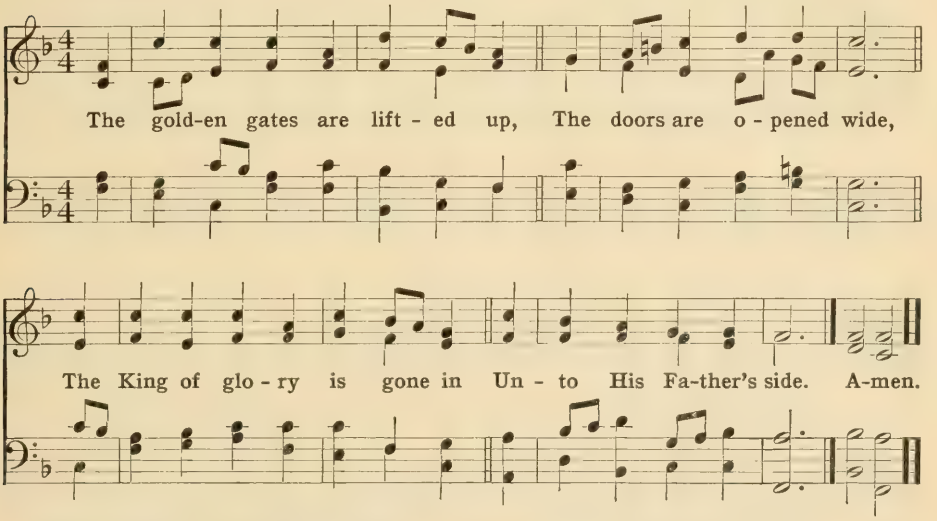



As-sume Thy right; And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light. A-men.

191

HERMANN C. M.

Alt. from NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1560



2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

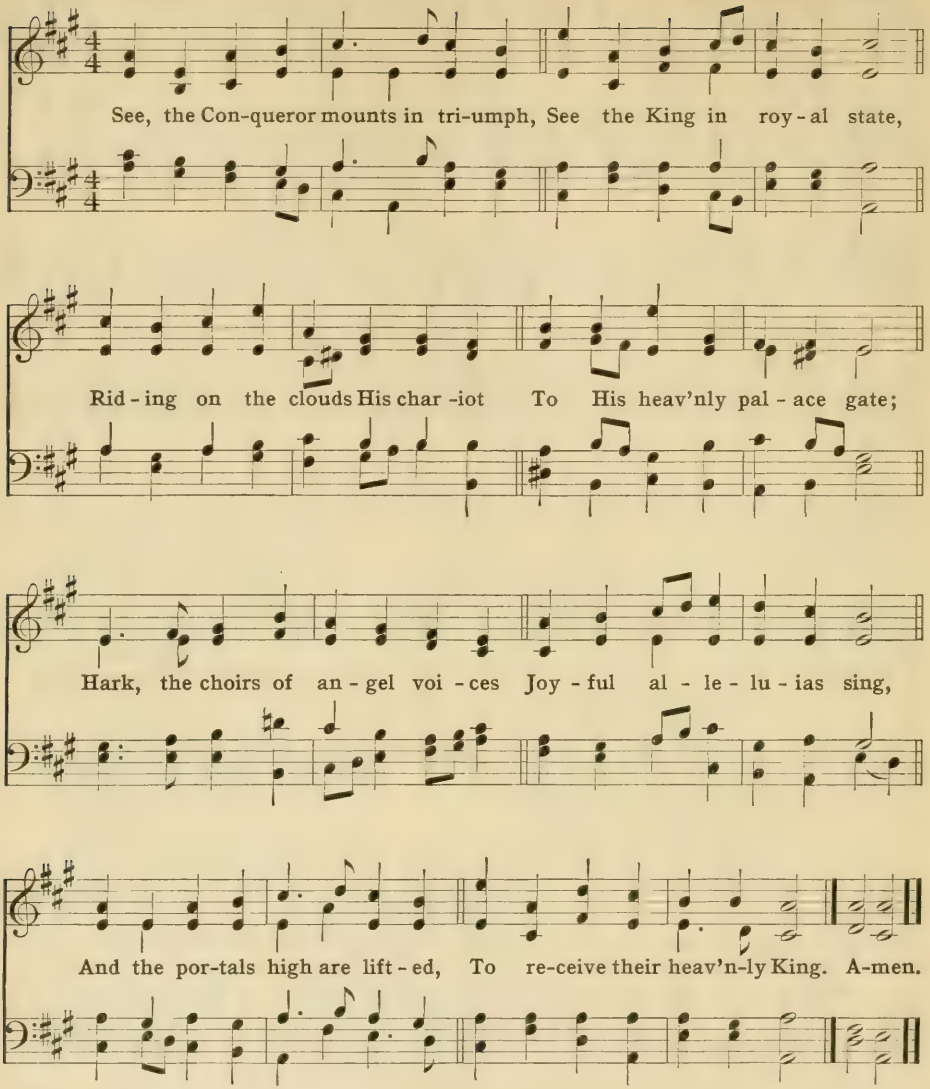
5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852, 1858

192

REX GLORIÆ 8.7.8.7.D.

H. SMART, 1868


See, the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph, See the King in roy-al state,
Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'nly pal-ace gate;
Hark, the choirs of an-gel voi-ces Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,
And the por-tals high are lift-ed, To re-ceive their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

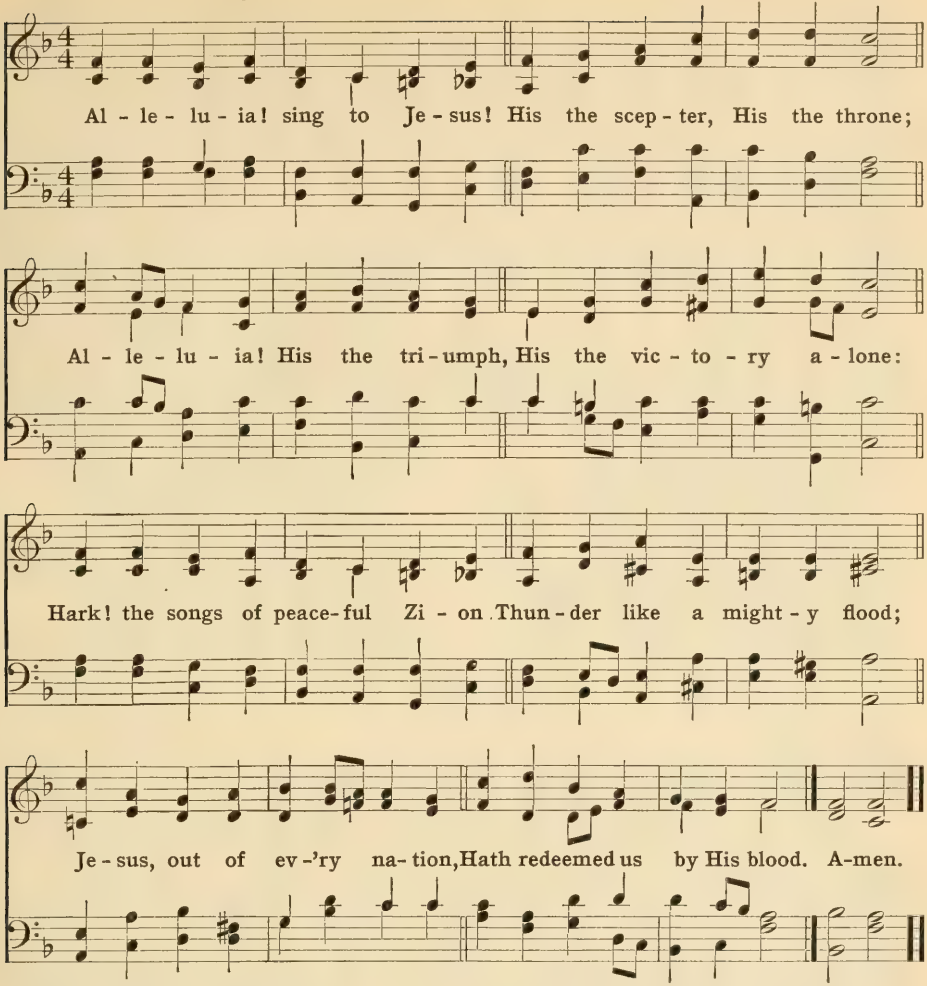
2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He Who on the cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne,
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

193

ALLELUIA (Wesley) 8.7.8.7.D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1868

Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne;
Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:
Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;
Je - sus, out of ev -'ry na - tion, Hath redeemed us by His blood. A-men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans,
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

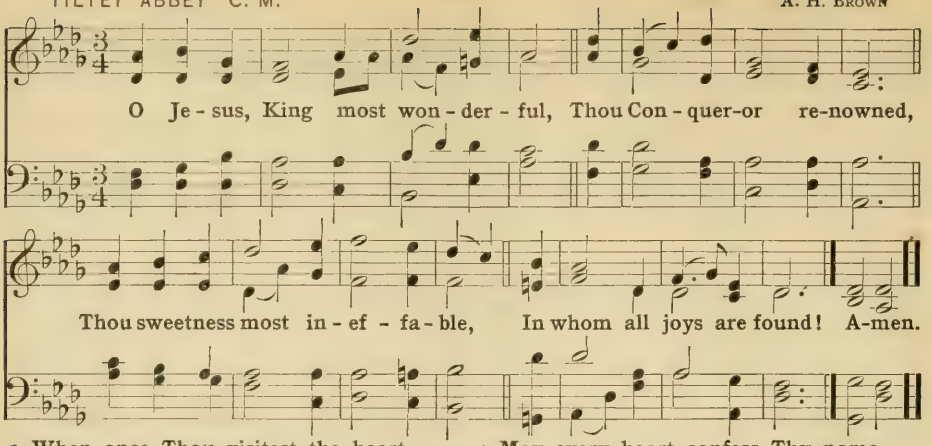
3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1866

194

TILTEY ABBEY C. M. — A. H. Brown



2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

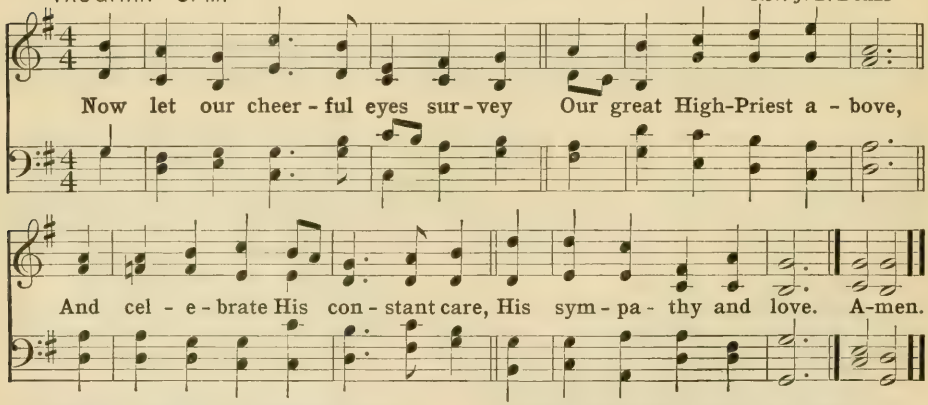
4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153). Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

195

VAUGHAN C. M. — Rev. J. B. Dykes



2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
With matchless honor crowned;

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from His care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

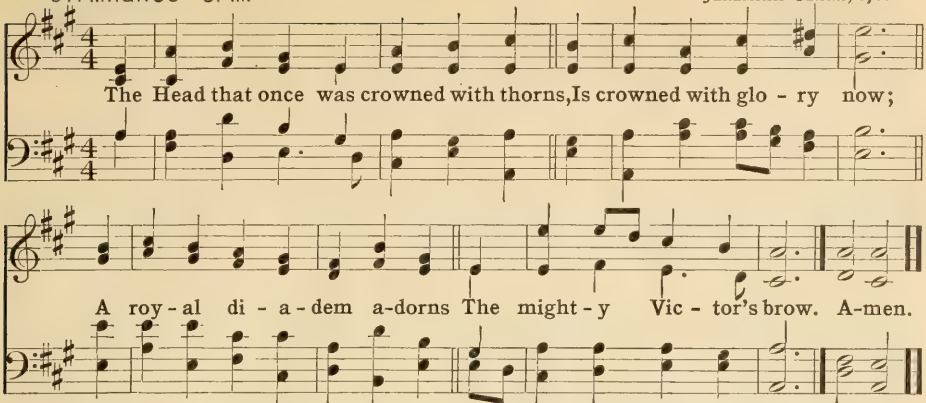
5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1738

196

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1708



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, by sovereign right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

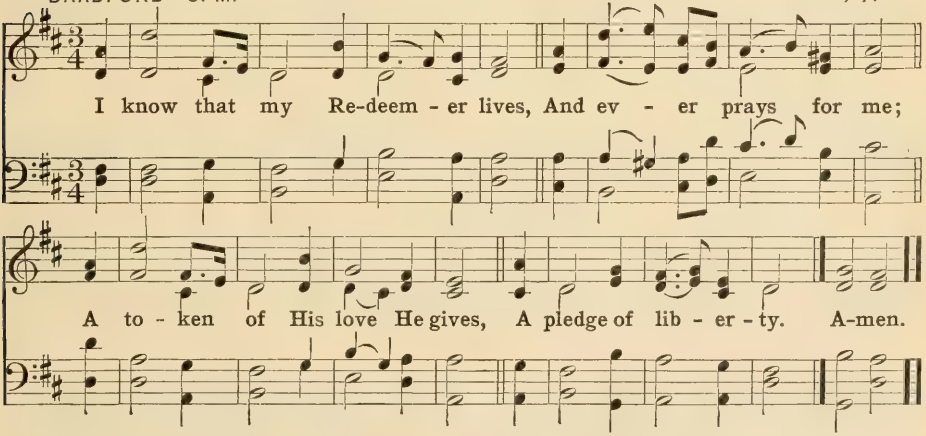
6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1820

197

BRADFORD C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1741



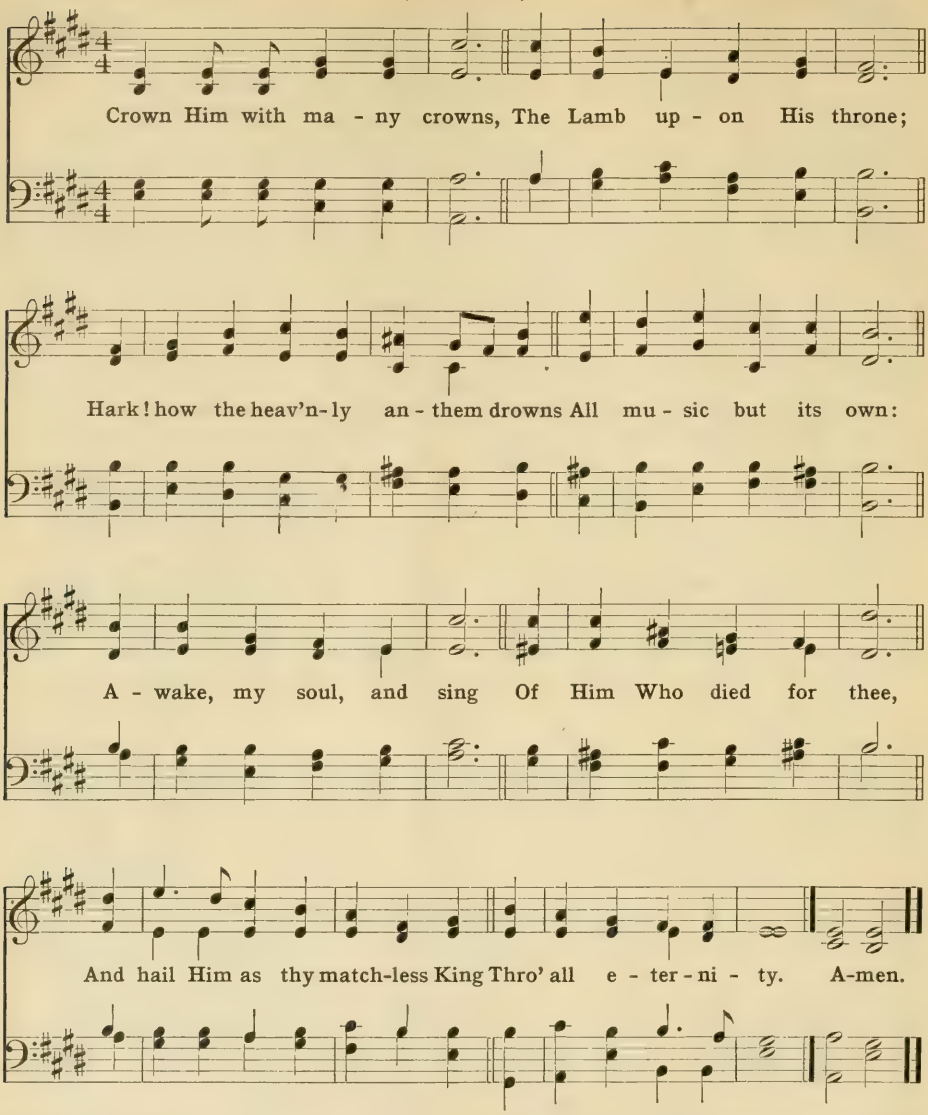
2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

4 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

198

DIADEMATA, No. I S. M. D. (*First Tune*) G. J. Elvey, 1868

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who trod where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

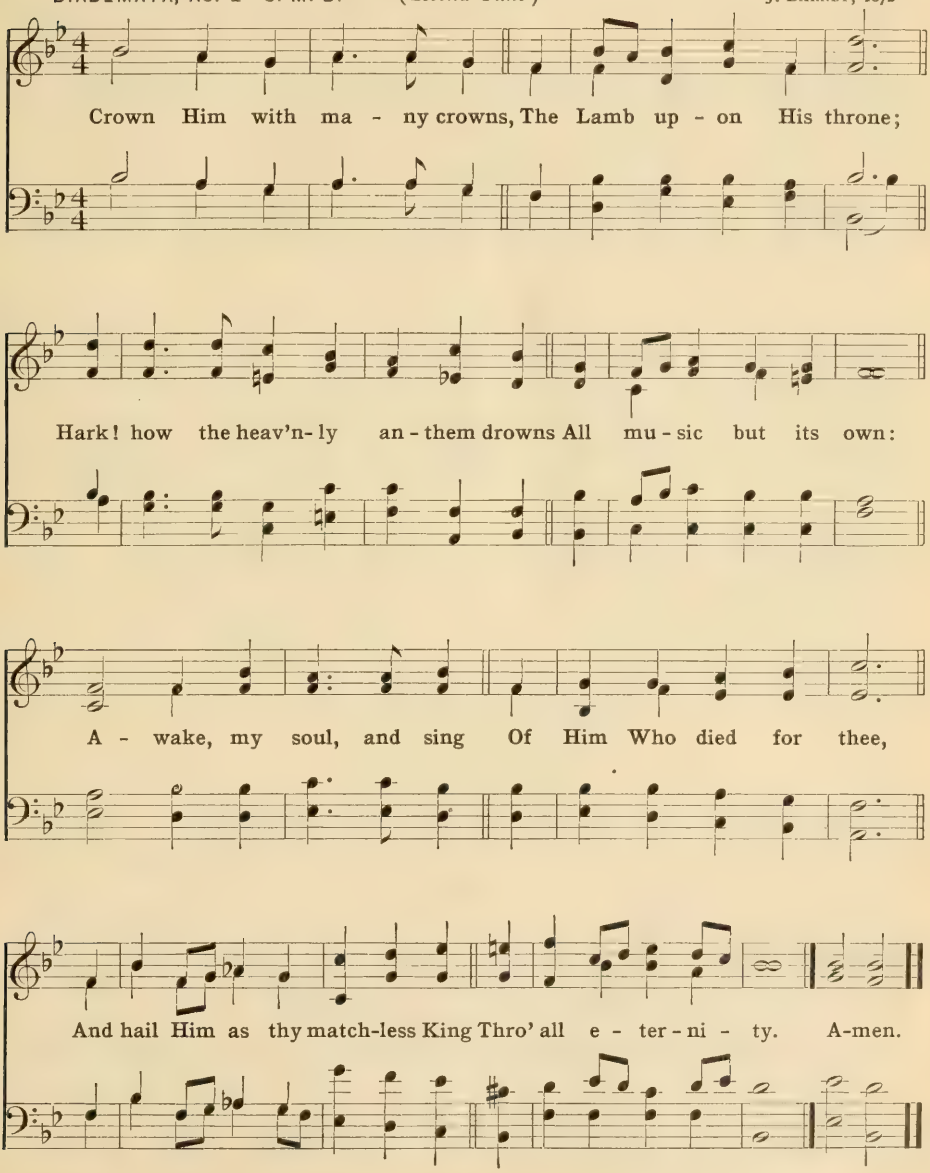
3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,
The wondrous name of Love.

Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

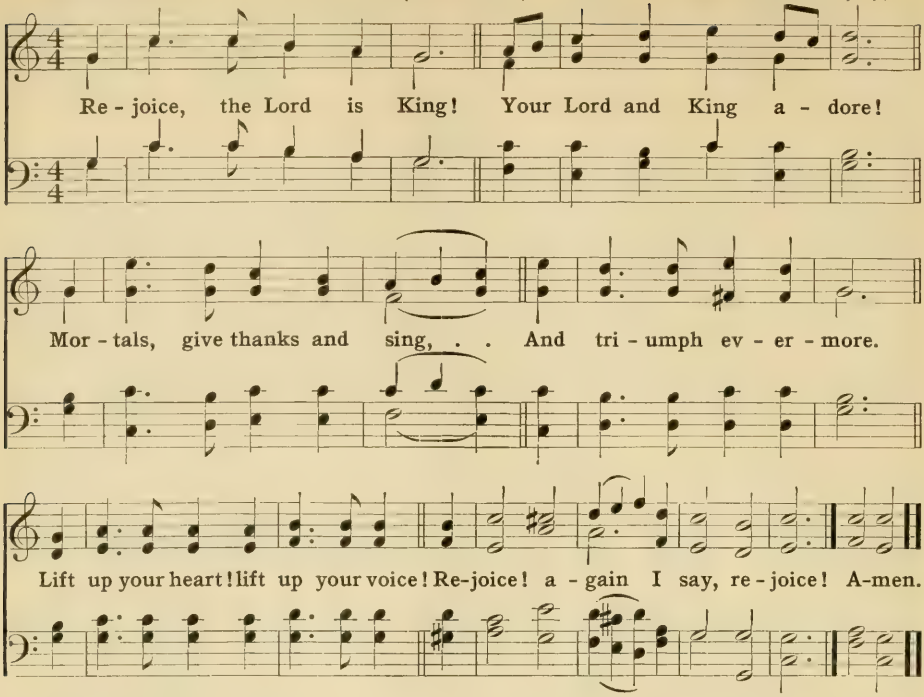
M. BRIDGES, 1848

198

DIADEMATA, No. 2 S. M. D. (*Second Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1872

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter-ni - ty. A-men.

199

ARTHUR'S SEAT 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune*) Arr. from J. Goss, 1874


Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!
Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, . . And tri - umph ev - er - more.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Re-joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! A-men.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

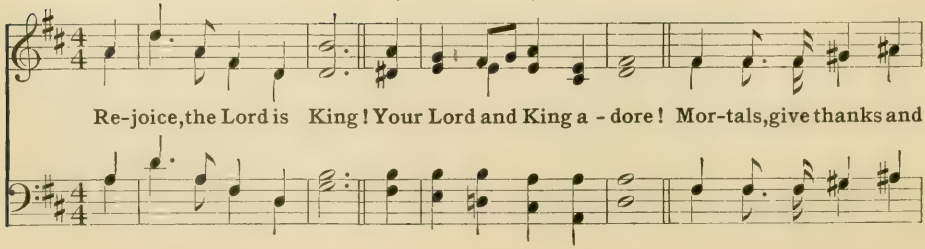
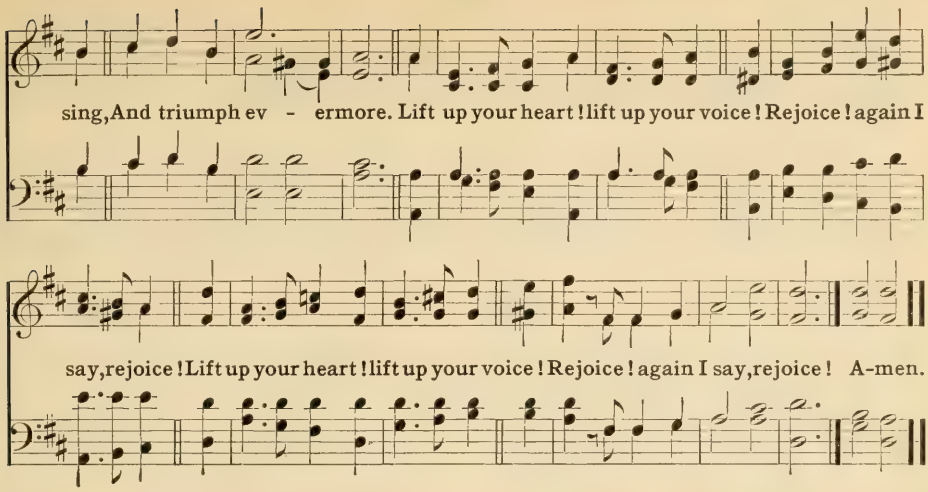
3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound, — Rejoice!

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1744

199

JUBILATE 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune*) H. W. PARKER

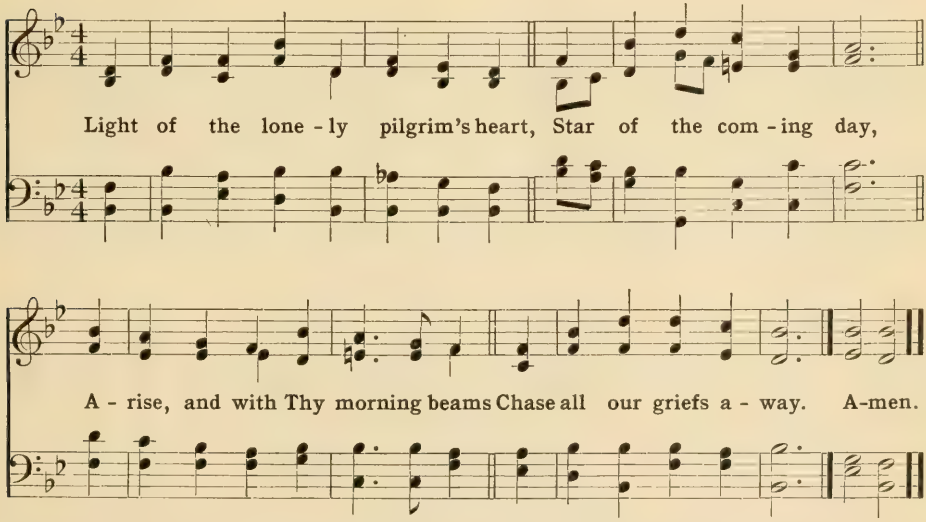


sing, And triumph ev - ermore. Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! again I
say, rejoice! Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! again I say, rejoice! A-men.

200

CATERHAM C. M.

A. COTTMAN



2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
Praises unto Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

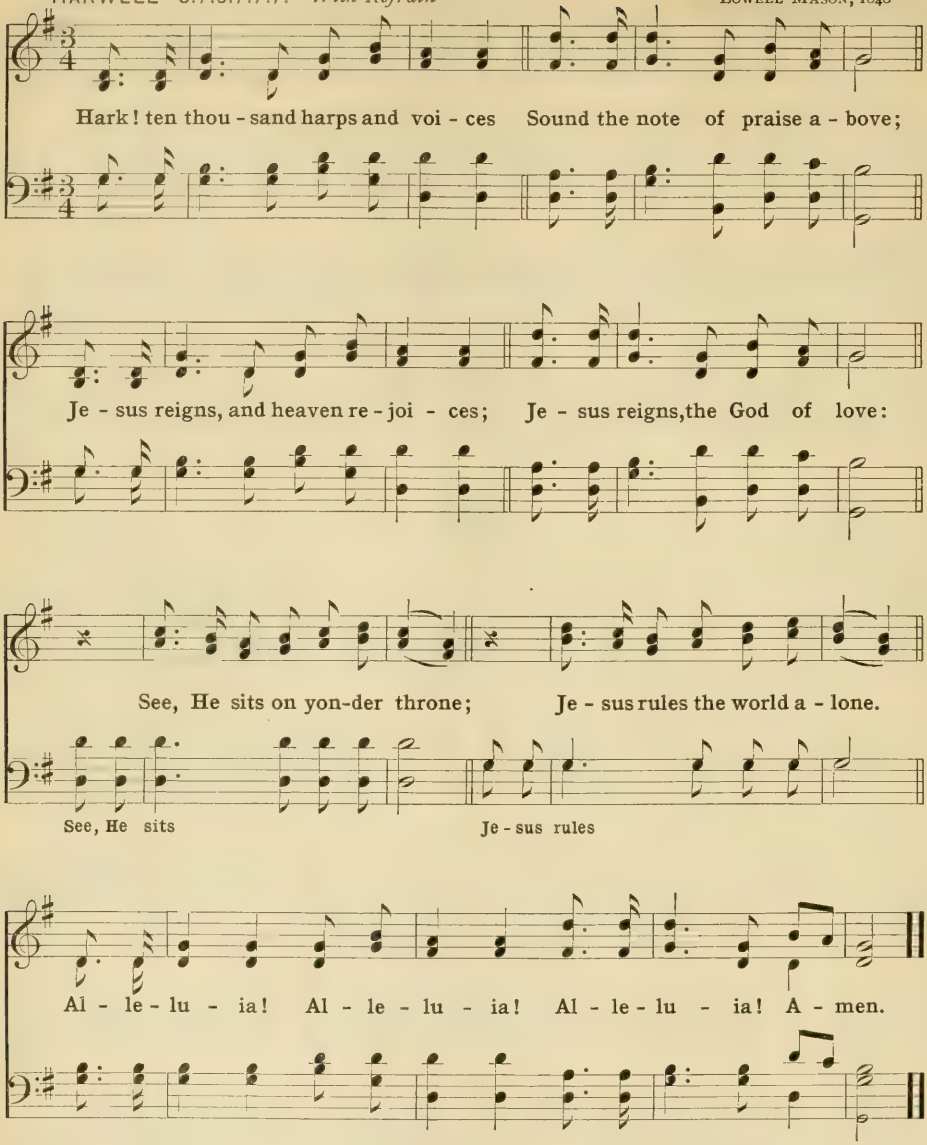
4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans —
The air, the earth, the sea —
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

EDWARD DENNY, 1848

201

HARWELL 8.7.8.7.7.7. *With Refrain*

LOWELL MASON, 1840

Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
See, He sits
Je - sus rules
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

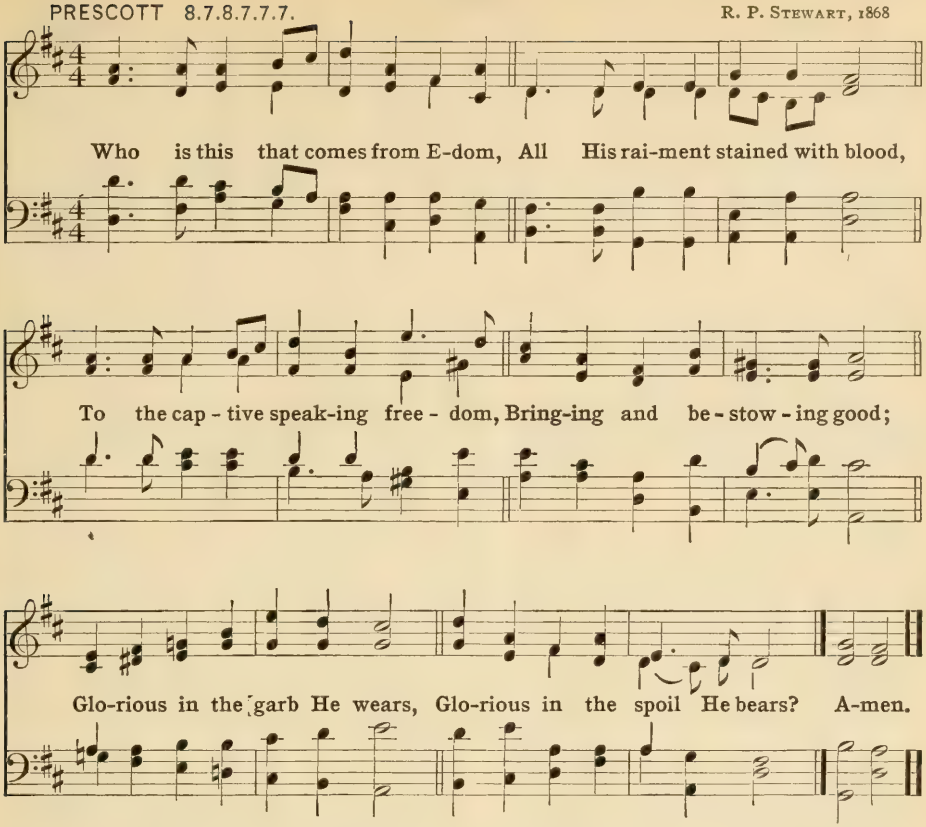
3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1804

202

PRESCOTT 8.7.8.7.7.7.

R. P. Stewart, 1868


Who is this that comes from E-dom, All His rai-ment stained with blood,
To the cap - tive speak-ing free - dom, Bring-ing and be - stow - ing good;
Glo-rious in the garb He wears, Glo-rious in the spoil He bears? A-men.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

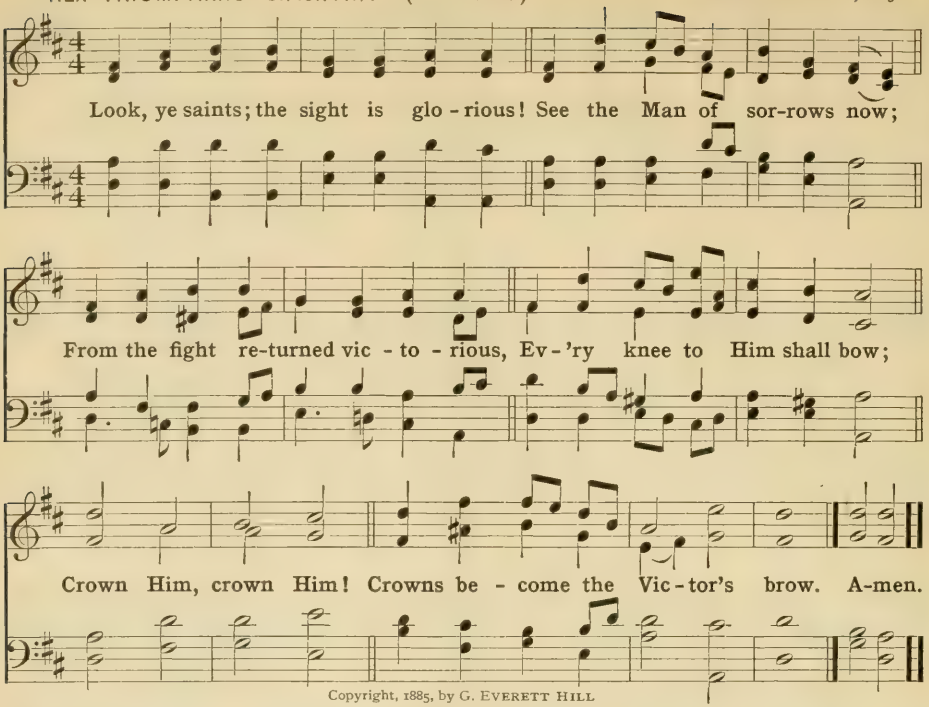
3 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected;
'Tis an everlasting throne:
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809

203

REX TRIUMPHANS 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*) G. EVERETT HILL, 1885


Look, ye saints; the sight is glo - rious! See the Man of sor-rows now;
From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic-tor's brow. A-men.

Copyright, 1885, by G. EVERETT HILL

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

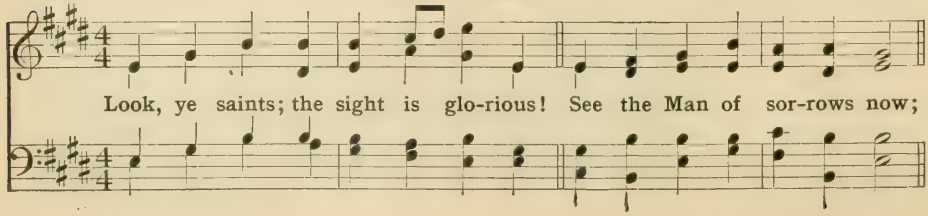
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown Him, crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

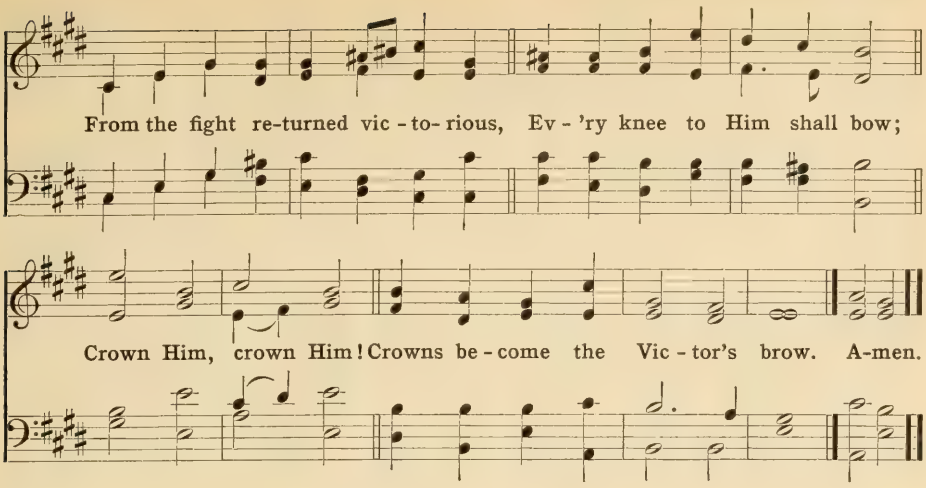
4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1804

203

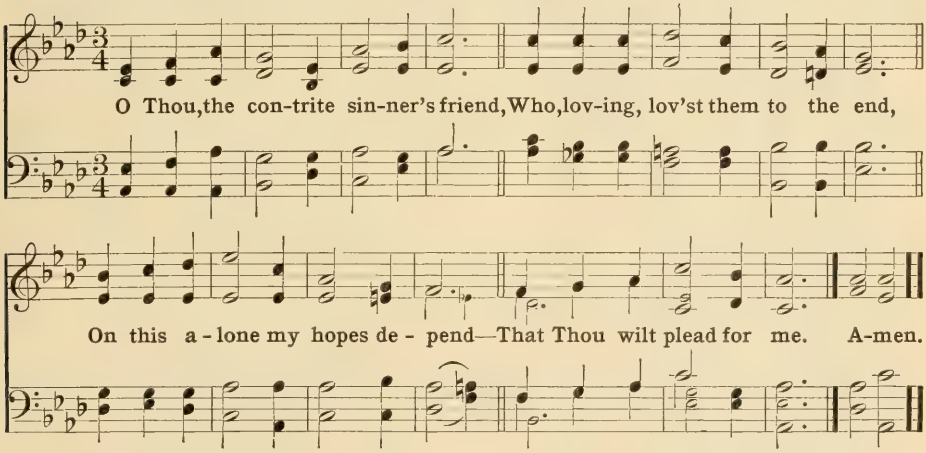
CORFE MULLEN 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*) Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS





204

JUST AS I AM 8.8.8.6. J. Barnby, 1893


O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend—That Thou wilt plead for me. A-men.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

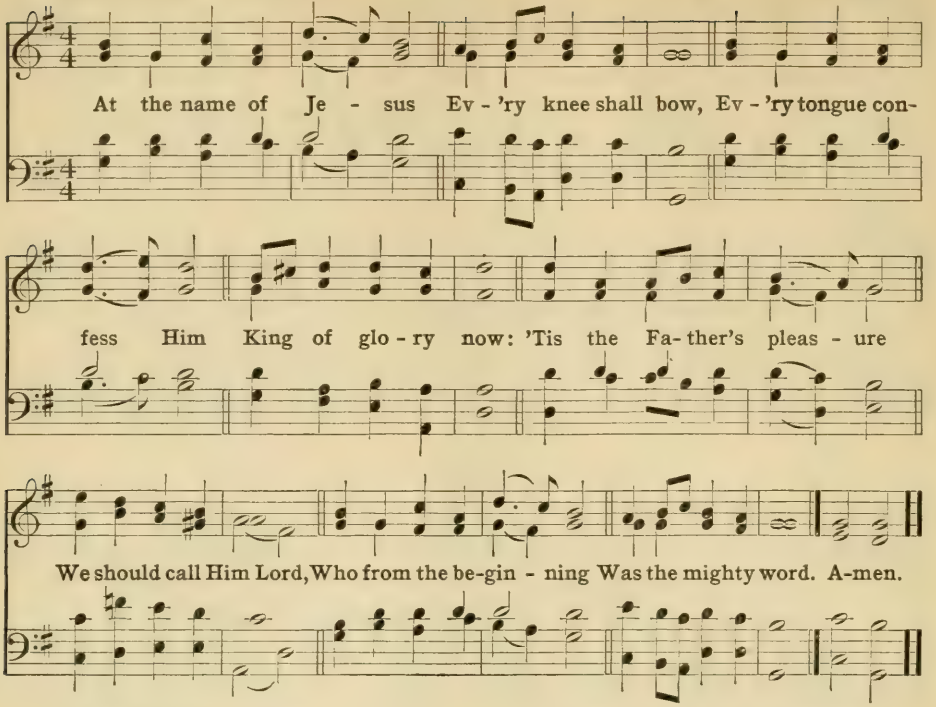
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away:
O say, Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

205

PRINCETHORPE 6.5.6.5.D. W. Pitts

At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con-
fess Him King of glo - ry now: 'Tis the Fa-ther's pleas - ure
We should call Him Lord, Who from the be-gin - ning Was the mighty word. A-men.

2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:

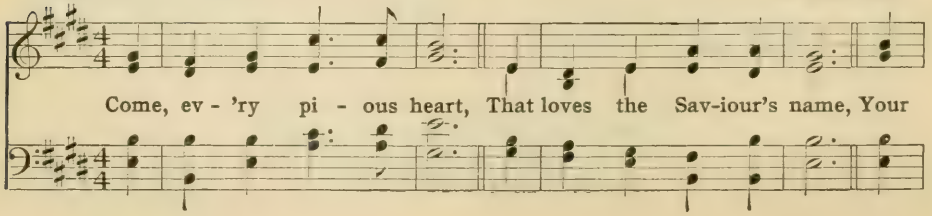
3 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

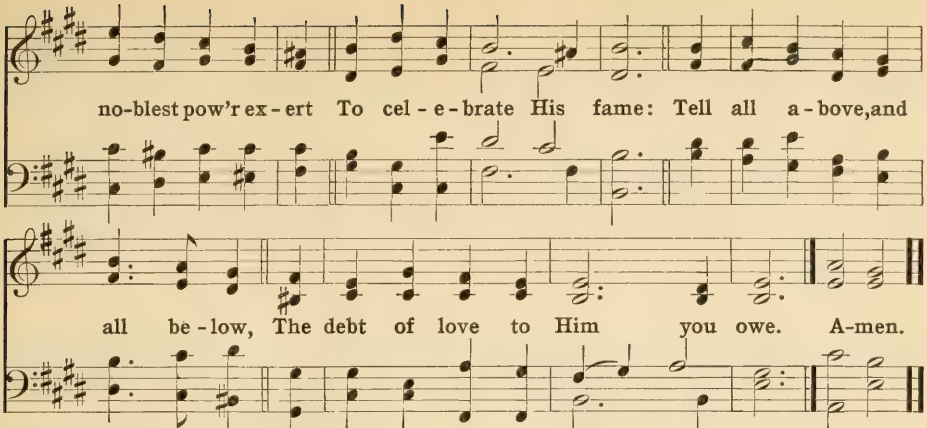
4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline M. Noel, 1870

206

RALEIGH 6.6.6.6.8.8. E. Prout, 1887





2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

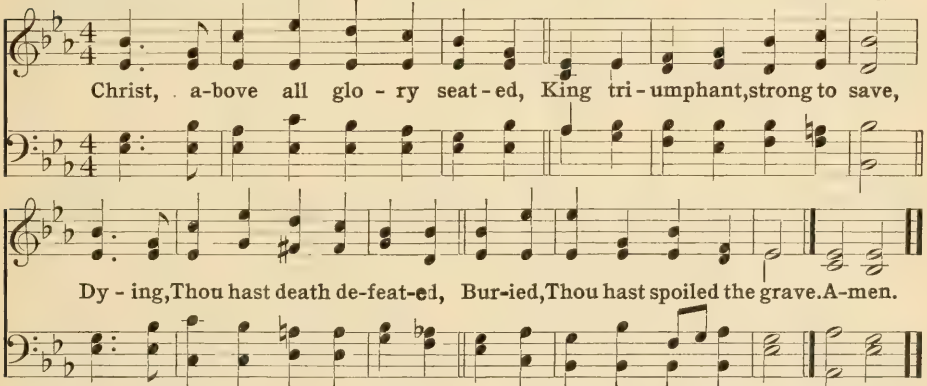
4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

207

ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1857


Christ, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed, King tri-umphant, strong to save,
Dy-ing, Thou hast death de-feat-ed, Bur-ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-men.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain;
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated, bow.

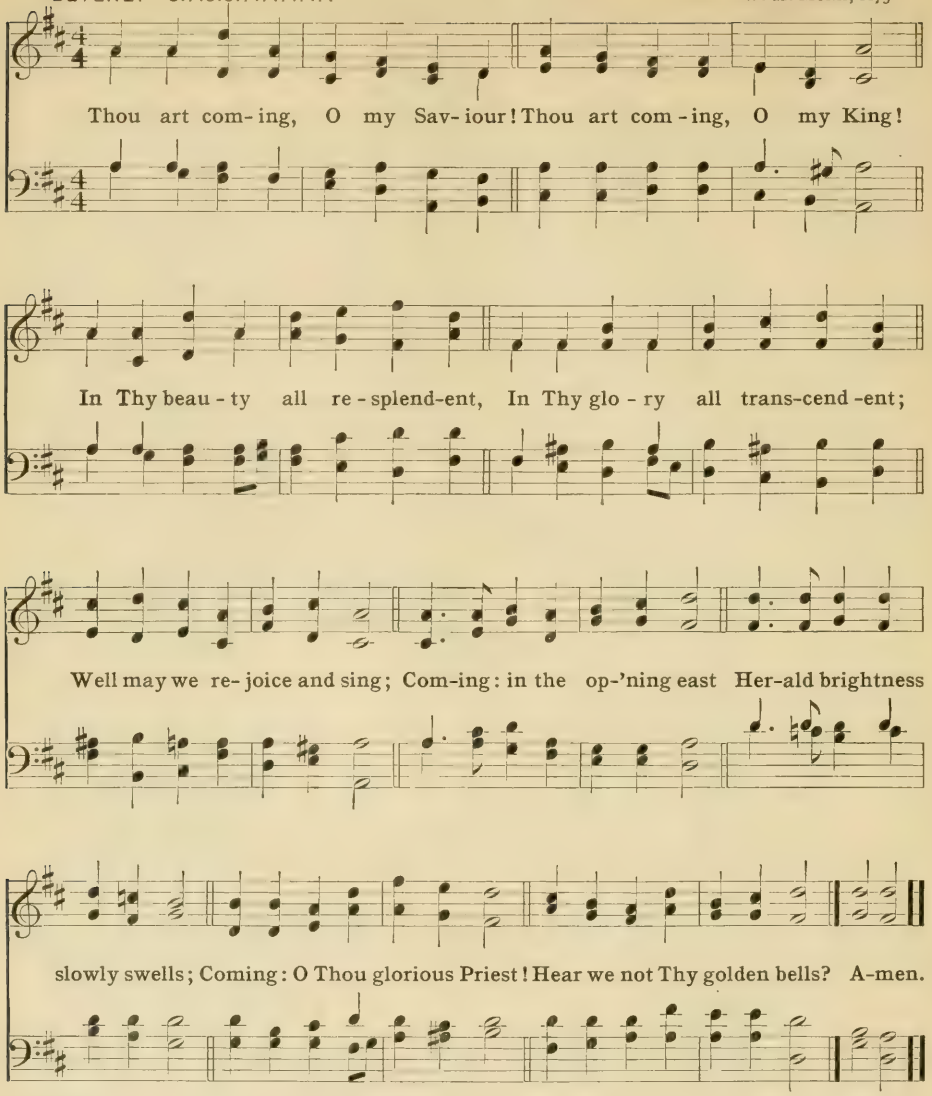
4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high!

5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore;
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With one Spirit evermore!

Latin, 7th century. Tr. by Bishop J. R. Woodford, 1863

208

BEVERLY 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7. W. H. Monk, 1875

Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour! Thou art com-ing, O my King!
In Thy beau-ty all re-splend-ent, In Thy glo-ry all trans-cend-ent;
Well may we re-joice and sing; Com-ing: in the op-'ning east Her-ald brightness
slowly swells; Coming: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy golden bells? A-men.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming, we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainly shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

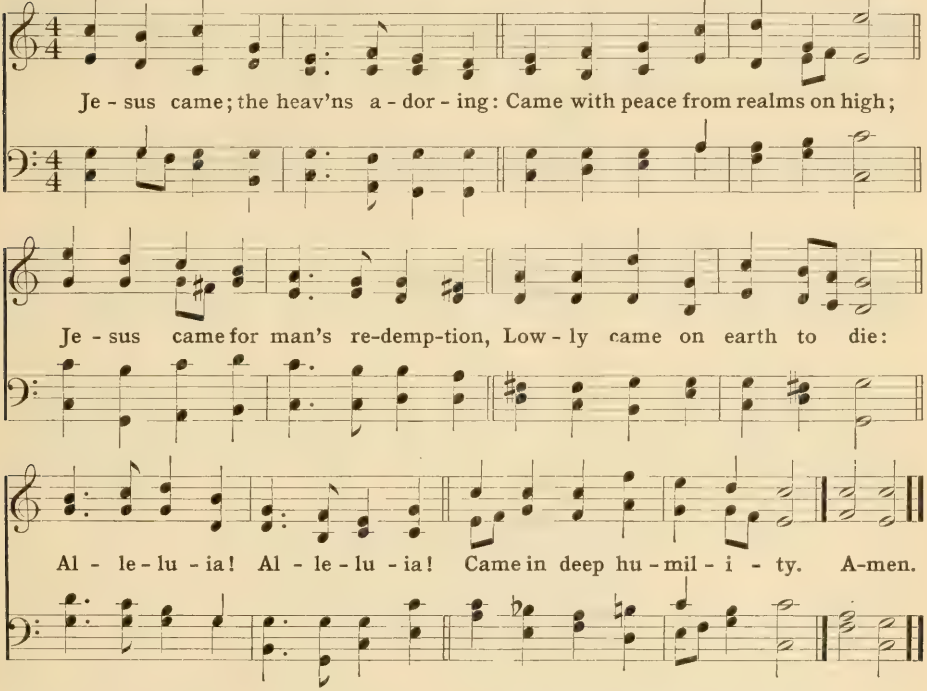
5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

209

ST. PANCRAS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HENRY SMART, 1868


Je - sus came; the heav'ns a - dor - ing: Came with peace from realms on high;
Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-men.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

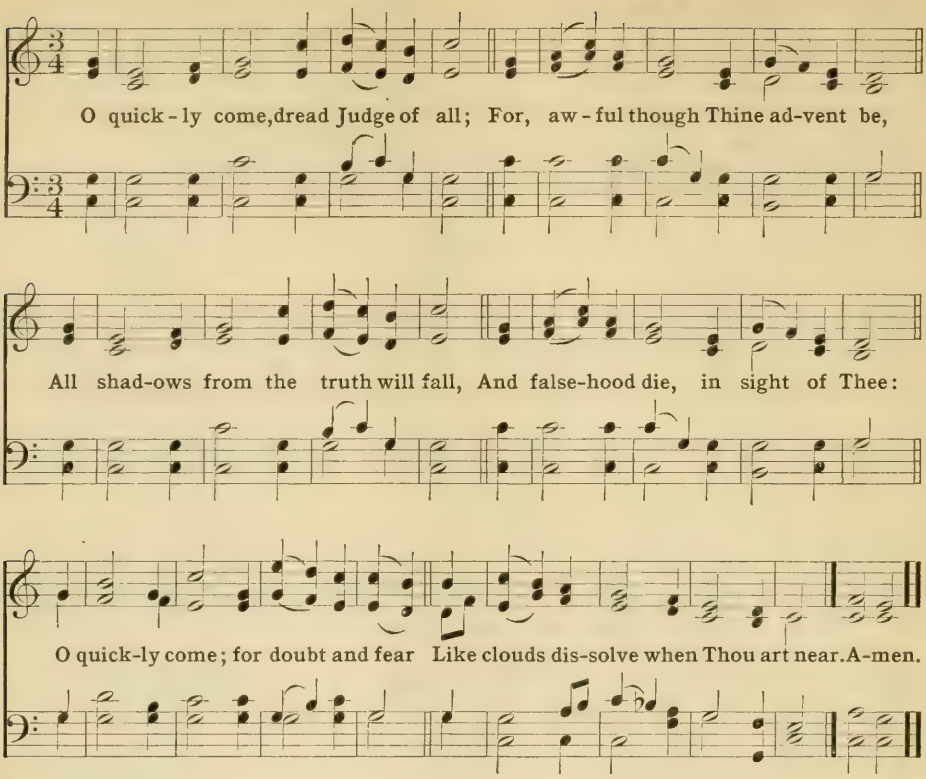
5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, 1866

210

ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 6 lines

D. BORTNIANSKY


O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful though Thine ad-vent be,
All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:
O quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-solve when Thou art near. A-men.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

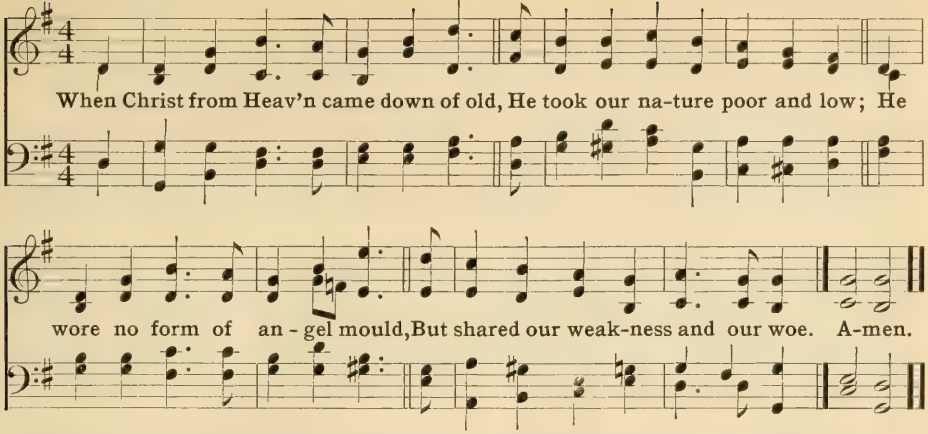
4 O quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

REV. LAURENCE TUTTIETT, 1854

211

LAMPADARIUS L. M.

A. H. MANN, 1894


When Christ from Heav'n came down of old, He took our na-ture poor and low; He
wore no form of an - gel mould, But shared our weak-ness and our woe. A-men.

2 But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him Who sits thereon.

3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed:

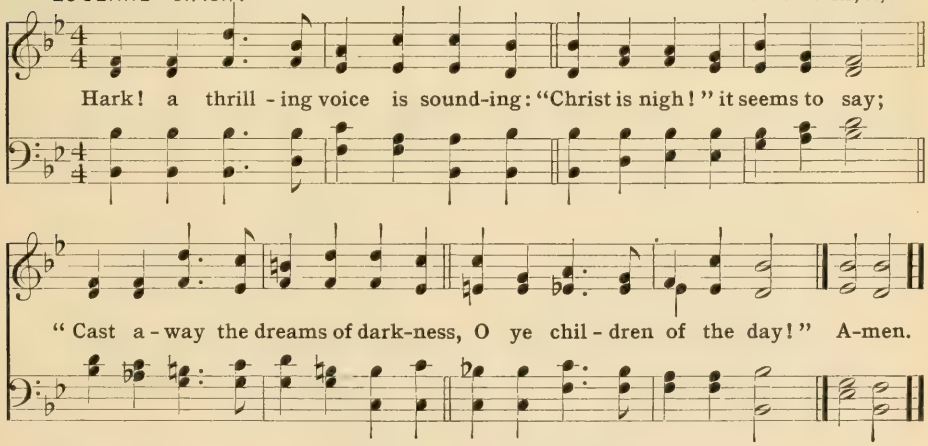
4 Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great Day of Judgment save.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

212

LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. WILLIS, 1876


Hark! a thrill - ing voice is sound-ing: "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
" Cast a - way the dreams of dark-ness, O ye chil - dren of the day!" A-men.

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

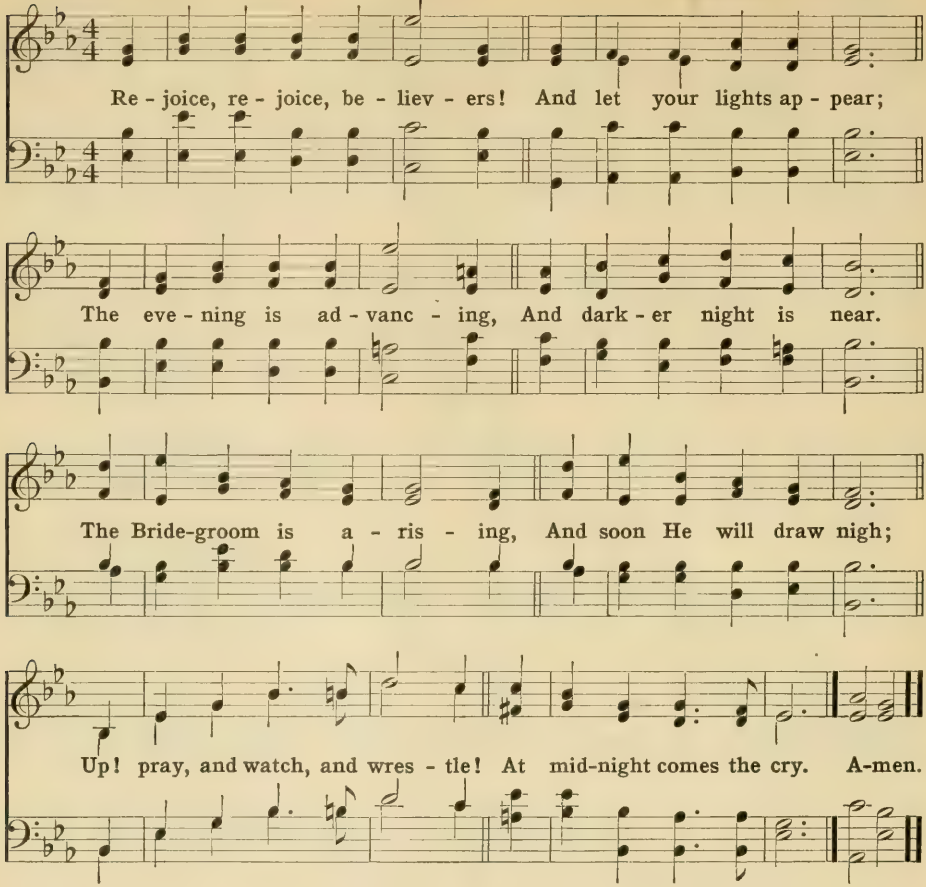
3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So, when next He comes in glory
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.

Latin, 5th Cent. Tr. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848

213

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.D.

LAUSANNE PSALTER, 1790

Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid-night comes the cry. A-men.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

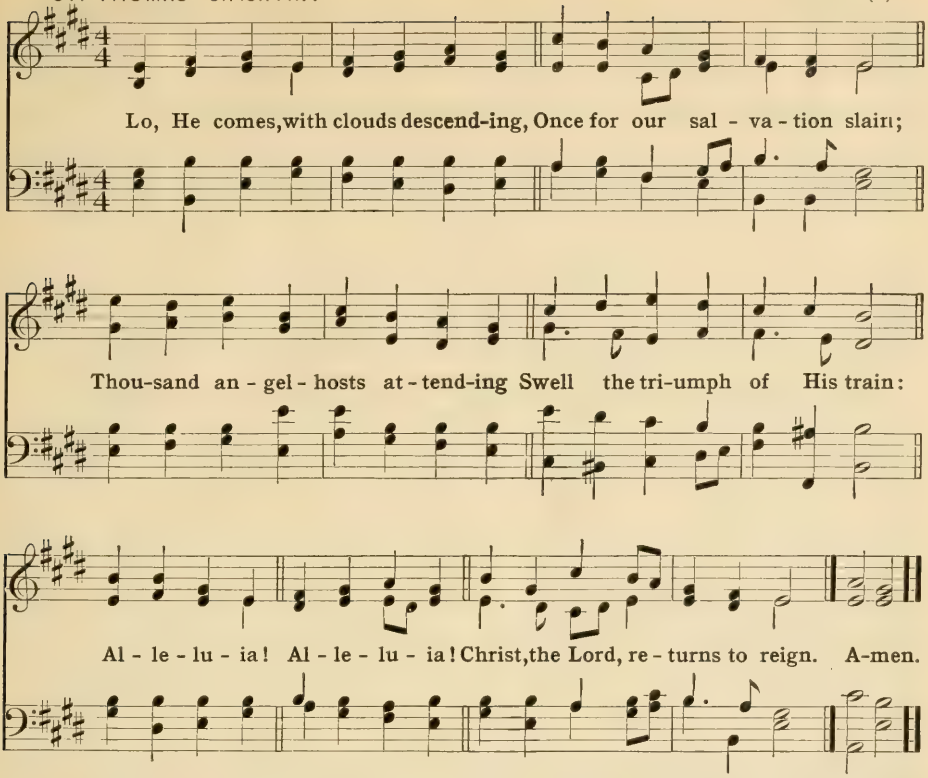
3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

L. LAURENTI, 1700. Tr. by SARAH B. FINDLATER, 1854

214

ST. THOMAS 8.7.8.7.4.7. S. WEBBE (?)


Lo, He comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;
Thou-sand an - gel - hosts at - tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign. A-men.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to a tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

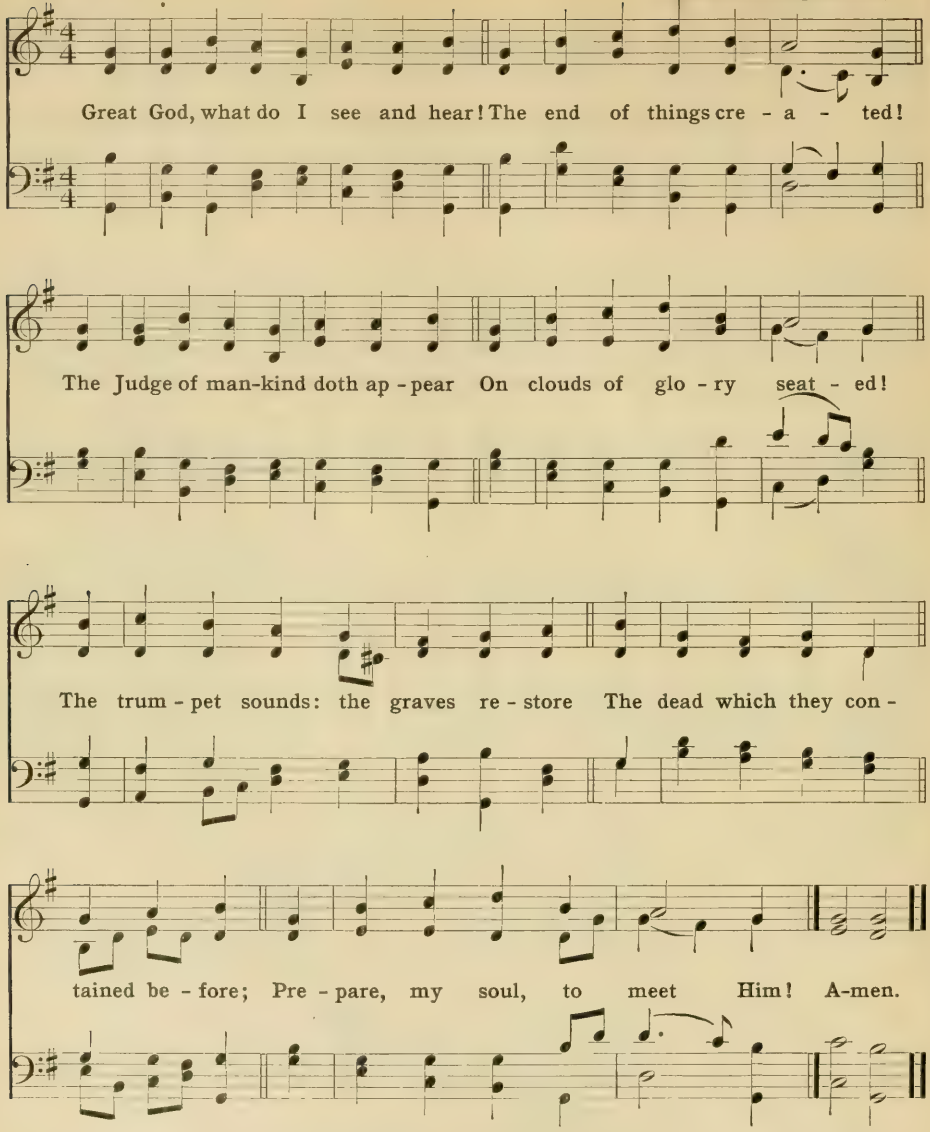
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

REV. JOHN CENNICK, 1752. REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1758

215

LUTHER'S HYMN 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. J. KLUG'S Gesangbuch, 1535


Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!
The trum - pet sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con -
tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him! A-men.

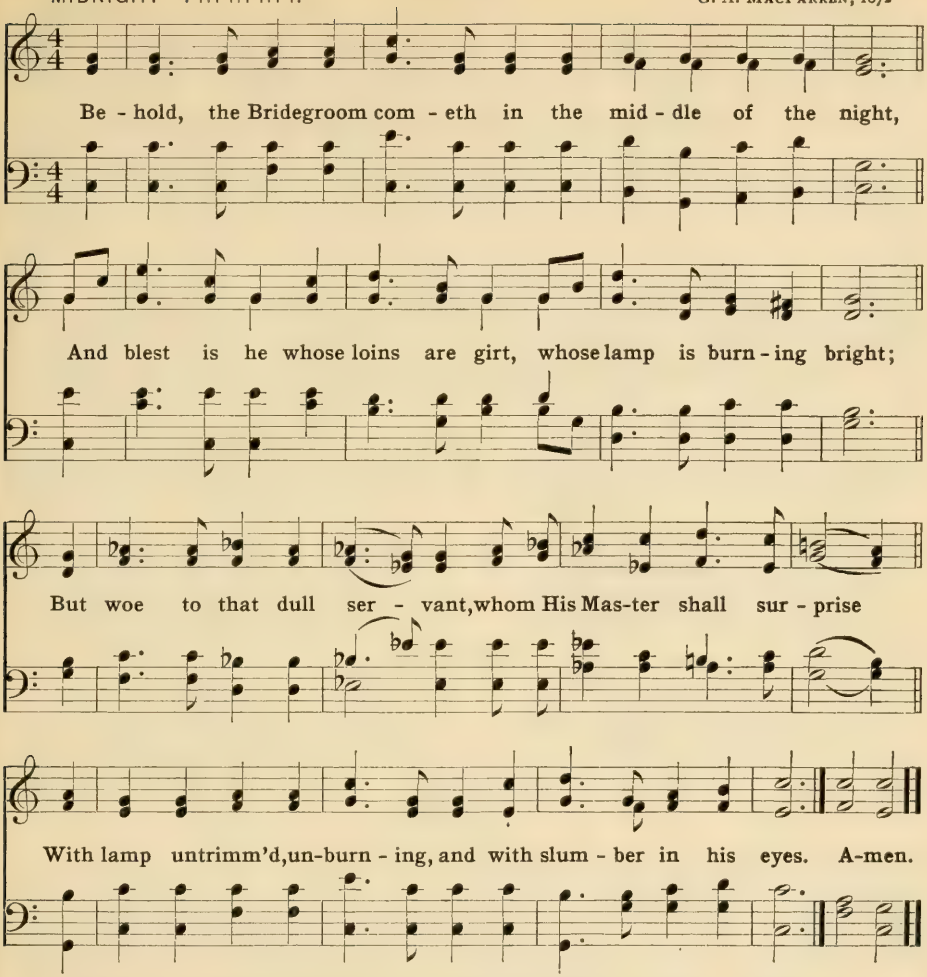
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

BARTH RINGWALT, 1585. Rev. W. B. COLLYER, 1812

216

MIDNIGHT 14.14.14.14.

G. A. MacFarren, 1872

Be - hold, the Bridegroom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;
But woe to that dull ser - vant, whom His Mas-ter shall sur - prise
With lamp untrimm'd, un-burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes. A-men.

2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us."

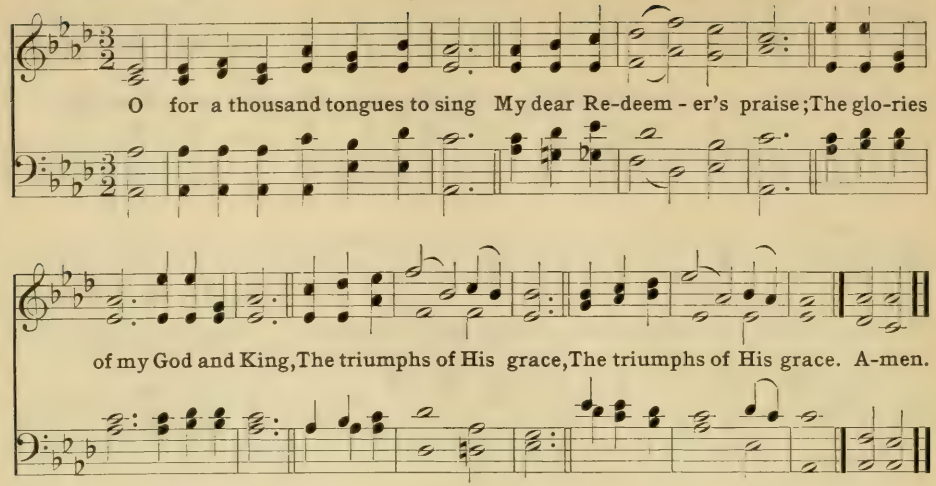
3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! He comes to meet the Bride."

4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie, 1867

217

NEWBOLD C. M. (*First Tune*) G. KINGSLEY


O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem - er's praise; The glo-ries
of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace. A-men.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

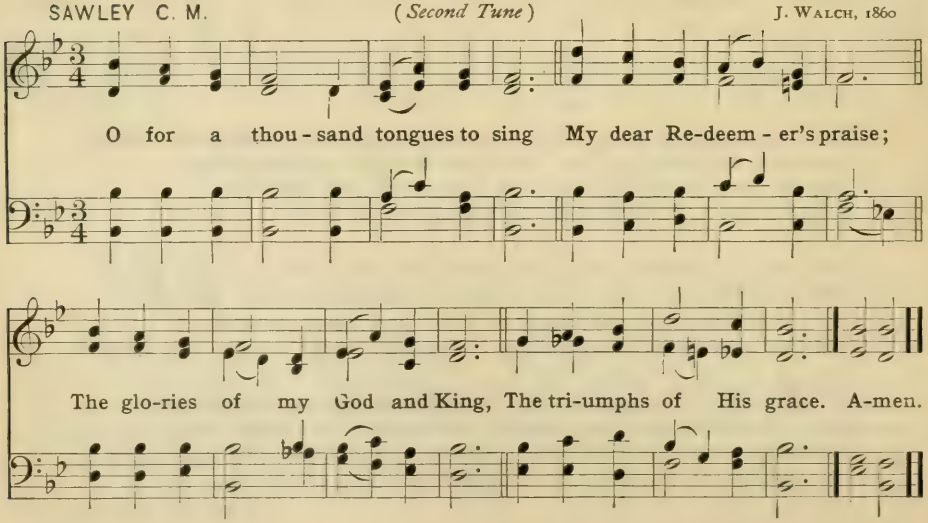
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

217

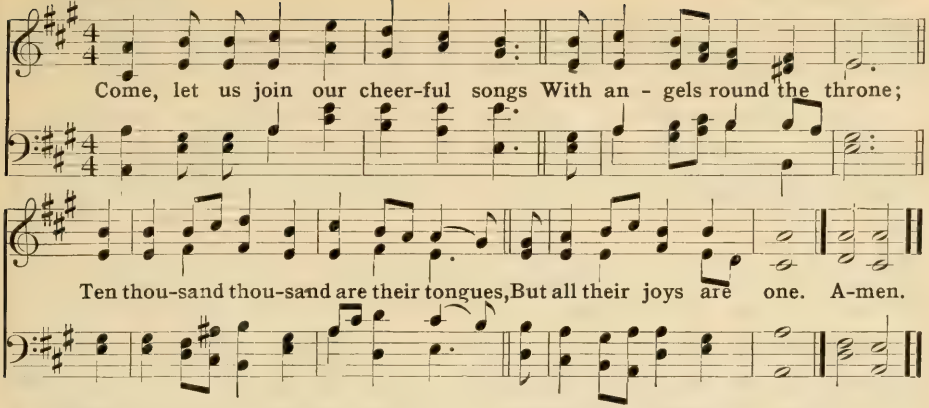
SAWLEY C. M. (*Second Tune*) J. WALCH, 1860



218

DEDHAM C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1830


Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

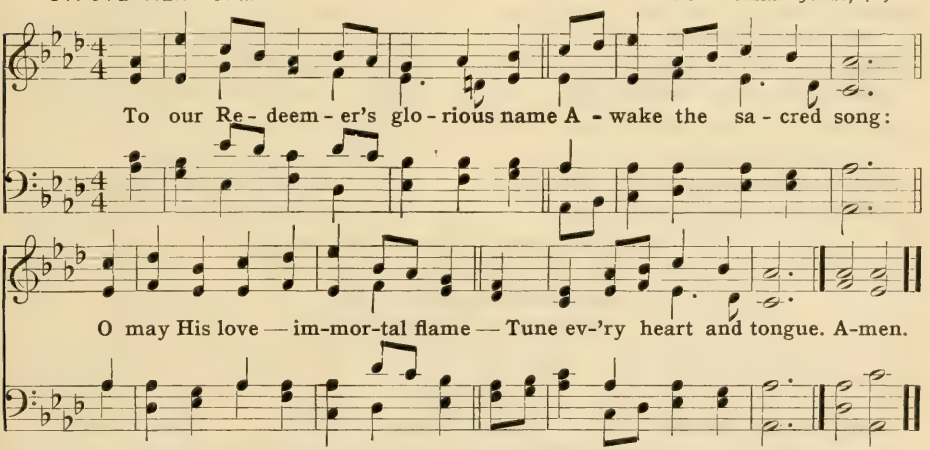
5 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

219

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

REV. WILLIAM JONES, 1789



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

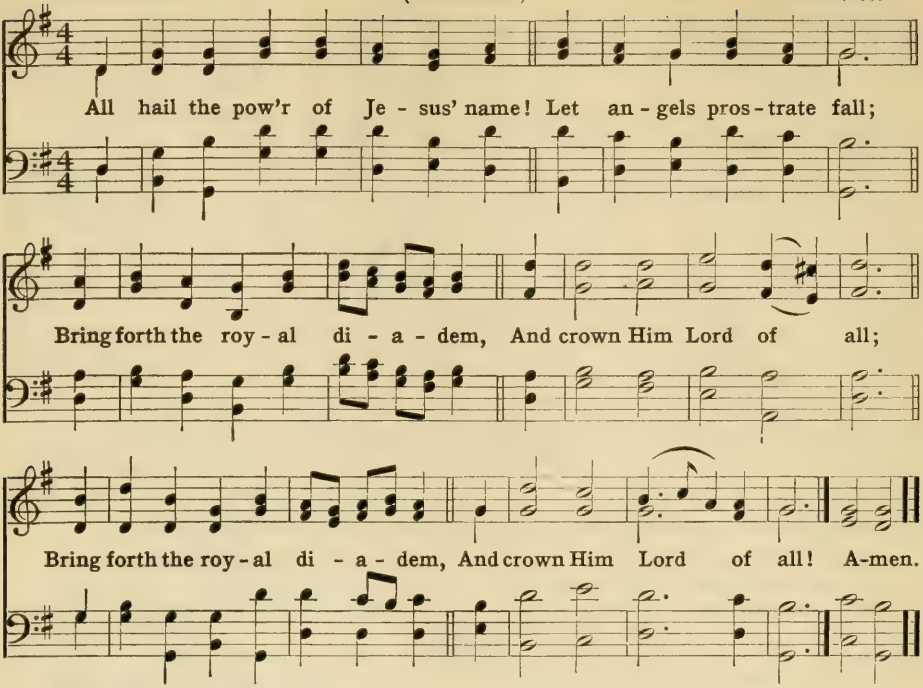
4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

220

CORONATION C. M. (*First Tune*) O. HOLDEN, 1793


All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

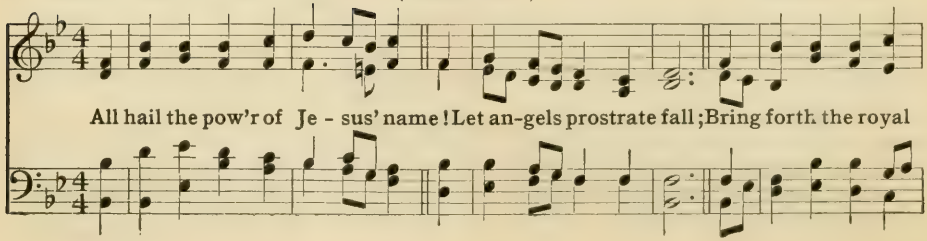
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

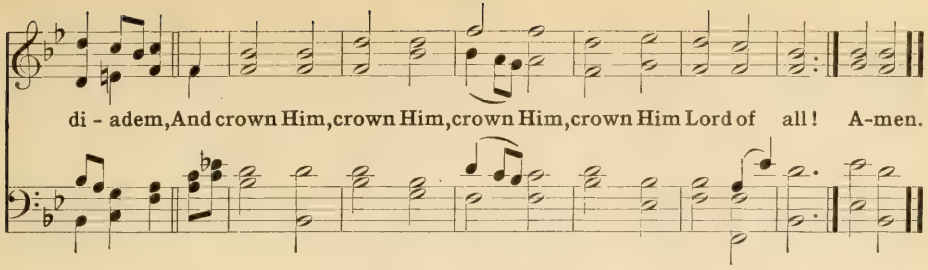
6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, 1779-80. v. 6. Rev. J. RIPPON, 1787

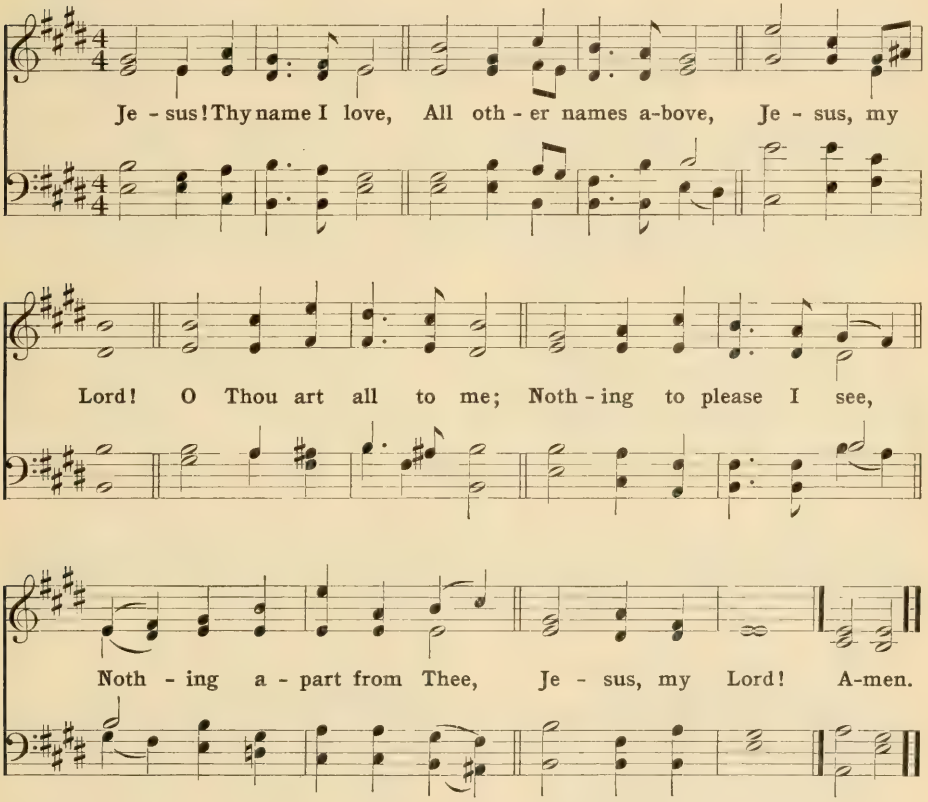
220

MILES LANE C. M. (*Second Tune*) W. SHRUBSOLE, 1785





221

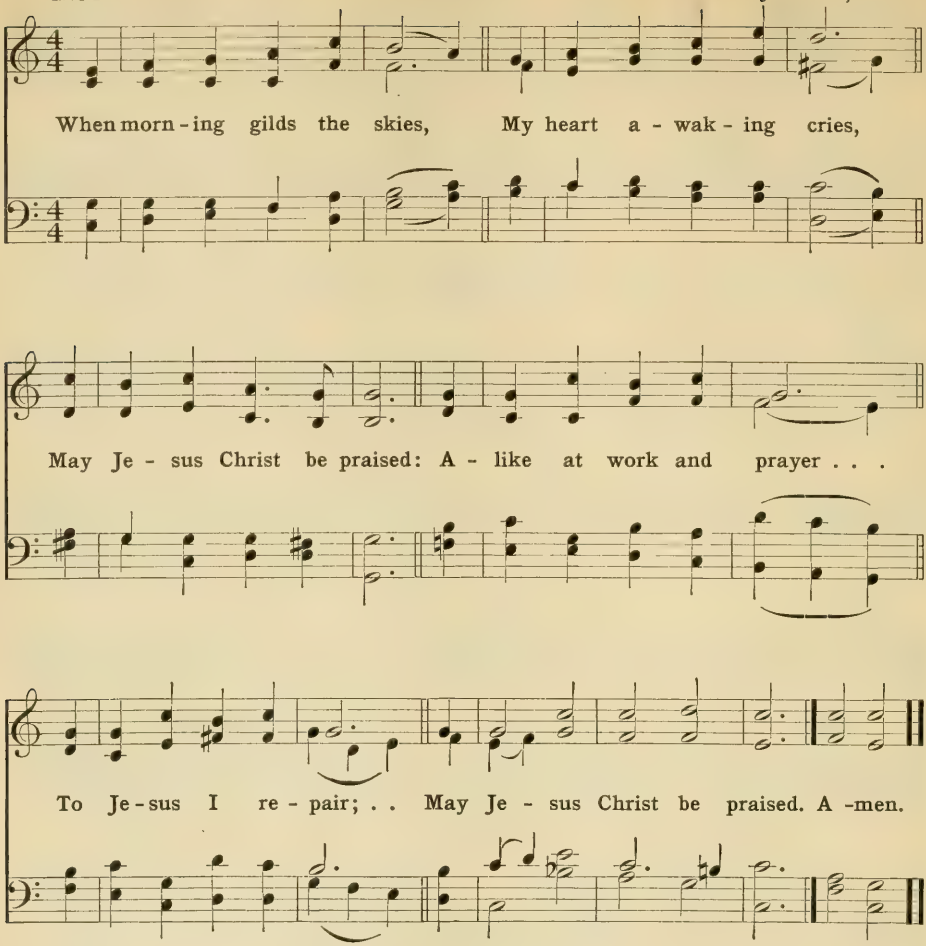
WESTON 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. A. E. DYER

Je - sus! Thy name I love, All oth - er names a-bove, Je - sus, my
Lord! O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to please I see,
Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! A-men.

2 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

REV. JAMES G. DECK, 1842

222

LAUDES DOMINI Six 6s. J. BARNBY, 1868

When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
May Je-sus Christ be praised: A-like at work and prayer . . .
To Je-sus I re-pair; . . May Je-sus Christ be praised. A-men.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

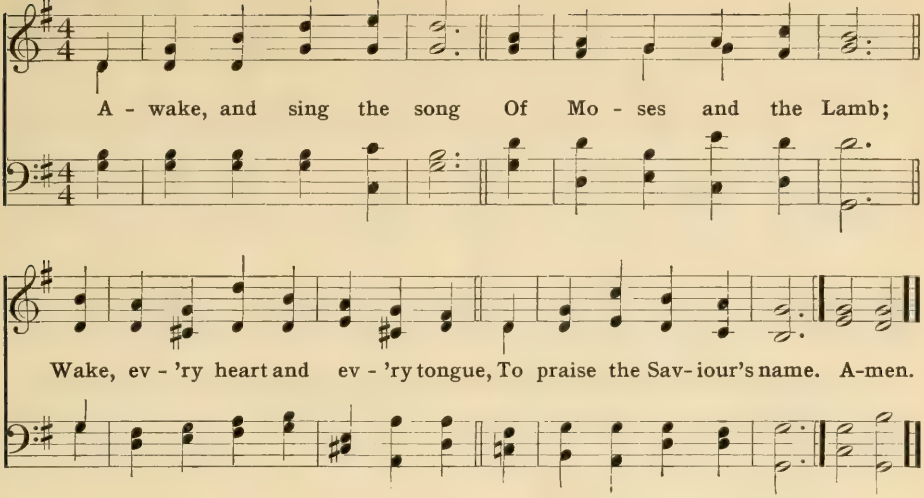
4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

German. Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL, 1853

223

MEDIA S. M. (*First Tune*) J. Goss



2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

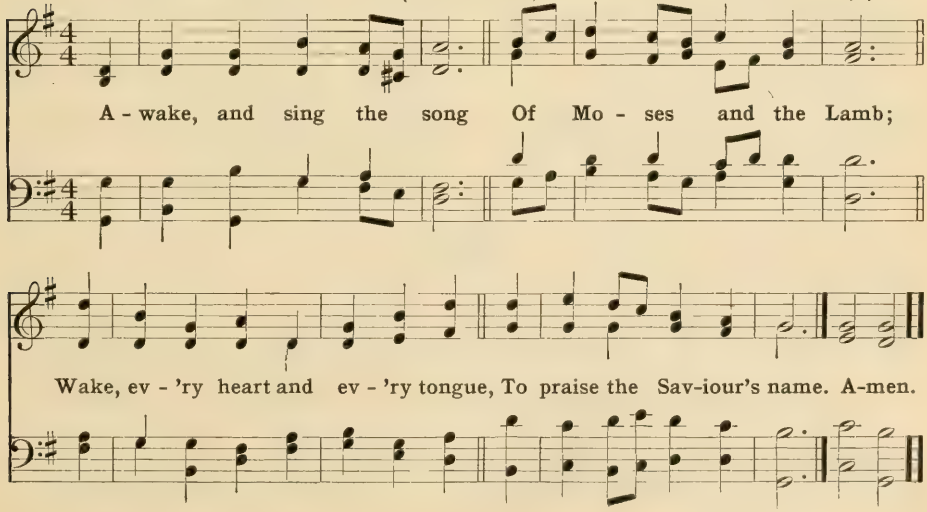
4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

Wm. Hammond, 1745

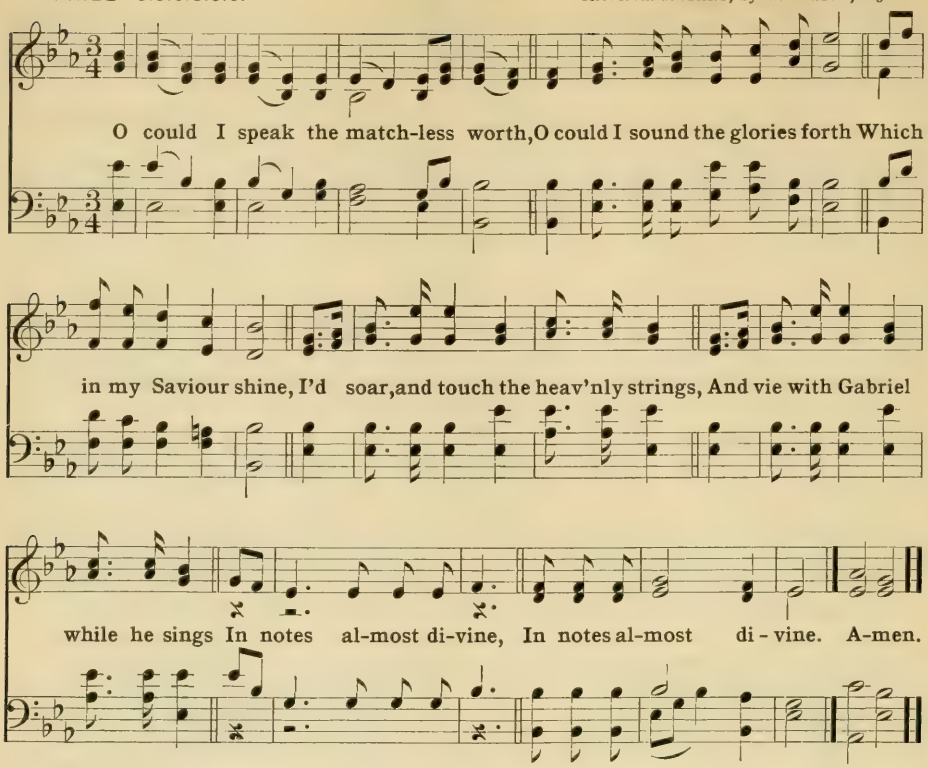
223

ST. THOMAS S. M. (*Second Tune*) A. Williams, 1762



224

ARIEL 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Arr. from MOZART, by L. MASON, 1836

O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which
in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

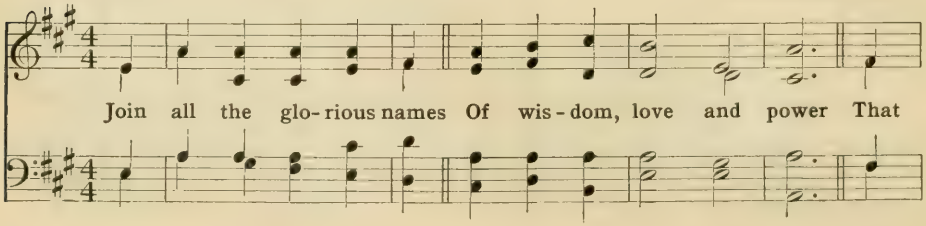
4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

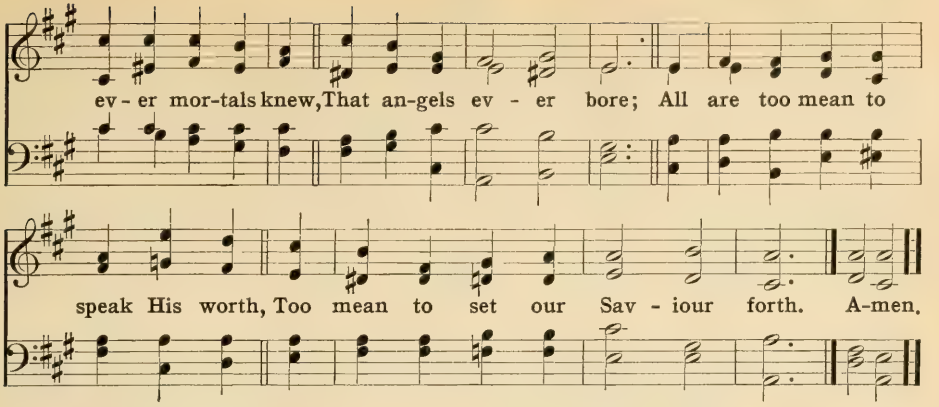
Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789

225

HARROGATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. SANDERSON, 1904





2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

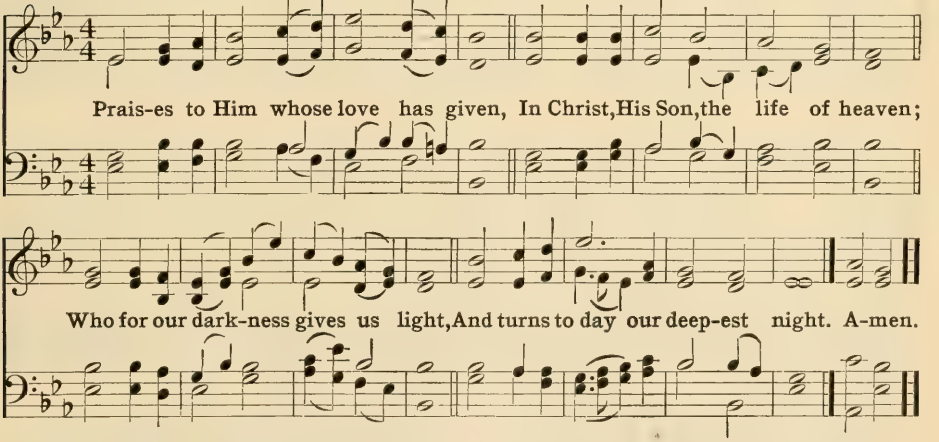
4 My Saviour and my Lord,
My conqueror and my king,
Thy scepter and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

226

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793


Prais-es to Him whose love has given, In Christ, His Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our dark-ness gives us light, And turns to day our deep-est night. A-men.

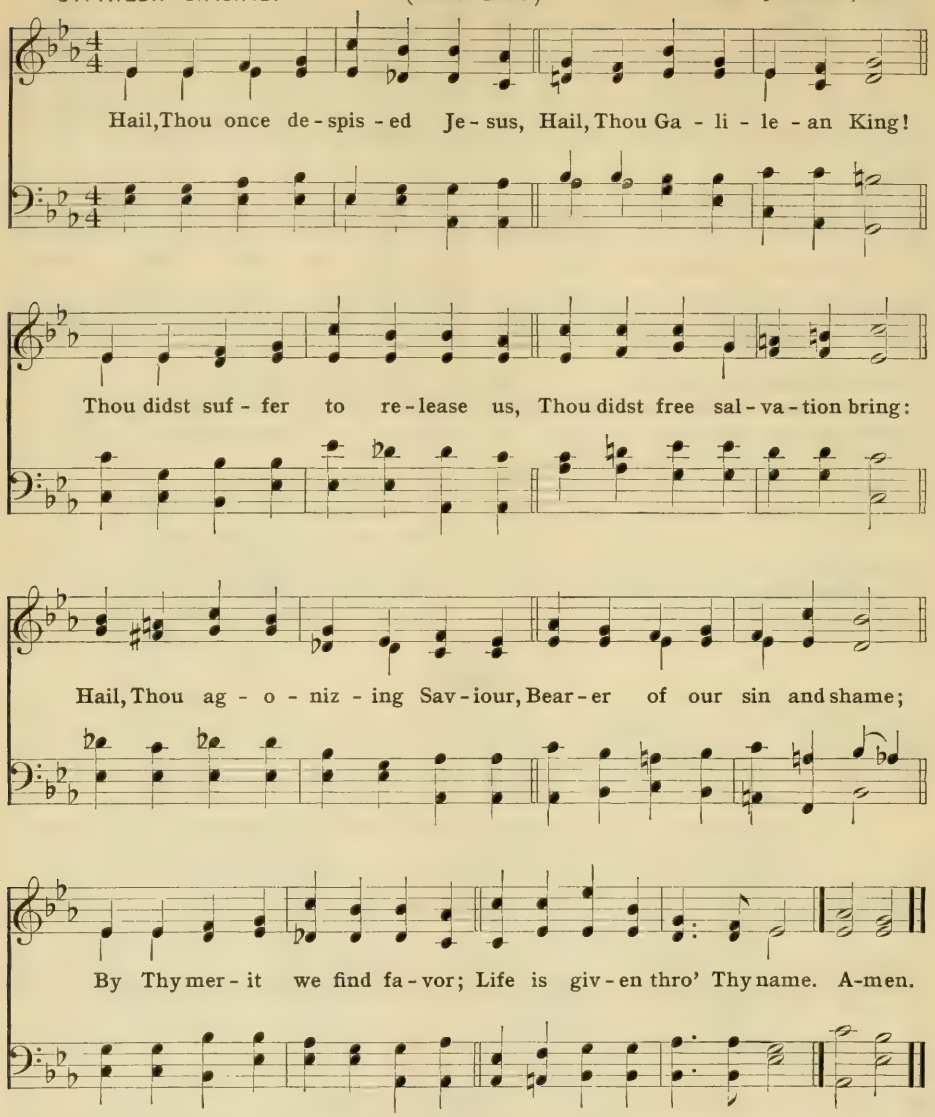
2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856

227

ST. HILDA 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1861

Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus, Hail, Thou Ga-li-le-an King!
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring:
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame;
By Thy mer-it we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name. A-men.

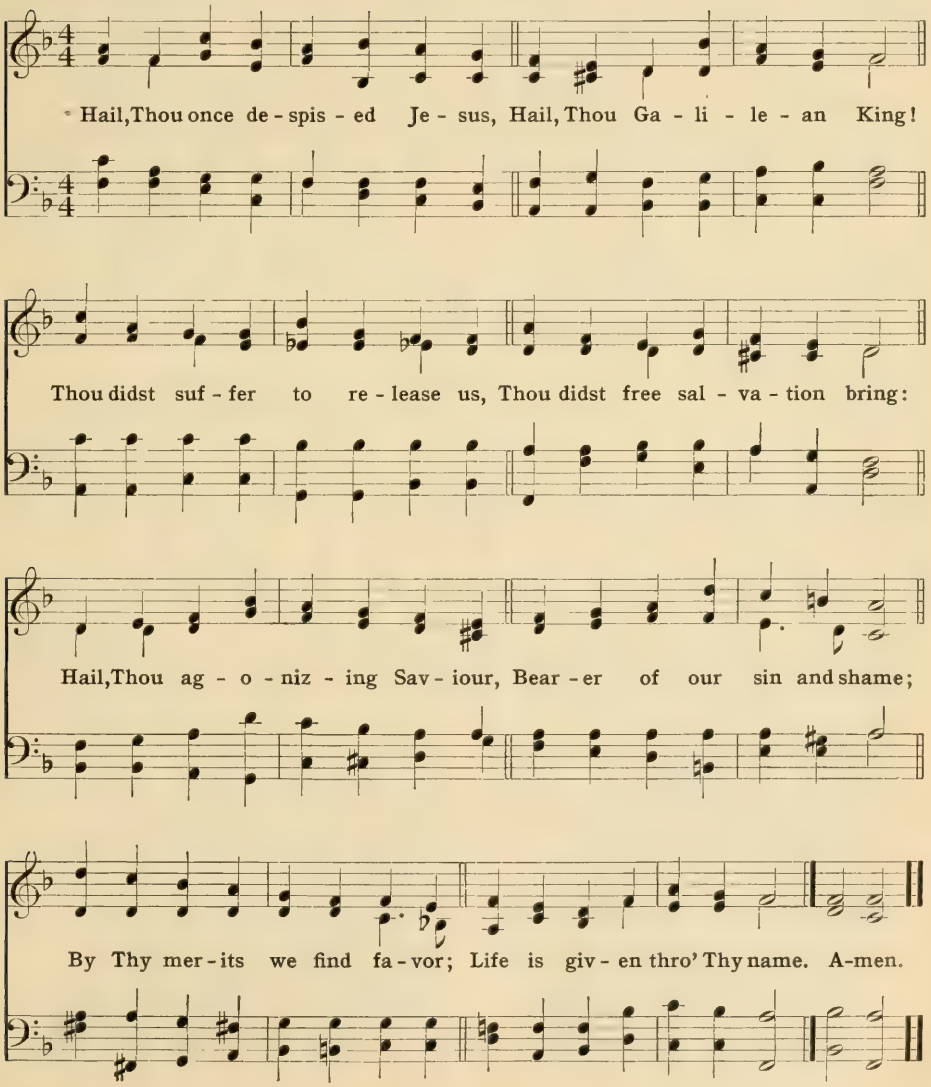
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

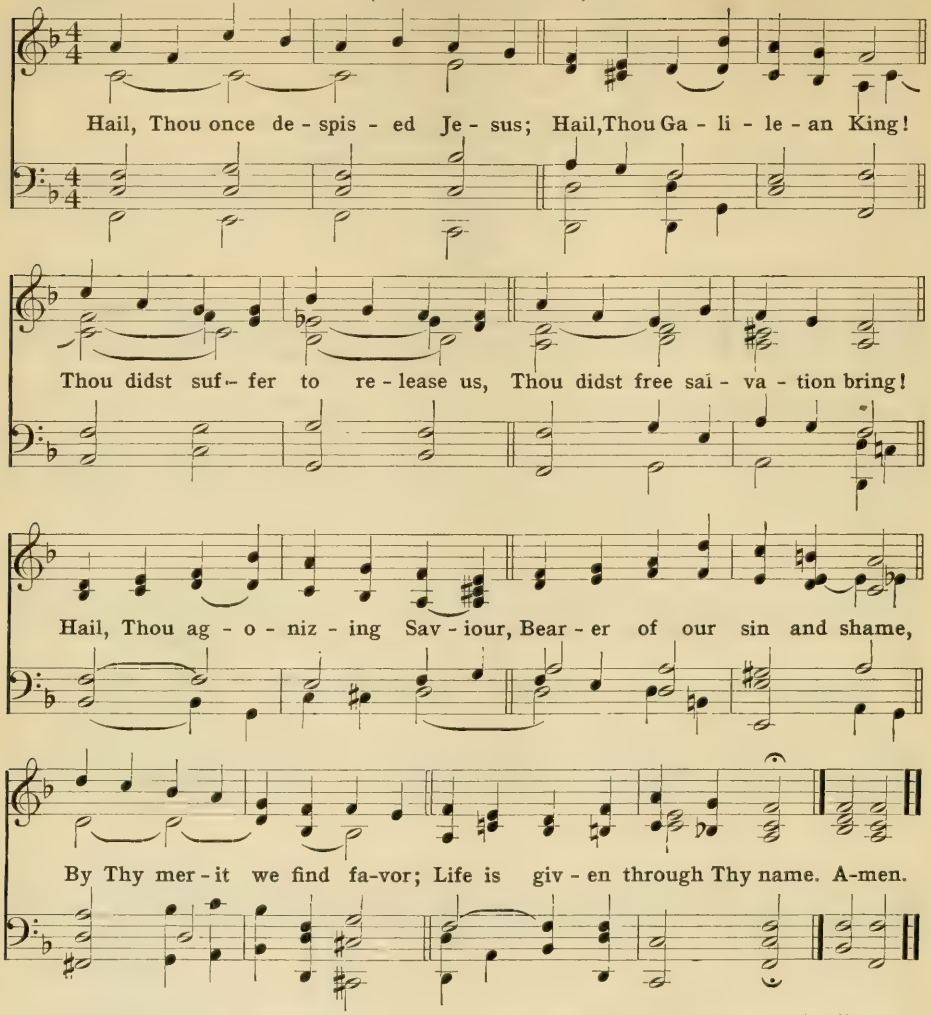
Rev. J. Bakewell, 1760

227

SALVATOR 8.7.8.7.D. (*Second Tune*) J. Goss

Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring:
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame;
By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name. A-men.

227

SALVATOR 8.7.8.7.D. (*Second Tune, Unison*) J. Goss


Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus; Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring!
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame,
By Thy mer - it we find fa-vor; Life is giv - en through Thy name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

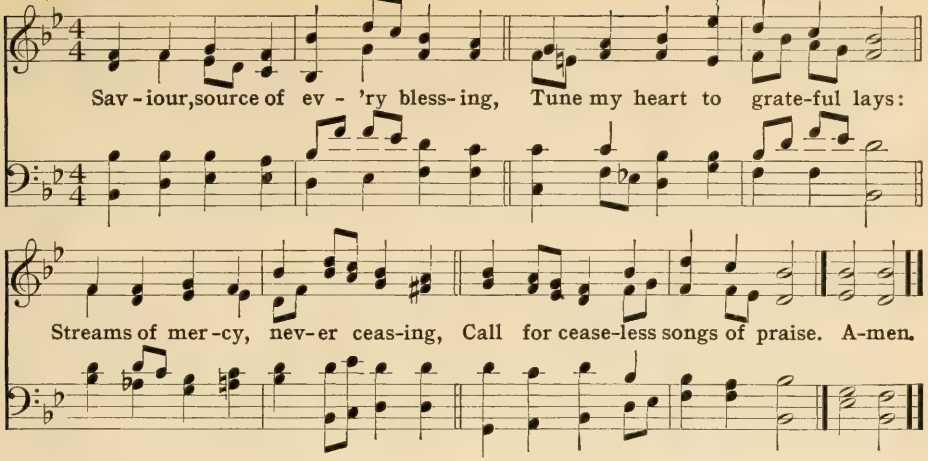
3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. J. Bakewell, 1760

228

TRUST 8.7.8.7. MENDELSSOHN, 1840


Sav - iour, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays:
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise. A - men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

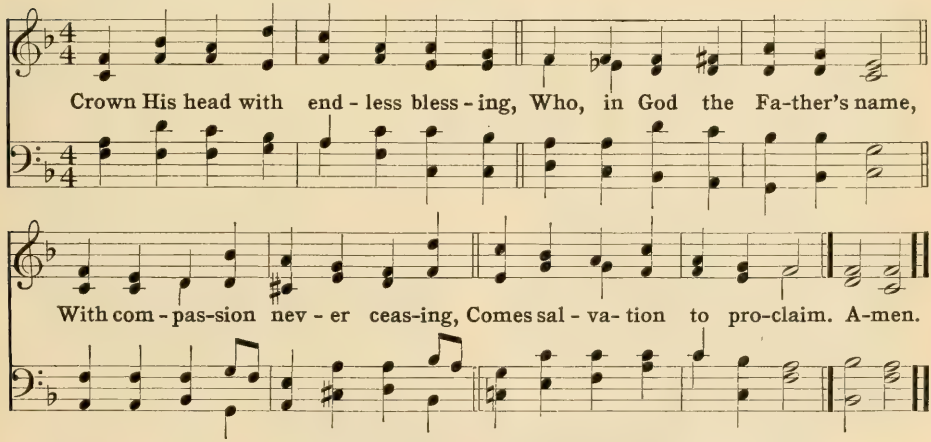
3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1758

229

SOLATIUM CARITATIS 8.7.8.7. CHAS. VINCENT


Crown His head with end - less bless - ing, Who, in God the Fa - ther's name,
With com - pas - sion nev - er ceas - ing, Comes sal - va - tion to pro - claim. A - men.

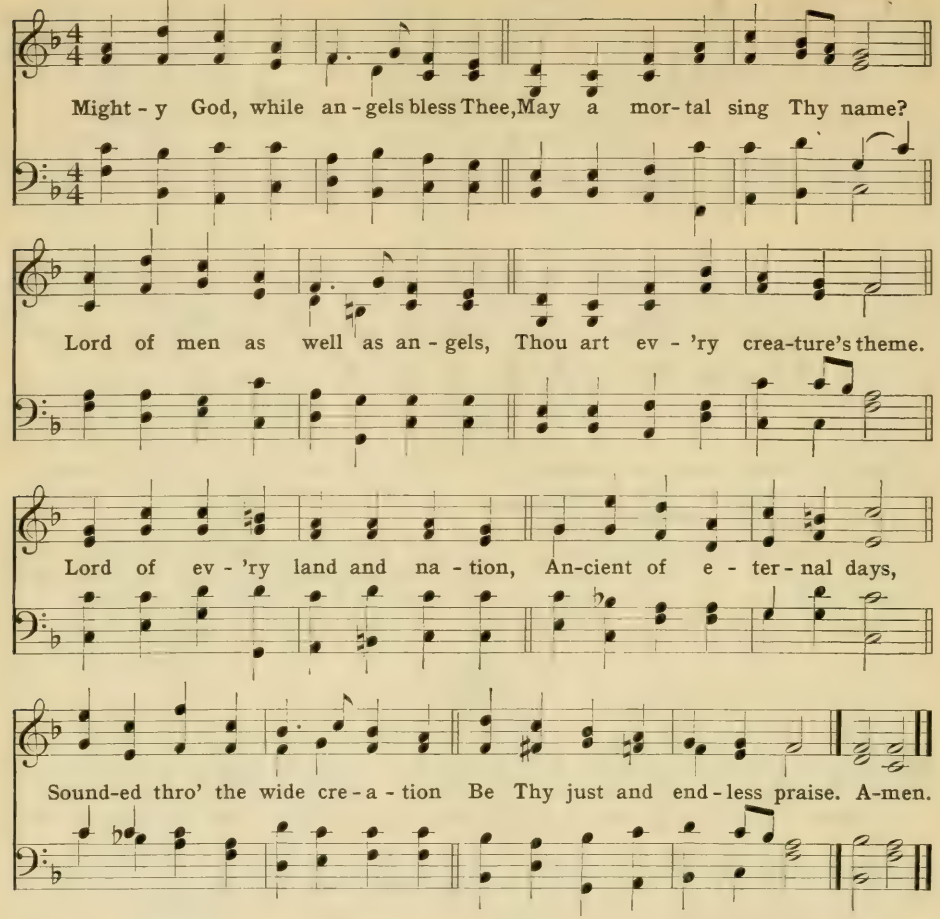
2 Hail! ye saints! who know His favor,
Who within His gates are found, —
There, on high exalt the Saviour,
Let His courts with praise resound.

3 Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints! His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Rev. WILLIAM GOODE, 1811

230

BETHANY 8.7.8.7.D. H. SMART, 1867

Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea-ture's theme.
Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An-cient of e - ter - nal days,
Sound-ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise. A-men.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

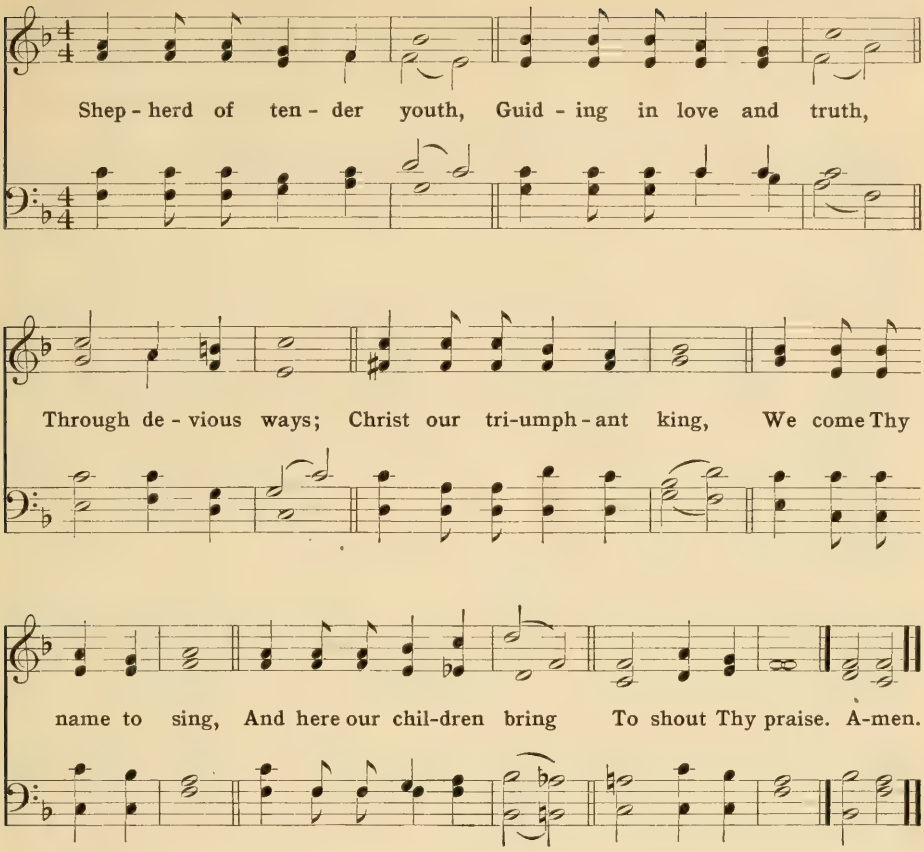
3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long, —
Thought is poor, and poor expression, —
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Reascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1774

231

KIRBY BEDON 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

E. BUNNETT, 1887

Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,
Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri-umph - ant king, We come Thy
name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring To shout Thy praise. A-men.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou didst not disdain,
Help from above.

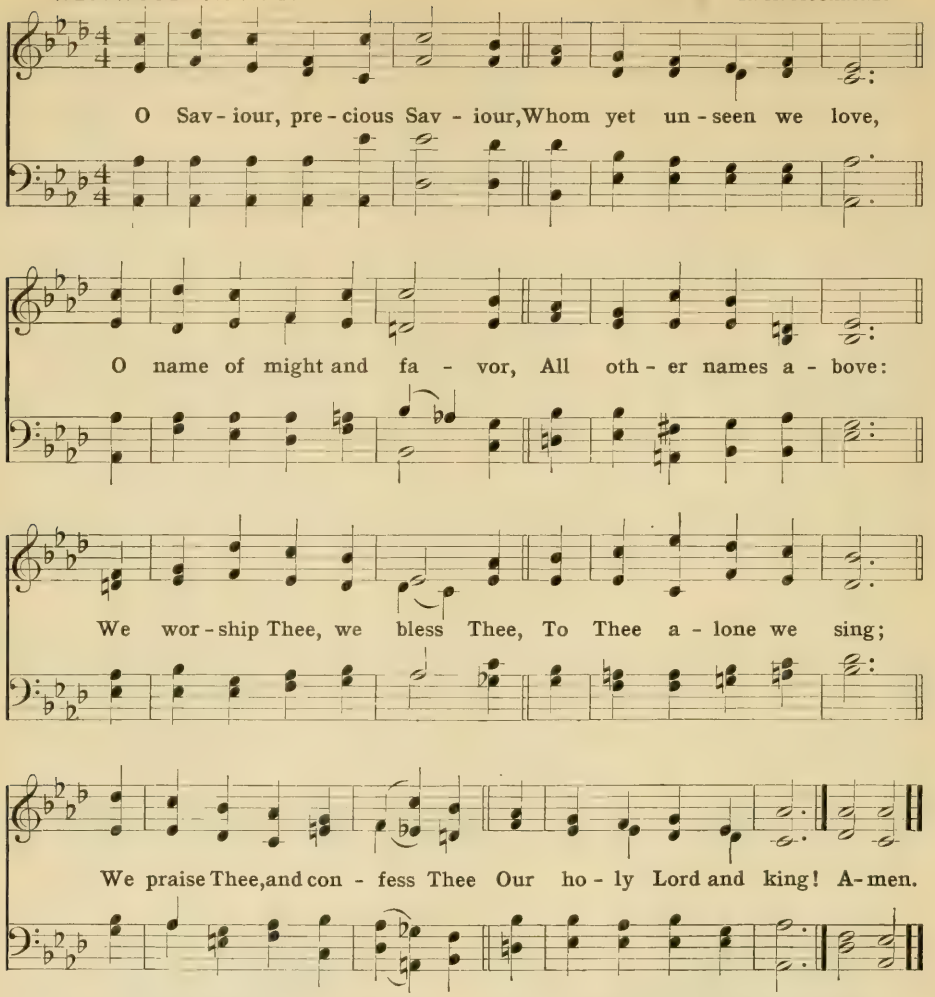
4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our king!

The earliest known hymn of the Christian Church. About 200.
Tr. Rev. H. M. DEXTER, 1846

232

WESTWOOD 7.6.7.6.D.

R. H. McCARTNEY

O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,
O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove:
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and king! A - men.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and king!

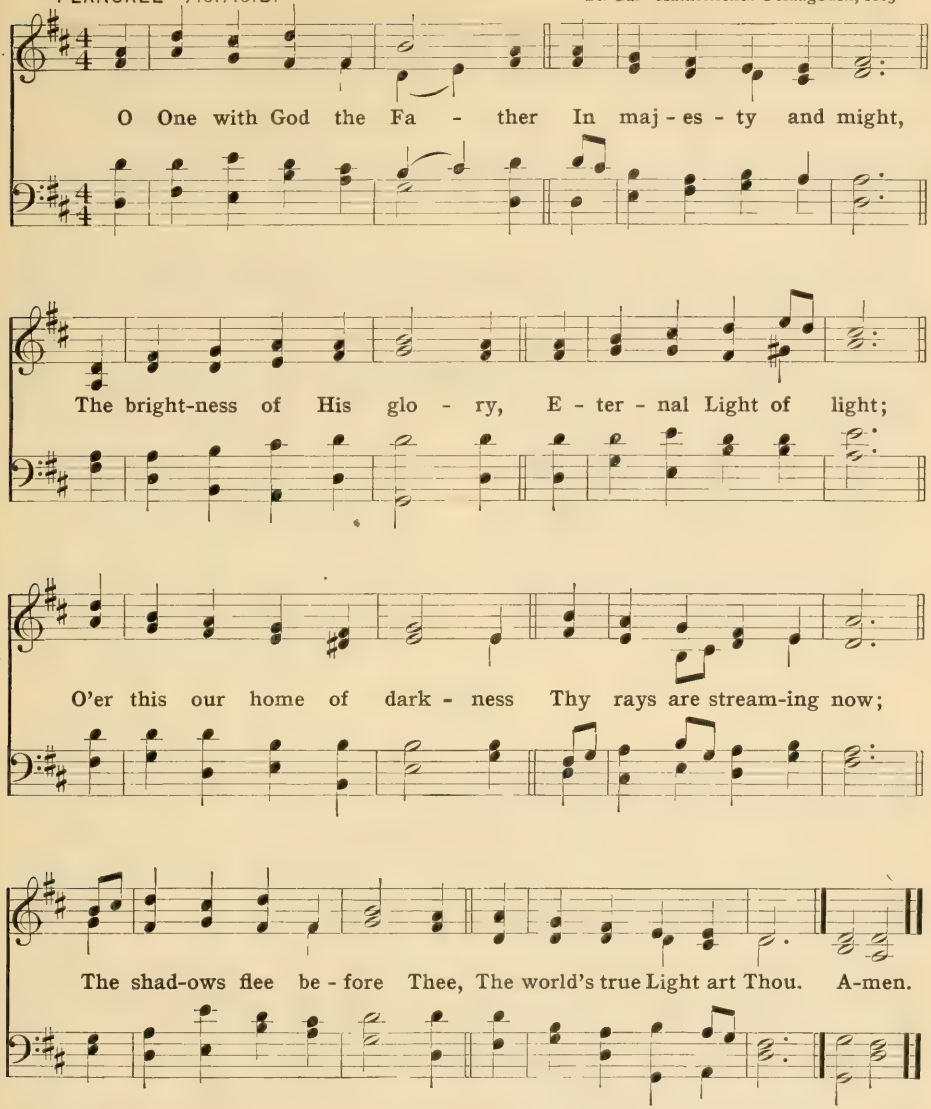
3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and king!

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our king!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873

233

PEARSALL 7.6.7.6.D.

St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863

O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,
The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light;
O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;
The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to tread the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

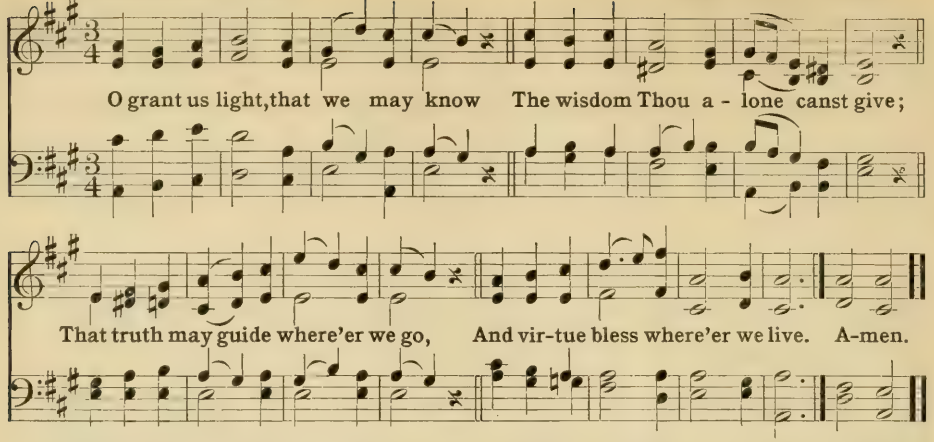
3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness.

Bishop WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1871

234

OTTERBOURNE L. M.

HAYDN. Arr. by J. TURLE


O grant us light, that we may know The wisdom Thou a - lone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless where'er we live. A-men.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

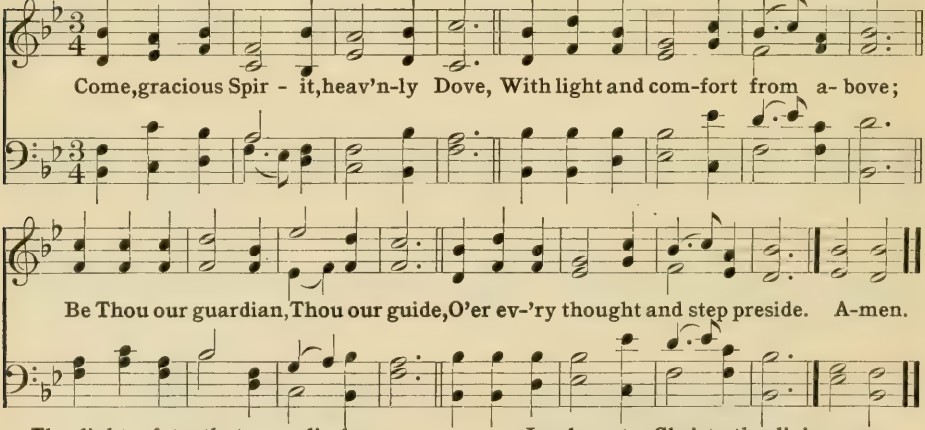
5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1864

235

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824


Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a- bove;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev-'ry thought and step preside. A-men.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

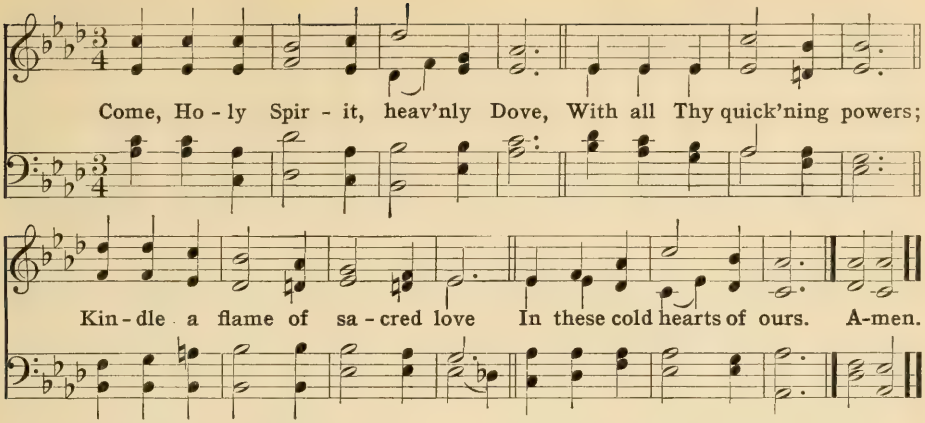
3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Rev. SIMON BROWNE, 1720

236

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1866

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A-men.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

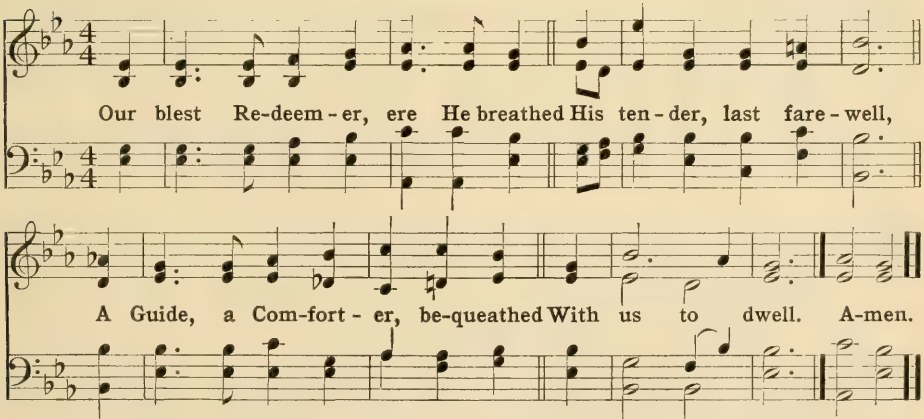
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

237

ST. CUTHBERT 8.6.8.4.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

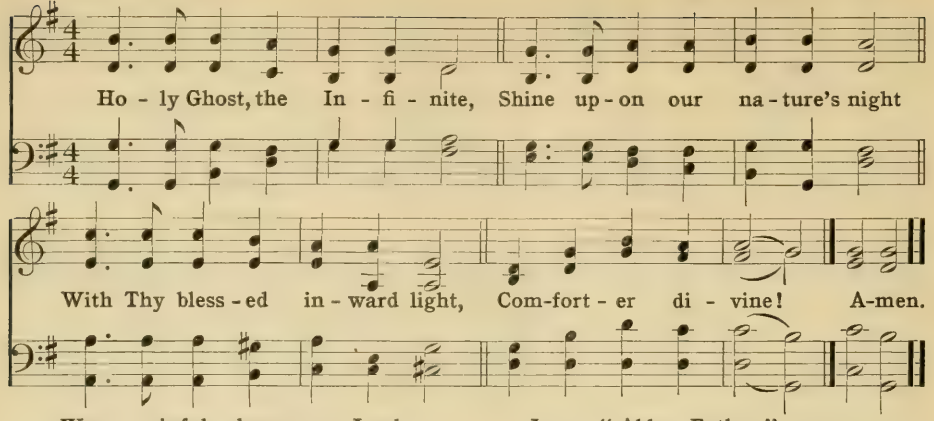
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829

238

SEPTEM VOCES 7.7.7.5. Arr. by A. SULLIVAN, 1874



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!

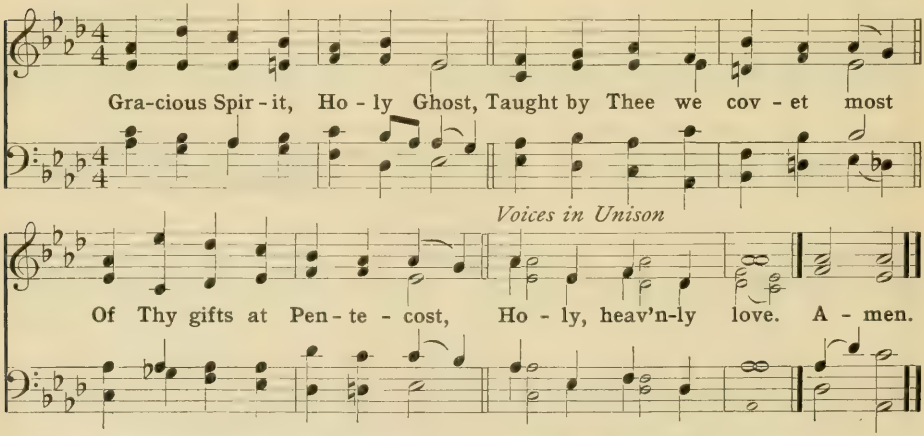
4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine!

5 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

239

CHARITY 7.7.7.5. J. STAINER, 1868


Gra-cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most
Voices in Unison
Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n-ly love. A - men.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

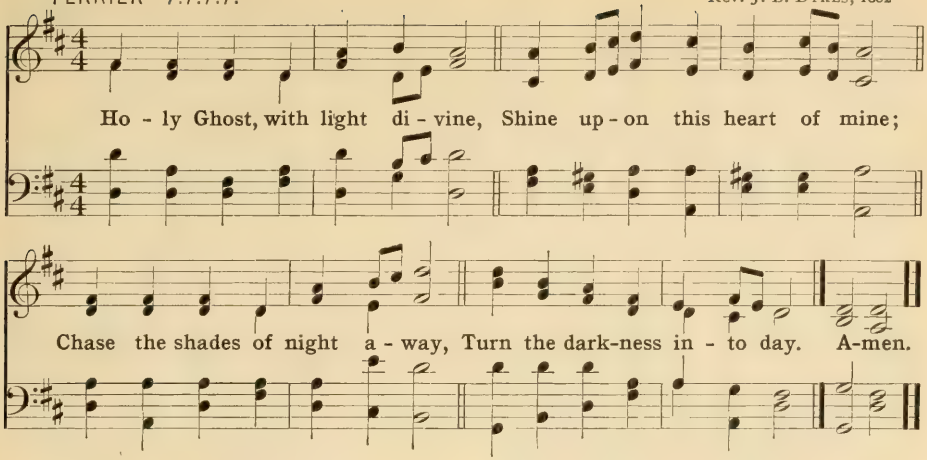
4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

240

FERRIER 7.7.7.7. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862



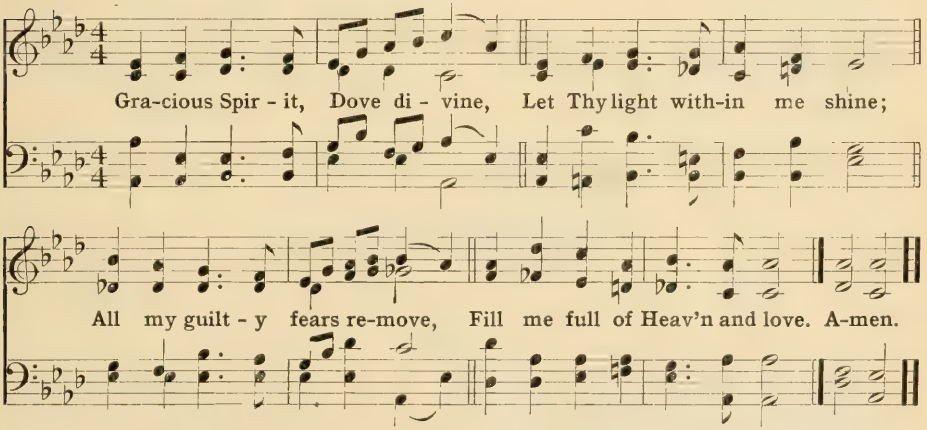
2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1817

241

PARACLETE 7.7.7.7. Berthold Tours

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

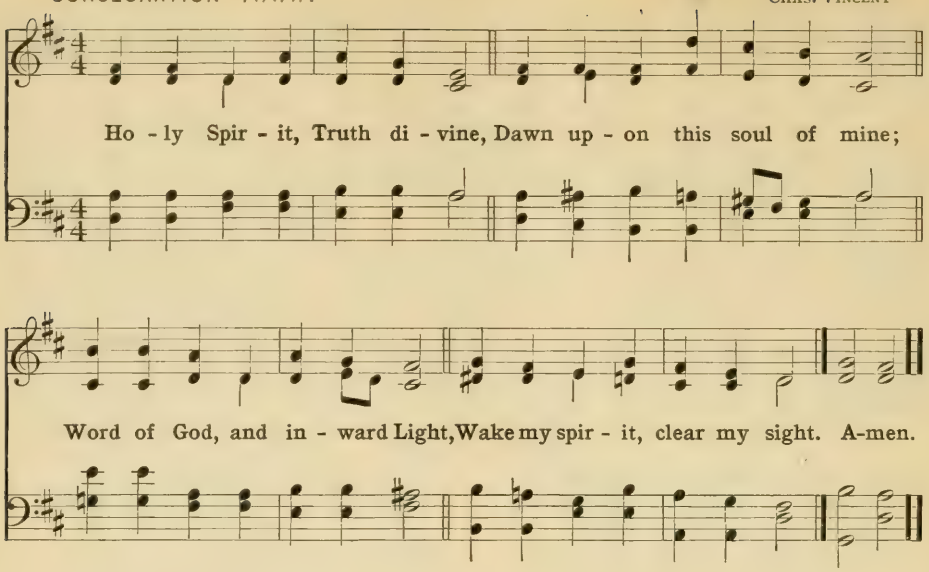
3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777

242

CONSECRATION 7.7.7.7. CHAS. VINCENT



2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

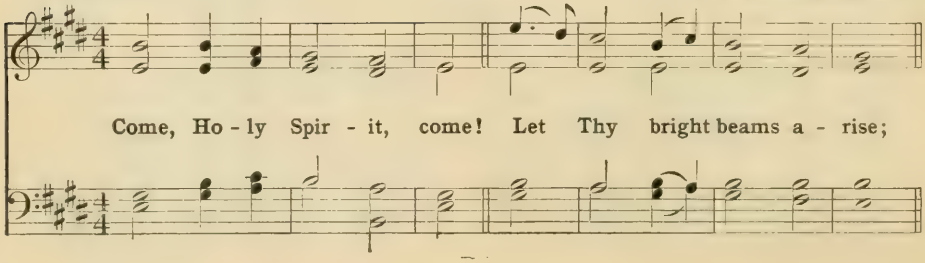
5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquility.

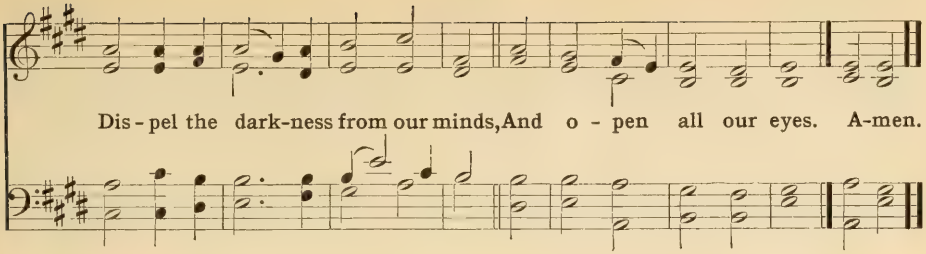
6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

243

MORNINGTON S. M. Earl of Mornington, 1760





2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

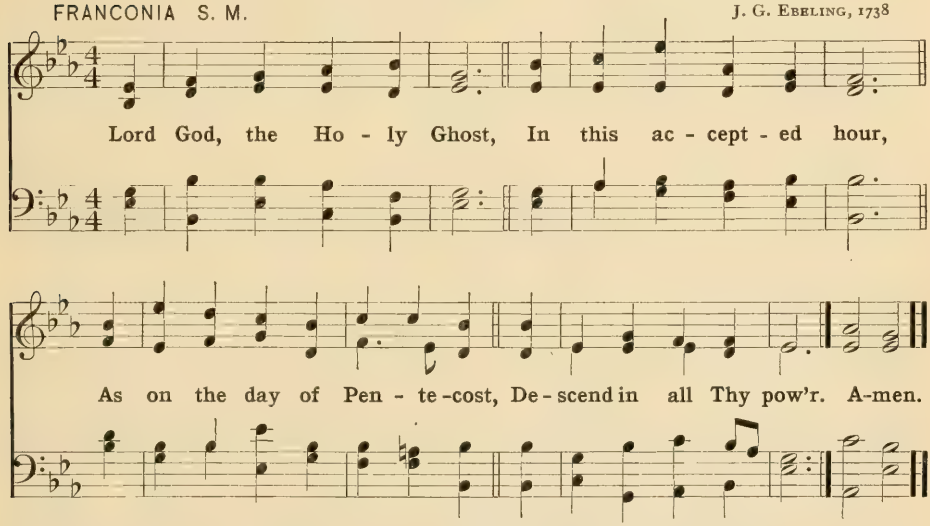
5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART, 1759. Alt. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

244

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. EBELING, 1738



2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

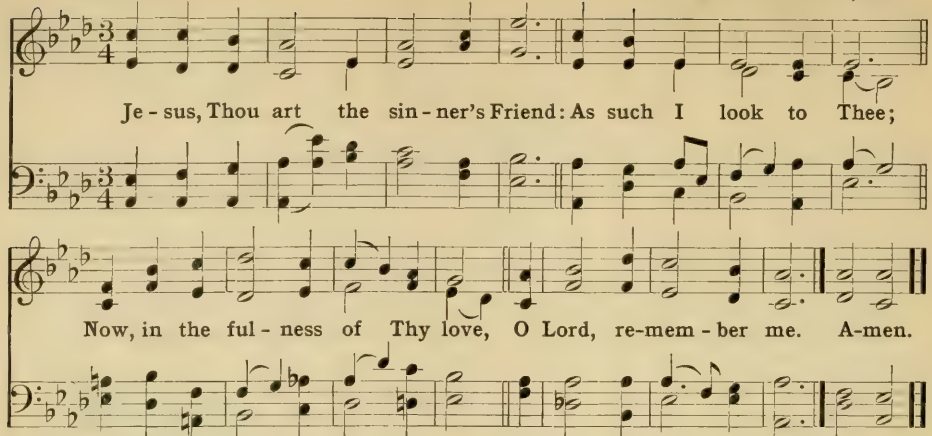
4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

245

GERONTIUS C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

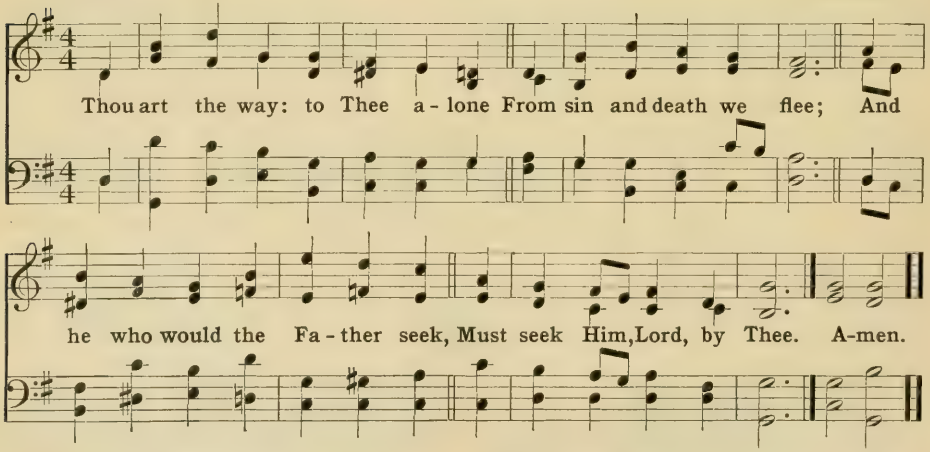
5 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796

246

EVERSLEY C. M.

A. Cottman



2 Thou art the truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

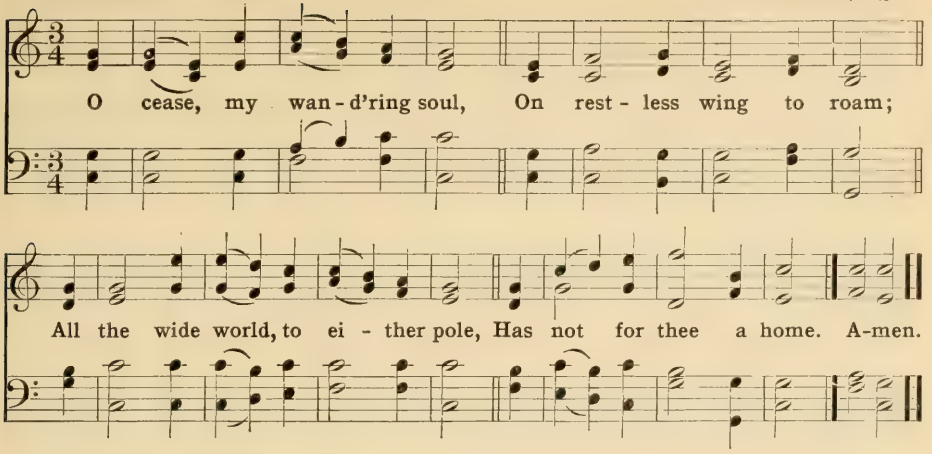
4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

247

FERGUSON S. M.

G. KINGSLEY, 1843



2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

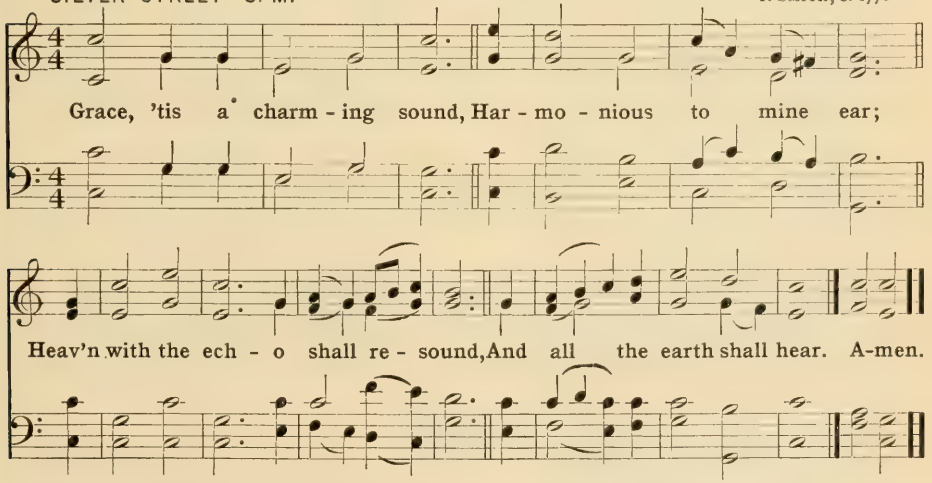
3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1826

248

SILVER STREET S. M.

I. SMITH, c. 1770



2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

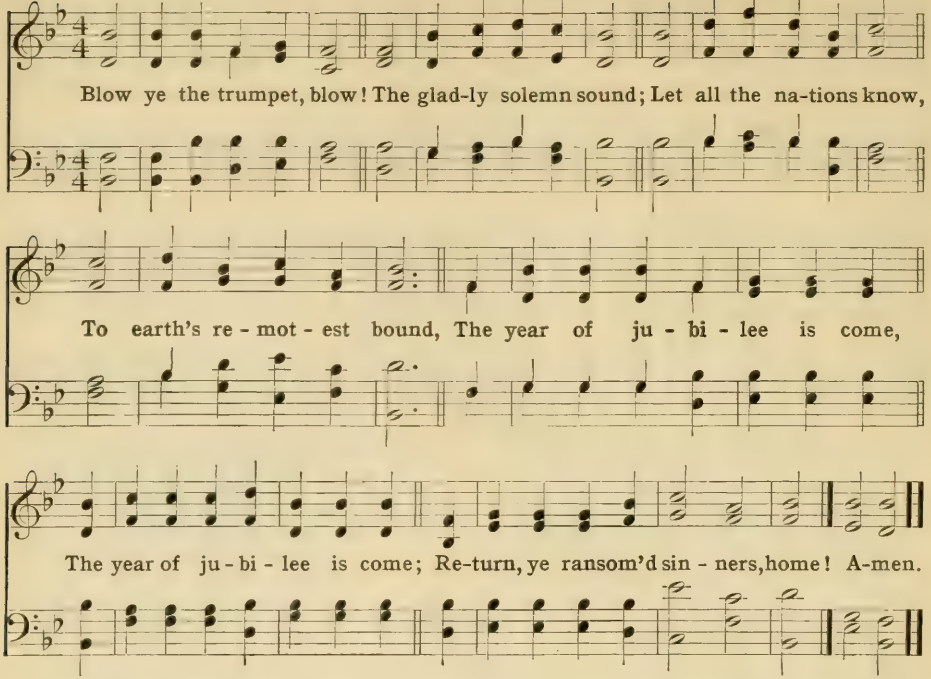
3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

249

LENOX 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune*) L. EDSON, 1782


Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The glad-ly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know,
To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come,
The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home! A-men.

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

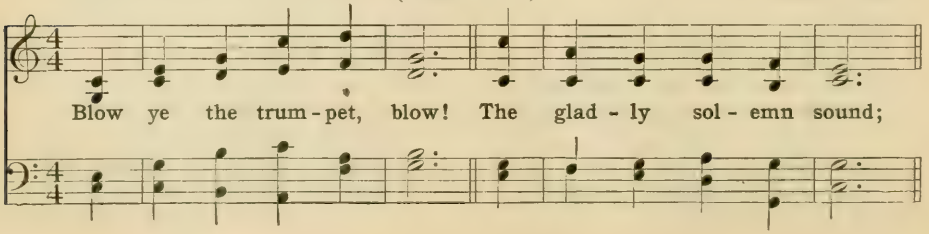
4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

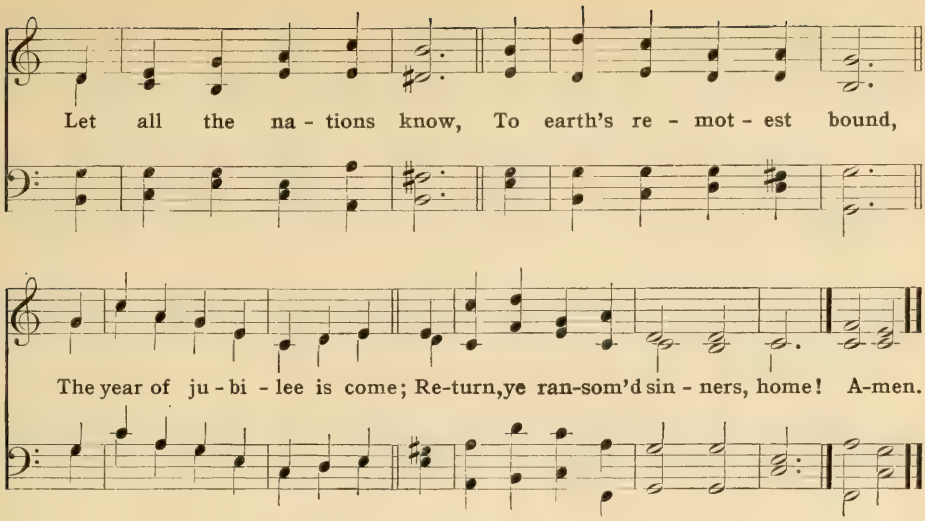
5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1750

249

CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune*) C. STEGGALL, 1865

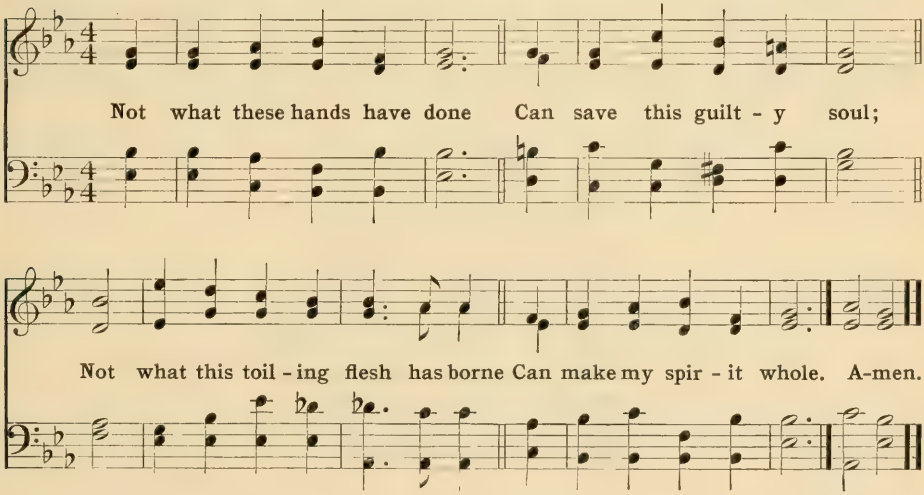




250

ST. ANDREW S. M

J. Barnby, 1866


Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;
Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole. A-men.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

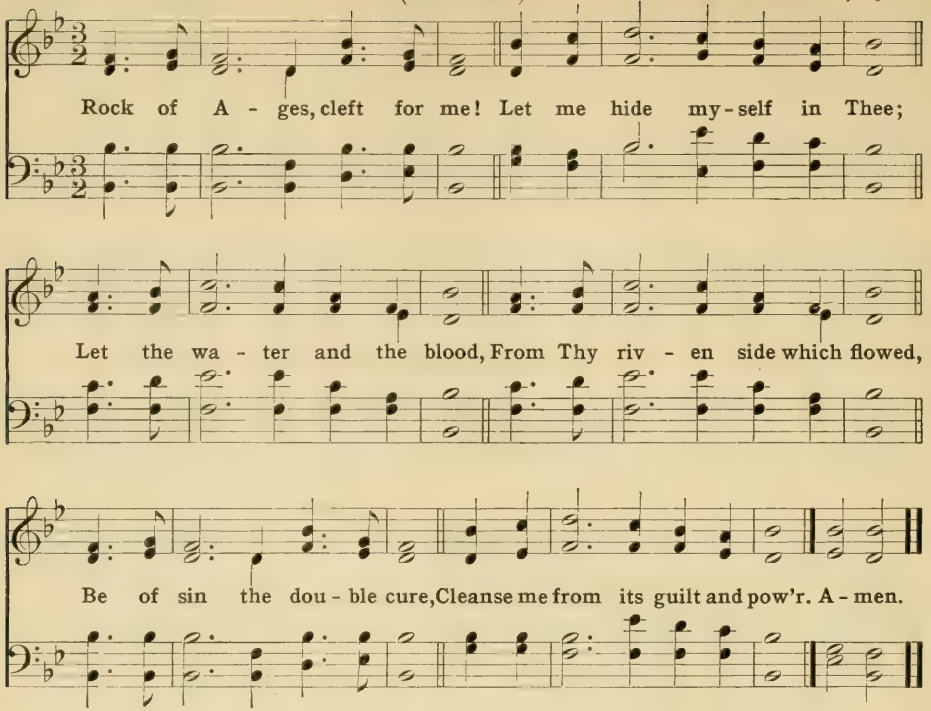
4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine:
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

251

TOPLADY Six 7s. (*First Tune*) T. HASTINGS, 1830


Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A - men.

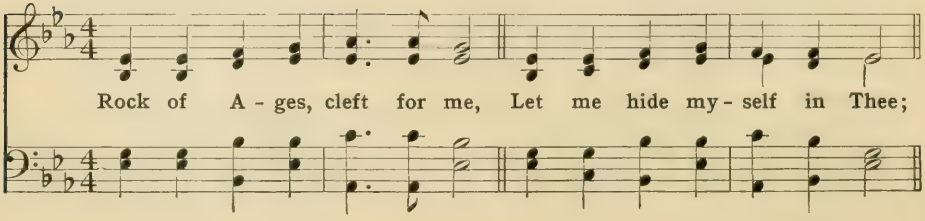
2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

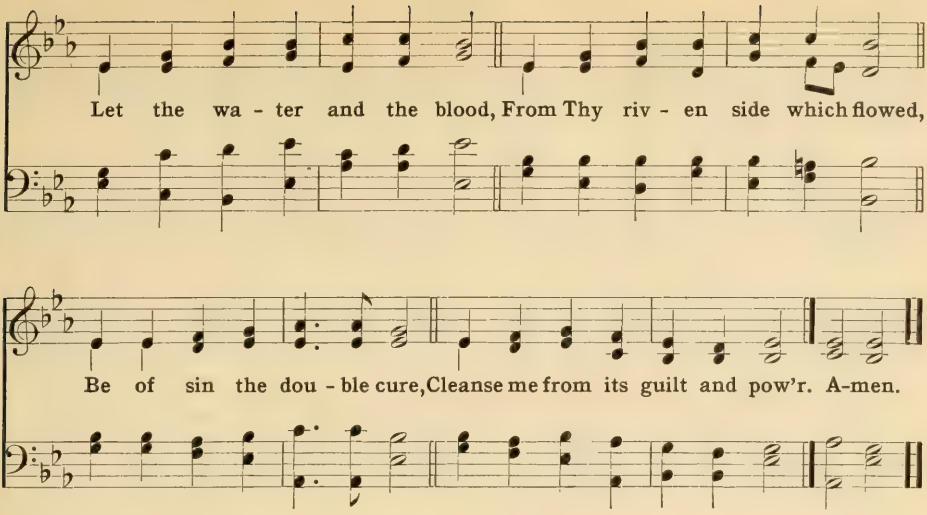
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

251

GETHSEMANE Six 7s. (*Second Tune*) R. REDHEAD, 1853

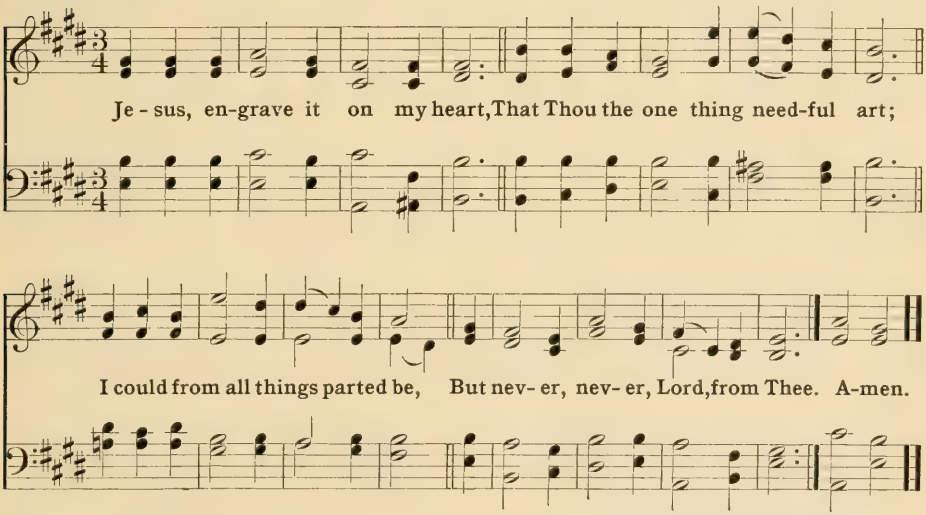



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A-men.

252

MARYTON L. M.

Rev. H. P. Smith, 1874


Je - sus, en-grave it on my heart, That Thou the one thing need-ful art;
I could from all things parted be, But nev- er, nev- er, Lord, from Thee. A-men.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is Thy indulgent care;
Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever His,—
The one thing needful Jesus is!

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1789

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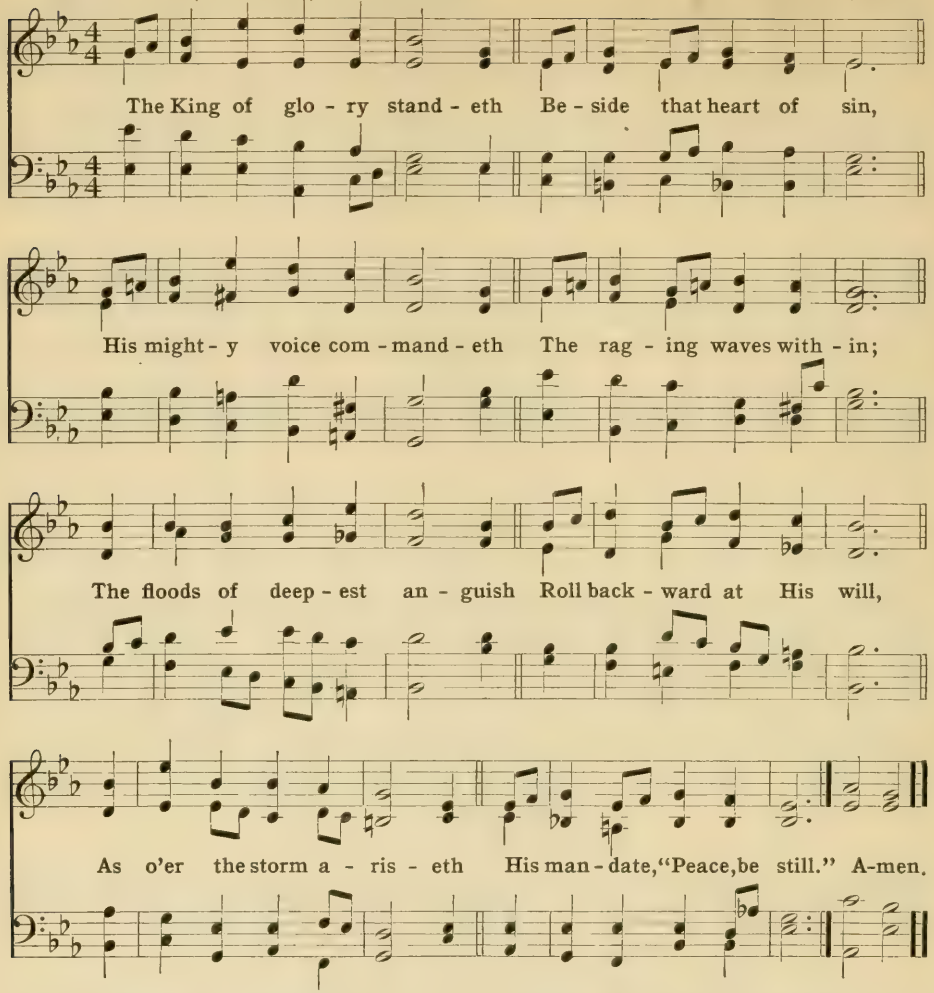
BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7.6.7.6.D. B. Tours, 1872

The King of glo - ry stand - eth Be - side that heart of sin,
His might - y voice com - mand - eth The rag - ing waves with - in;
The floods of deep - est an - guish Roll back - ward at His will,
As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace, be still." A-men.

2 At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done!
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won:
While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That e'en our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.

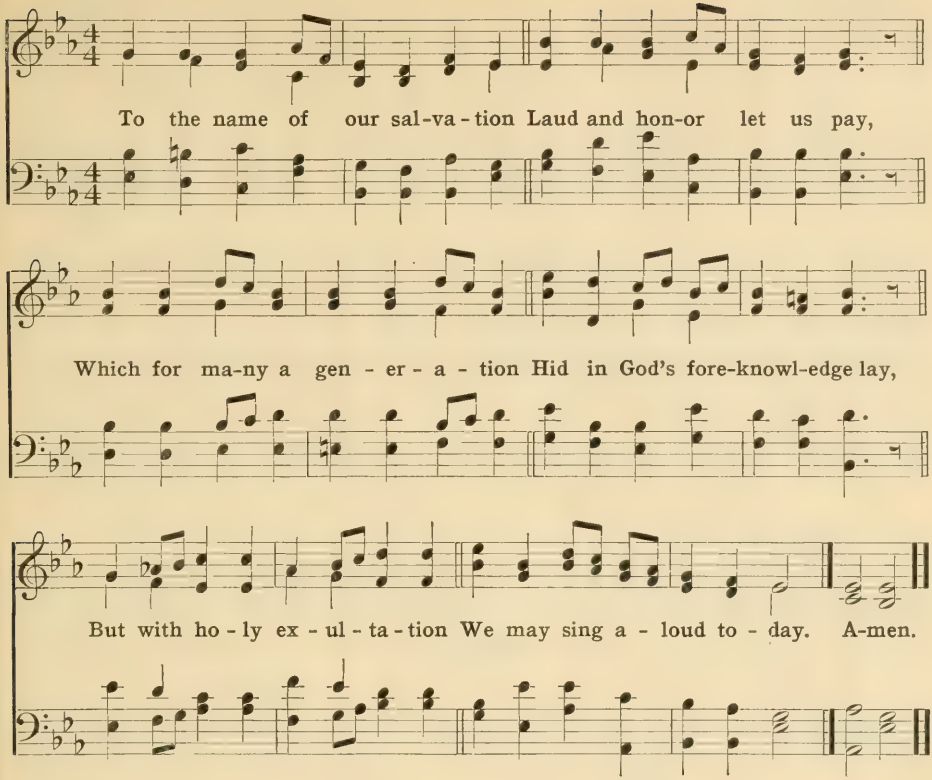
3 But sometimes in the stillness,
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome,
Into the sinner's ear;
With anxious heart He waiteth
The answer of His cry,
That oft repeated question,
"O wherefore wilt thou die?"

4 O Christ, His love is mighty!
Long-suffering is His grace!
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from His face!
Our hearts up-leap in gladness,
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above.

Mrs. C. L. S. Bancroft, 1867

254

REDEMPTION 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. GOUNOD, 1872


To the name of our sal-va-tion Laud and hon-or let us pay,
Which for ma-ny a gen-er-a-tion Hid in God's fore-knowl-edge lay,
But with ho-ly ex-ul-ta-tion We may sing a-loud to-day. A-men.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

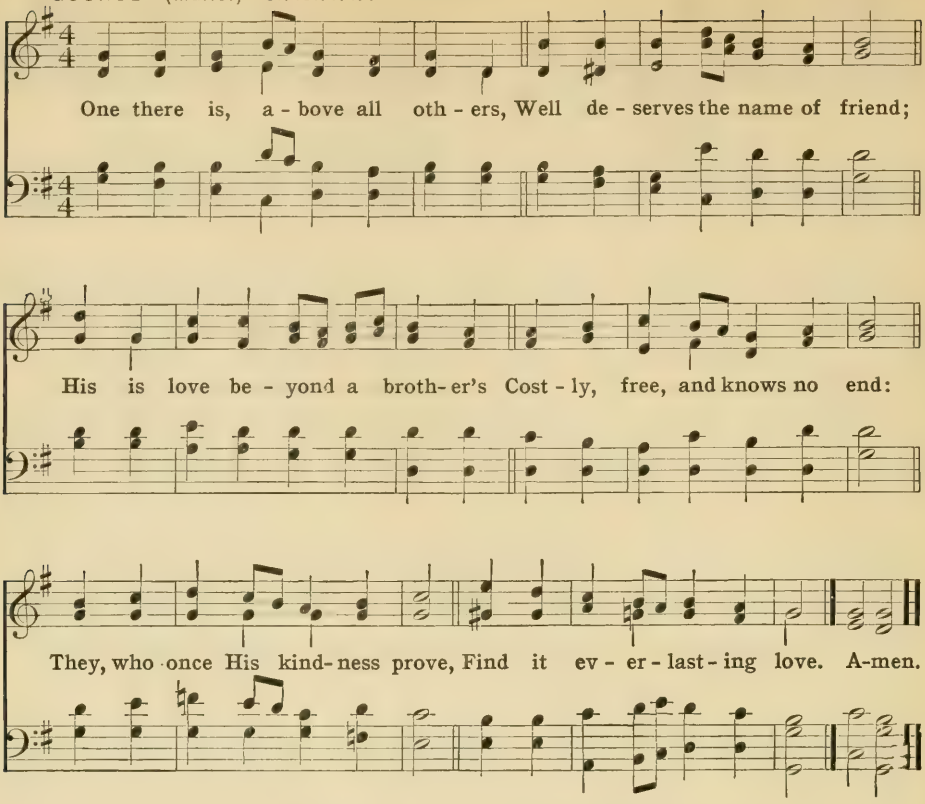
4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessèd name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

German Hymn. Tr. J. M. NEALE

255

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. Gounod

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of friend;
His is love be - yond a broth - er's Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A-men.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

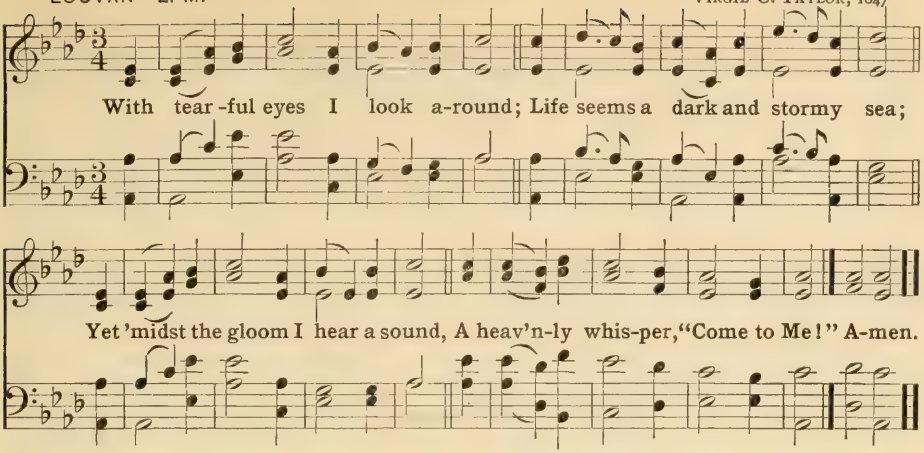
4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

256

LOUVAN L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847


With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'n-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!" A-men.

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

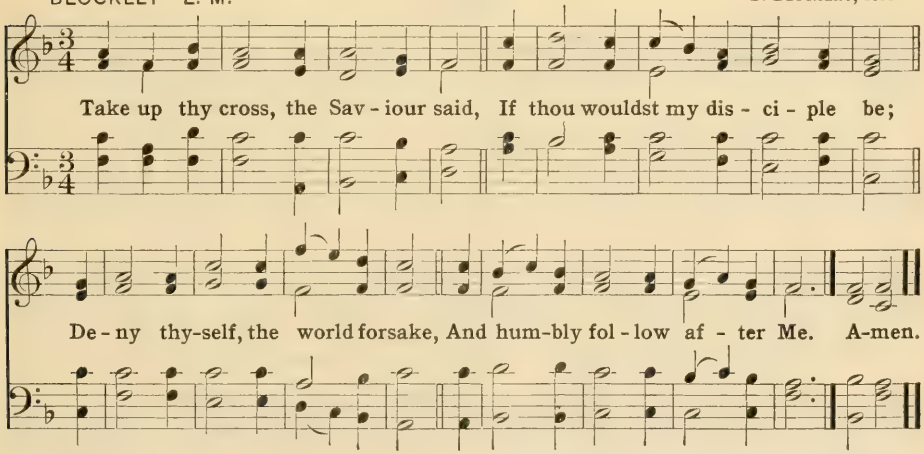
4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841

257

BLOCKLEY L. M.

T. BLOCKLEY, 1861


Take up thy cross, the Sav-iour said, If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be;
De-ny thy-self, the world forsake, And hum-bly fol-low af-ter Me. A-men.

2 Take up Thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

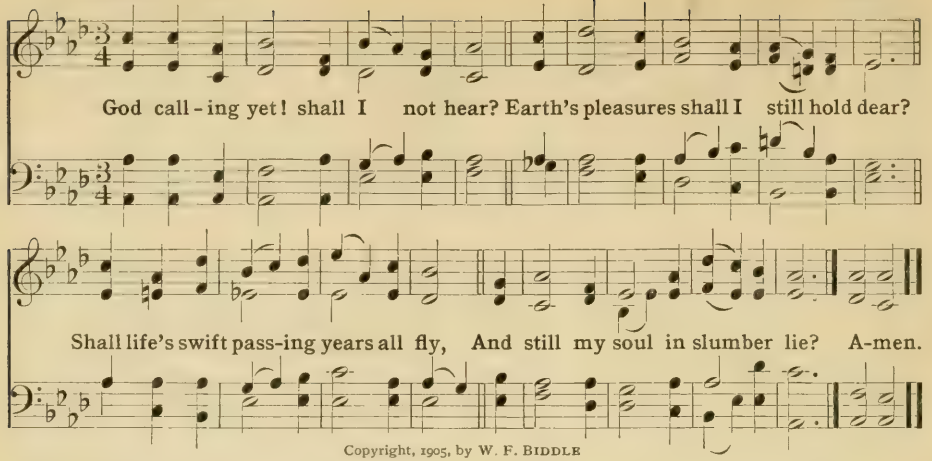
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let the foolish pride rebel;
The Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1833

258

LA BARRE L. M. — W. F. BIDDLE


God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie? A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

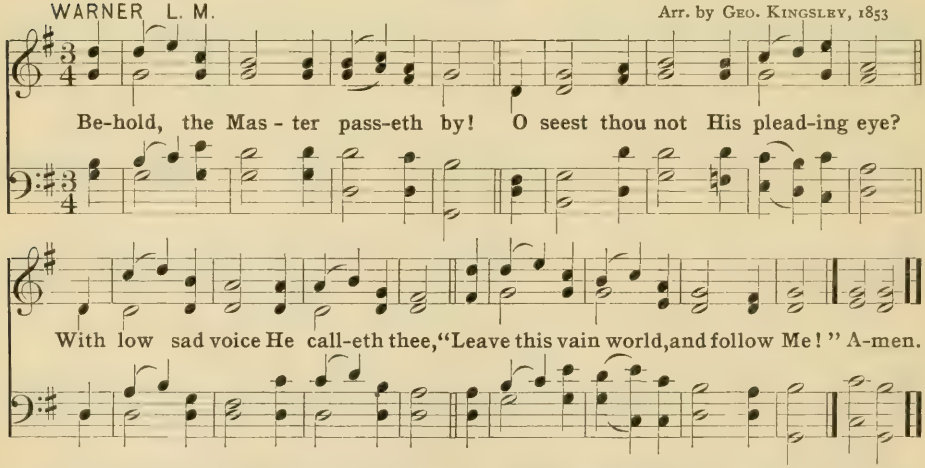
3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853

259

WARNER L. M. — Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY, 1853


Be-hold, the Mas - ter pass-eth by! O seest thou not His plead-ing eye?
With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and follow Me!" A-men.

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting His earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

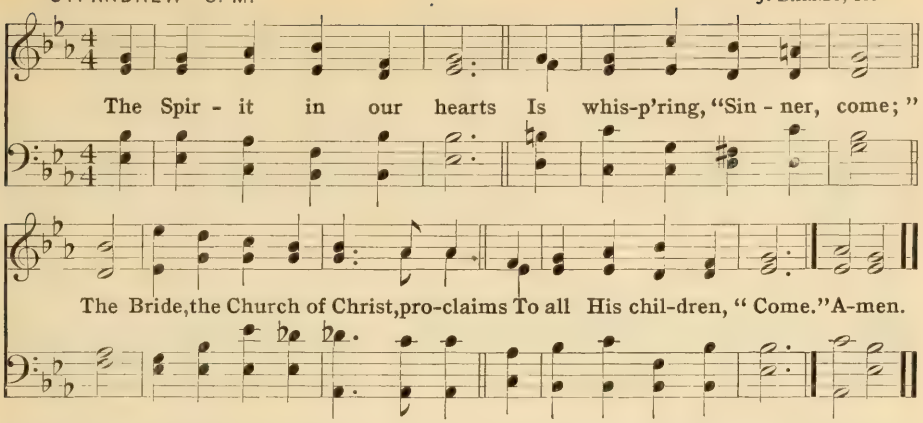
4 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, alt. 1871

260

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNBY, 1866



2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

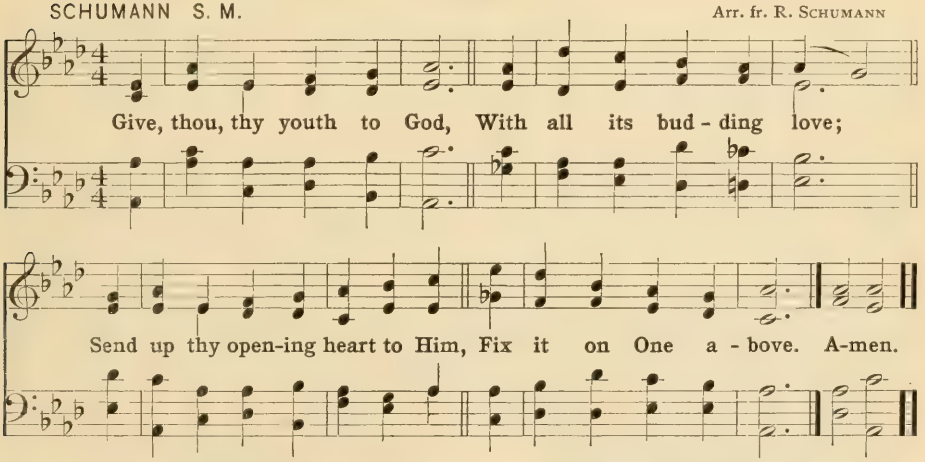
4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. U. ONDERDONK, 1826

261

SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. R. SCHUMANN



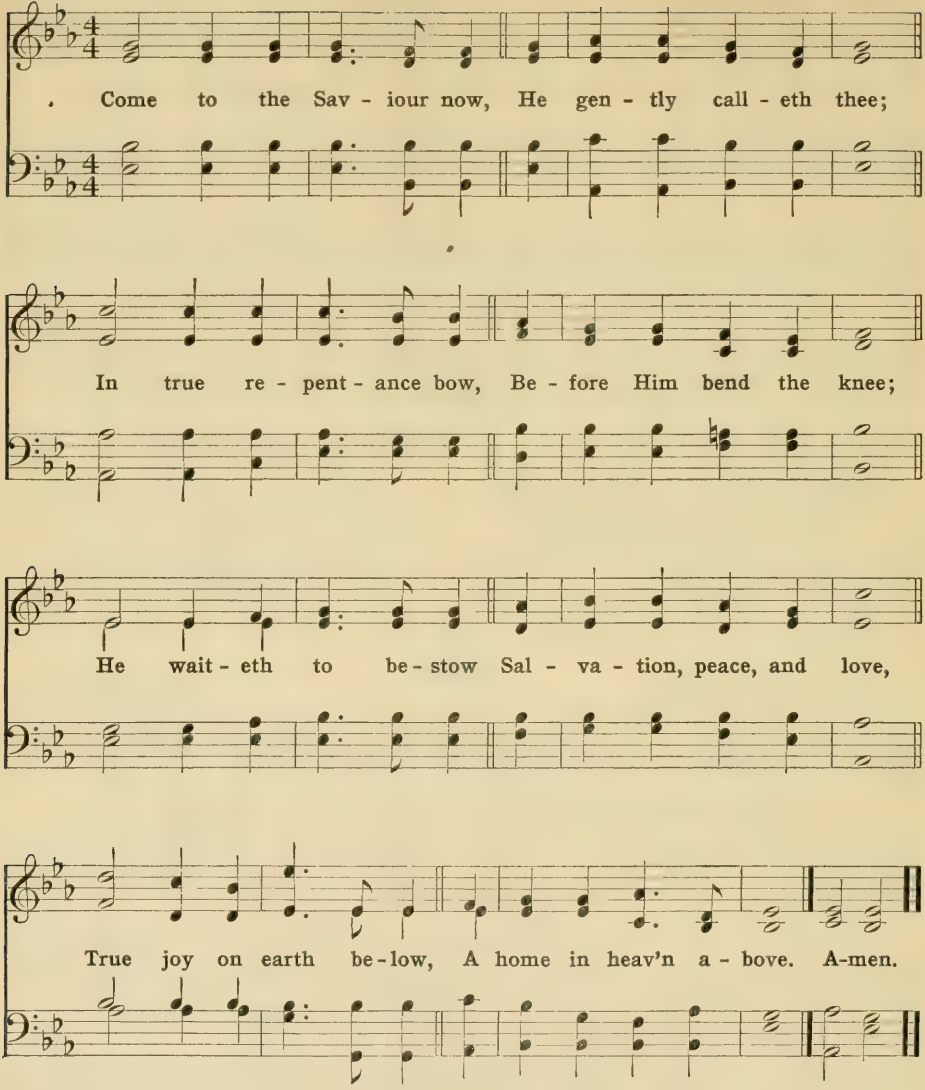
2 Be early wise for heaven,
Choose, thou, the narrow way;
The gate is strait, the road is rough,
But it will end in day.

3 Take, thou, the side of God,
In things or great or small,
So shall He ever take thy side,
And bear thee safe through all.

4 Quail not before the bad,
Be brave for truth and right,
Fear God alone, and ever walk
As in His holy sight.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR

262

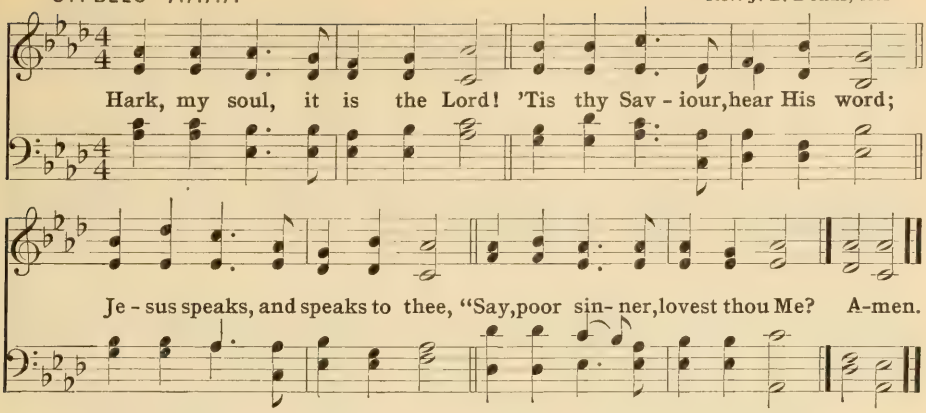
MAKER Eight 6s. F. C. MAKER, 1881

Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee;
In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee;
He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,
True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove. A-men.

2 Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are;
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call,
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving friend and kind.

JOHN M. WIGNER, 1871

263

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me? A-men.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

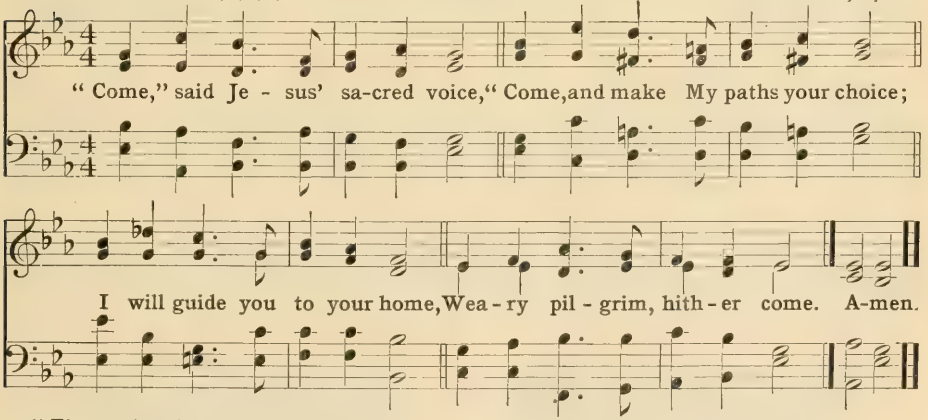
5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

264

FORGIVENESS 7.7.7.7. G. M. Garrett, 1872


"Come," said Je - sus' sa-cred voice, "Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A-men.

2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

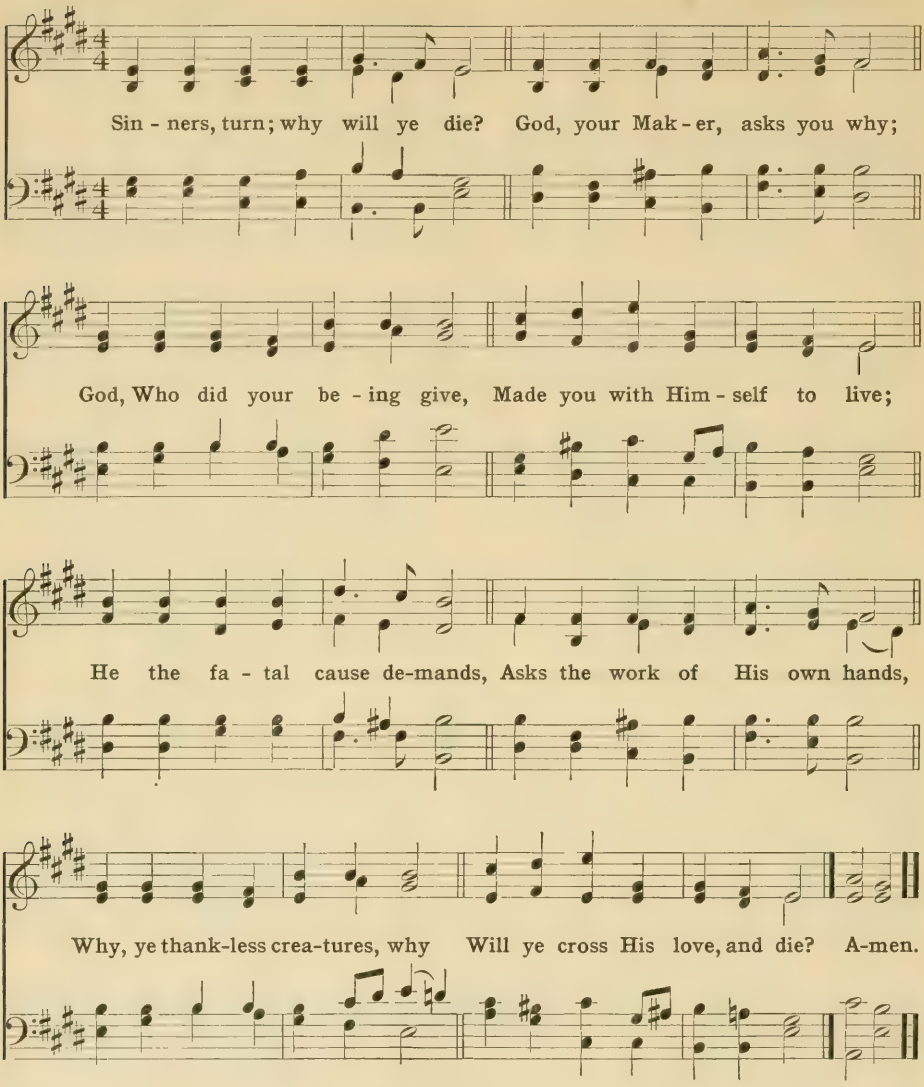
3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

Anna L. Barbauld, 1792

265

BENEVENTO Eight 7s. S. WEBBE, 1792


Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why;
God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live;
He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye cross His love, and die? A-men.

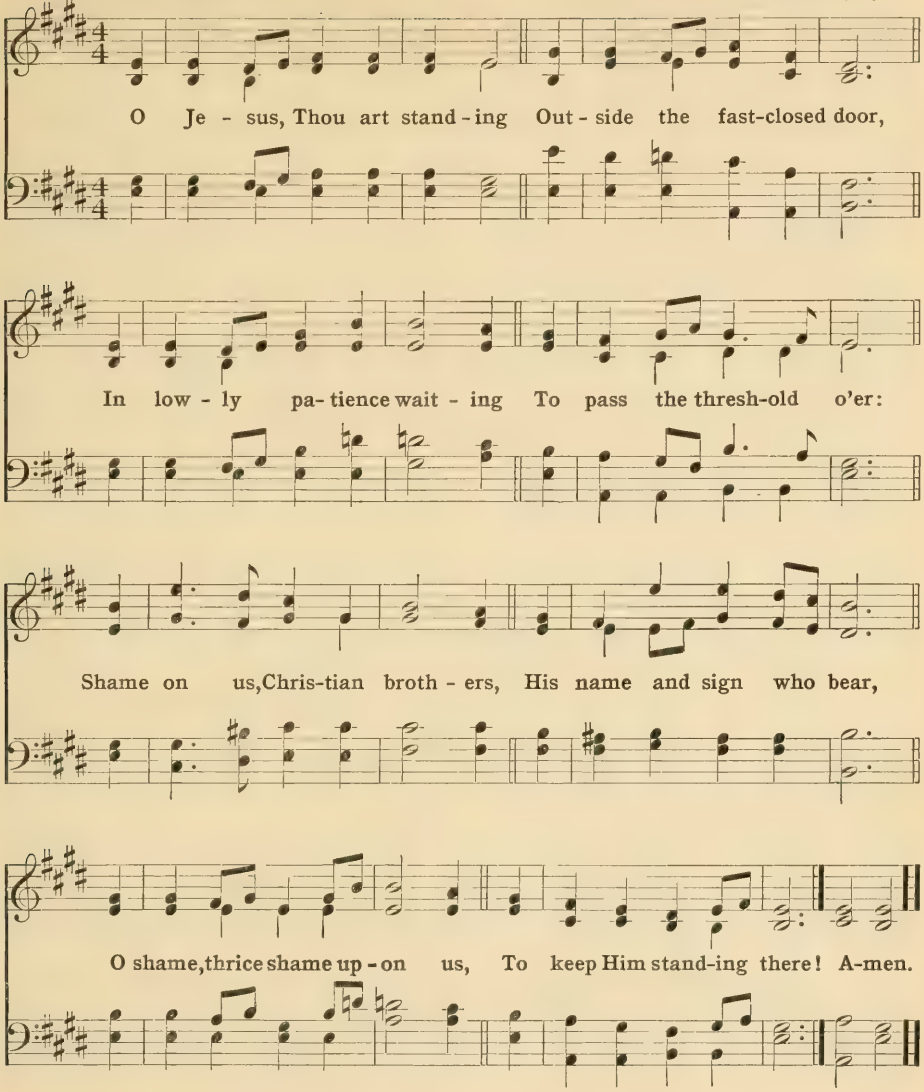
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God Who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
God, Who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1741

266

ST. EDITH 7.6.r.6.D.

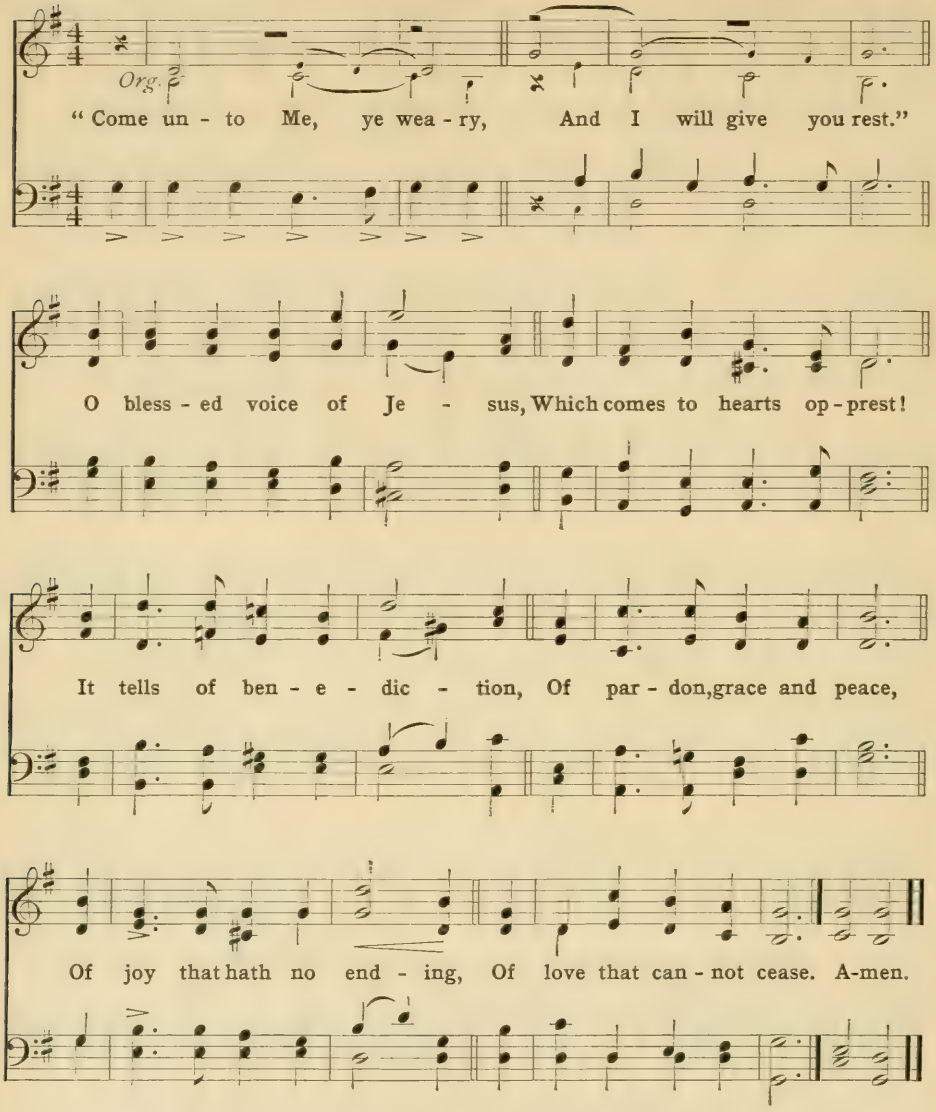
J. H. KNECHT, 1799
Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871

O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa- tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! A-men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, 1867

267

COME UNTO ME 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875

Org.
"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-men.

2 Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

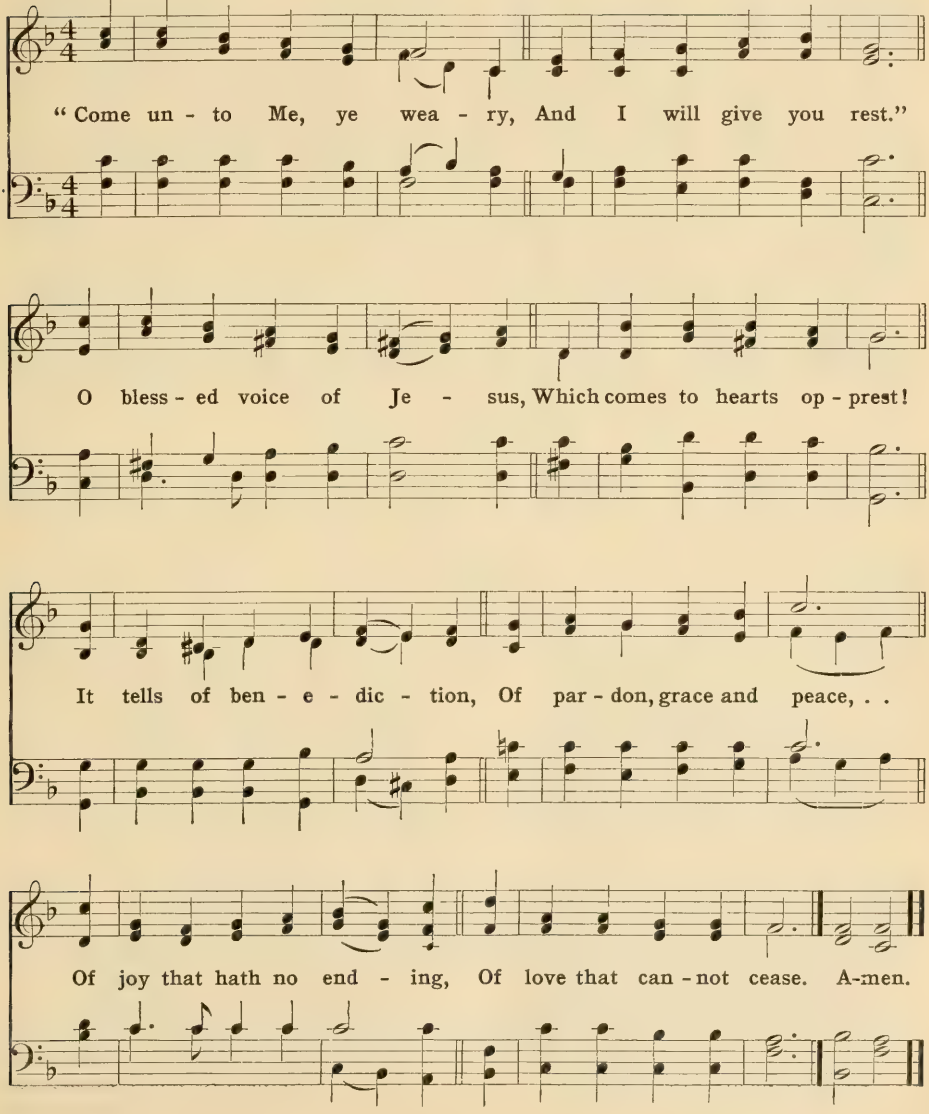
4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!

Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1867

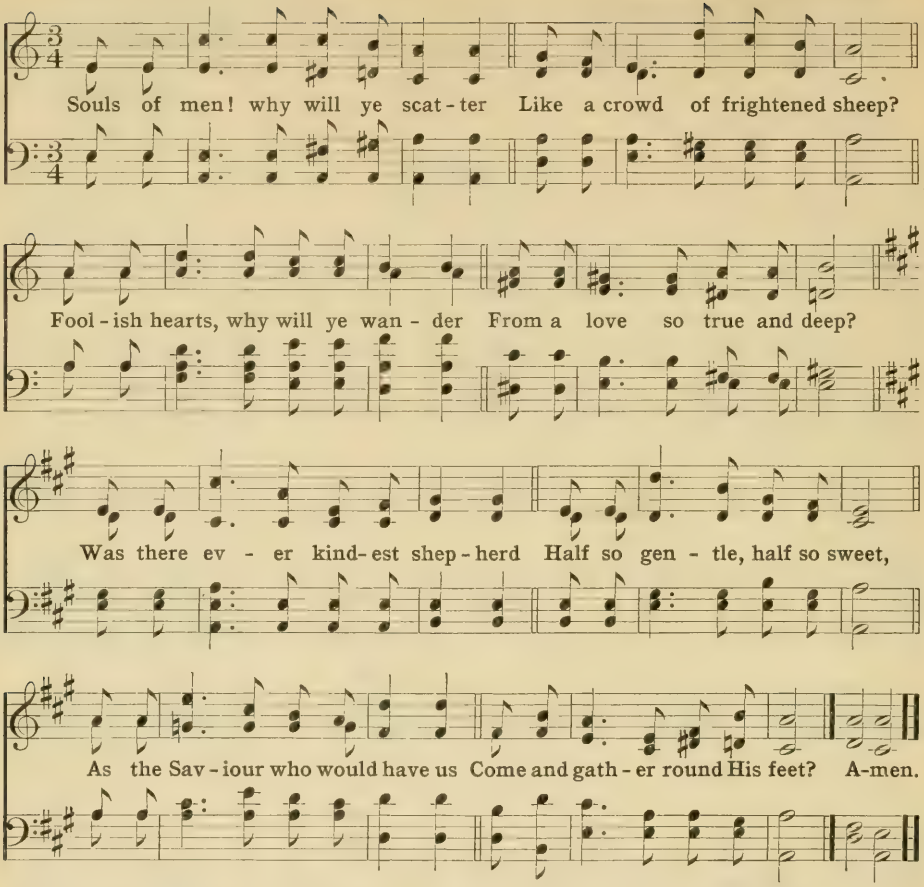
267

MESSIAH 7.6.7.6.D. (*Second Tune*)

G. F. HANDEL
Arr. by A. SULLIVAN

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace, . .
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-men.

268

ILSLEY 8.7.8.7.D.

F. G. Ilsley, 1887

Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet? A-men.

2 It is God: His love looks mighty
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good!
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

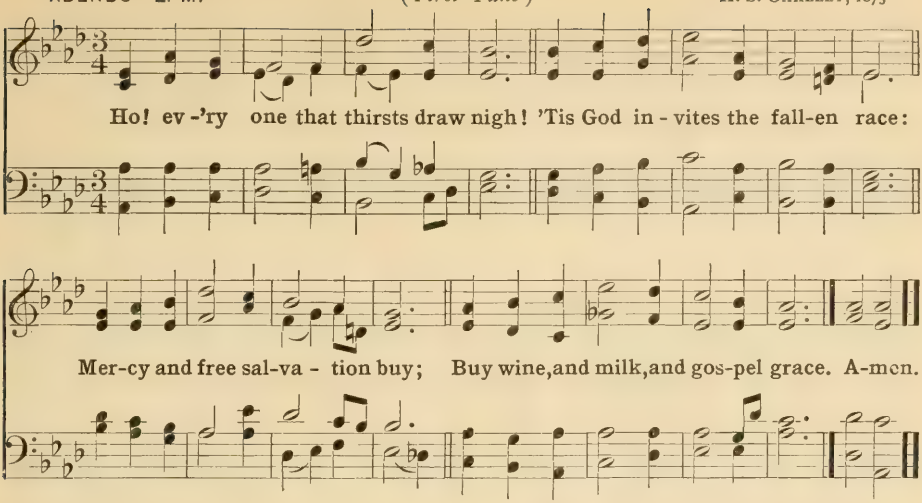
4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. F. W. Faber, 1849

269

ABENDS L. M. (*First Tune*) H. S. OAKELEY, 1873


Ho! ev -'ry one that thirsts draw nigh! 'Tis God in - vites the fall-en race:
Mer-cy and free sal-va - tion buy; Buy wine,and milk,and gos-pel grace. A-men.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all!

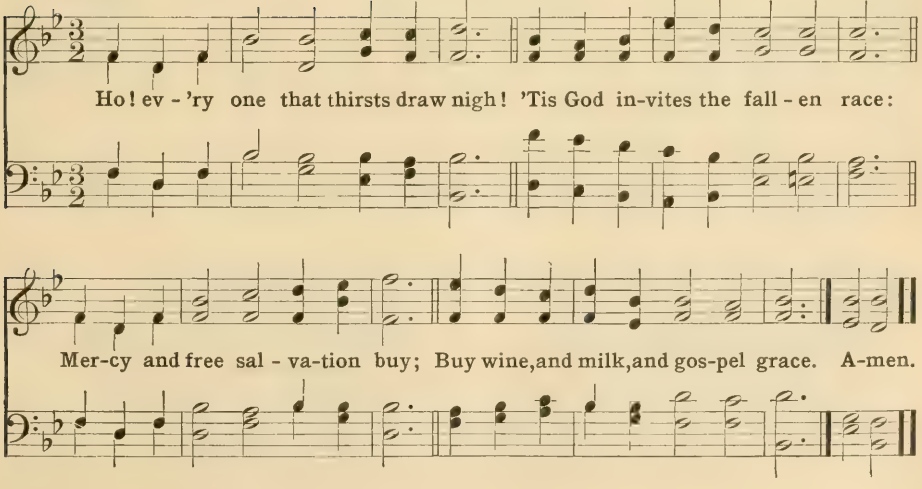
3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye weary, wandering, burdened souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind,
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

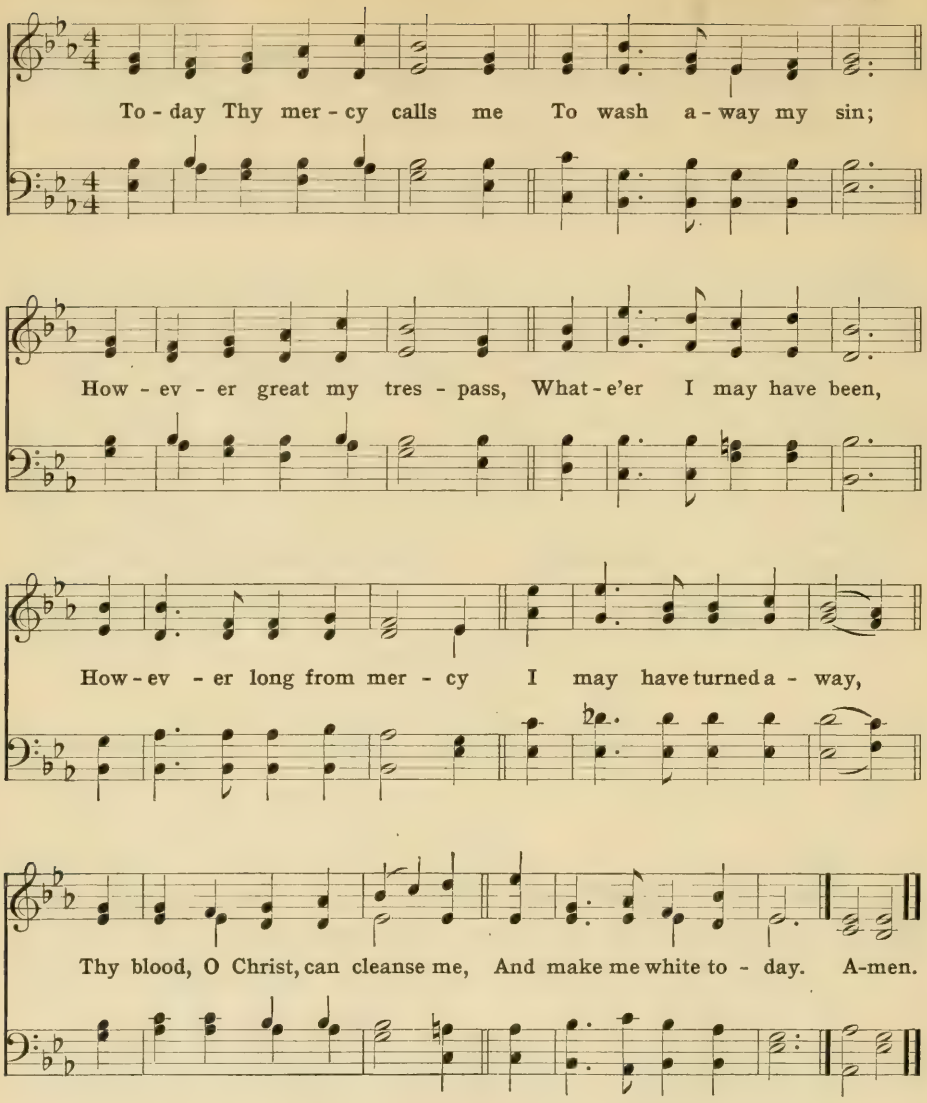
269

NIAGARA L. M. (*Second Tune*) R. JACKSON


Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsts draw nigh! 'Tis God in-vites the fall - en race:
Mer-cy and free sal - va-tion buy; Buy wine,and milk,and gos-pel grace. A-men.

270

BLAIRGOWRIE 7.6.7.6.D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1872

To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;
How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,
How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day. A-men.

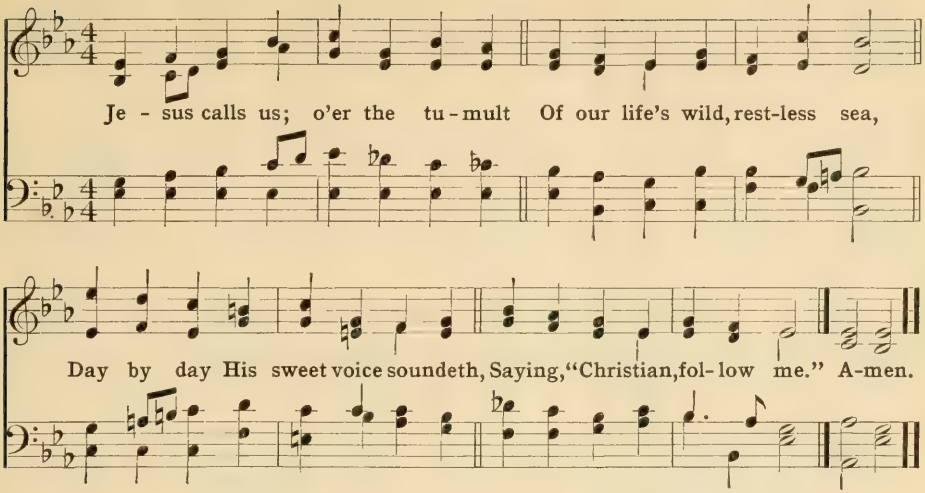
2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

Oswald Allen, 1861

271

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7. (*First Tune*) Dr. PEARCE, 1890


Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol- low me." A-men.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

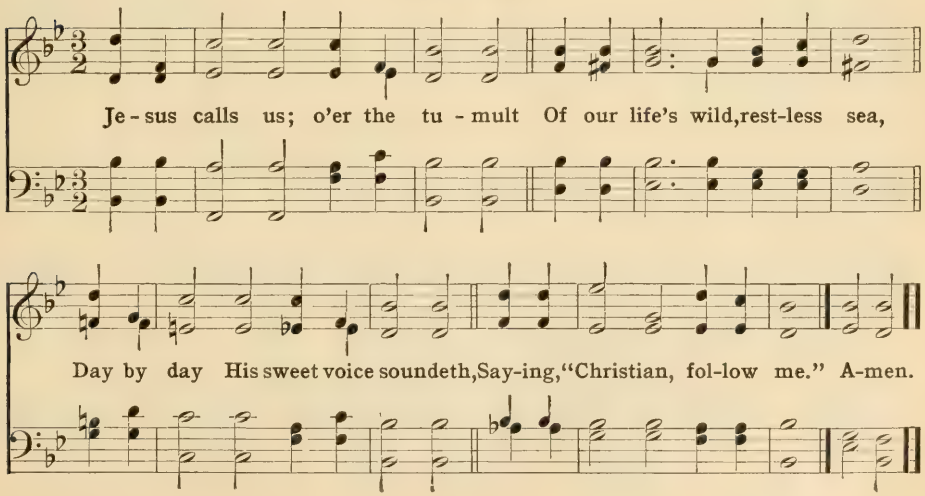
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

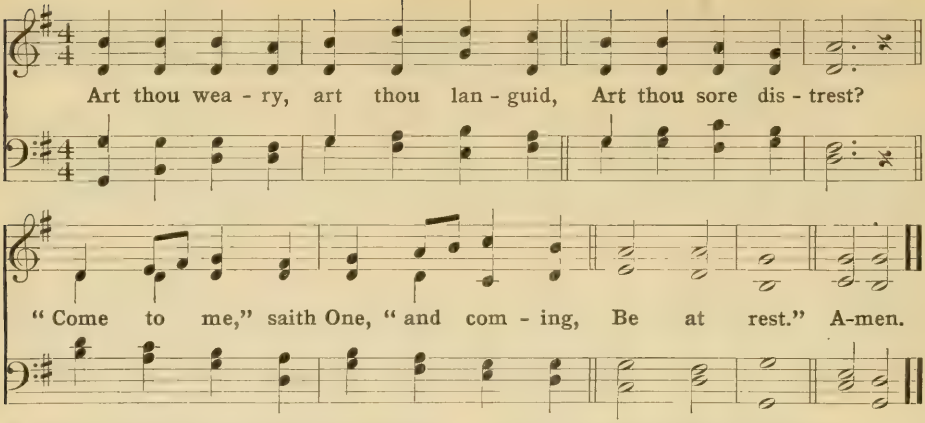
271

GALILEE 8.7.8.7. (*Second Tune*) W. H. JUDE


Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me." A-men.

272

STEPHANOS 8.5.8.3. (*First Tune*) H. W. BAKER, 1868



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
" In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
" Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
" Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
" Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

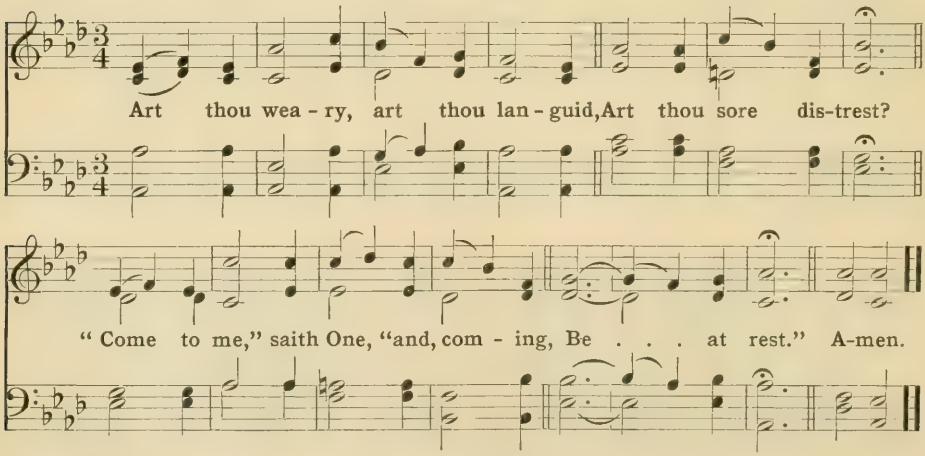
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
" Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, " Yes."

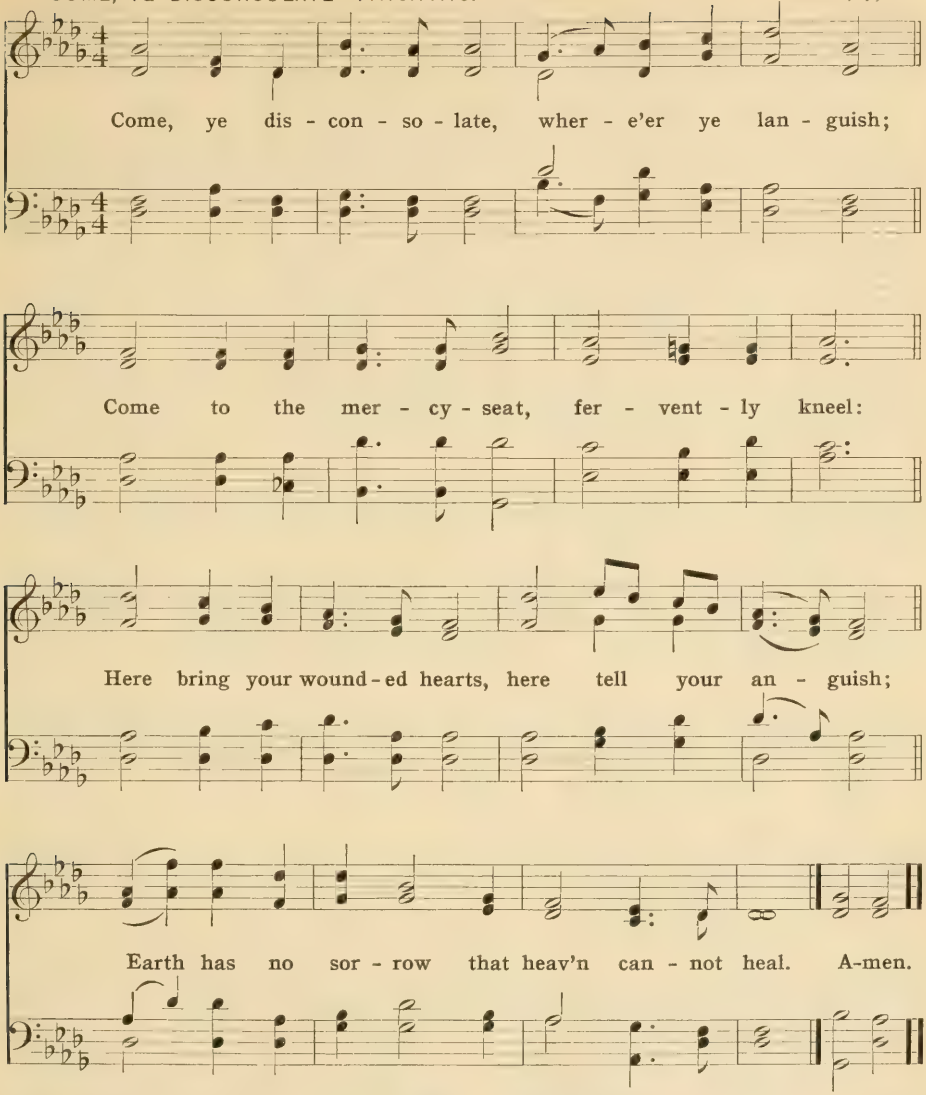
Based on an early Greek Hymn. Rev. J. M. NEALE, 1862

272

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3. (*Second Tune*) Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, 1877



273

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE 11.10.11.10. S. WEBBE, 1790

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel:
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A-men.

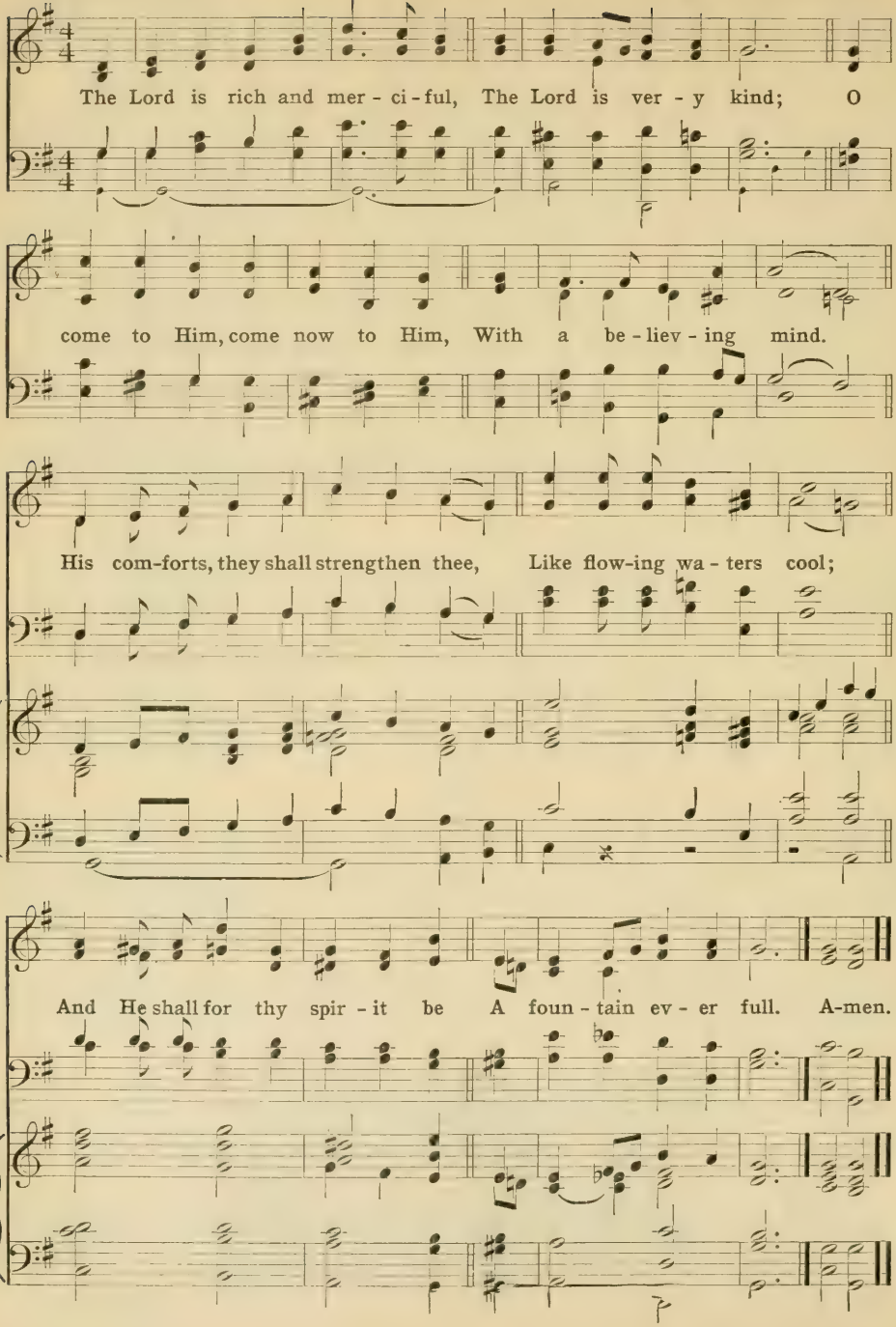
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. MOORE, 1816

274

AURORA C. M. D.

H. F. Benson

The Lord is rich and mer - ci - ful, The Lord is ver - y kind; O
come to Him, come now to Him, With a be - liev - ing mind.
His com-forts, they shall strengthen thee, Like flow-ing wa - ters cool;
And He shall for thy spir - it be A foun - tain ev - er full. A-men.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security:
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

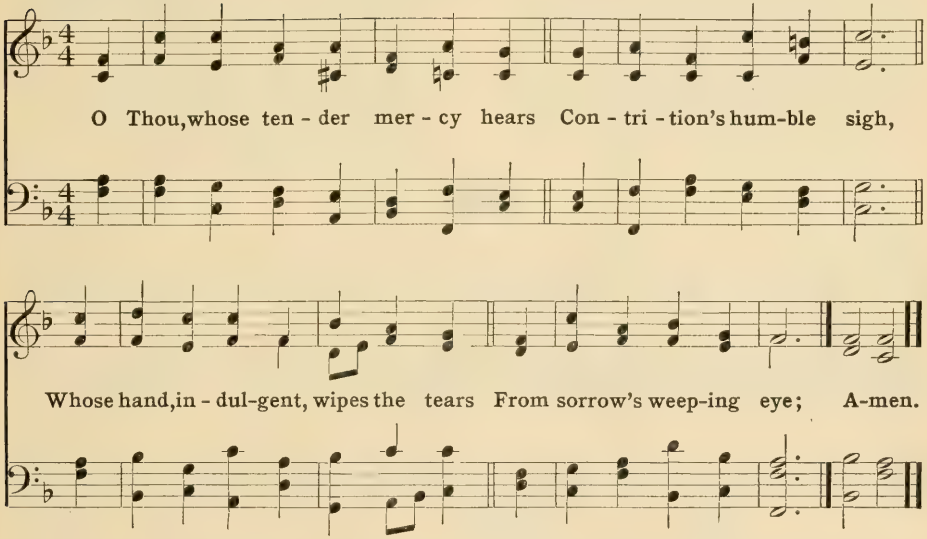
3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

Rev. Thomas T Lynch, 1850

275

MEAR C. M.

A. Williams, 1760


O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum-ble sigh,
Whose hand, in - dul-gent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weep-ing eye; A-men.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

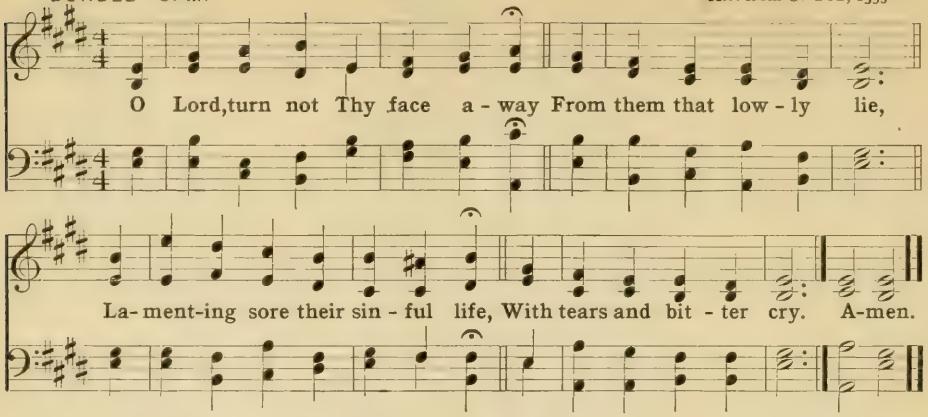
4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Anne Steele, 1760

276

DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from C. Tye, 1553



2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

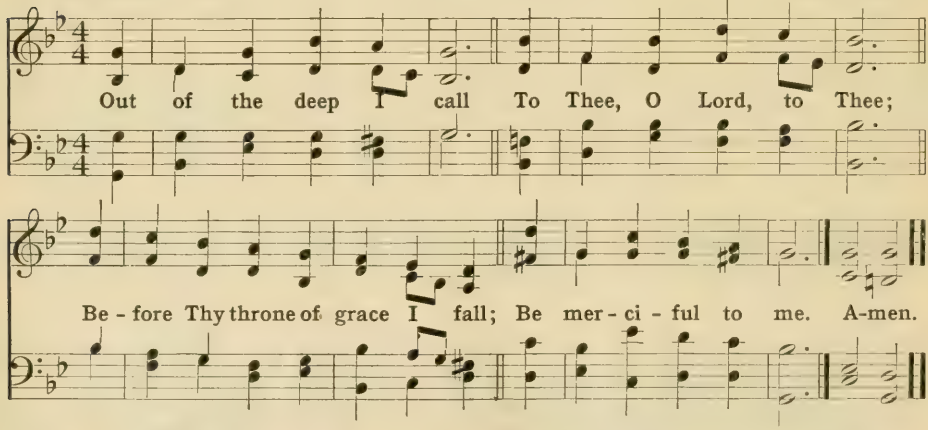
6 Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

John Markant, 1562. Alt. by Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

277

ST. BRIDE S. M.

S. Howard, 1762



2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

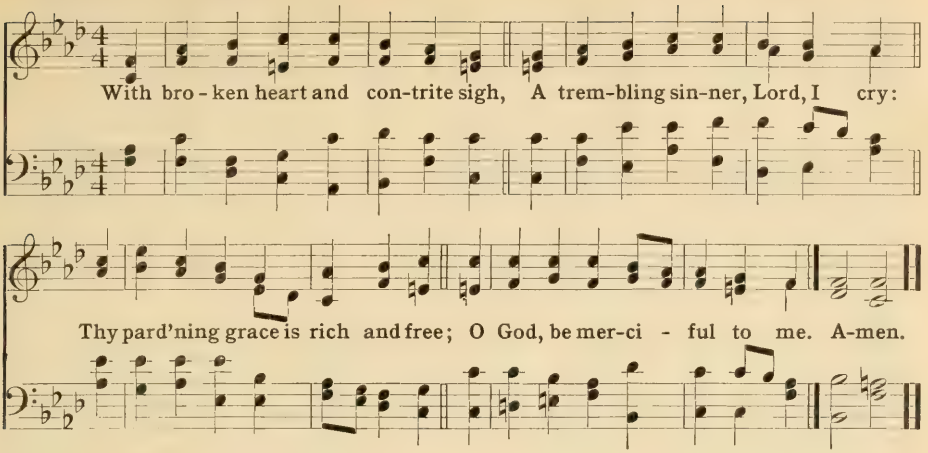
3 Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

Rev. Henry W. Baker, 1868

278

BABYLON'S STREAMS L. M.

T. Campian, 1613

With bro - ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci - ful to me. A-men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare to lift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

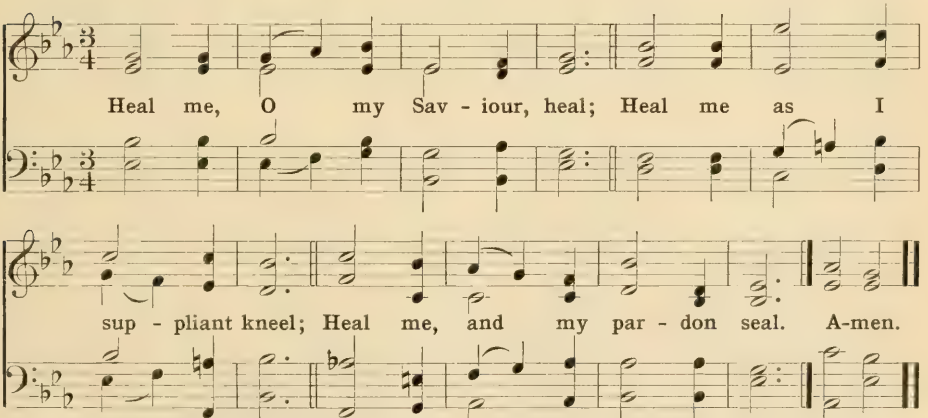
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven, 1852

279

LACRYMÆ 7.7.7.

A. Sullivan, 1874

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

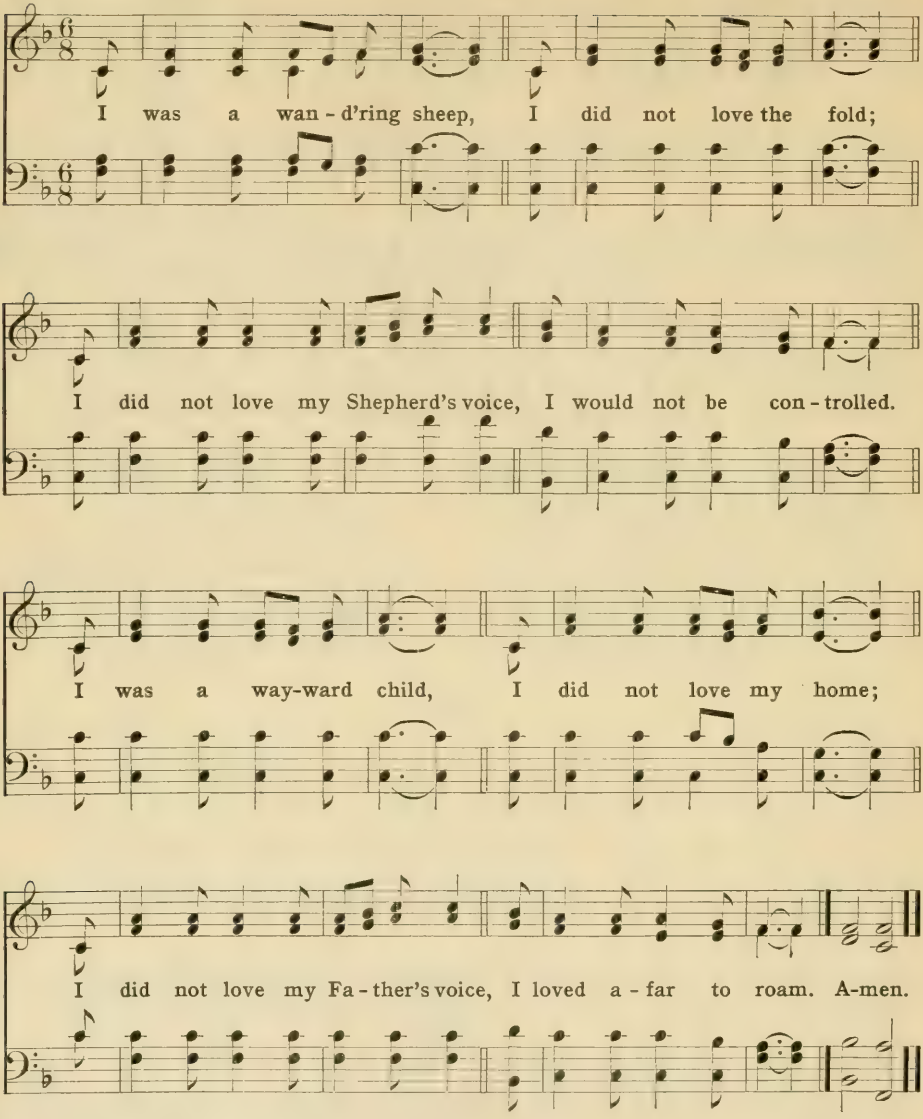
3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1866

280

LEBANON S. M. D. (*First Tune*) J. ZUNDEL, 1855

I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A-men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

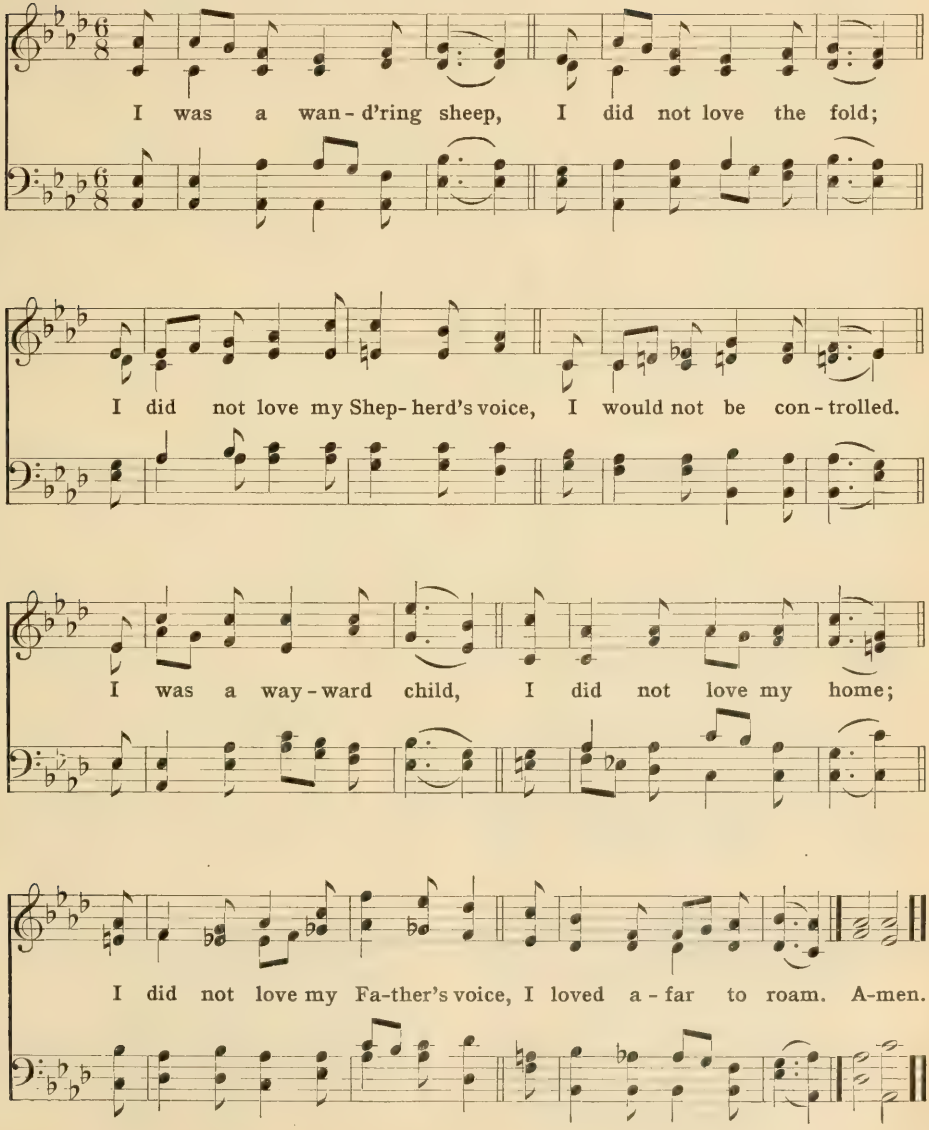
4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

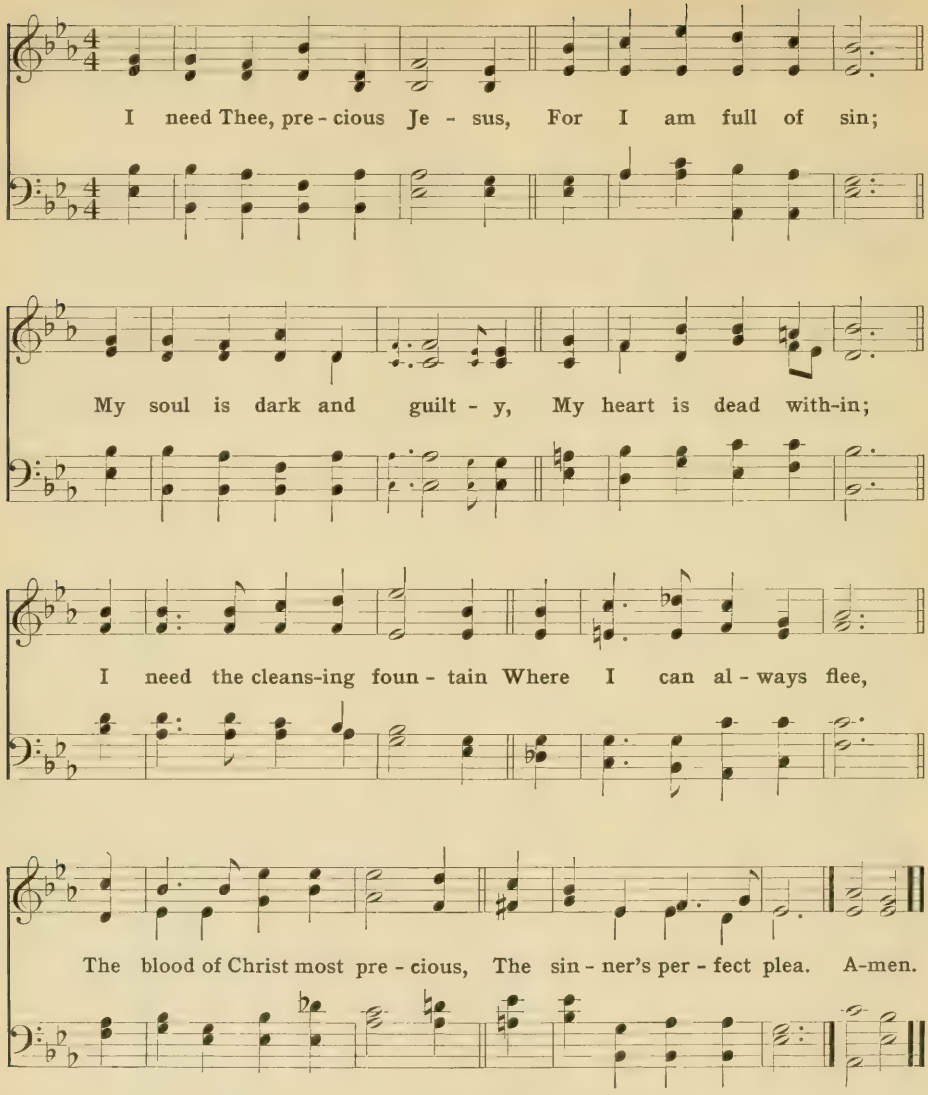
280

PASTOR BONUS S. M. D. (*Second Tune*) A. J. Caldicott


I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam. A-men.

281

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7.6.7.6.D.

J. WALCH, 1875

I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with-in;
I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,
The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. A-men.

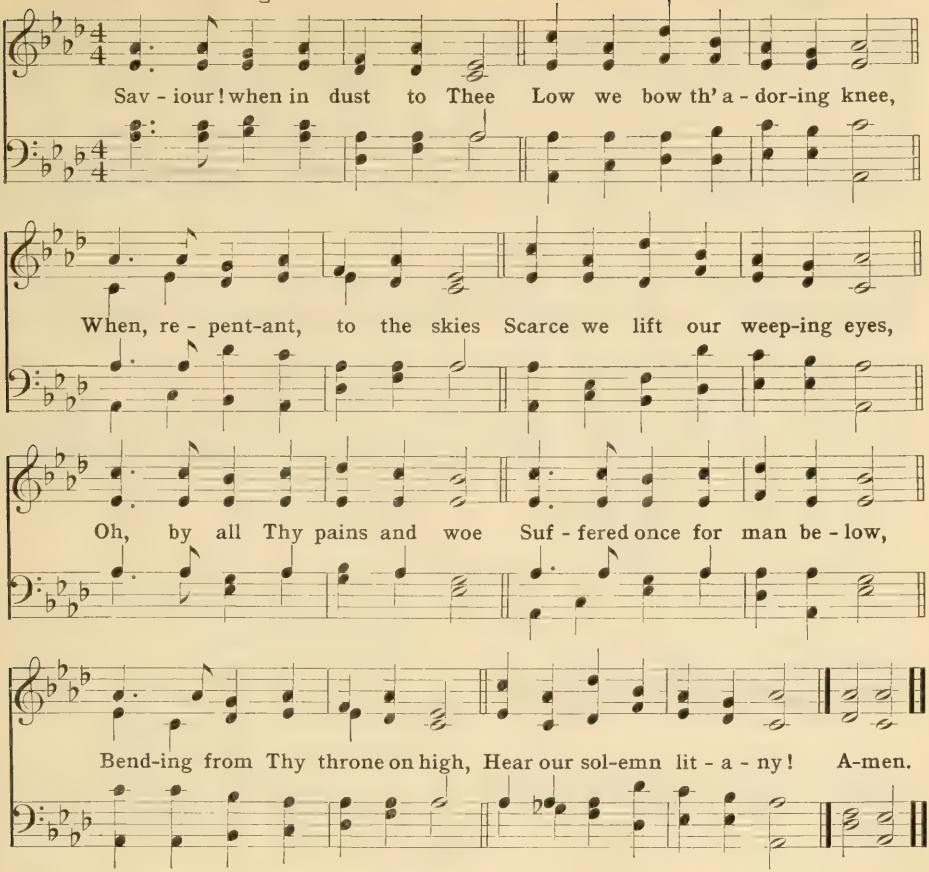
2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855

282

SPANISH HYMN Eight 7s.

Spanish Melody, 1824

Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor-ing knee,
When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny! A-men.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power:
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

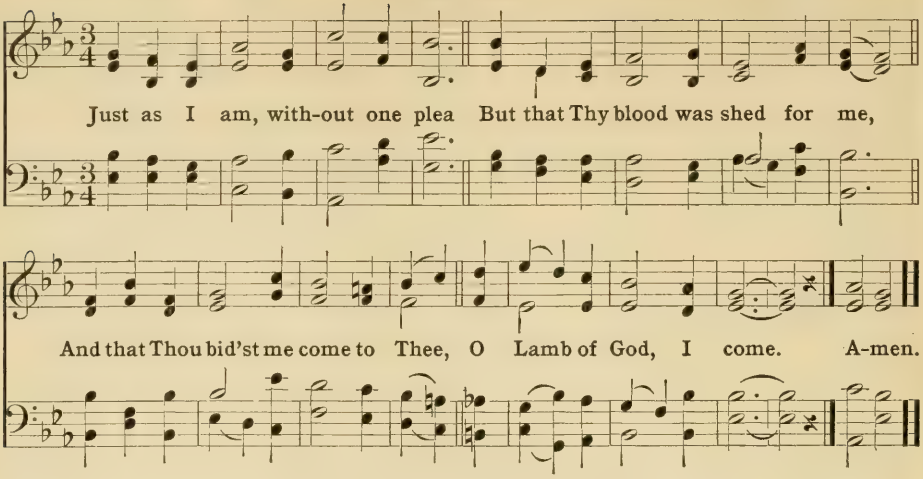
4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

ROBERT GRANT, 1815

283

MISERICORDIA 8.8.8.6. (*First Tune*) H. SMART, 1875



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
By fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

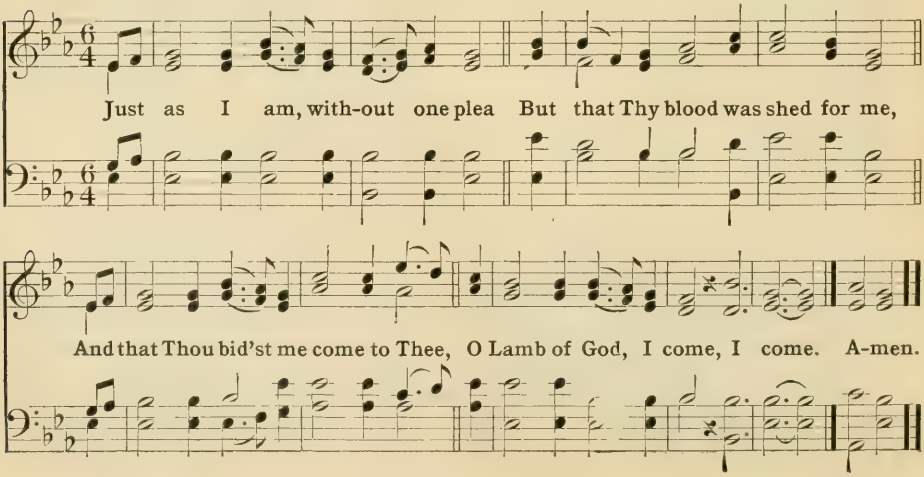
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

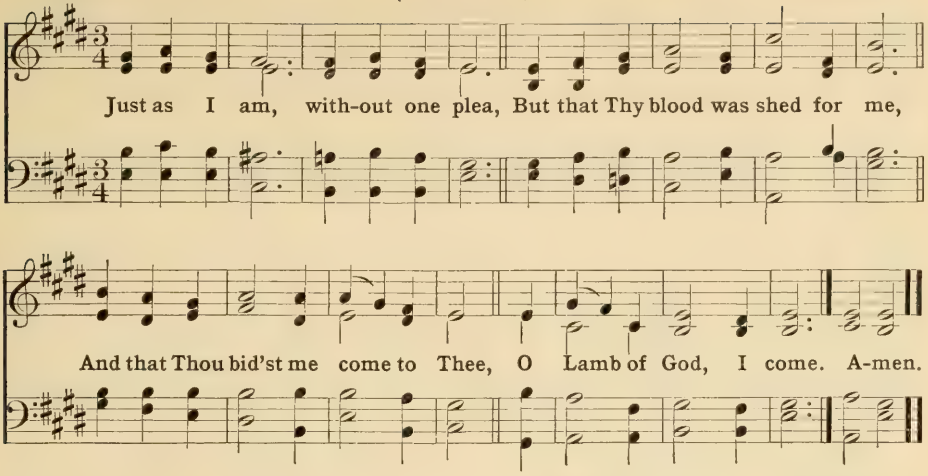
283

WOODWORTH 8.8.8.6. (*Second Tune*) W. B. BRADBURY, 1849


Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

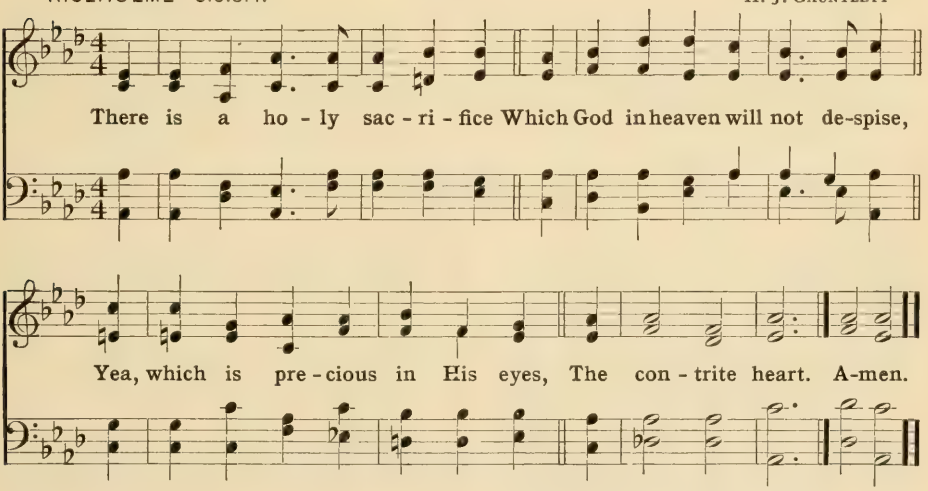
283

AGNUS DEI 8.8.8.6. (*Third Tune*) W. BLOW



284

RISEHOLME 8.8.8.4. H. J. GAUNTLETT



2 That lofty One, before Whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

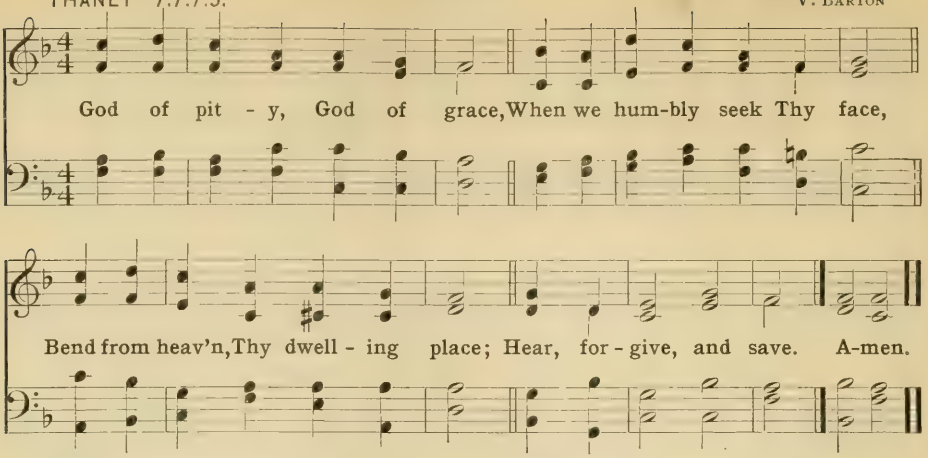
3 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest cry,
And cheer and bless and purify
The contrite heart.

4 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

285

THANET 7.7.7.5. V. BARTON



2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

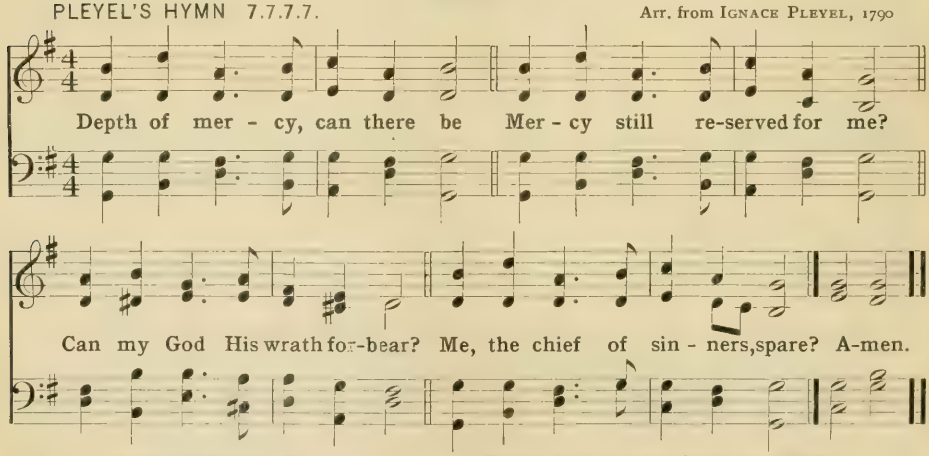
5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive and save.

ELIZA F. MORRIS, 1858

286

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7. Arr. from IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790

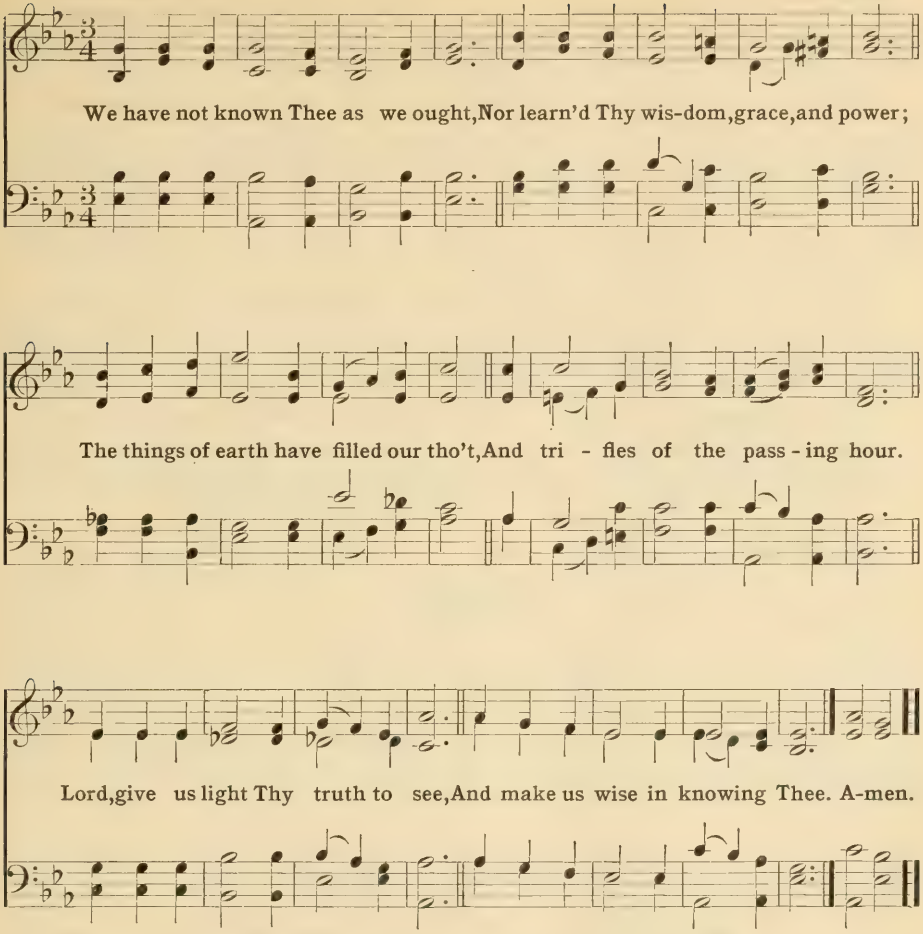


2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

287

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s. J. BARNBY, 1872

We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learn'd Thy wis-dom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our tho't, And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour.
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see, And make us wise in knowing Thee. A-men.

2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

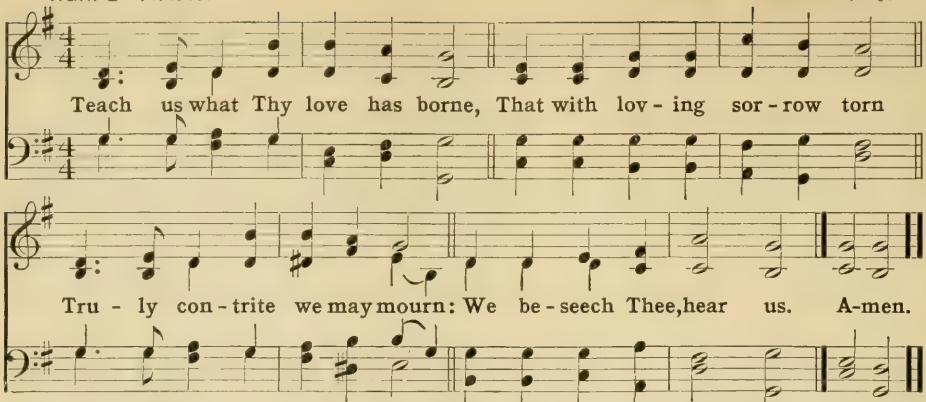
4 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

Rev. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1889

288

AGAPÈ 7.7.7.6. G. HERBERT, 1854



2 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

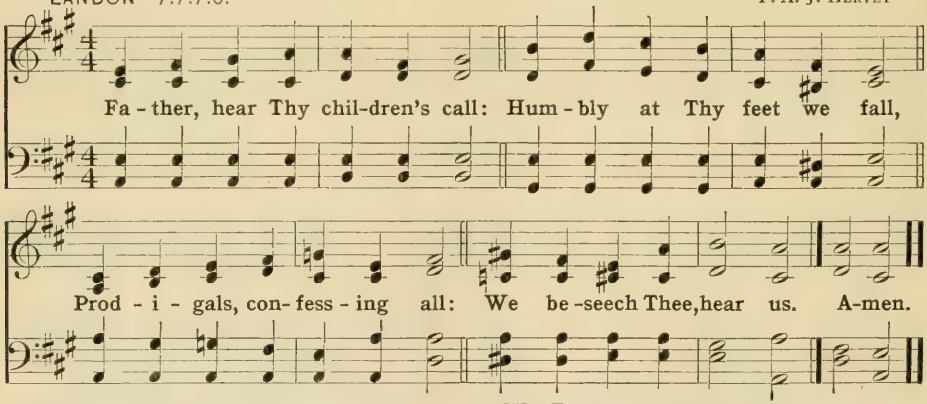
3 Grant us love, Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1875

289

LANDON 7.7.7.6. F. A. J. HERVEY



2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

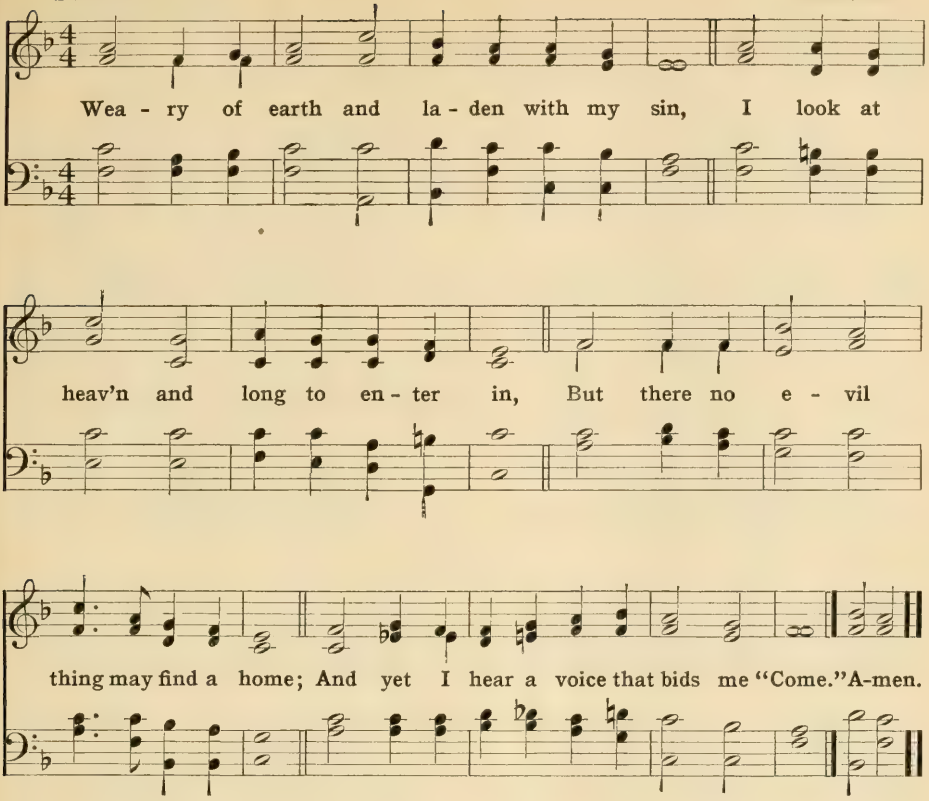
6 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1875

290

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1862

Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at
heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil
thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A-men.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

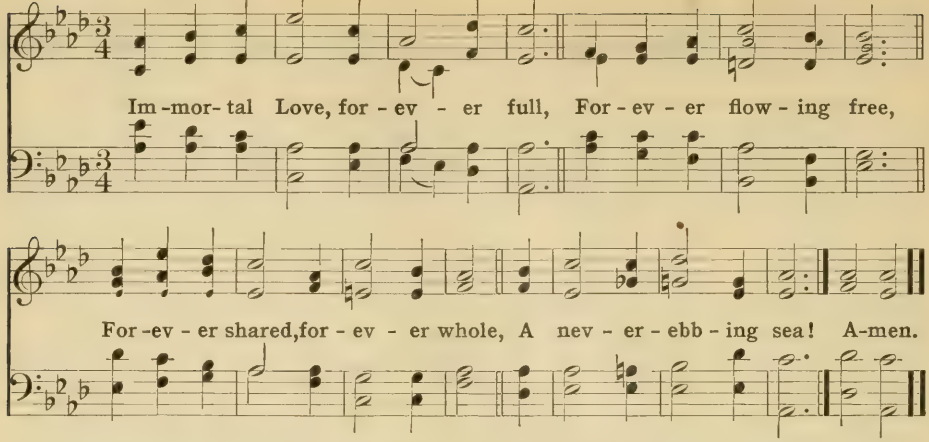
4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865

291

BEATITUDO C. M. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1867



2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

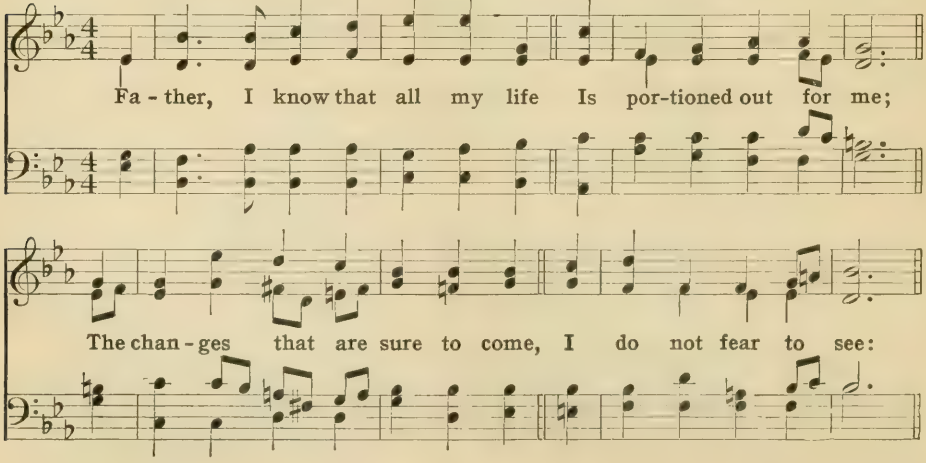
6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

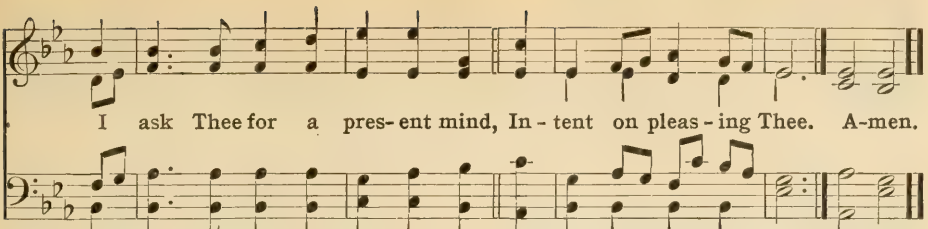
7 Our Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John G. Whittier, 1866

292

ST. BEDE (Slingsby) C. M. 6l. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1867





2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

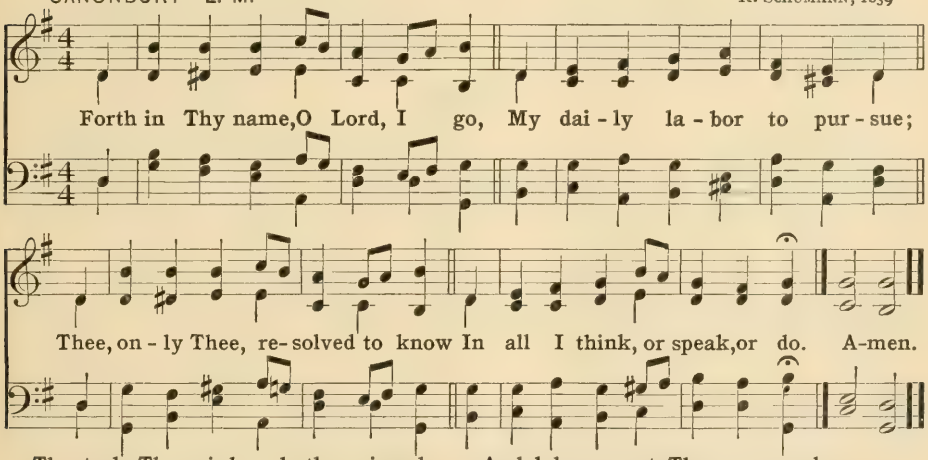
5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850

293

CANONBURY L. M.

R. SCHUMANN, 1839



2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above;
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

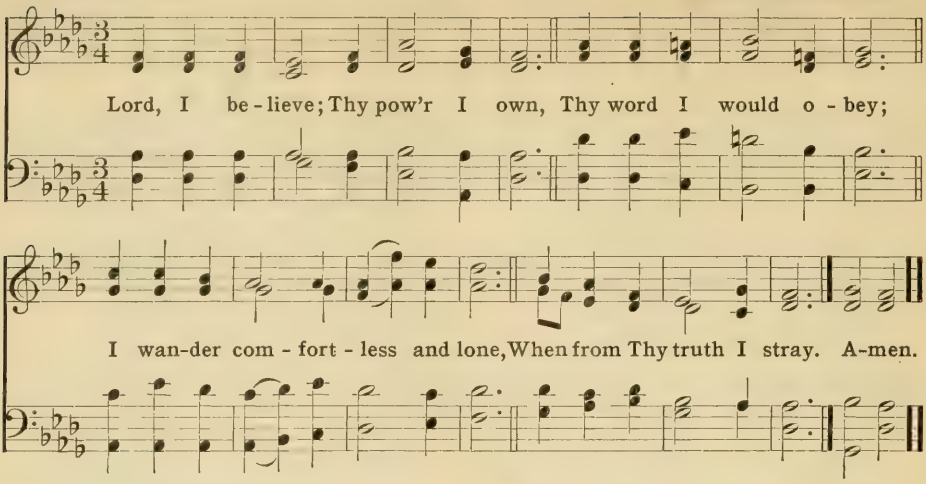
6 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

294

LYNTON C. M.

A. J. JAMOUNEAU, 1904



2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

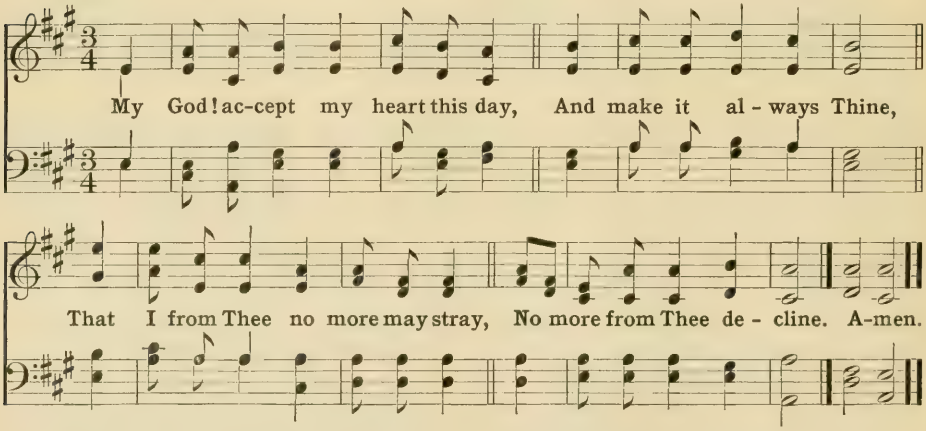
4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Rev. JOHN R. WREFORD, 1837

295

AZMON C. M

Arr. from C. G. GLASER, by LOWELL MASON, 1839



2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

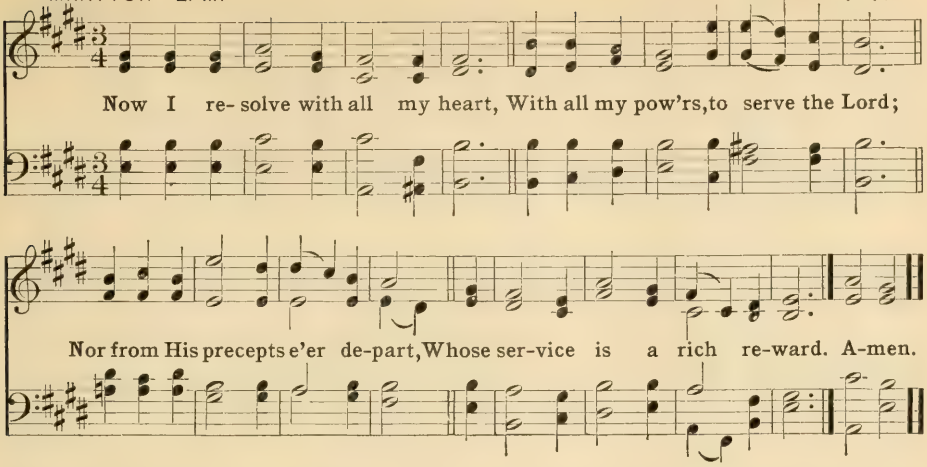
4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848

296

MARYTON L. M.

Rev. H. Percy Smith, 1874


Now I re- solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er de-part, Whose ser-vice is a rich re-ward. A-men.

2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

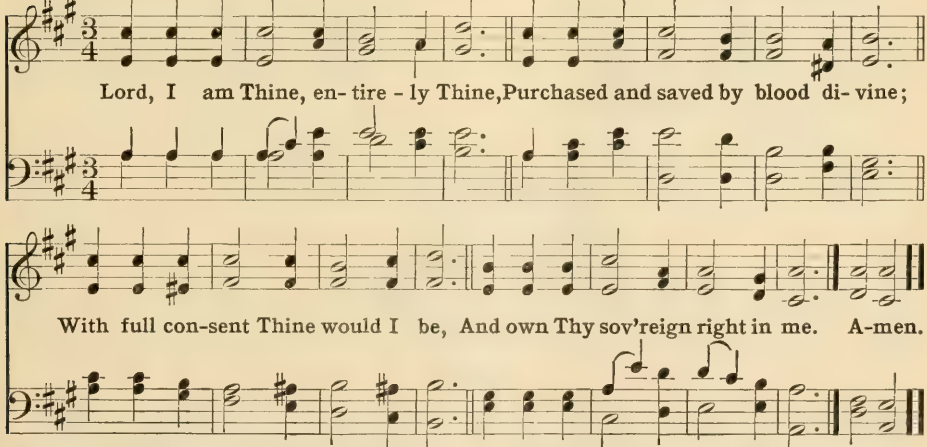
4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760

297

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1874


Lord, I am Thine, en- tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di- vine;
With full con-sent Thine would I be, And own Thy sov'reign right in me. A-men.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

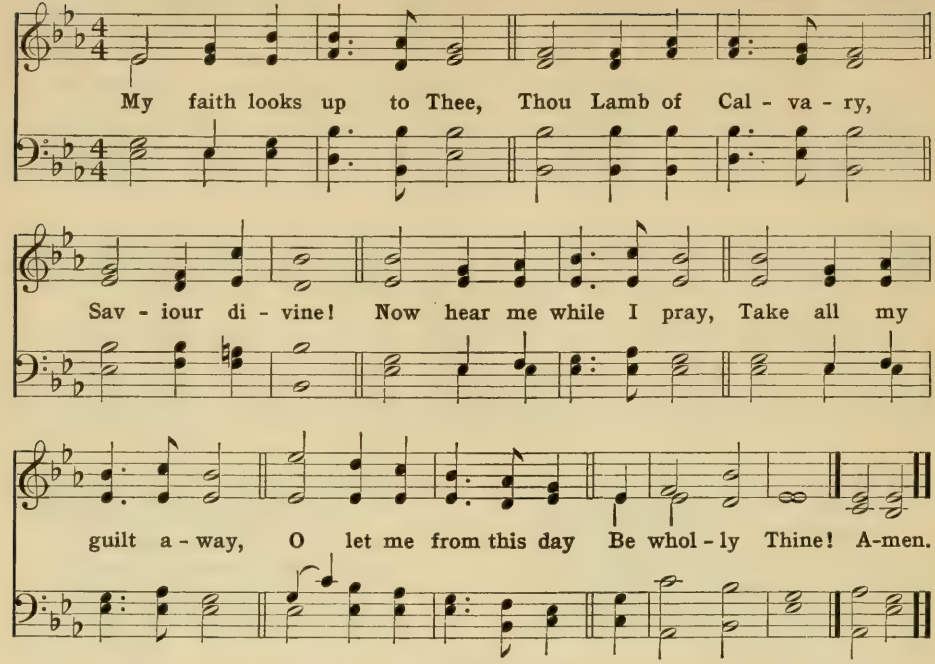
3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Rev. Samuel Davies, 1769

298

OLIVET 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune*) LOWELL MASON, 1832


My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A-men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

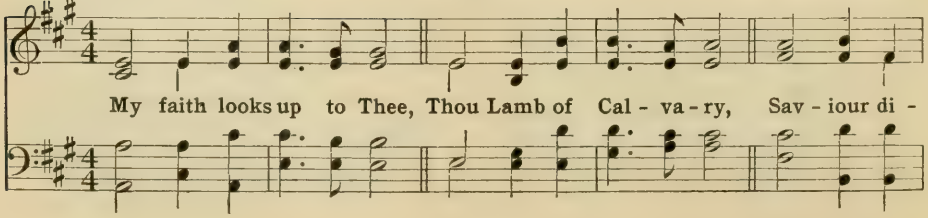
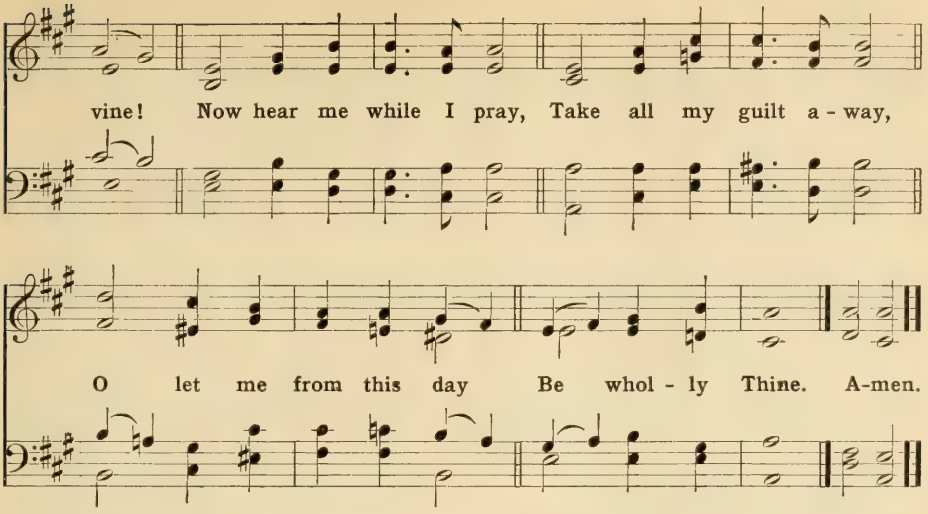
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

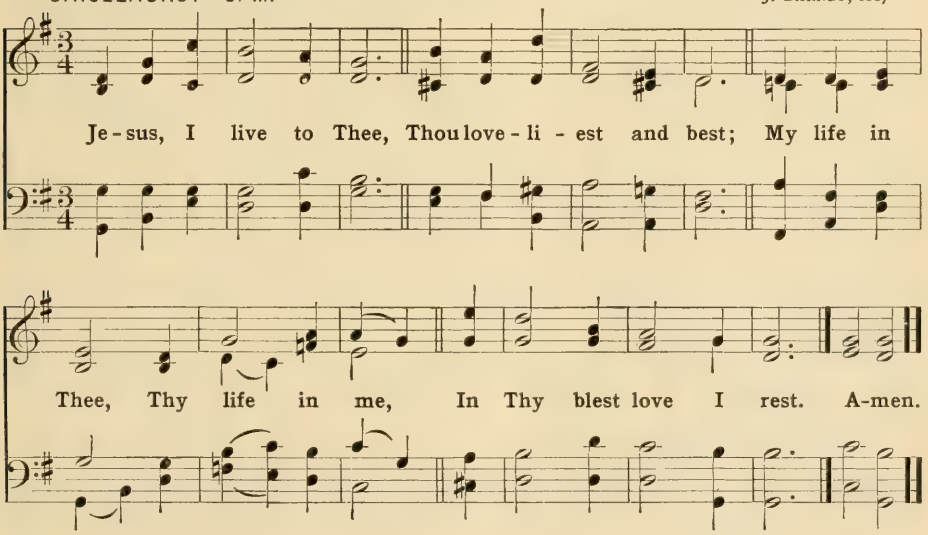
Rev. RAY PALMER, 1830

298

FAITH 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*) J. H. CORNELL, 1872



299

CHISELHURST S. M. — J. Barnby, 1887

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

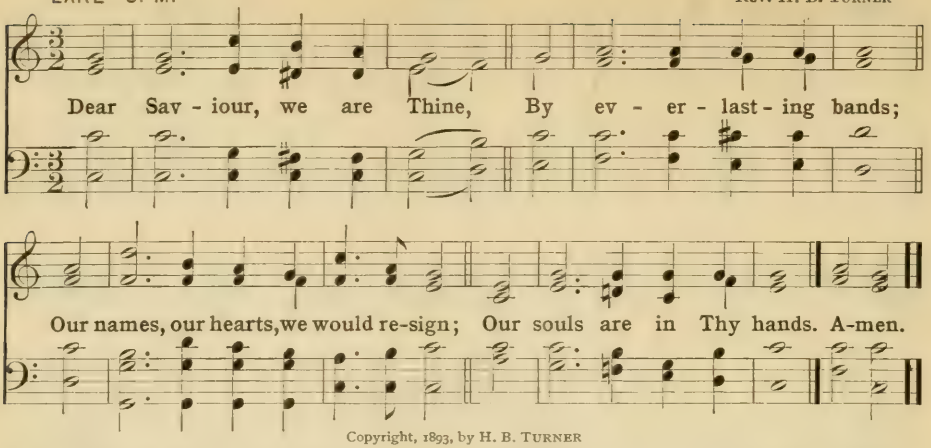
3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, 1850

300

EARL S. M. Rev. H. B. TURNER



Copyright, 1893, by H. B. TURNER

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

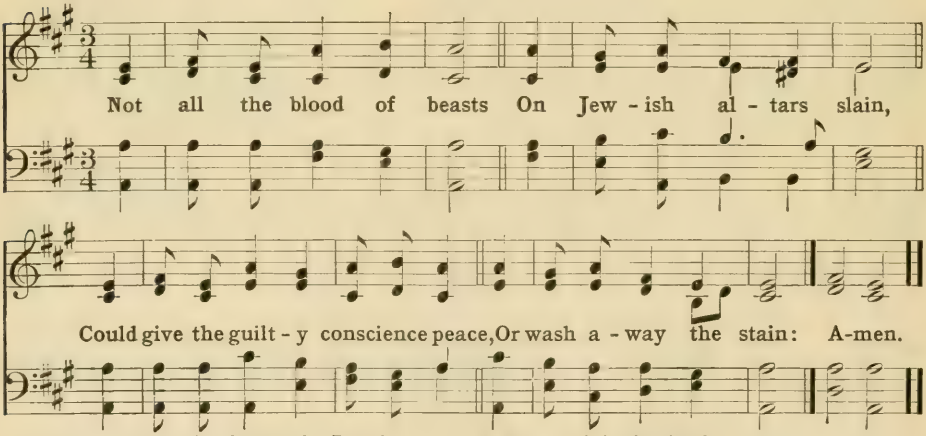
3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

301

OLMUTZ S. M. Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

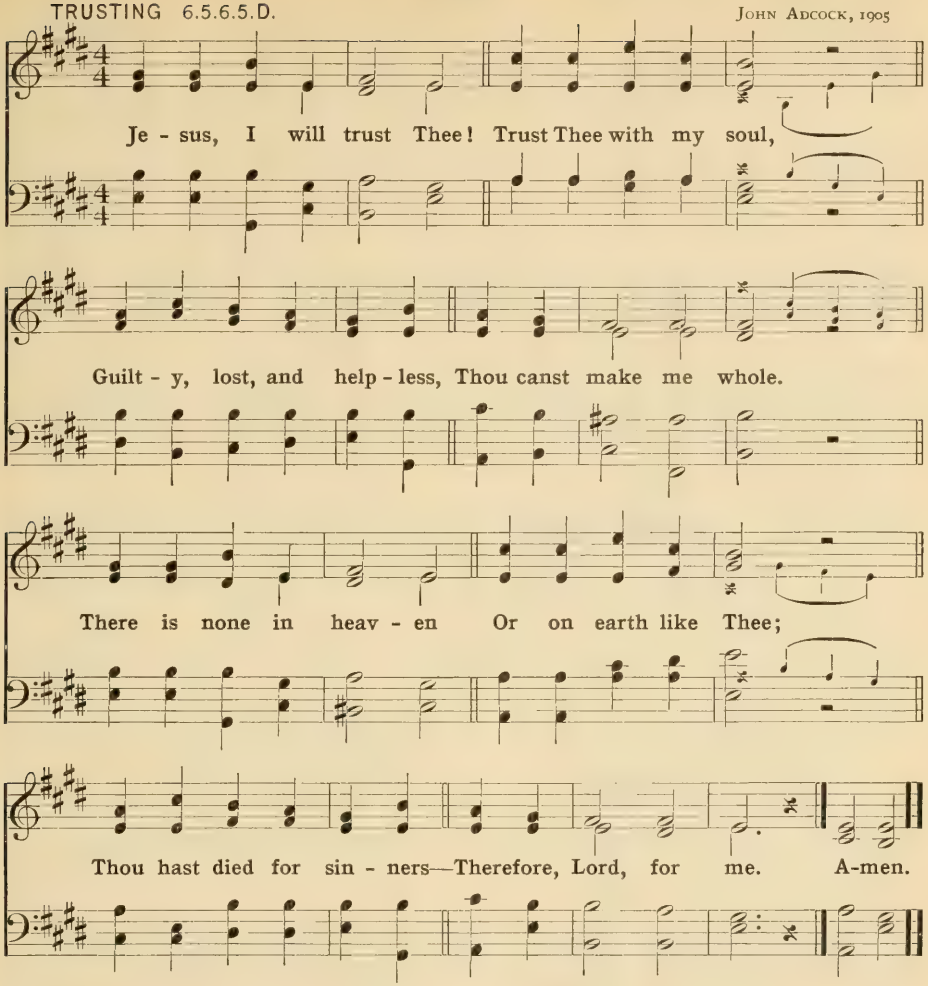
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

302

TRUSTING 6.5.6.5.D.

JOHN ADCOCK, 1905

Je - sus, I will trust Thee! Trust Thee with my soul,
Guilt - y, lost, and help - less, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heav - en Or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sin - ners—Therefore, Lord, for me. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. BARNES & CO.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee!
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame:
Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name.

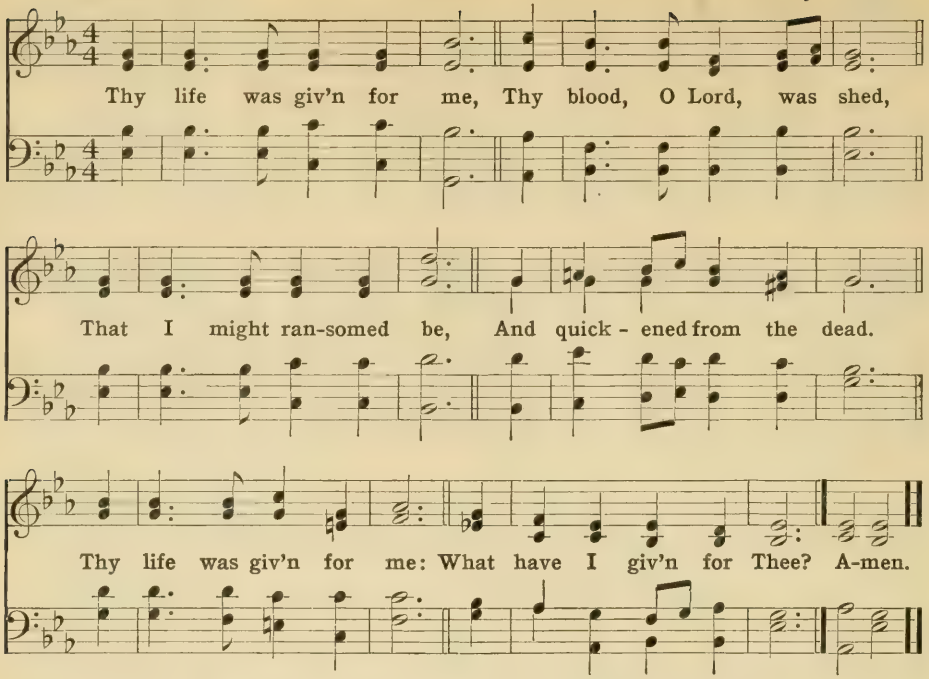
3 Jesus, I must trust Thee!
Pond'ring all Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days.
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I do trust Thee!
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise;
Precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God!

MARY J. WALKER

303

HARROW Six 6s. J. FARMER


Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead.
Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

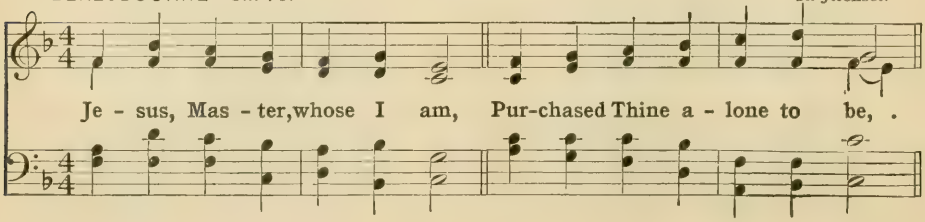
4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

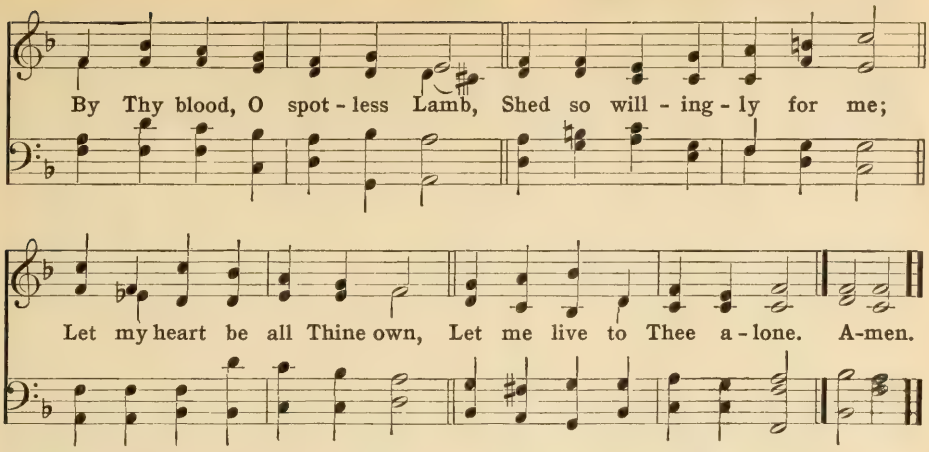
5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1858

304

BEKESBOURNE Six 7s. R. JACKSON





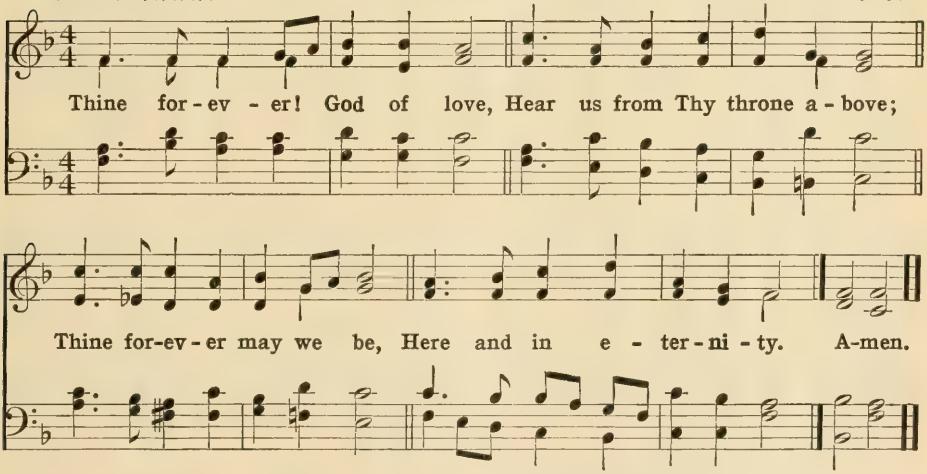
2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near:
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1878

305

GLEBE 7.7.7.7.

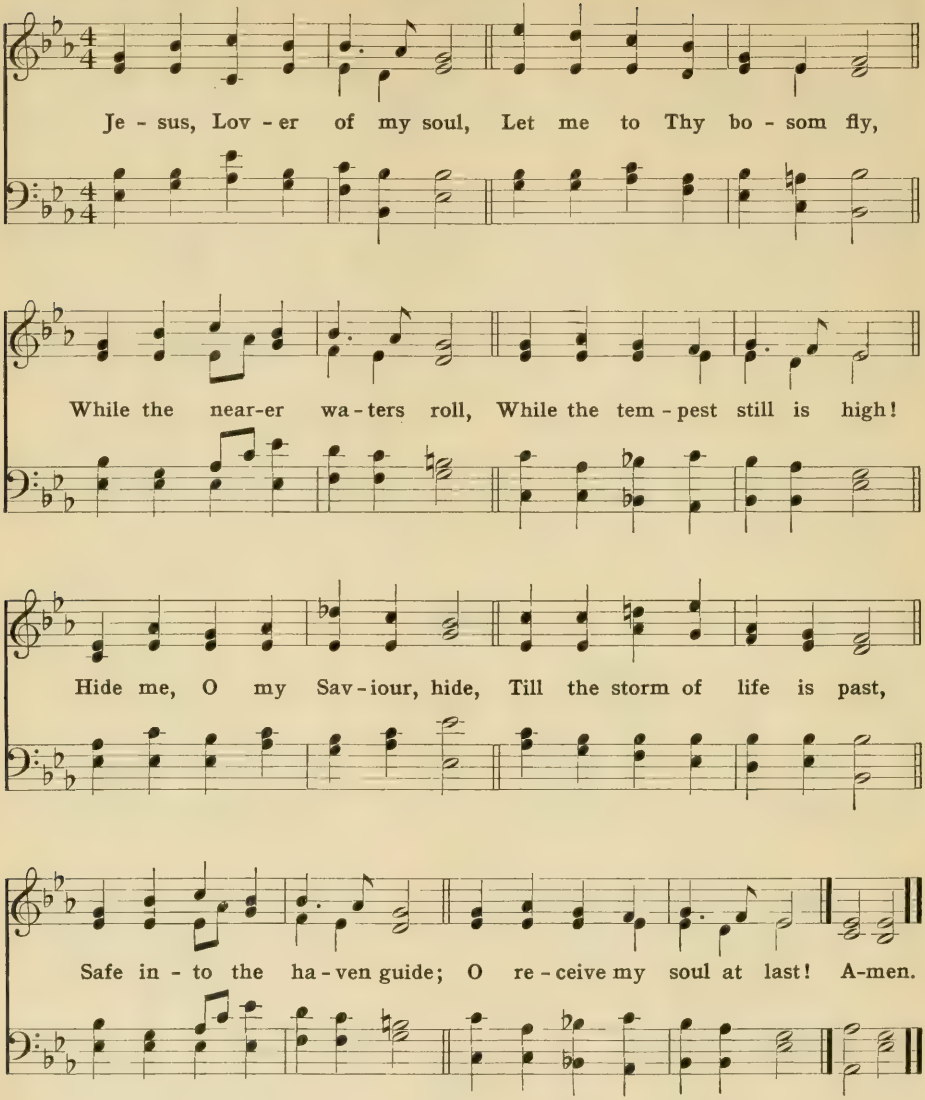
Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1874

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE, 1848

306

HOLLINGSIDE Eight 7s. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last! A-men.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

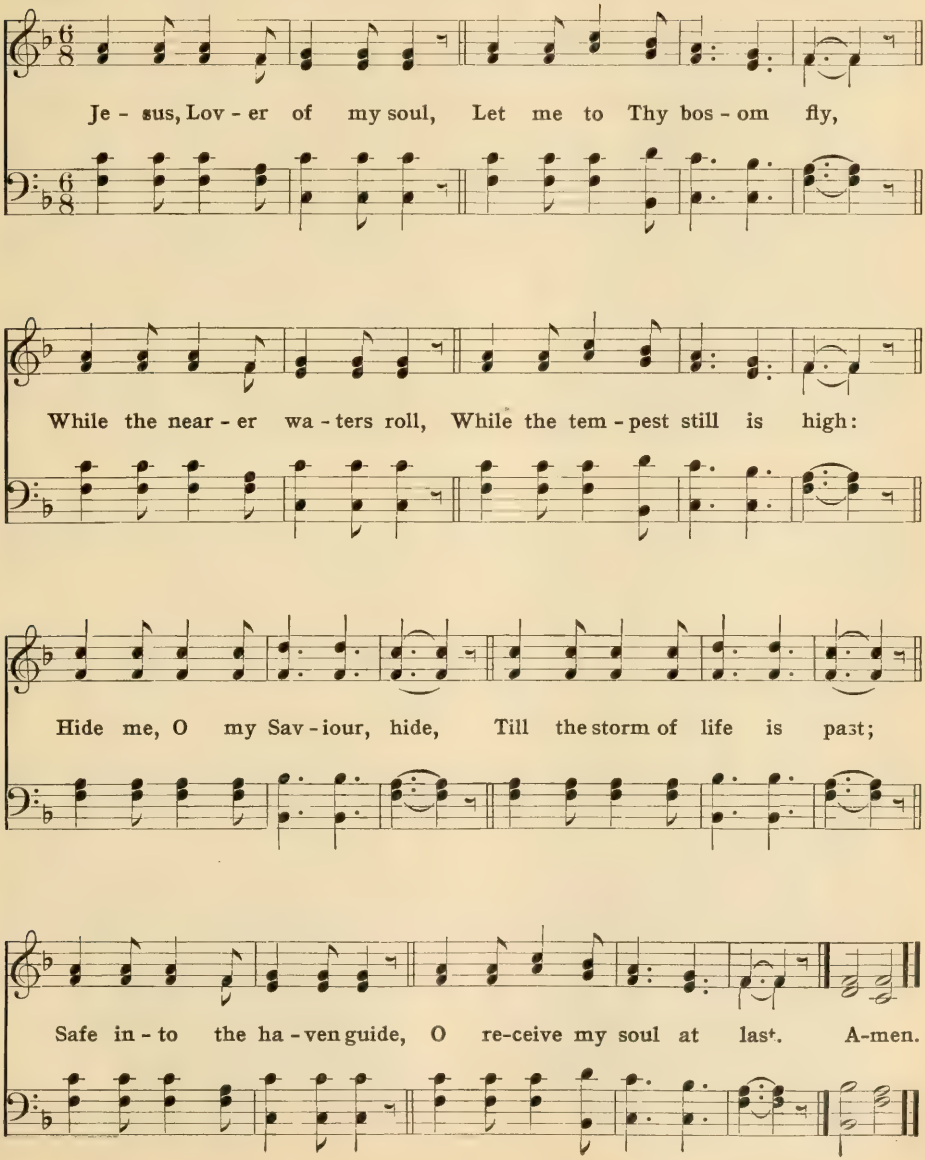
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

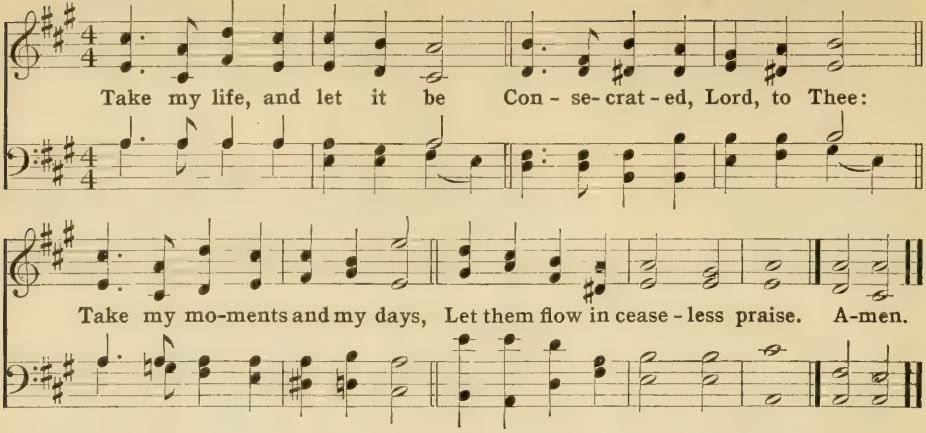
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

306

MARTYN Eight 7s. (*Second Tune*) Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A-men.

307

ELLINGHAM 7.7.7.7. S. N. GODFREY, 1881.



2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

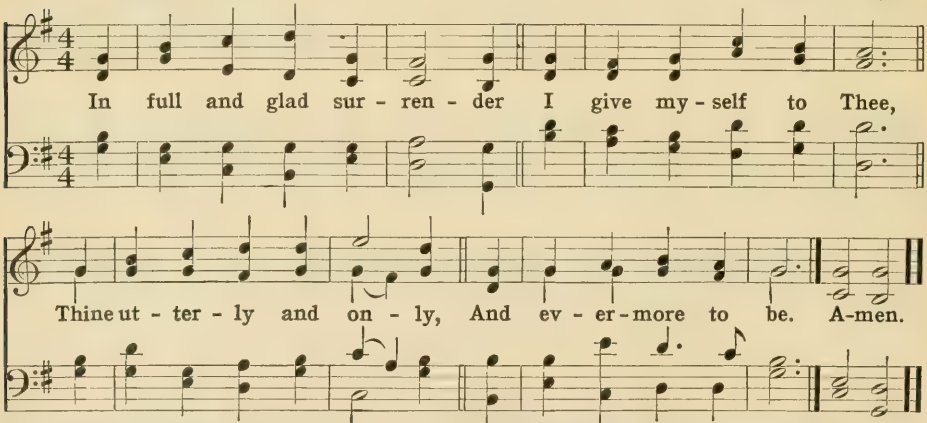
4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart: it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874

308

ST. ALPHEGE 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848



2 O Son of God Who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
Myself and my possessions
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

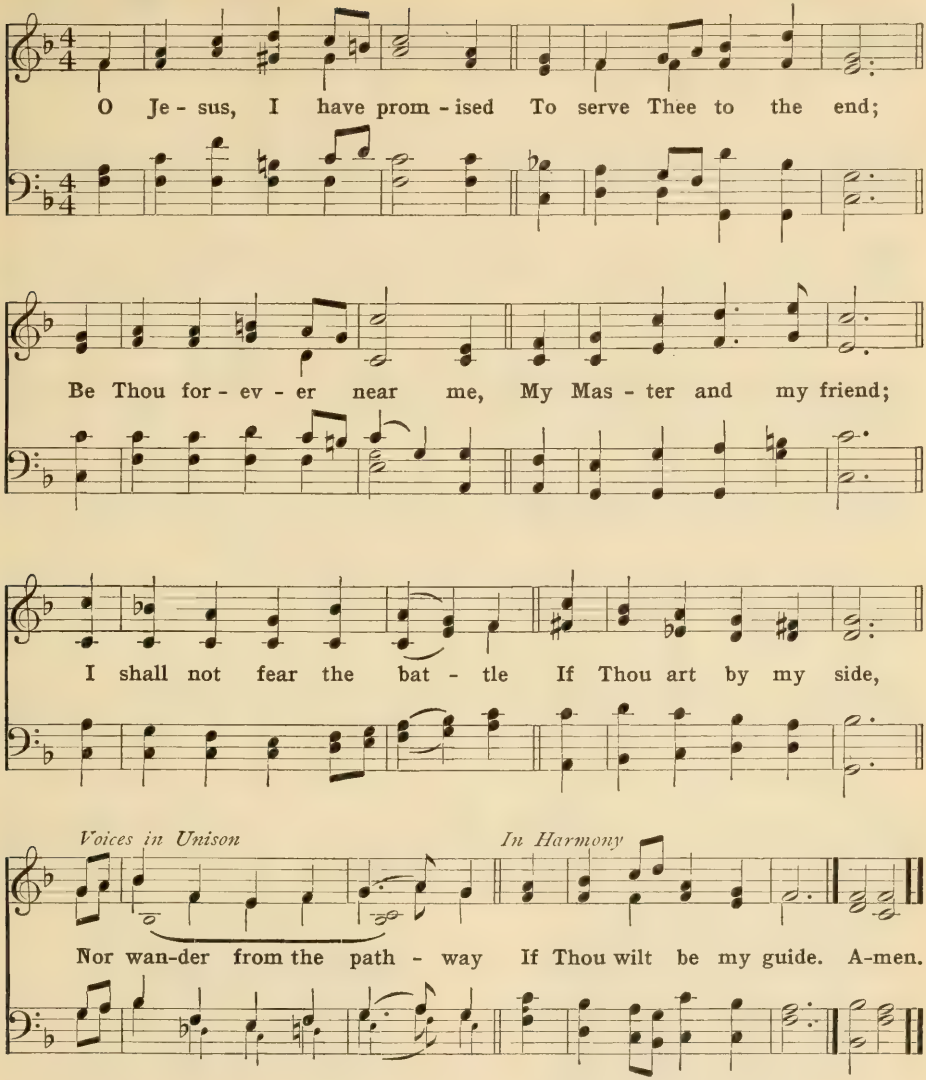
3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
Oh, make my heart Thy throne:
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1869

309

DAY OF REST 7.6.7.6.D.

J. W. Elliott, 1875

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Voices in Unison
In Harmony
Nor wan-der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide. A-men.

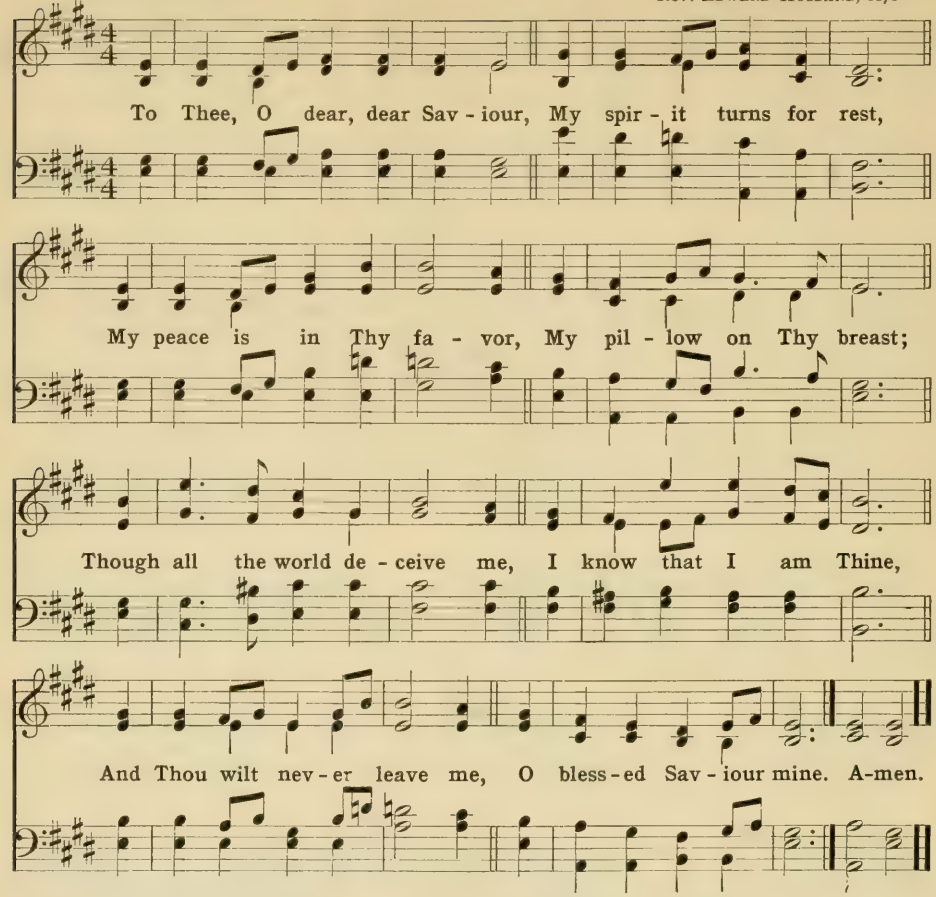
2 O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend.

Rev. John E. Bode, 1860

310

ST. EDITH 7.6.7.6.D.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799
Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871

To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;
Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A-men.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

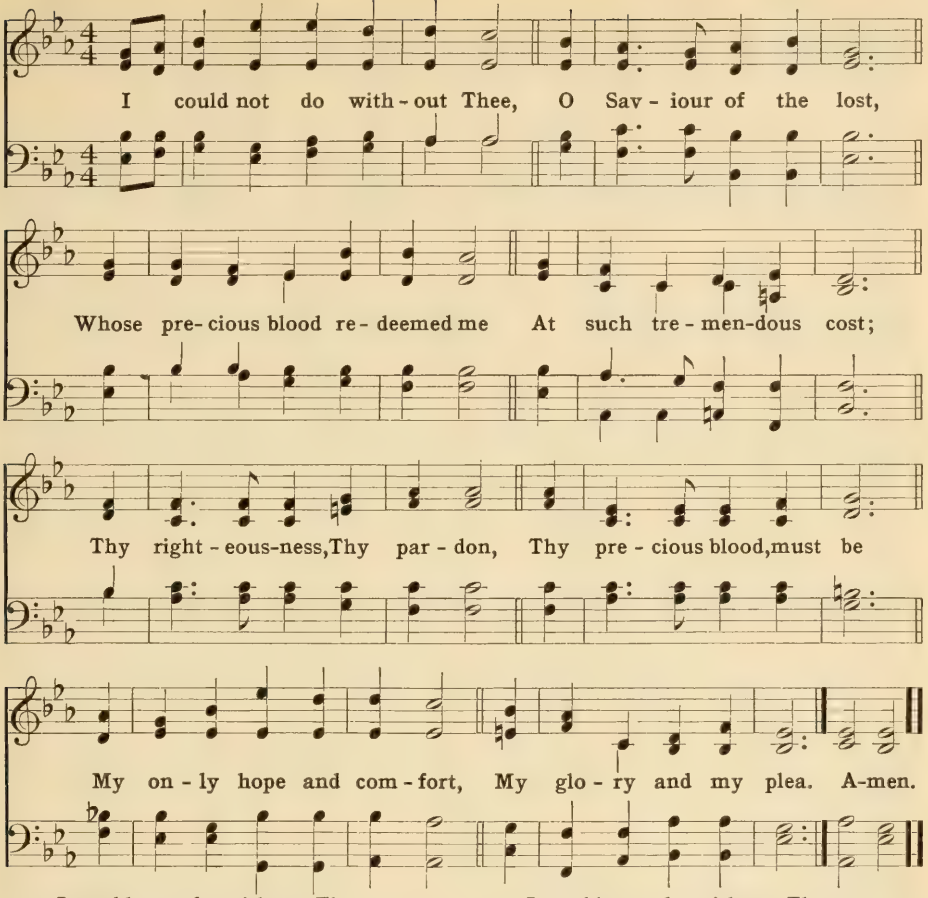
4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863

311

EDEN GROVE 7.6.7.6.D.

SAMUEL SMITH

I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,
Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
Thy right-eous-ness, Thy par-don, Thy pre-cious blood, must be
My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea. A-men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

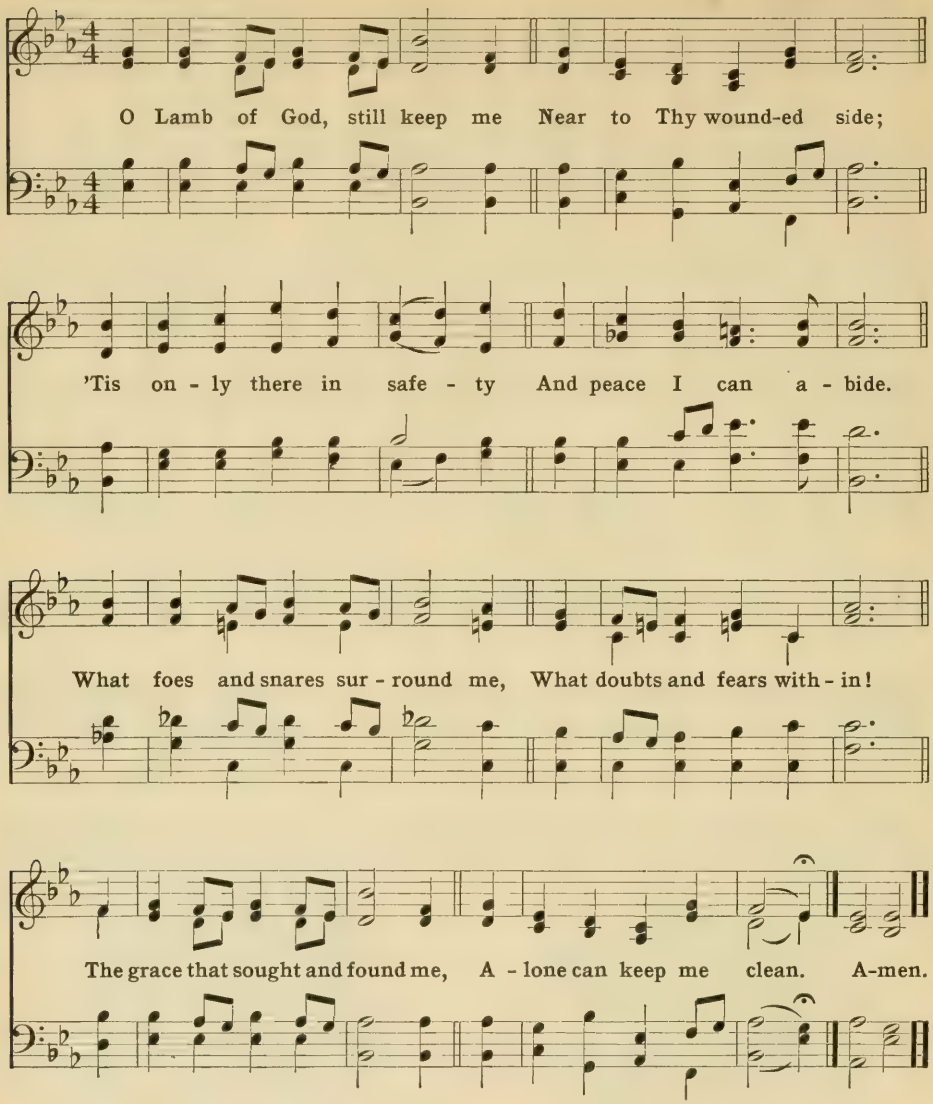
4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873

312

LUX MUNDI 7.6.7.6.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!
The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean. A-men.

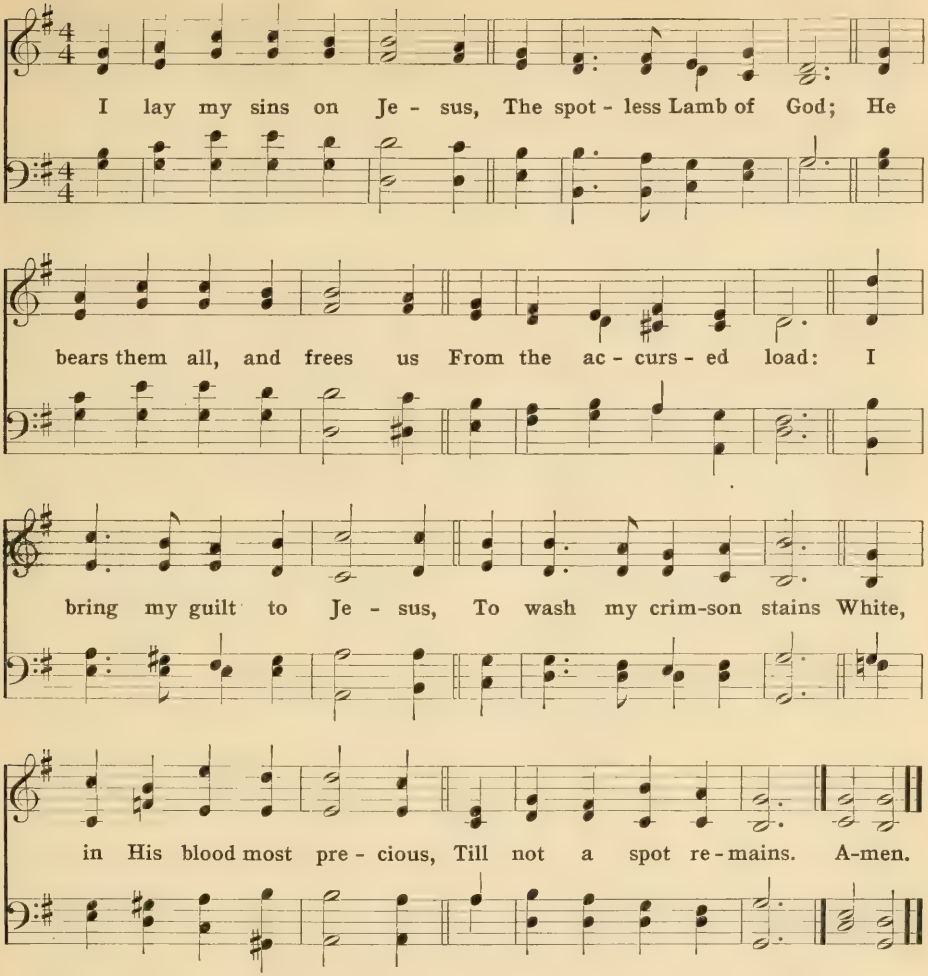
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

JAMES G. DECK, 1857

313

HATFIELD HALL 7.6.7.6.D.

CHAS. VINCENT, 1890

I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He
bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load: I
bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains White,
in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A-men.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

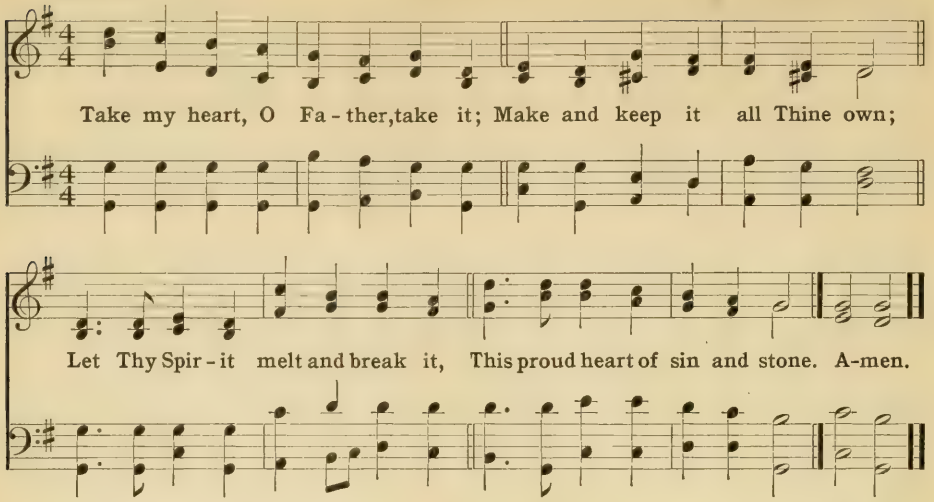
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord:
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus, —
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1845

314

CROWELL 8.7.8.7. (*First Tune*) "Narrative Hymns"


Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. A-men.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

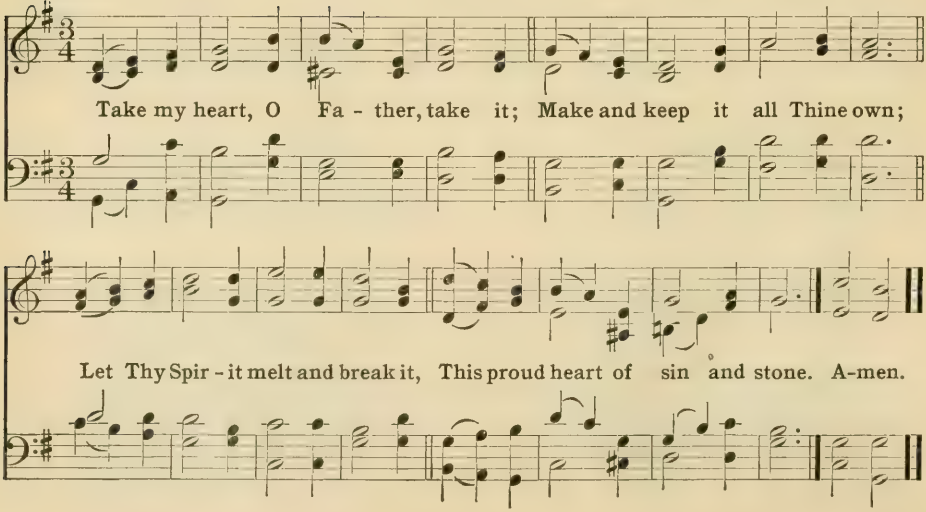
3 Ever let Thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Dr. BARTOL'S Coll., 1849

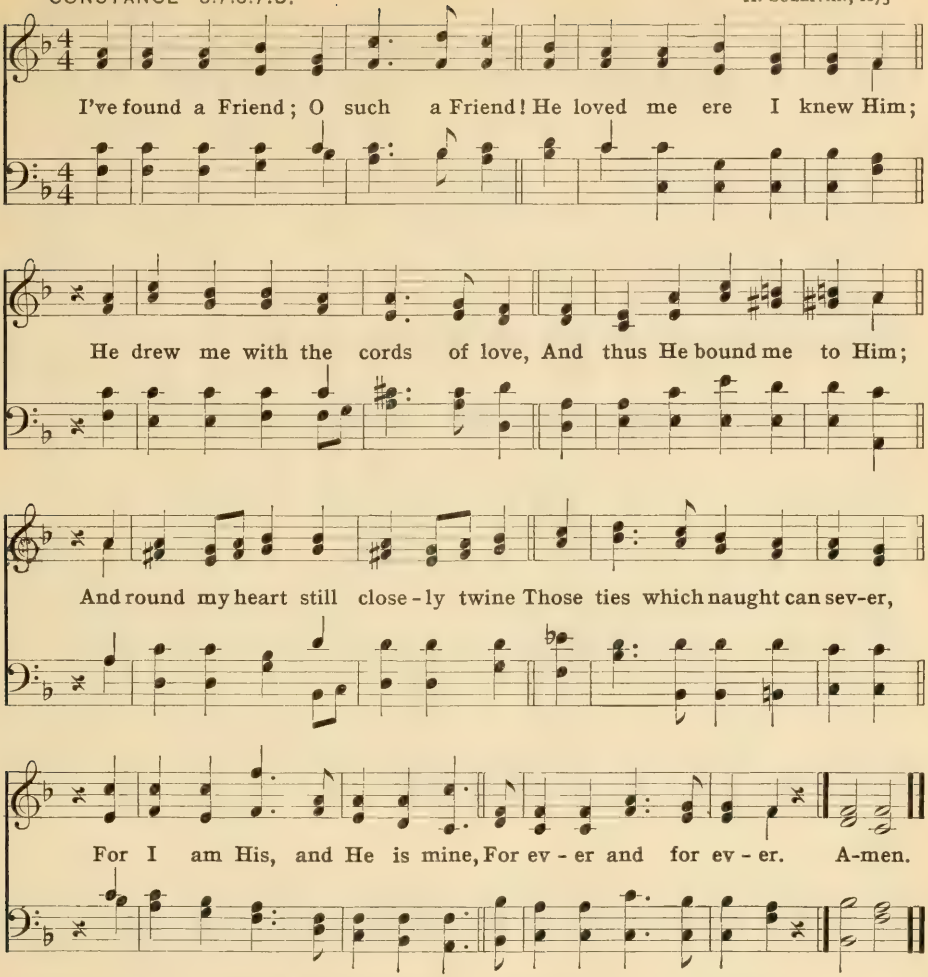
314

REPOSE 8.7.8.7. (*Second Tune*) C. J. DICKINSON, 1877


Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. A-men.

315

CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1875

I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev-er and for ev-er. A-men.

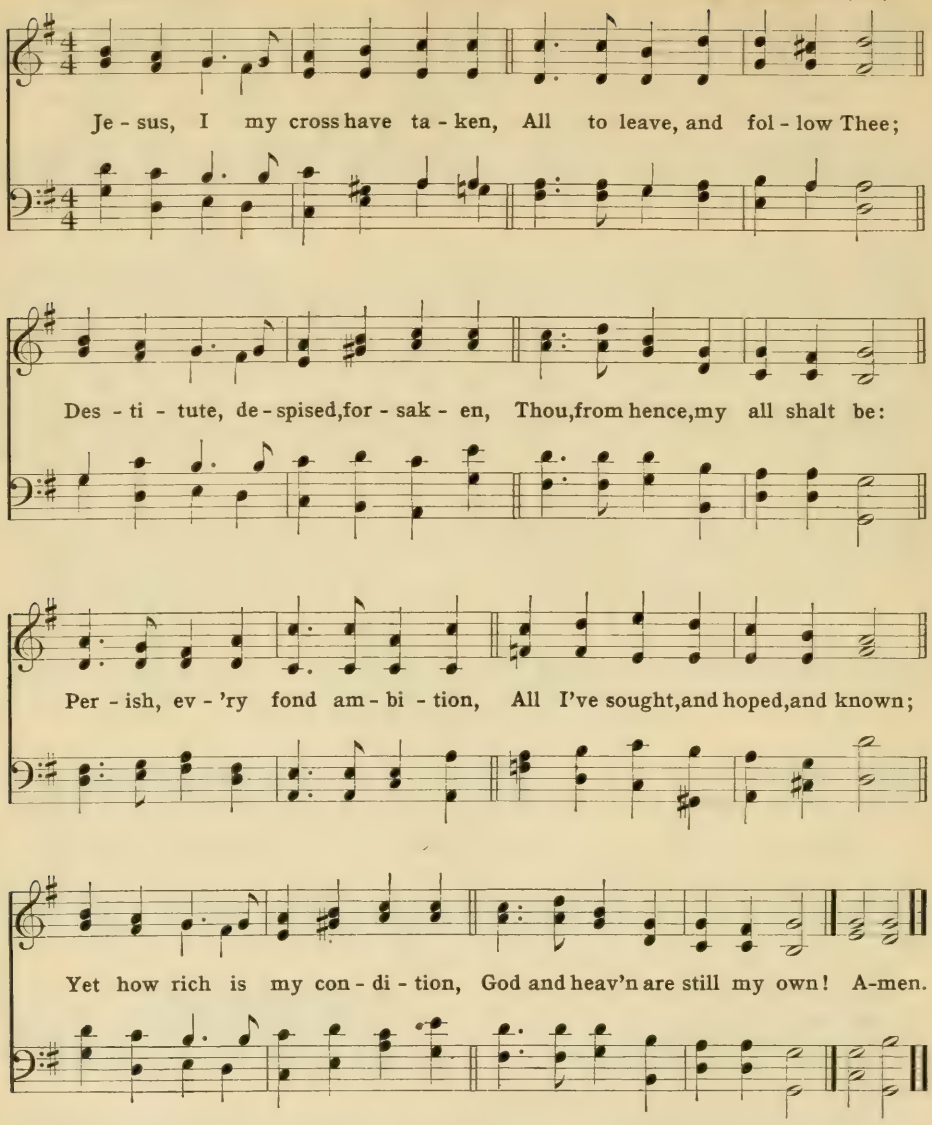
2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a counsellor and guide,
So mighty a defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

Rev. JAMES G. SMALL, 1866

316

FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) A. SULLIVAN, 1867

Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own! A-men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

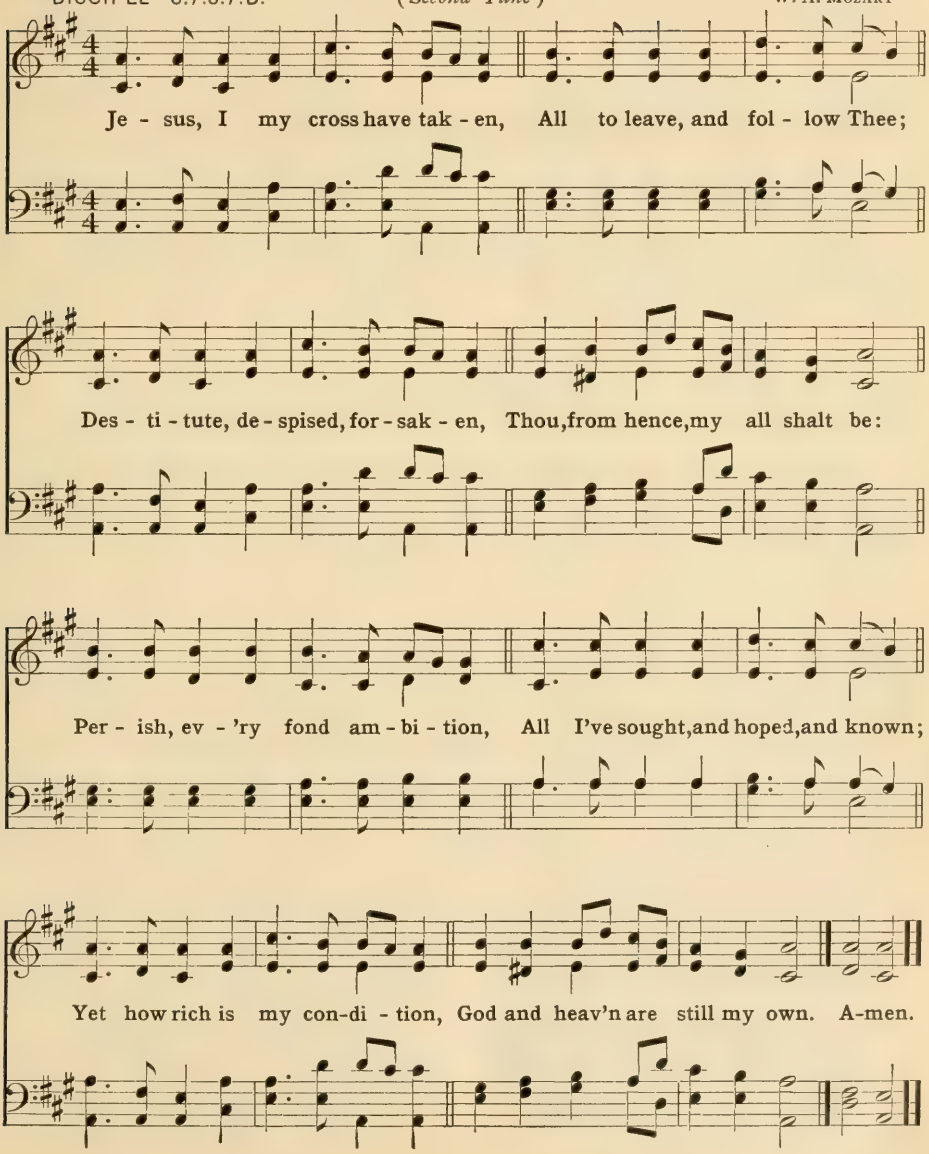
4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1825

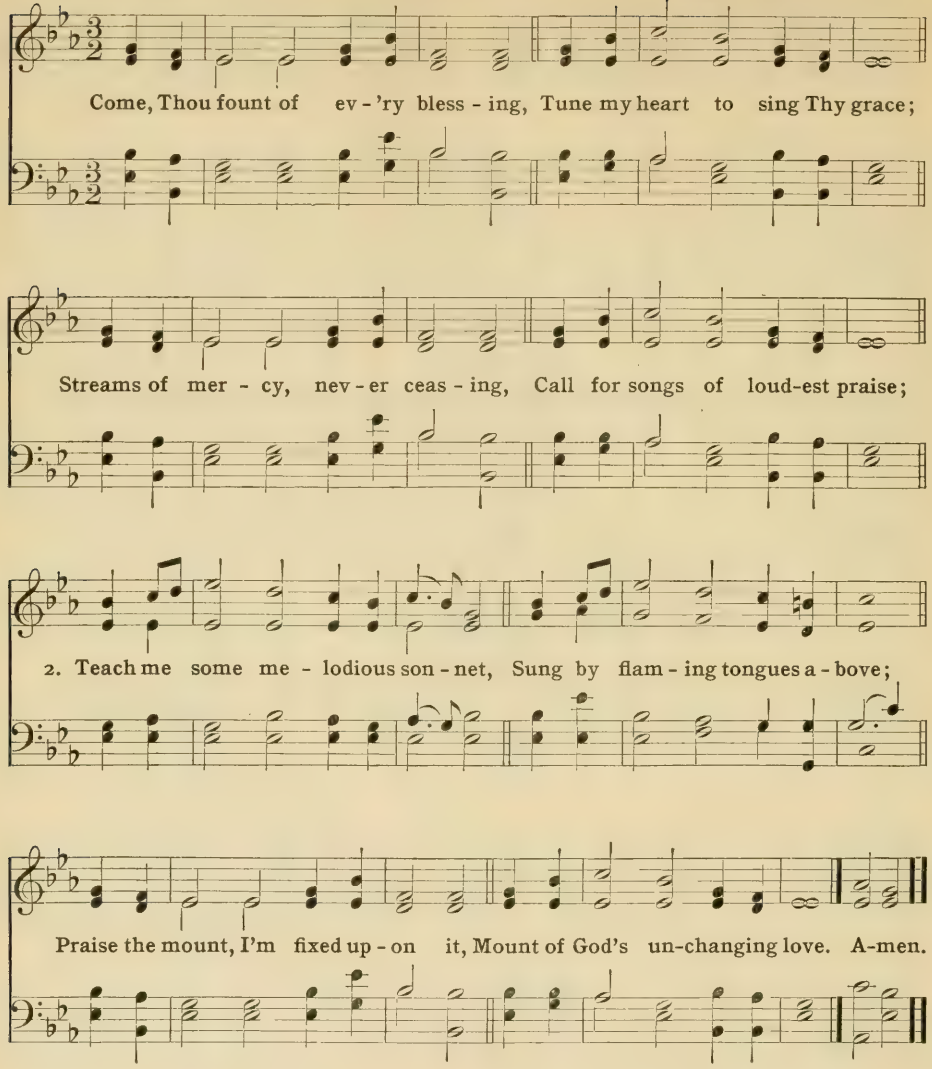
316

DISCIPLE 8.7.8.7.D. (*Second Tune*) W. A. MOZART


Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. A-men.

317

NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) Rev. A. NETTLETON, 1825


Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
2. Teach me some me-lodious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love. A-men.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

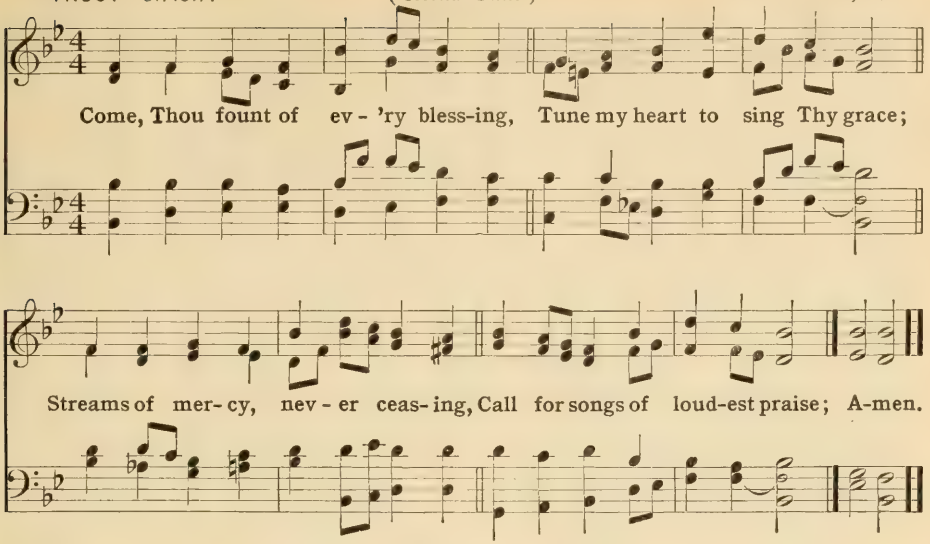
5 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758

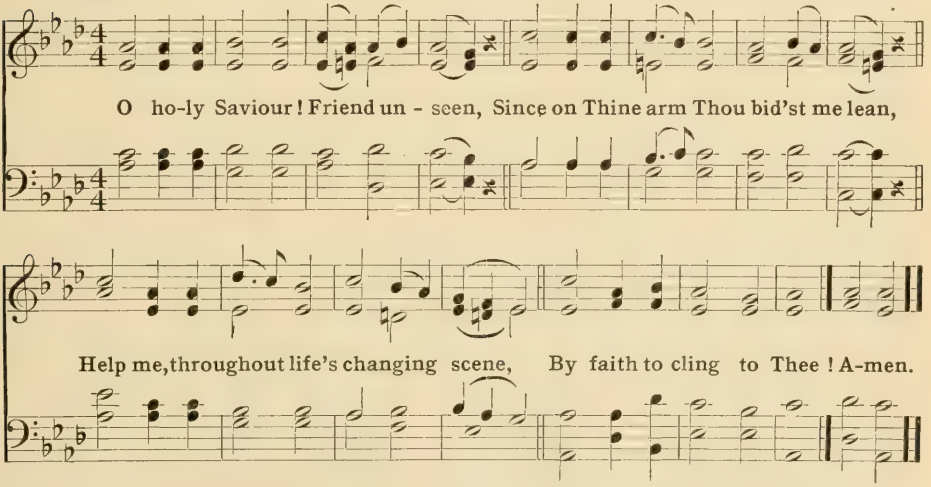
317

TRUST 8.7.8.7. (*Second Tune*) MENDELSSOHN, 1840


Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer- cy, nev - er ceas- ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; A-men.

318

FLEMMING 8.8.8.6. Arr. fr. F. F. FLEMMING, 1810


O ho-ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee! A-men.

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

3 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

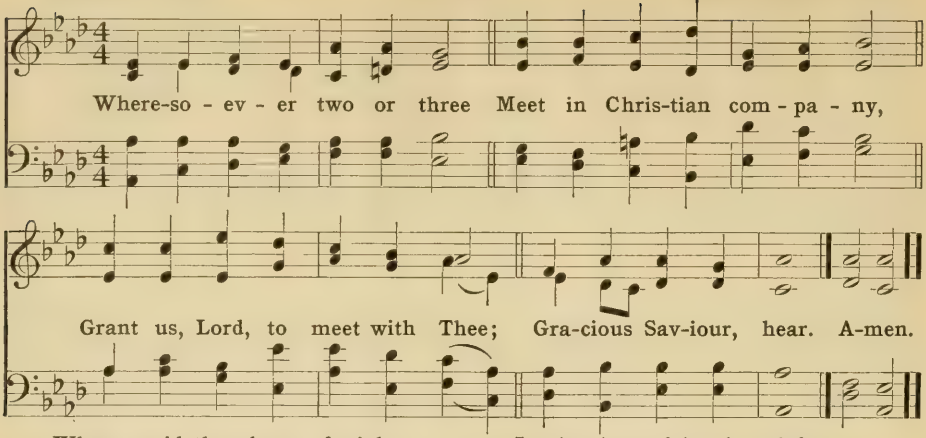
4 Blest is my lot whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

319

IRENE 7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD



2 When, amid the gloom of night
Storms arise and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief;
Then shall longest nights grow brief;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

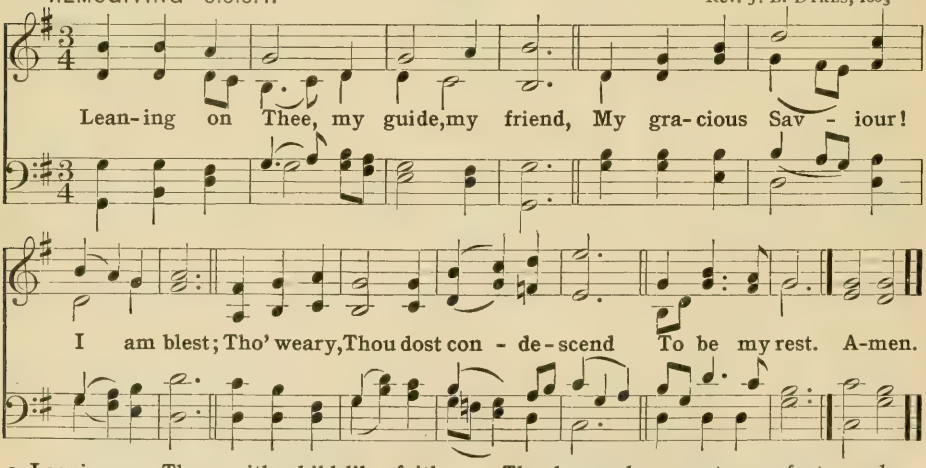
4 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be Thou our help indeed;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

JOSIAH CONDER

320

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1865



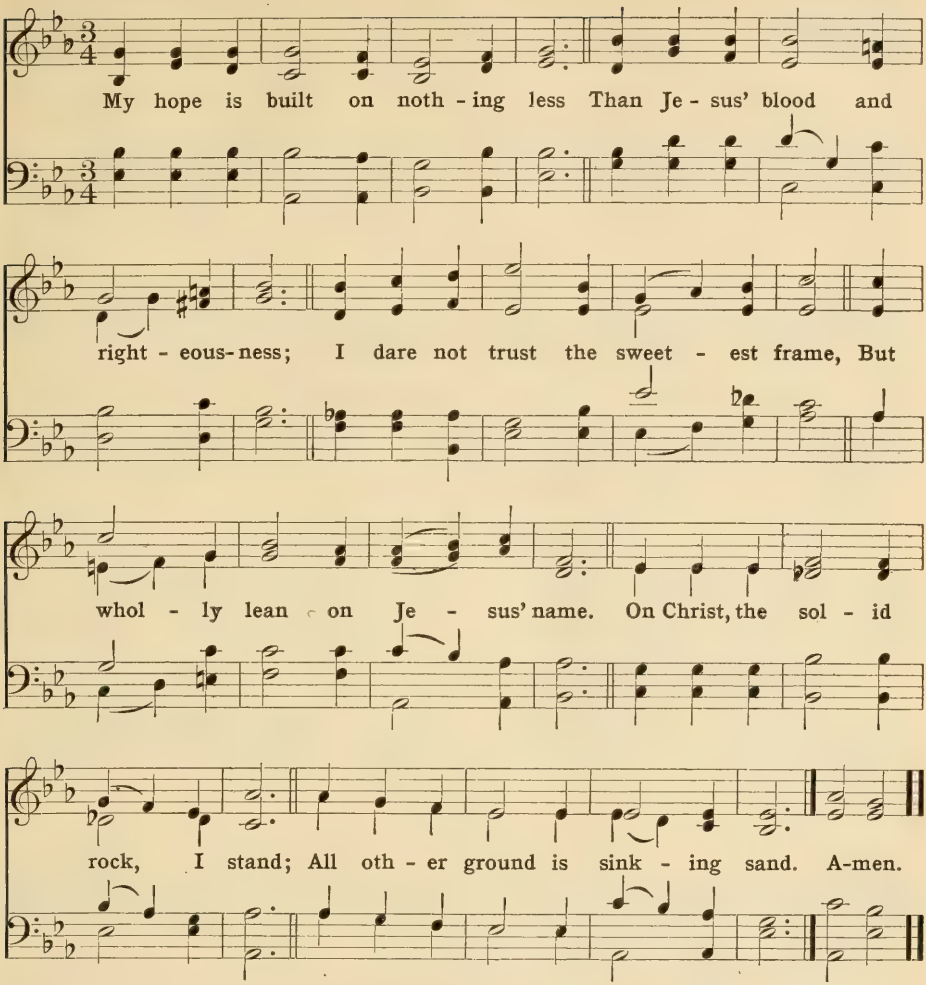
2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the "everlasting arms,"
I cannot sink.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

321

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s. J. Barnby, 1872

My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
right - eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But
whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id
rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A-men.

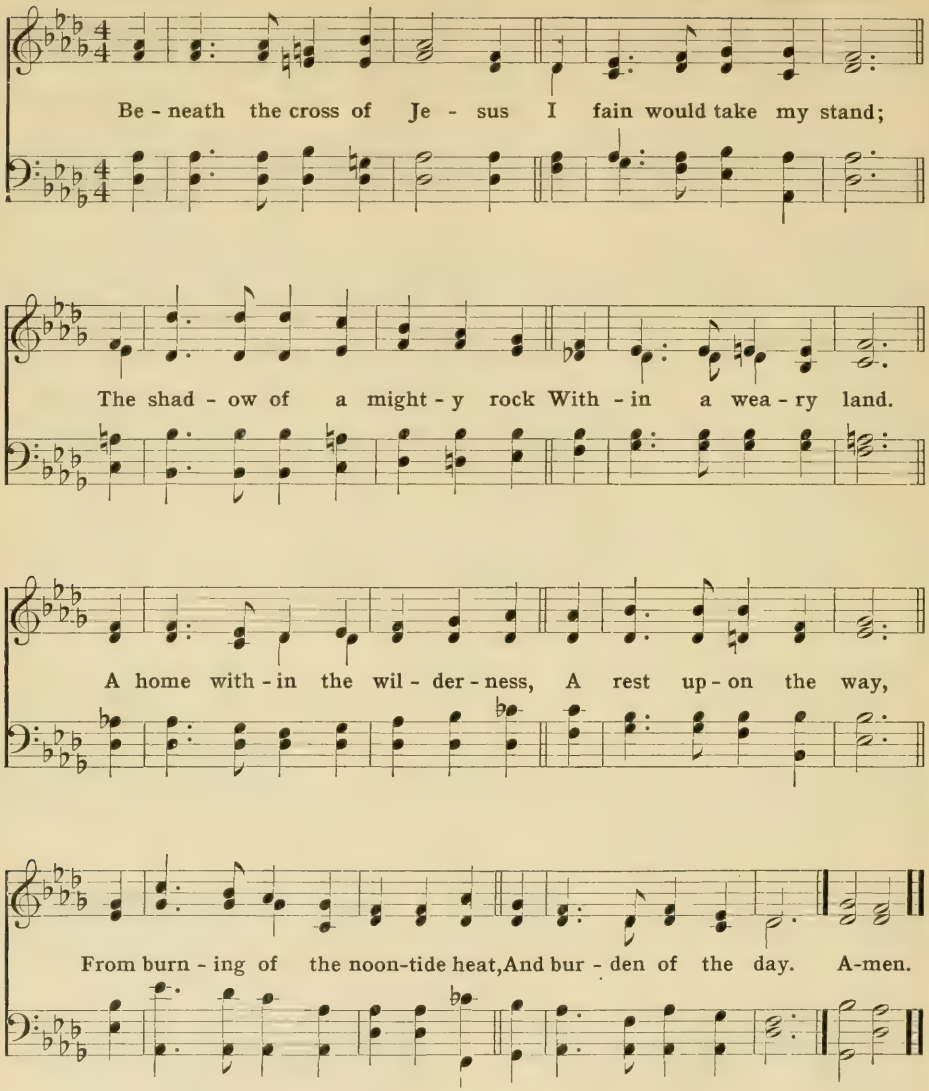
2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote, 1834

322

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.7.6. F. C. MAKER, 1881

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand;
The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land.
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
From burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And bur - den of the day. A-men.

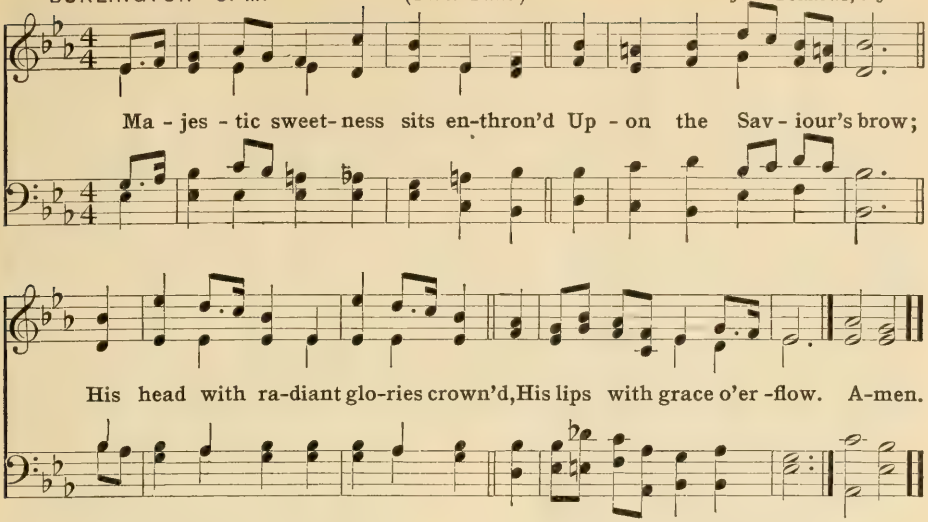
2 Upon that cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess, —
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss, —
My sinful self, my only shame, —
My glory all the cross.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868

323

BURLINGTON C. M. (*First Tune*) J. F. Burrows, 1830


Ma - jes - tic sweet- ness sits en-thron'd Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;
His head with ra-diant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er -flow. A-men.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

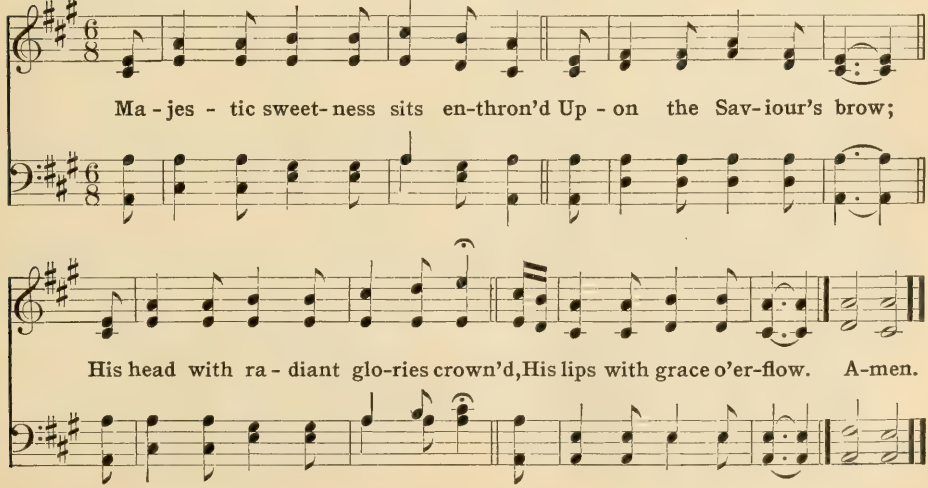
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787

323

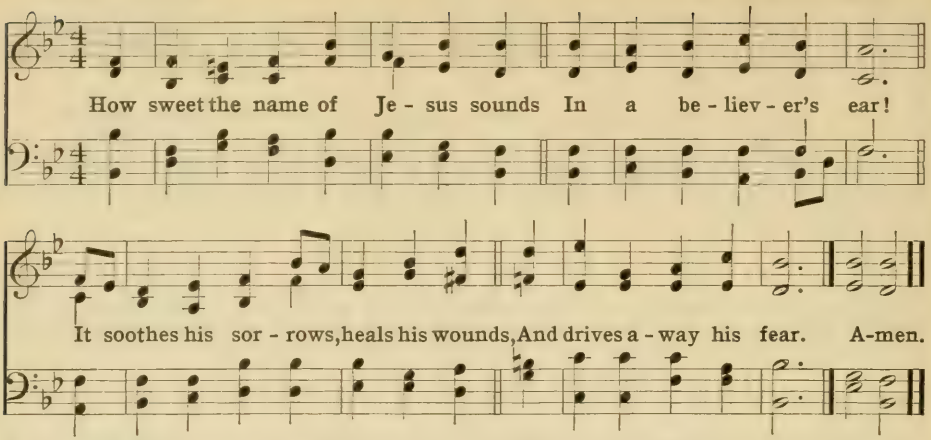
ORTONVILLE C. M. (*Second Tune*) T. Hastings, 1837


Ma - jes - tic sweet- ness sits en-thron'd Up - on the Sav- iour's brow;
His head with ra - diant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A-men.

324

SHARON C. M.

T. WALLHEAD, 1877


How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus! my shepherd, guardian, friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

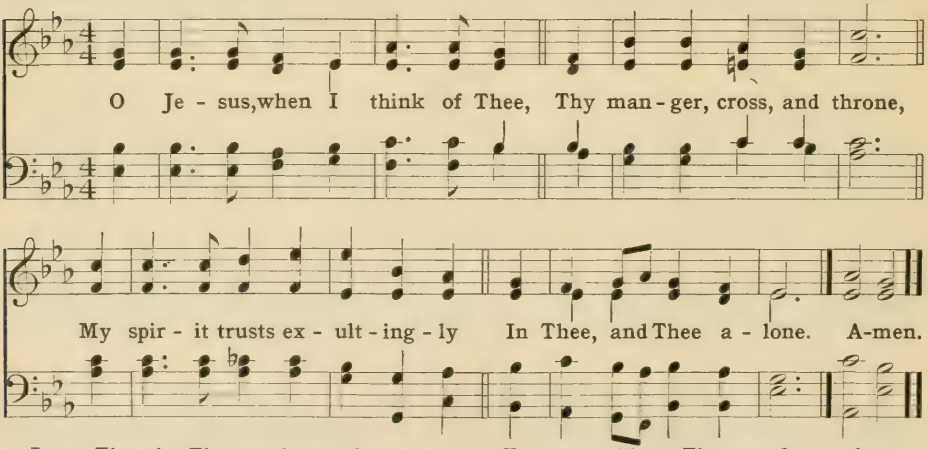
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

325

GREEN HILL C. M.

A. L. PEACE, 1885



2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach Thy mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

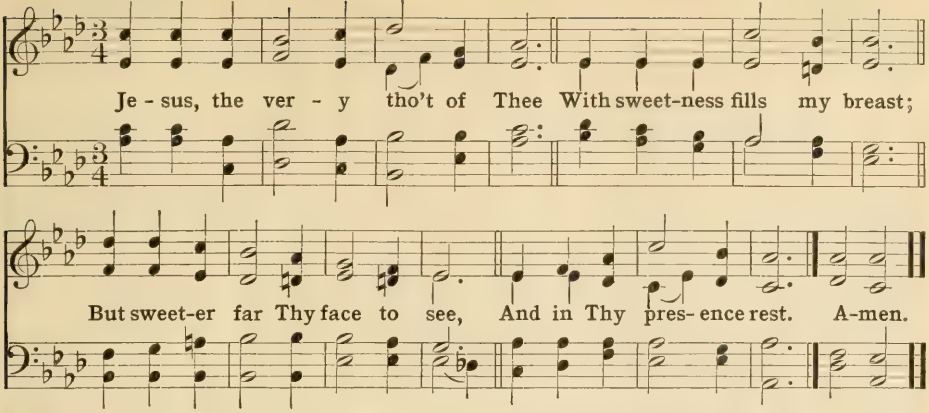
4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847

326

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1866



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

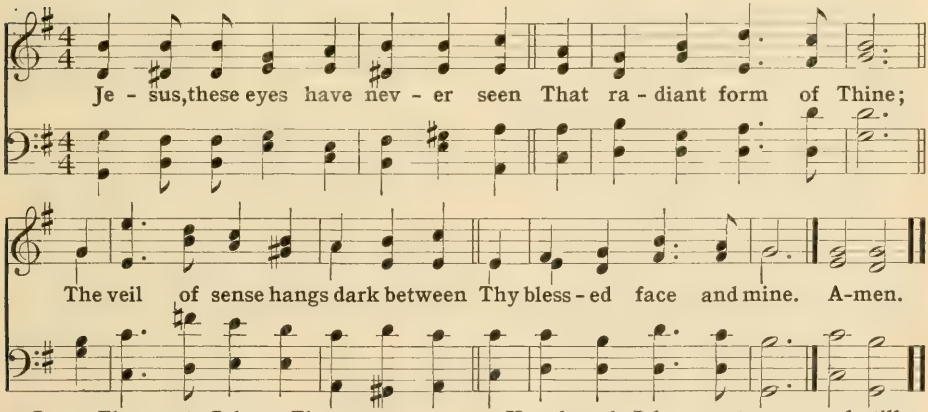
5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall, 1848

327

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1873


Je - sus,these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless - ed face and mine. A-men.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

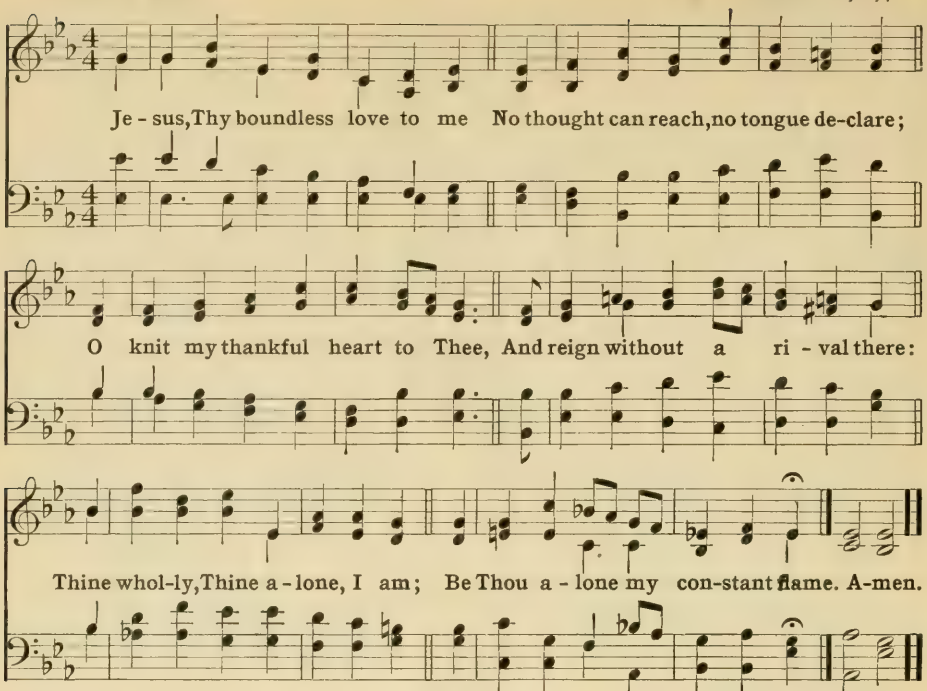
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, — and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

328

VALETE Six 8s. A. SULLIVAN, 1874


Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de-clare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there:
Thine whol-ly, Thine a - lone, I am; Be Thou a - lone my con-stant flame. A-men.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

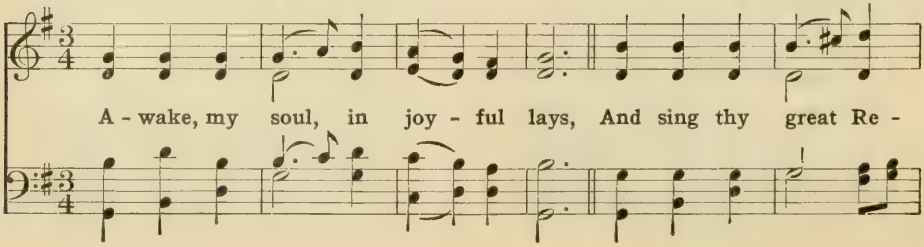
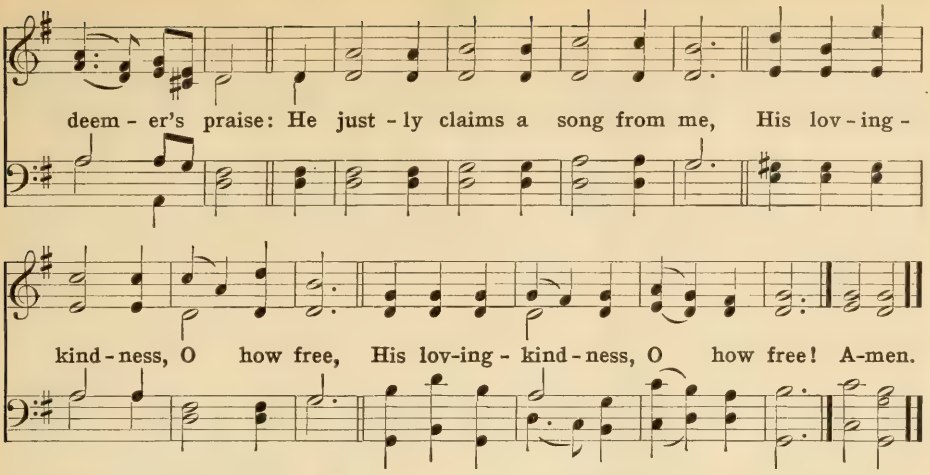
3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653
Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1739, alt.

329

PARK STREET L. M. M. A. VENUA, 1810



2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

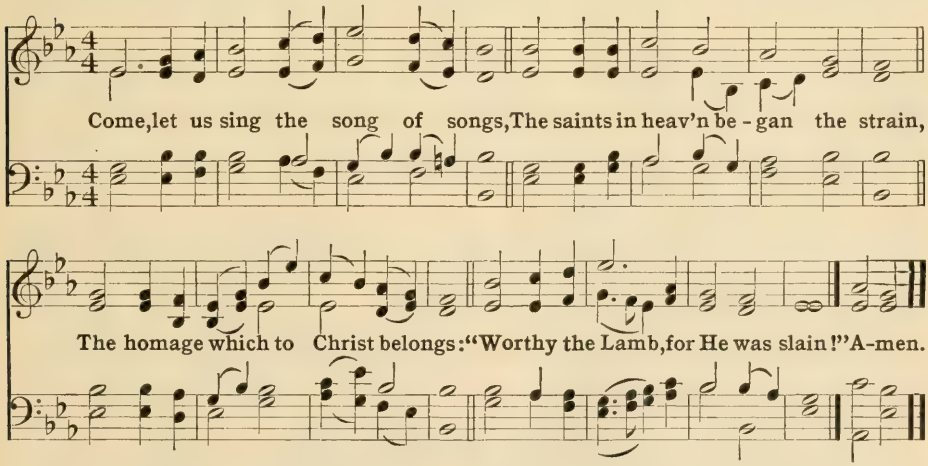
5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1787

330

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1793


Come,let us sing the song of songs,The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:"Worthy the Lamb,for He was slain!"A-men.

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him, enthroned, by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

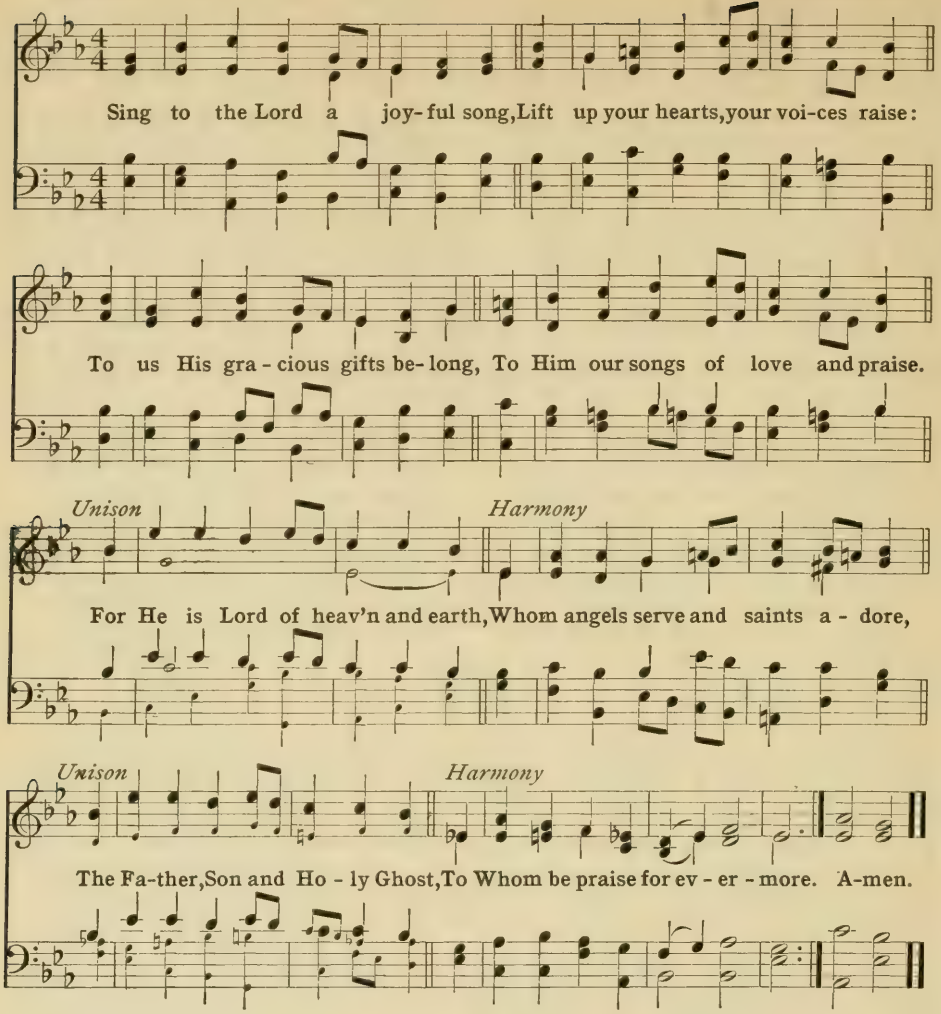
4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1853

331

JORDAN L. M. D.

J. BARNBY, 1872


Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi-ces raise:
To us His gra-cious gifts be-long, To Him our songs of love and praise.
Unison
Harmony
For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom angels serve and saints a-dore,
Unison
Harmony
The Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, To Whom be praise for ev-er-more. A-men.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord; for He is good:
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God; for He is great:
Trust in His name, for it is true.
For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

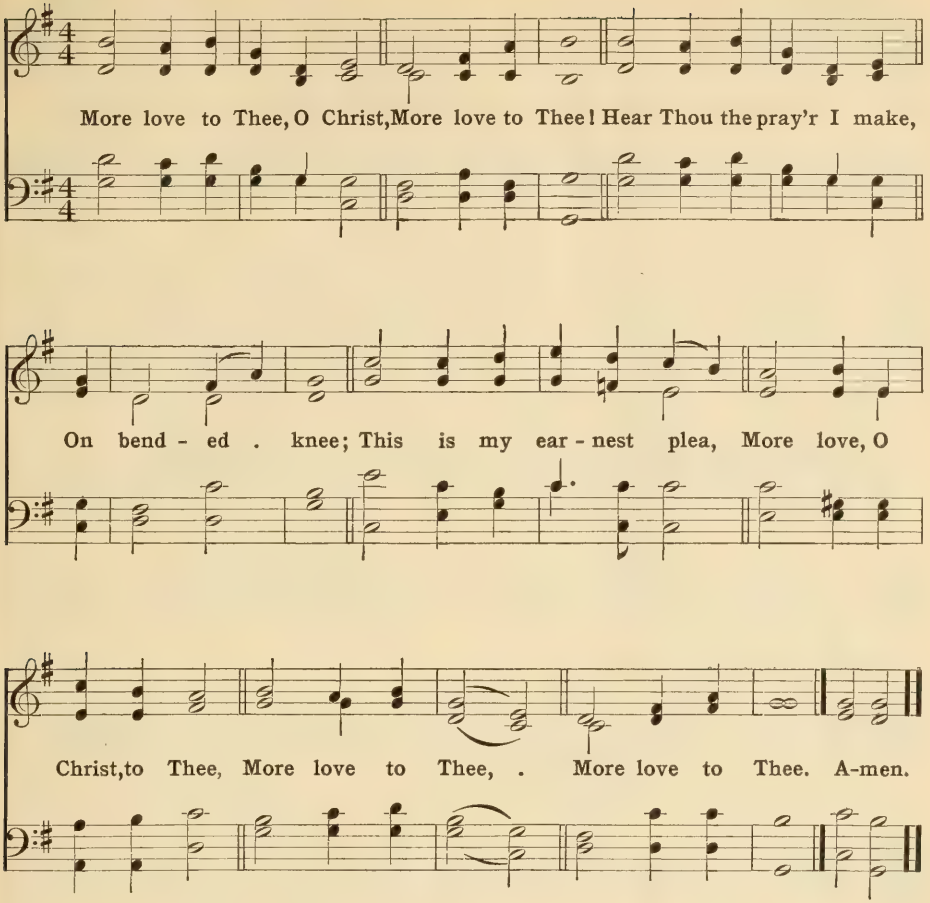
4 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862

332

PROPIOR DEO 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1872


More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make,
On bend - ed . knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O
Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, . More love to Thee. A-men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

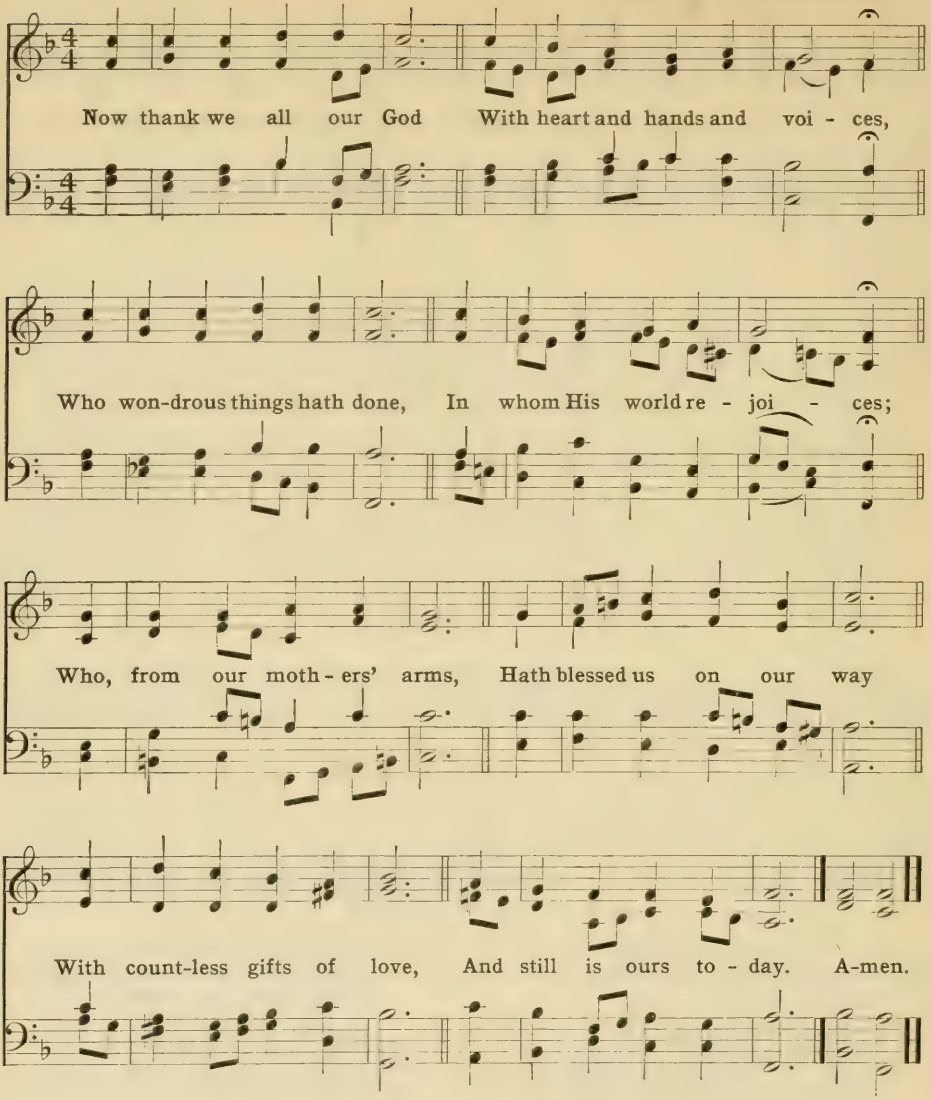
4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1856

333

NUN DANKET 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1648


Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;
Who, from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A-men.

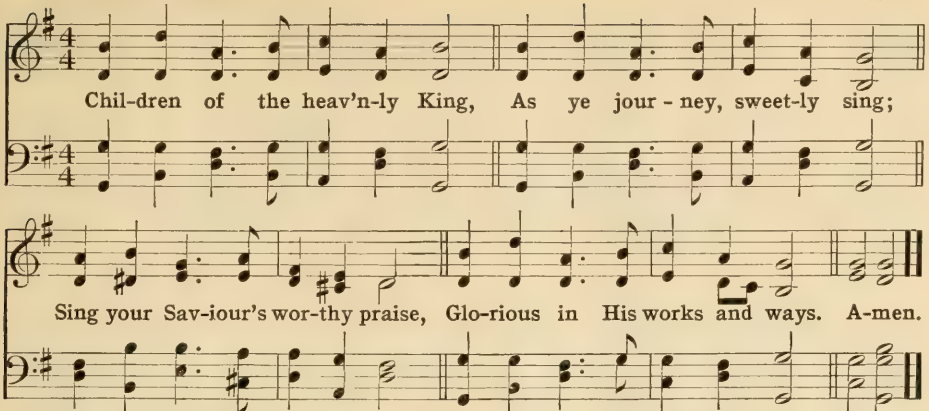
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Rev. Martin Rinkart, 1636. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

334

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7. Arr. from IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790


Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-men.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

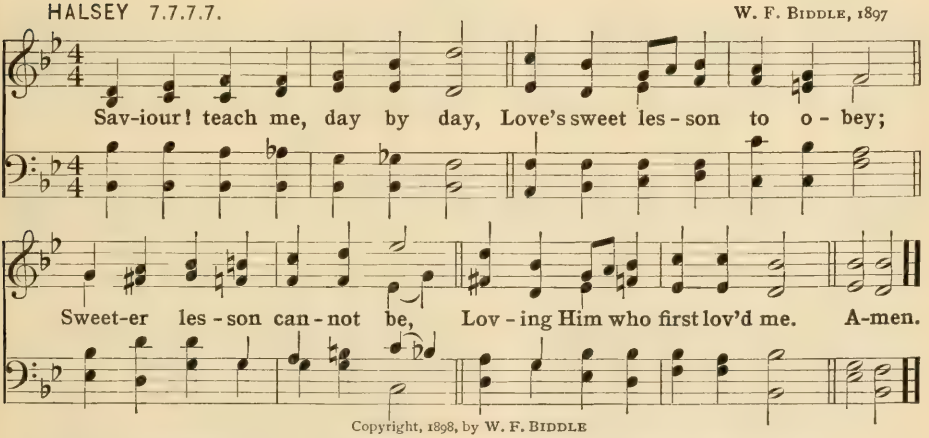
4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK, 1742

335

HALSEY 7.7.7.7. W. F. BIDDLE, 1897



Copyright, 1898, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

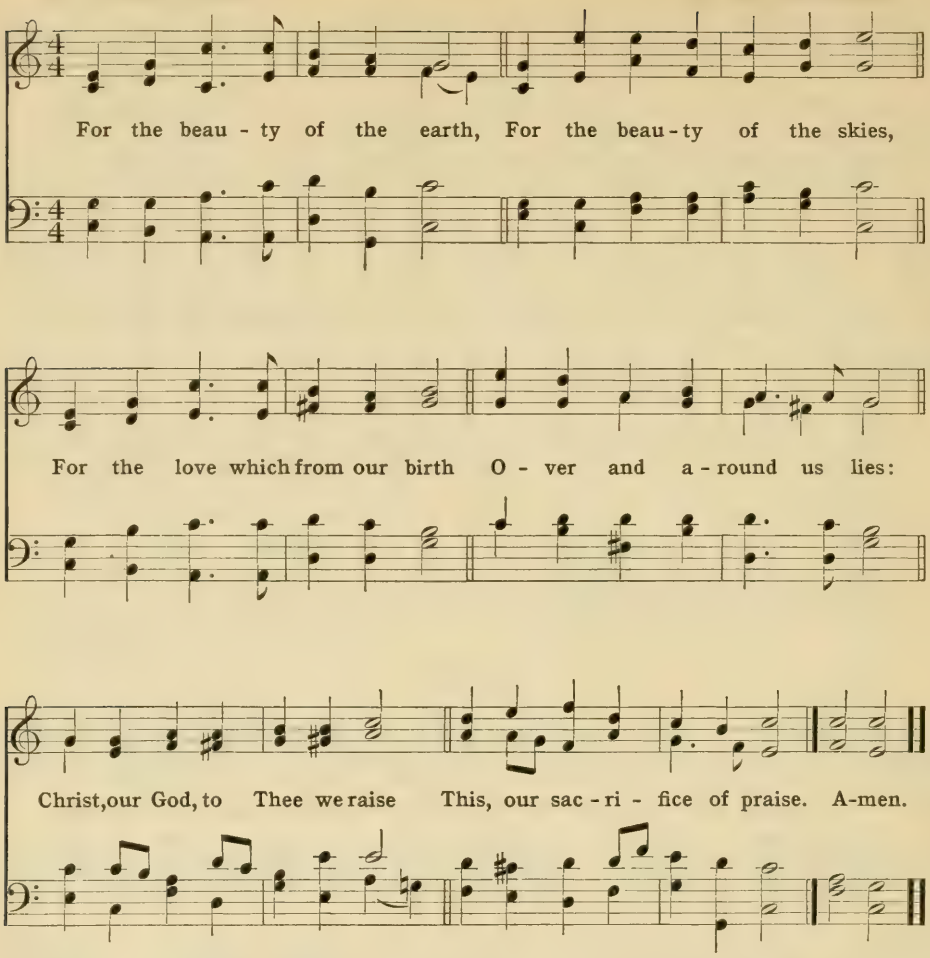
4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy:
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842

336

ST. BENET Six 7s. W. H. WILLIAMSON


For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This, our sac - ri - fice of praise. A-men.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

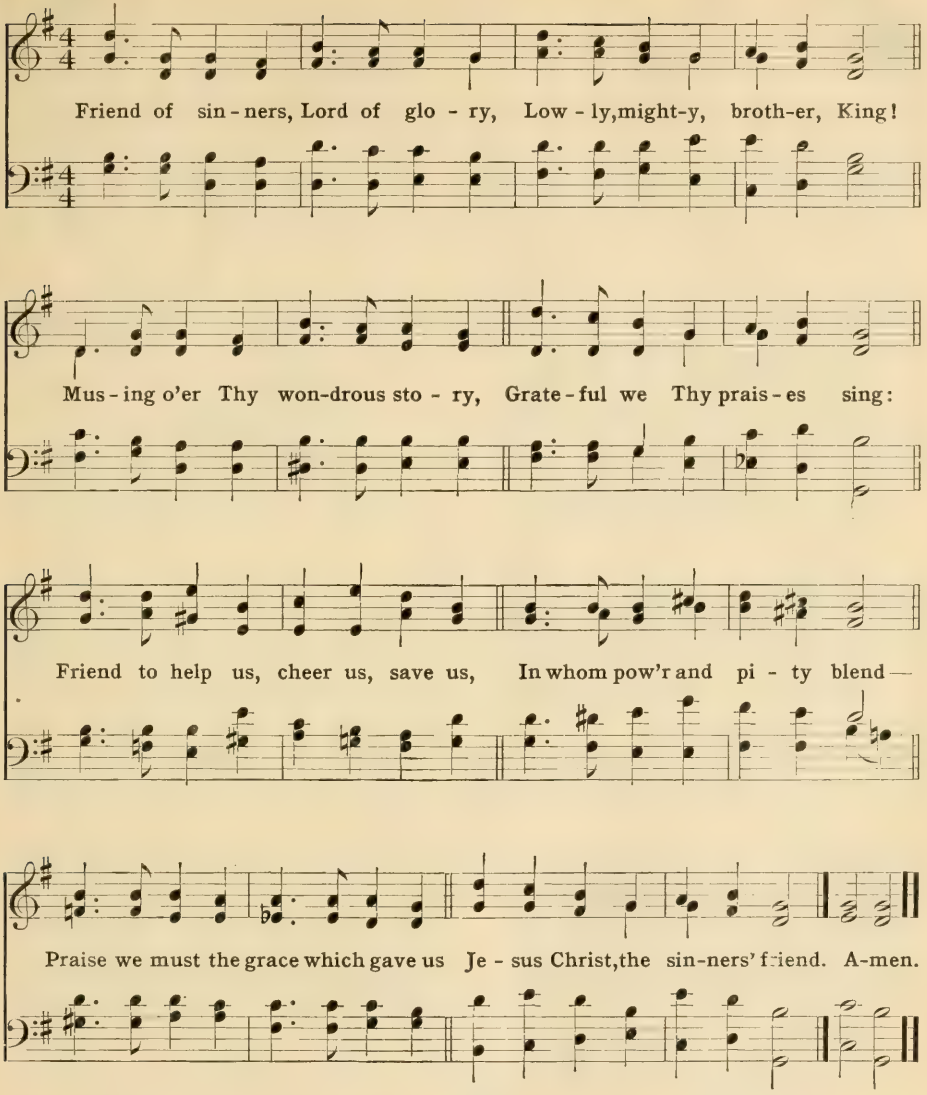
4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5 For Thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT, 1864

337

MOULTRIE 8.7.8.7.D.

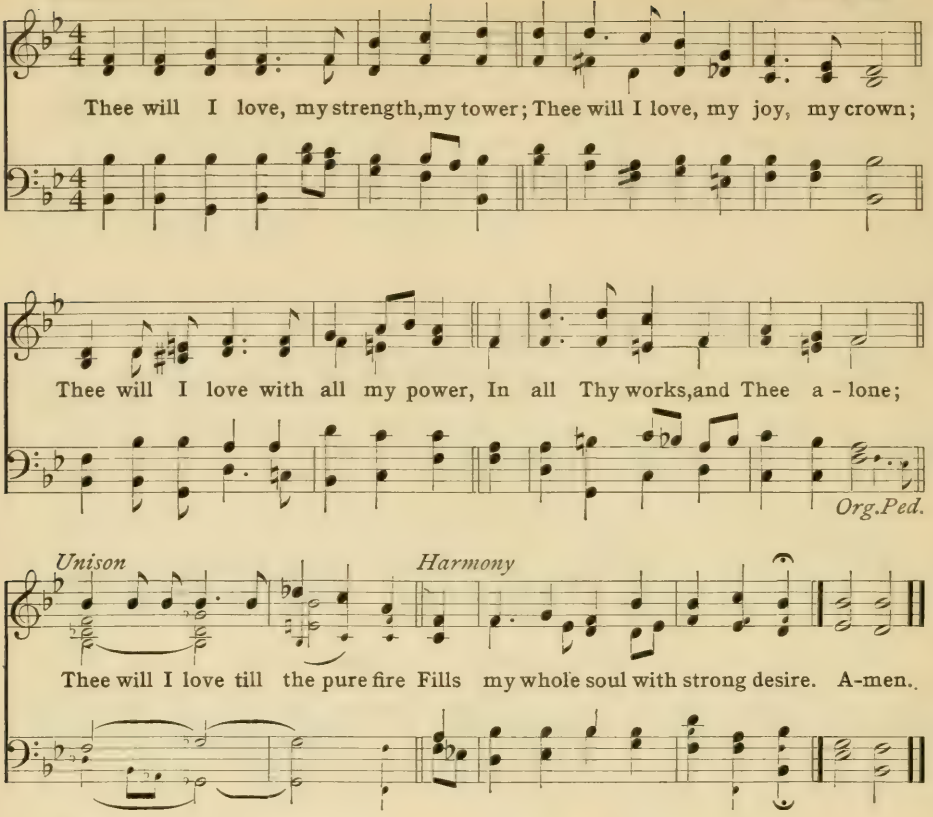
G. F. Cobb, 1860

Friend of sin-ners, Lord of glo-ry, Low-ly, might-y, broth-er, King!
Mus-ing o'er Thy won-drous sto-ry, Grate-ful we Thy prais-es sing:
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pi-ty blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us Je-sus Christ, the sin-ners' friend. A-men.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!—
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend!

3 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinners' friend!

Rev. Newman Hall, 1859

338

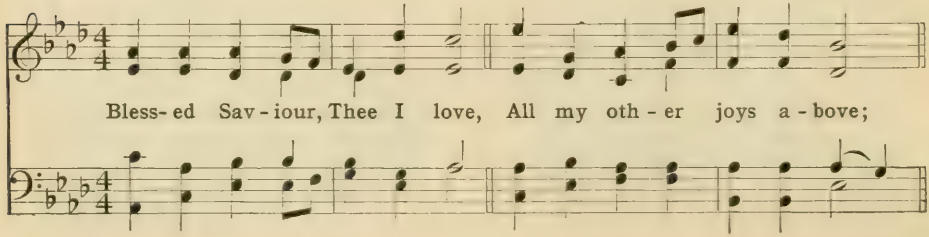
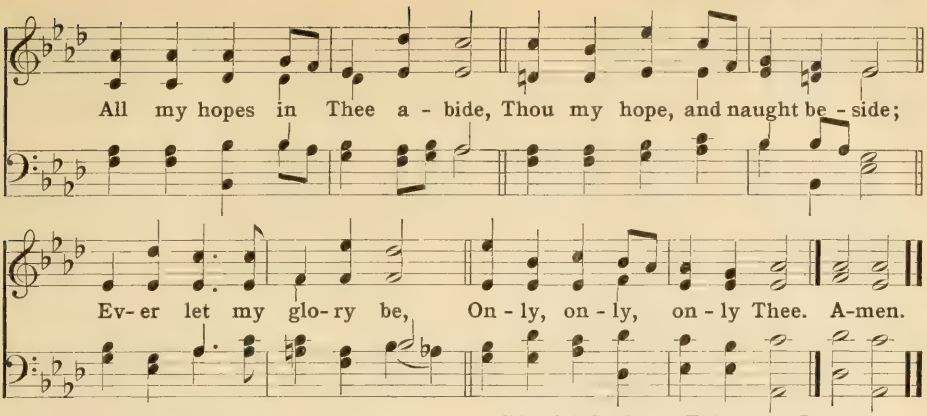
BAYNARD Six 8s. J. Booth, 1887

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower; Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power, In all Thy works, and Thee a - lone;
Org. Ped.
Unison
Harmony
Thee will I love till the pure fire Fills my whole soul with strong desire. A-men.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

3 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay!
Thee shall I love in endless day.

J. Scheffler, 1657. Tr. by Rev. John Wesley, 1739

339

NORICUM Six 7s. F. James, 1904



2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away;
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

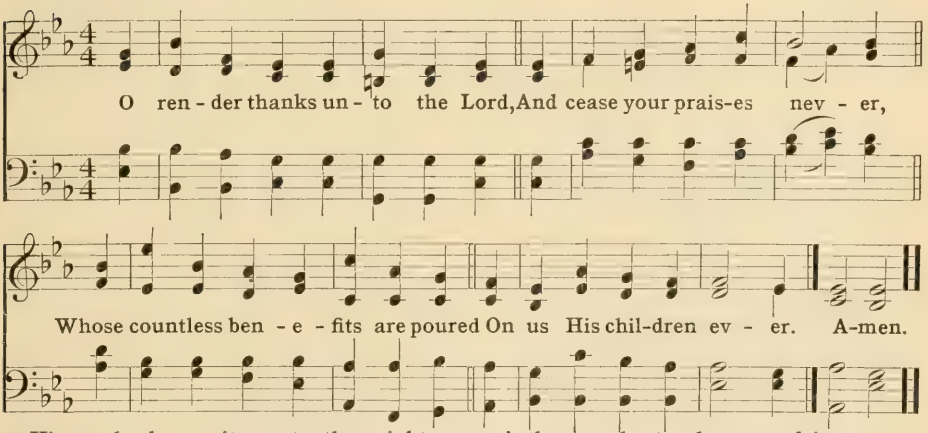
3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1851

340

PERIVALE 8.7.8.7.Iambic

C. E. KETTLE


O ren - der thanks un - to the Lord, And cease your prais-es nev - er,
Whose countless ben - e - fits are poured On us His chil-dren ev - er. A-men.

2 His works bear witness to the might
Which fails His chosen never;
And hymn His praises in the sight
Of men and angels ever.

3 By day the glorious sun ascends
Heaven's arch, and tarries never —
An emblem of the God who lends
His light and love forever.

4 By night the borrowed moonbeams shed
A grace which faileth never;
And tell us of a church, whose head
Enlightens her forever.

5 And so each star however faint,
Which shines and loiters never,
Reminds us of some earnest saint
Whose life is bright forever.

6 So tending heavenward, Lord, may we
Soon meet Thee to part never,
And all Thy matchless beauty see,
And taste Thy love forever.

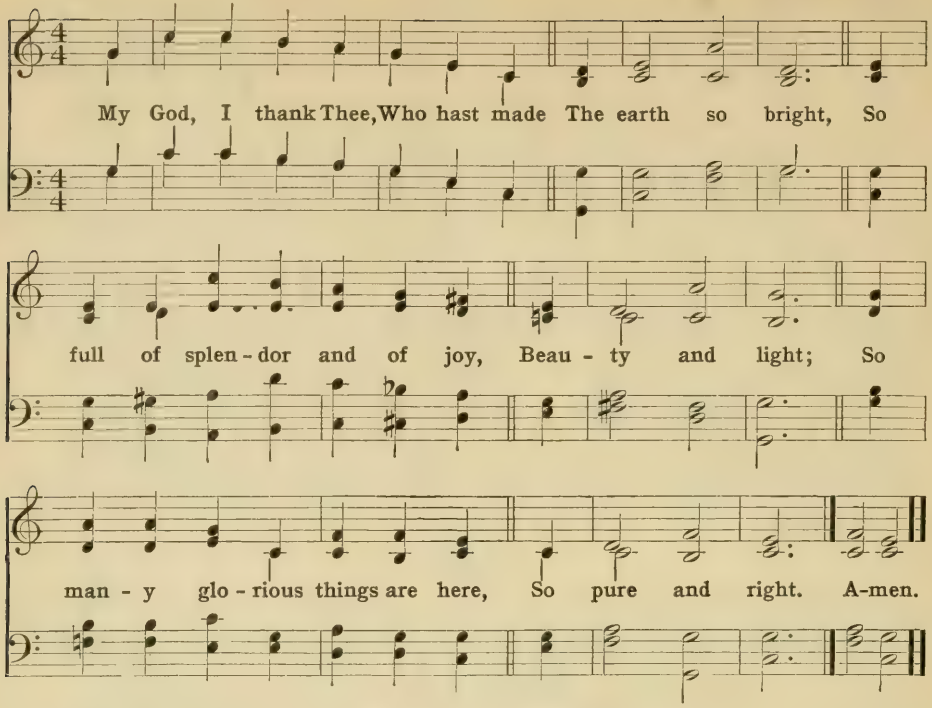
7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whose mercy changeth never,
From man and from the angel host
Be praise and glory ever.

Rev. A. EUBULE EVANS, 1865

341

WENTWORTH 8.4.8.4.8.4.

F. C. MAKER, 1876


My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright, So
full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light; So
man - y glo - rious things are here, So pure and right. A-men.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

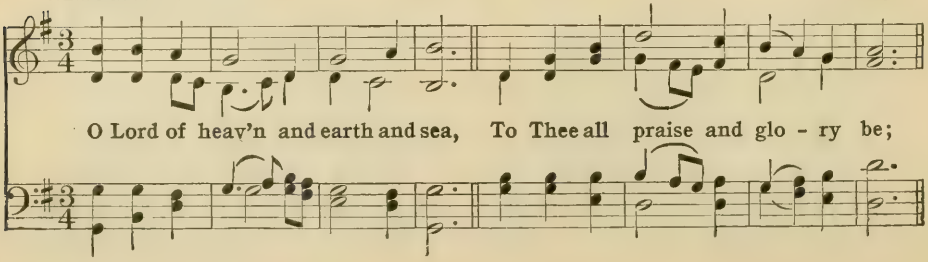
5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

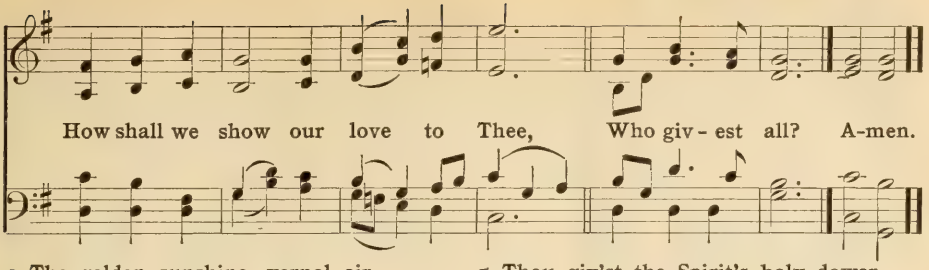
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1858

342

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875





2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd one
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

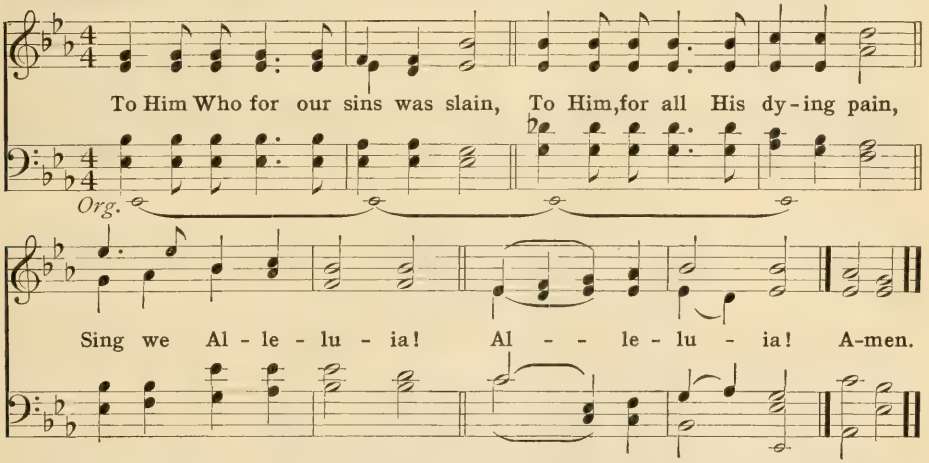
6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1872

343

COMFORTER DIVINE 8.8.6. S. REAY



2 To Him the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

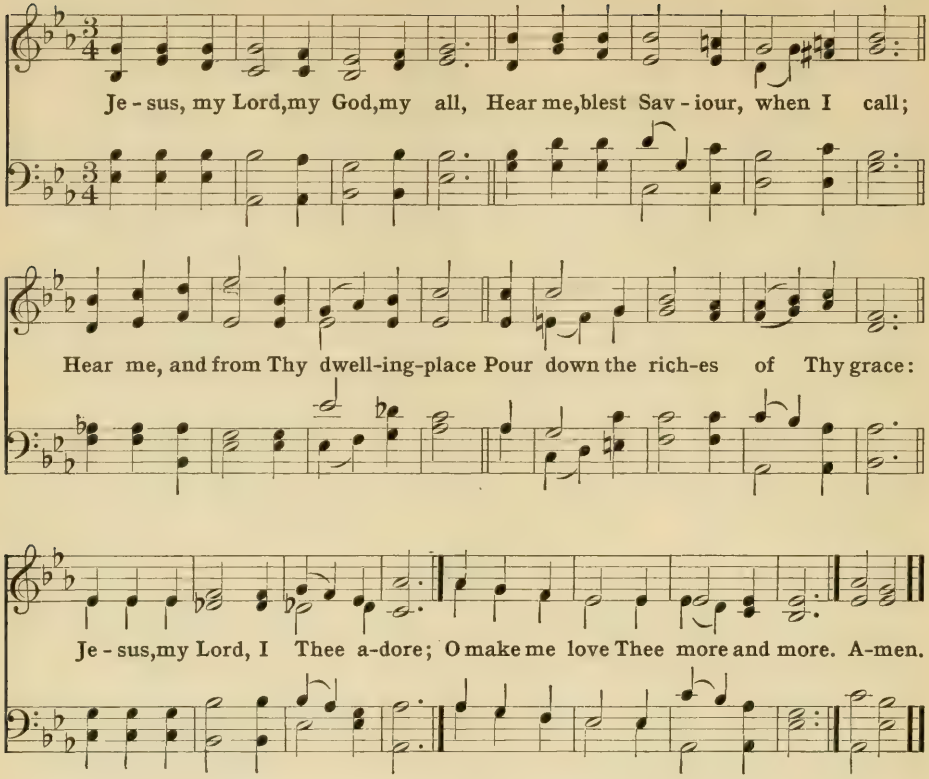
5 To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing ye Alleluia!

Rev. ARTHUR T. RUSSELL, 1851

344

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s. J. BARNBY, 1872


Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing-place Pour down the rich-es of Thy grace:
Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a-dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A-men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
So make me love Thee more and more.

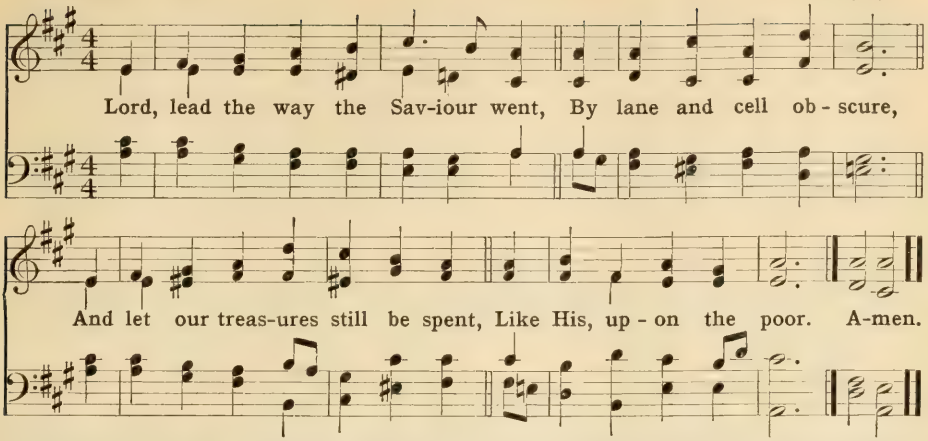
4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

REV. HENRY COLLINS, 1854

345

GOUDA C. M.

B. Tours, 1872


Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-scure,
And let our treas-ures still be spent, Like His, up-on the poor. A-men.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

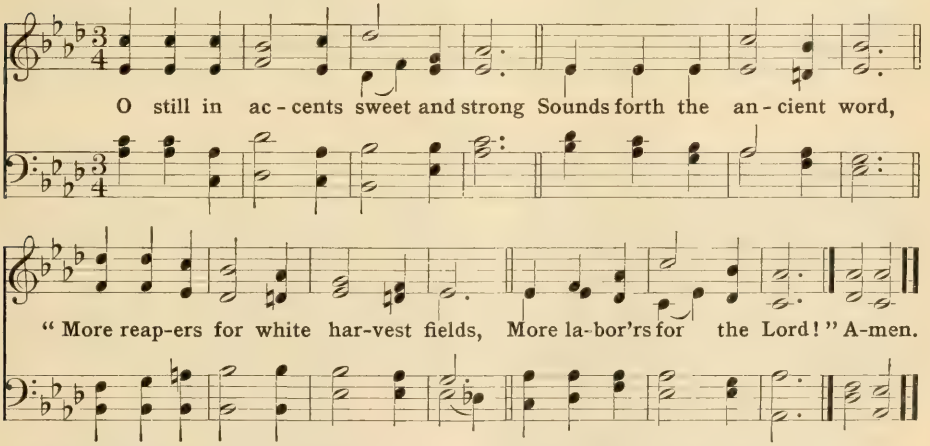
4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Crosswell, 1831

346

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1866


O still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,
"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More la-bor'rs for the Lord!" A-men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

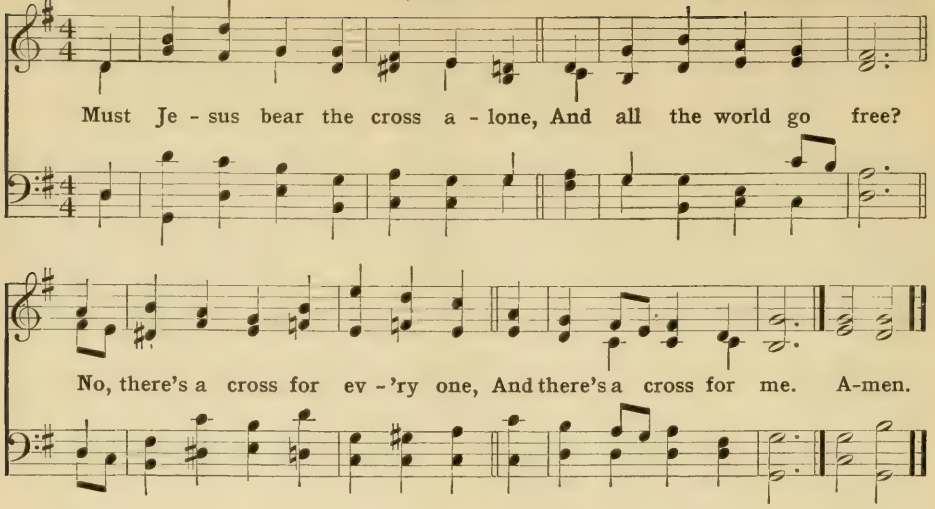
3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

347

EVERSLEY C. M. (*First Tune*) A. COTTMAN



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

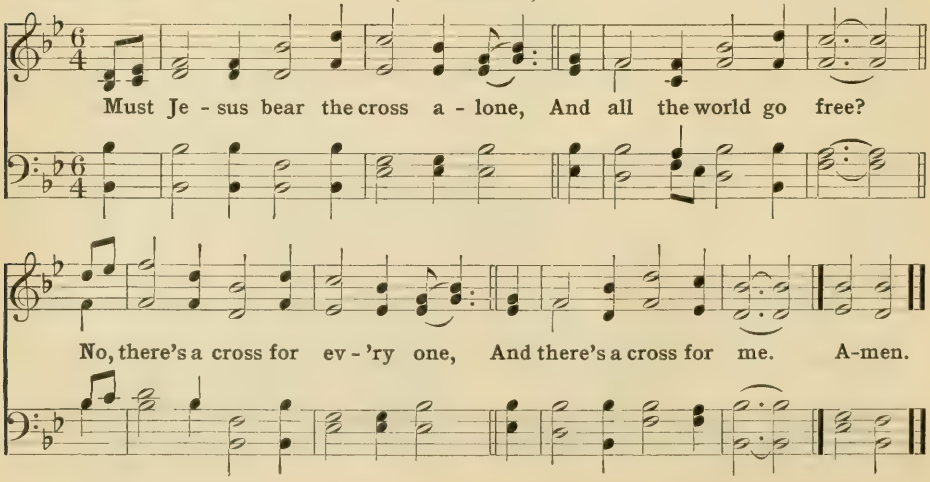
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

Rev. THOMAS SHEPHERD, 1693
V. 4, 5, Rev. CHARLES BEECHER, 1855

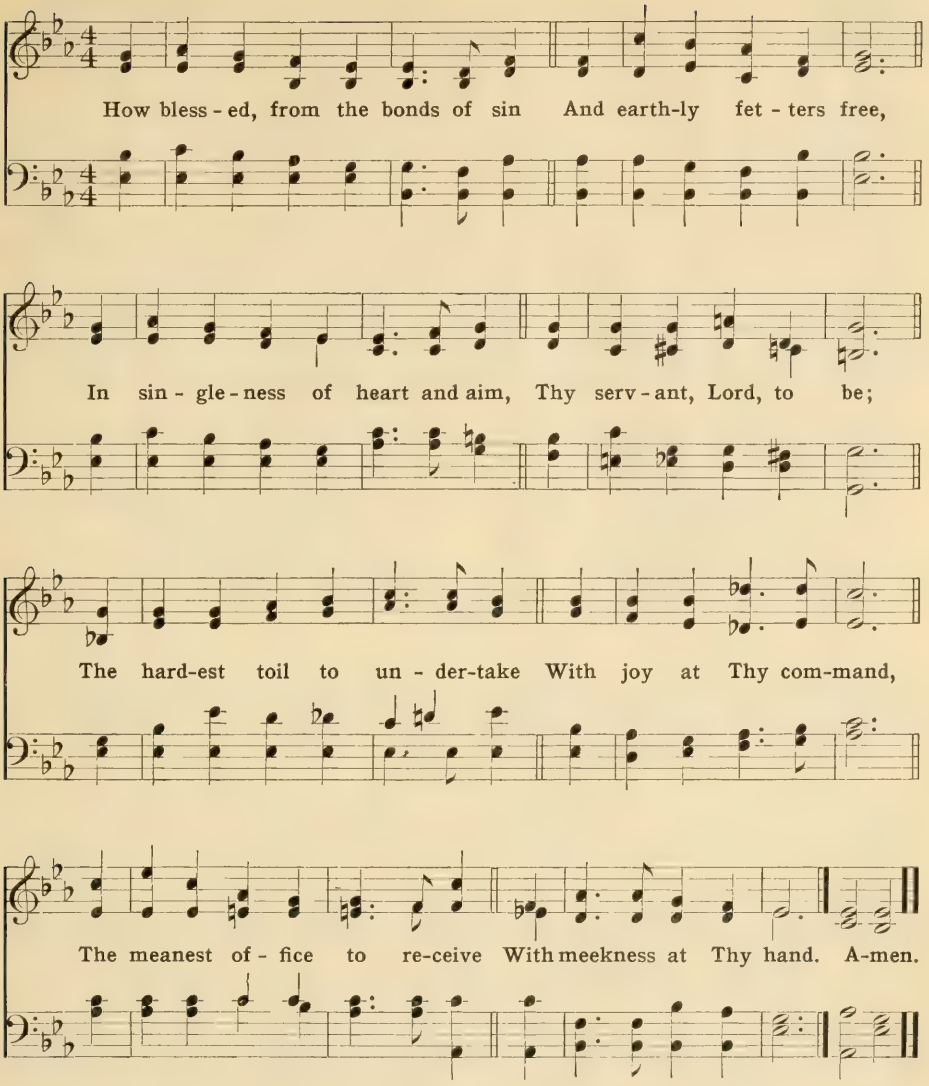
347

MAITLAND C. M. (*Second Tune*) G. N. ALLEN, 1850



348

SELWYN C. M. D.

J. TILLEARD

How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth-ly fet - ters free,
In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant, Lord, to be;
The hard-est toil to un - der-take With joy at Thy com-mand,
The meanest of - fice to re-ceive With meekness at Thy hand. A-men.

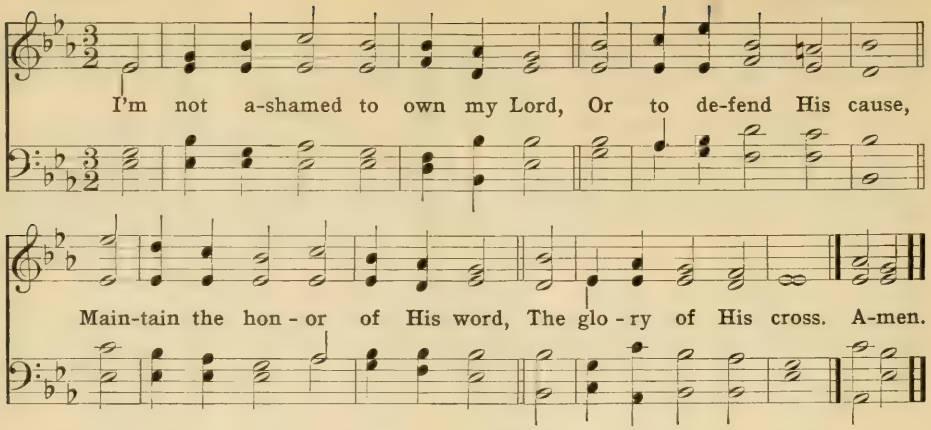
2 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

Rev. CARL J. P. SPITTA, 1833. Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1854

349

DOWNS C. M. — L. MASON, 1832



2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

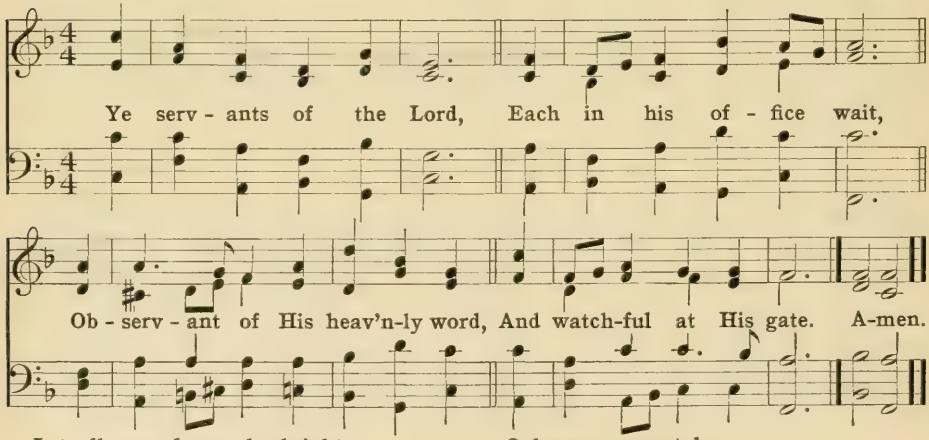
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

350

DAY OF PRAISE S. M. — C. STEGGALL, 1867



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

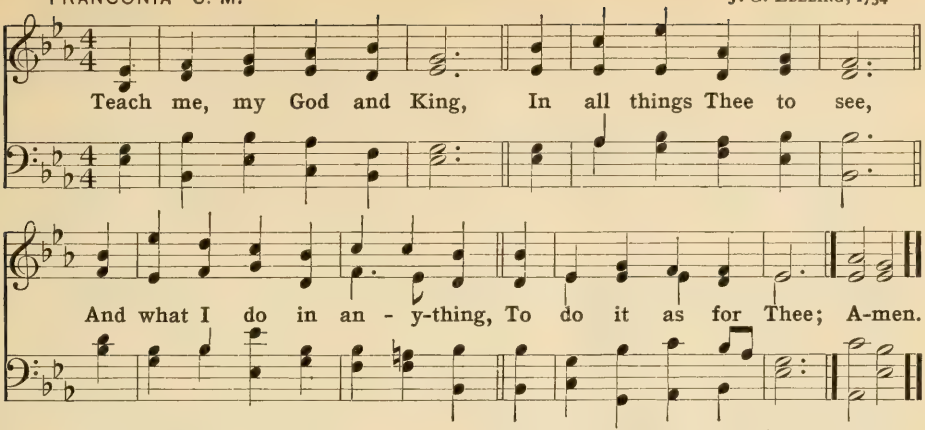
4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

351

FRANCONIA S. M. — J. G. EBELING, 1754



2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

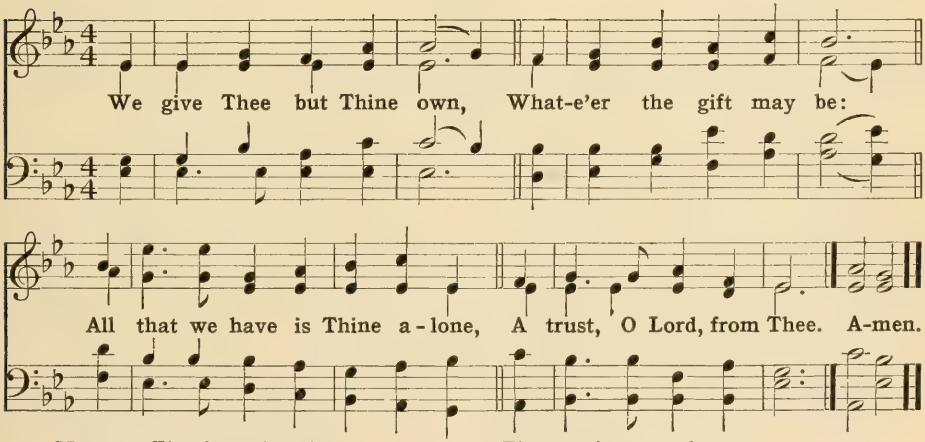
3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, 1632

352

SWAINSTHORPE S. M. — J. BOOTH, 1887



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

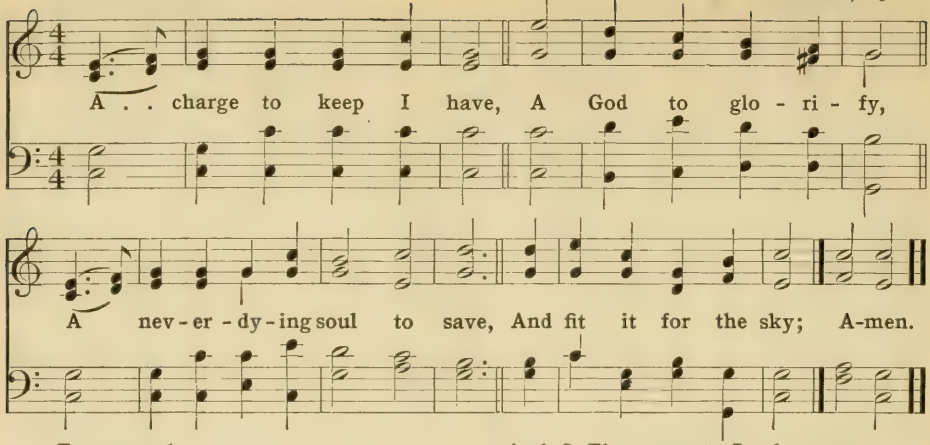
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854

353

LABAN S. M. — L. MASON, 1830



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

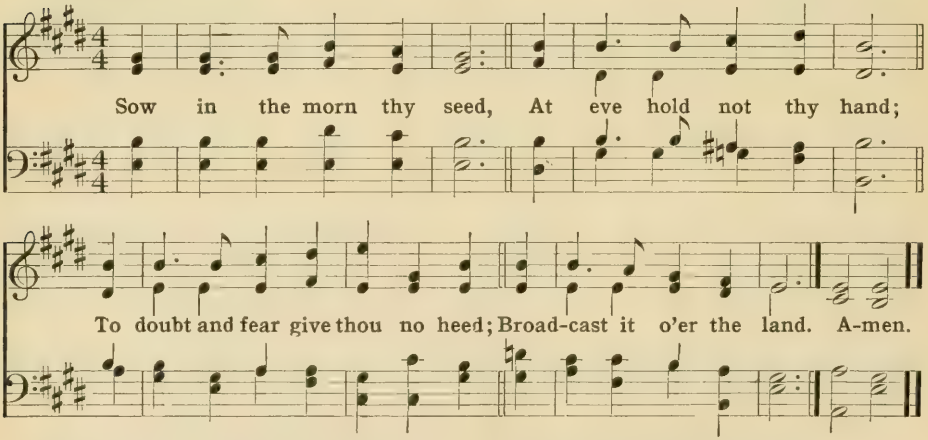
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1762

354

ALDERSGATE S. M. — G. P. MERRICK, 1887



2 Thou know'st not which may thrive
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

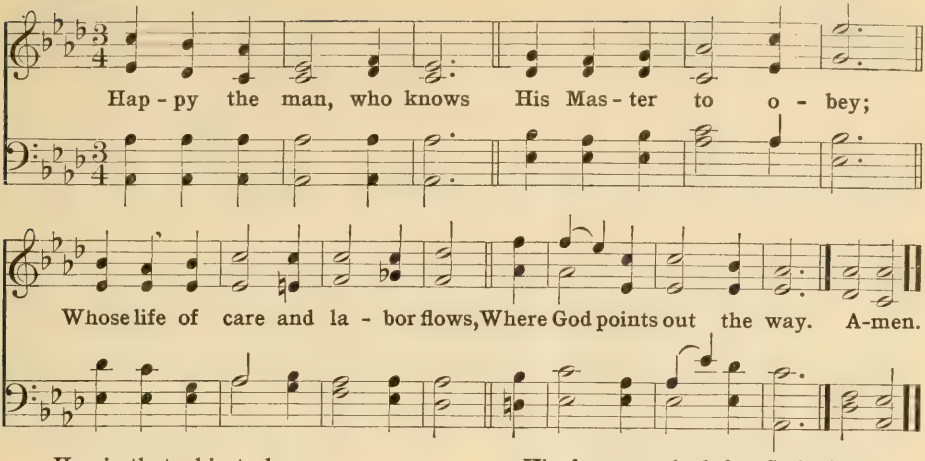
5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

355

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849



2 He riseth to his task,
Soon as the word is given,
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,
When orders come from heaven.

3 Nothing he calls his own;
Nothing he hath to say;
His feet are shod for God alone,
And God alone obey.

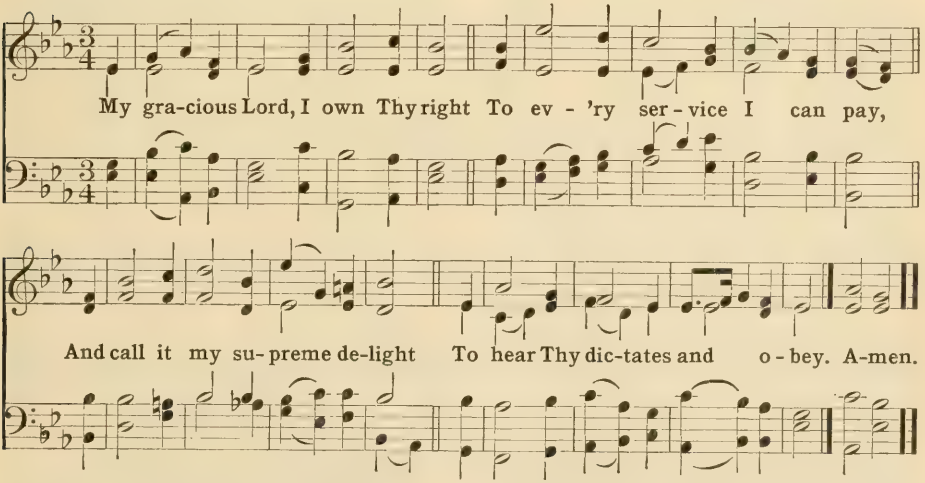
4 Give us, O God, this mind,
Which waits for Thy command,
And doth his highest pleasure find
In Thy great work to stand.

REV. THOMAS C. UPHAM, 1872

356

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

E. MILLER, 1790



2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend!

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

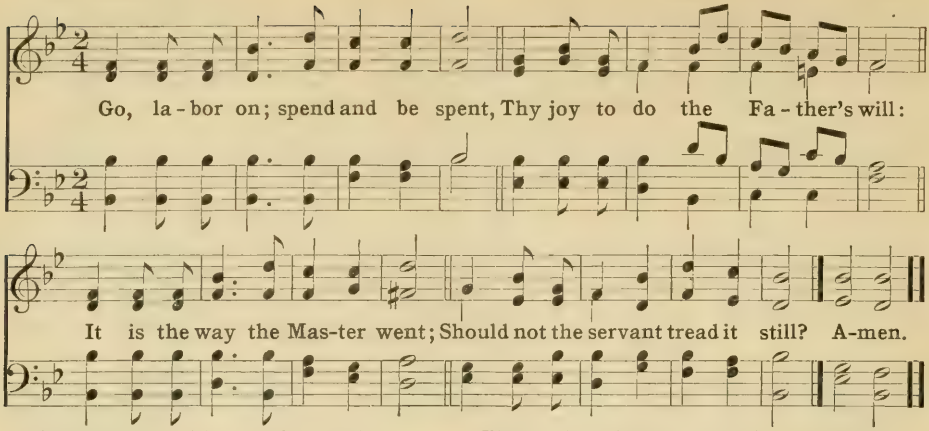
4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

357

WELTON L. M.

Rev. C. H. A. Malan, 1880


Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will:
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? A-men.

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for aught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises, — what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

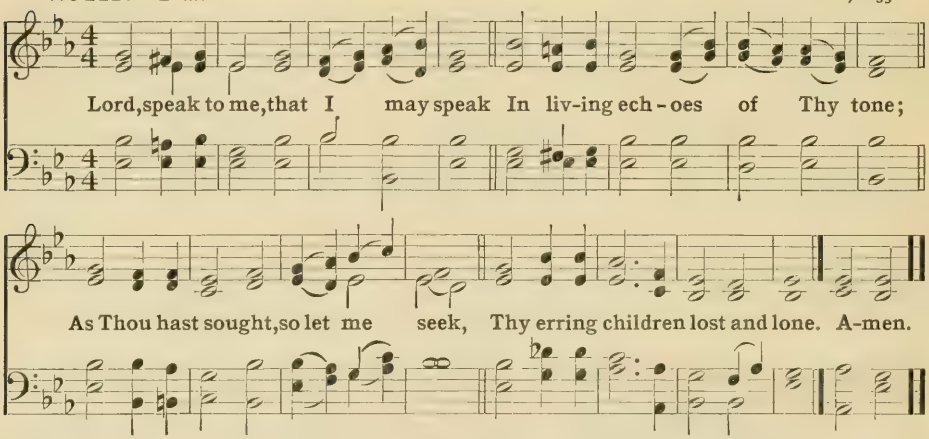
4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

358

HOLLEY L. M.

G. Hews, 1835


Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy erring children lost and lone. A-men.

2 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

3 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

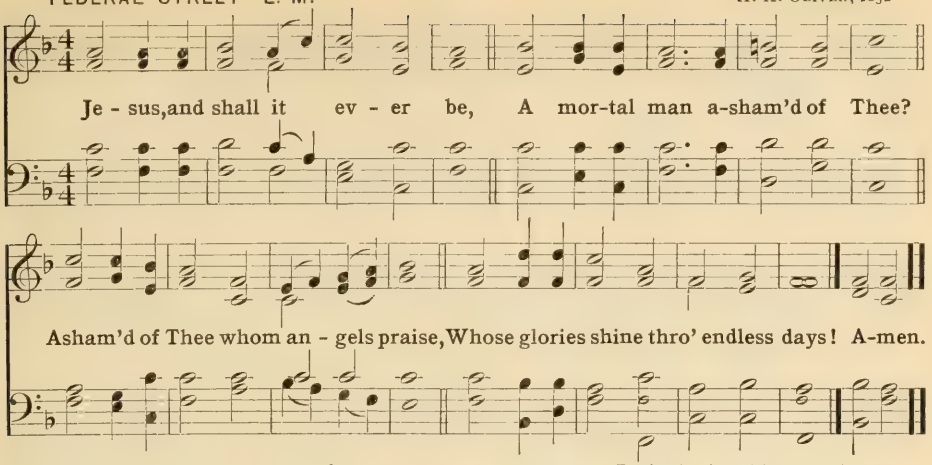
4 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

5 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal, 1872

359

FEDERAL STREET L. M. — H. K. Oliver, 1832


Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-sham'd of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days! A-men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

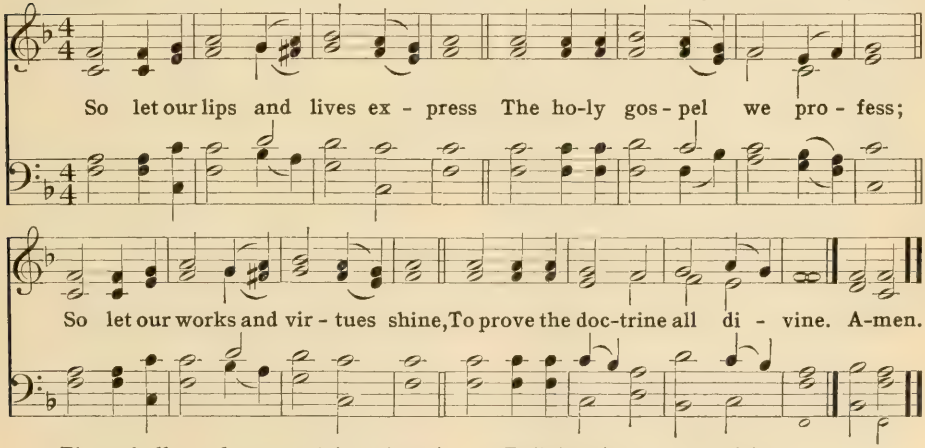
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765

360

HAMBURG L. M. — Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824


So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho-ly gos - pel we pro - fess;
So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di - vine. A-men.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

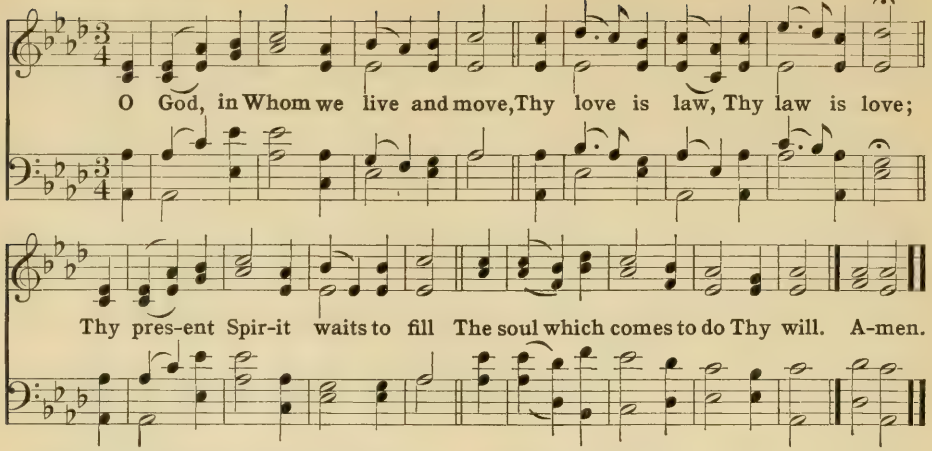
3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

361

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR, 1847


O God, in Whom we live and move, Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy pres-ent Spir-it waits to fill The soul which comes to do Thy will. A-men.

2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy law.

3 Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Or deed of love, to come to nought.

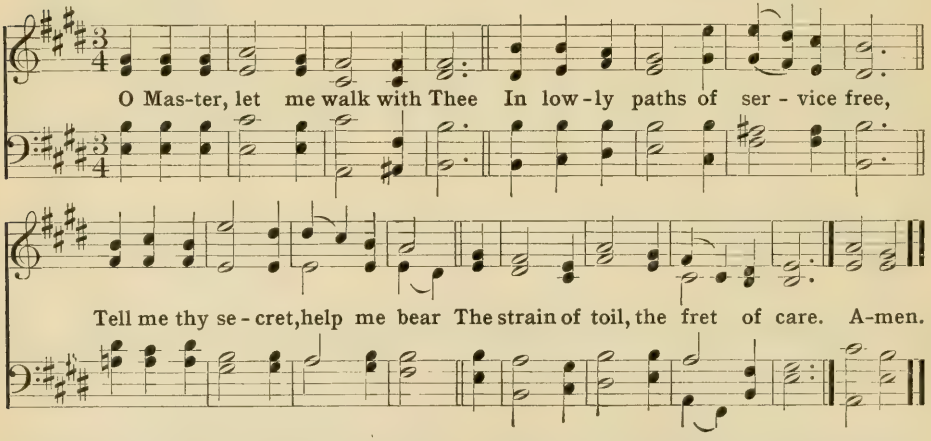
4 Such faith, O God! our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still:
Who works for justice, works for Thee;
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

362

MARYTON L. M.

H. P. SMITH, 1874


O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser - vice free,
Tell me thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

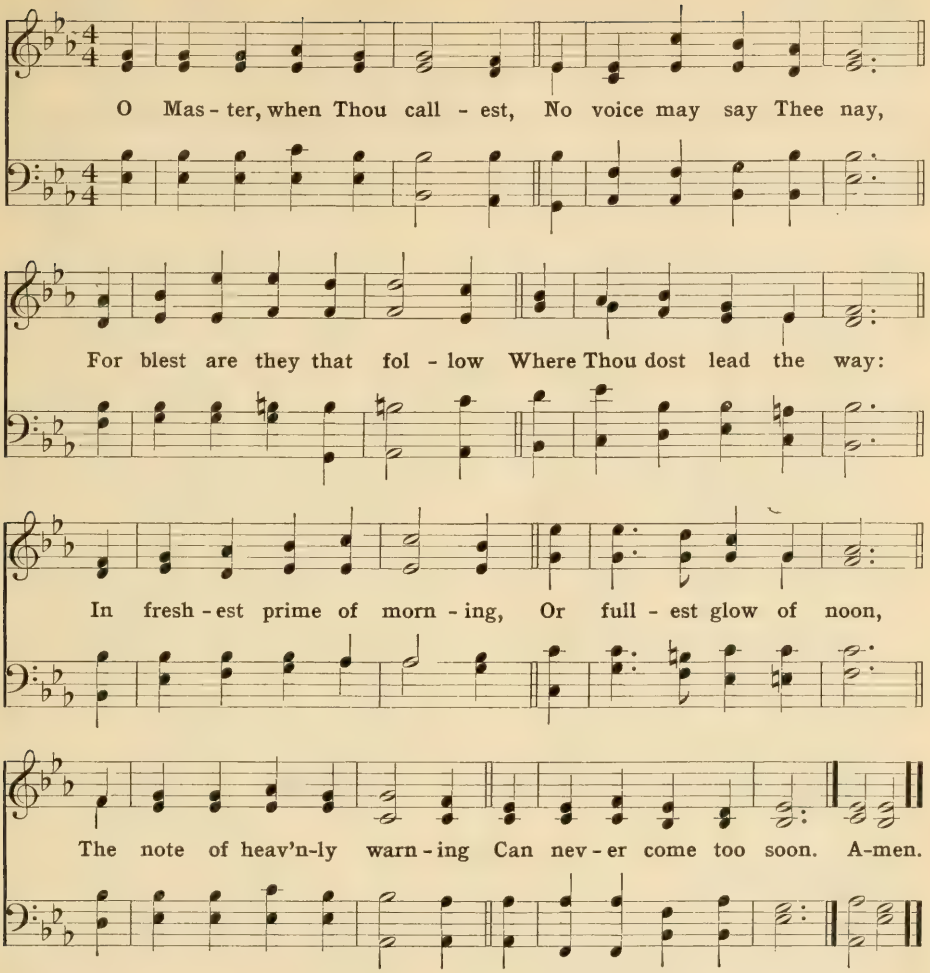
3 Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

2 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879

363

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

O Mas - ter, when Thou call - est, No voice may say Thee nay,
For blest are they that fol - low Where Thou dost lead the way:
In fresh - est prime of morn - ing, Or full - est glow of noon,
The note of heav'n-ly warn - ing Can nev - er come too soon. A-men.

2 O Master, where Thou callest,
No foot may shrink in fear,
For they who trust Thee wholly
Shall find Thee ever near:
And chamber still and lonely,
Or busy harvest-field,
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
Shall precious produce yield.

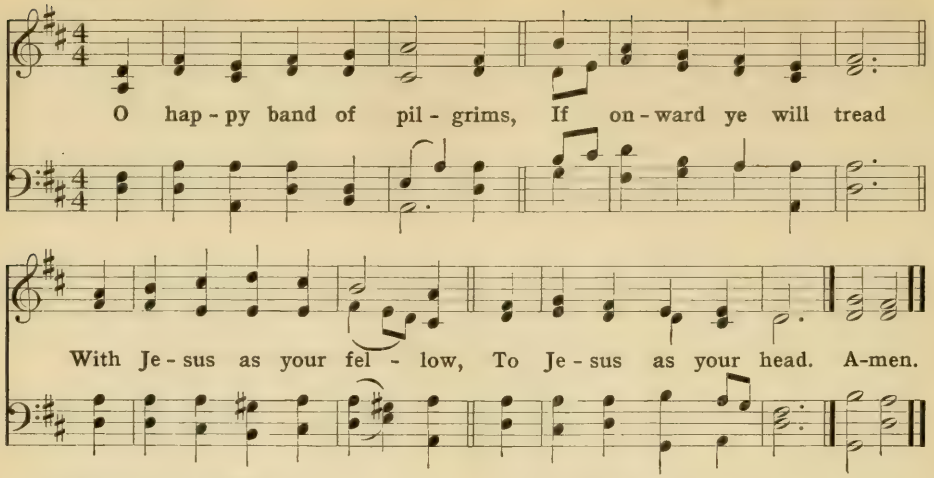
3 O Master, whom Thou callest,
No heart may dare refuse;
'Tis honor, highest honor,
When Thou dost deign to use:
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest — all are Thine;
Thou Who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too who serve at home,
May watch and pray together
Until Thy kingdom come:
In Thee for age united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted
When all shall turn to praise.

Sarah G. Stock, 1888

364

LINCOLN 7.6.7.6. M. VULPIUS, 1604



2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

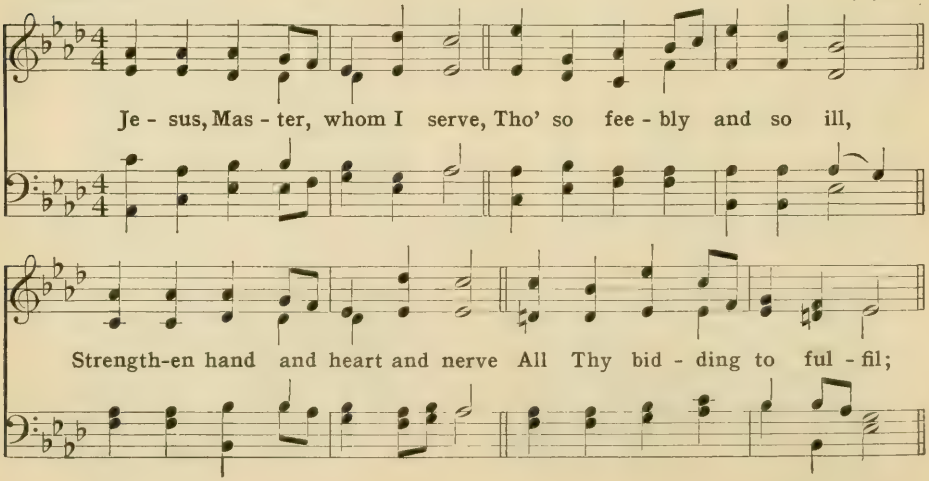
6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

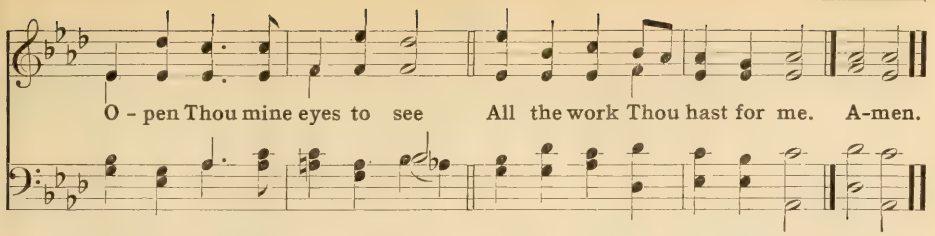
7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

ST. JOSEPH. Tr. J. M. NEALE

365

NORICUM Six 7s. F. JAMES, 1904





2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

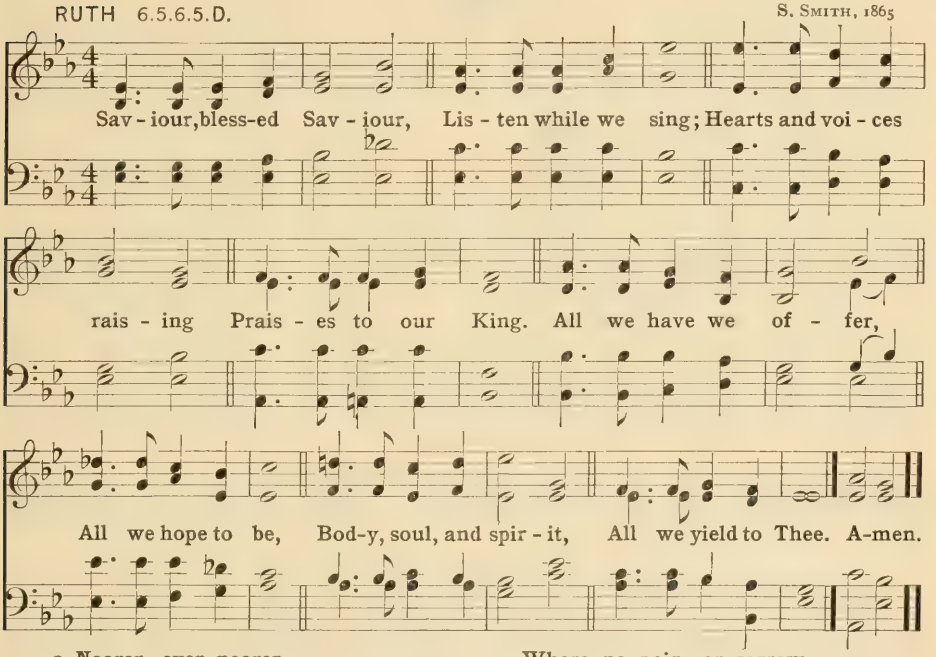
3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874

366

RUTH 6.5.6.5.D.

S. SMITH, 1865


Sav - iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces
rais - ing Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer,
All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-men.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

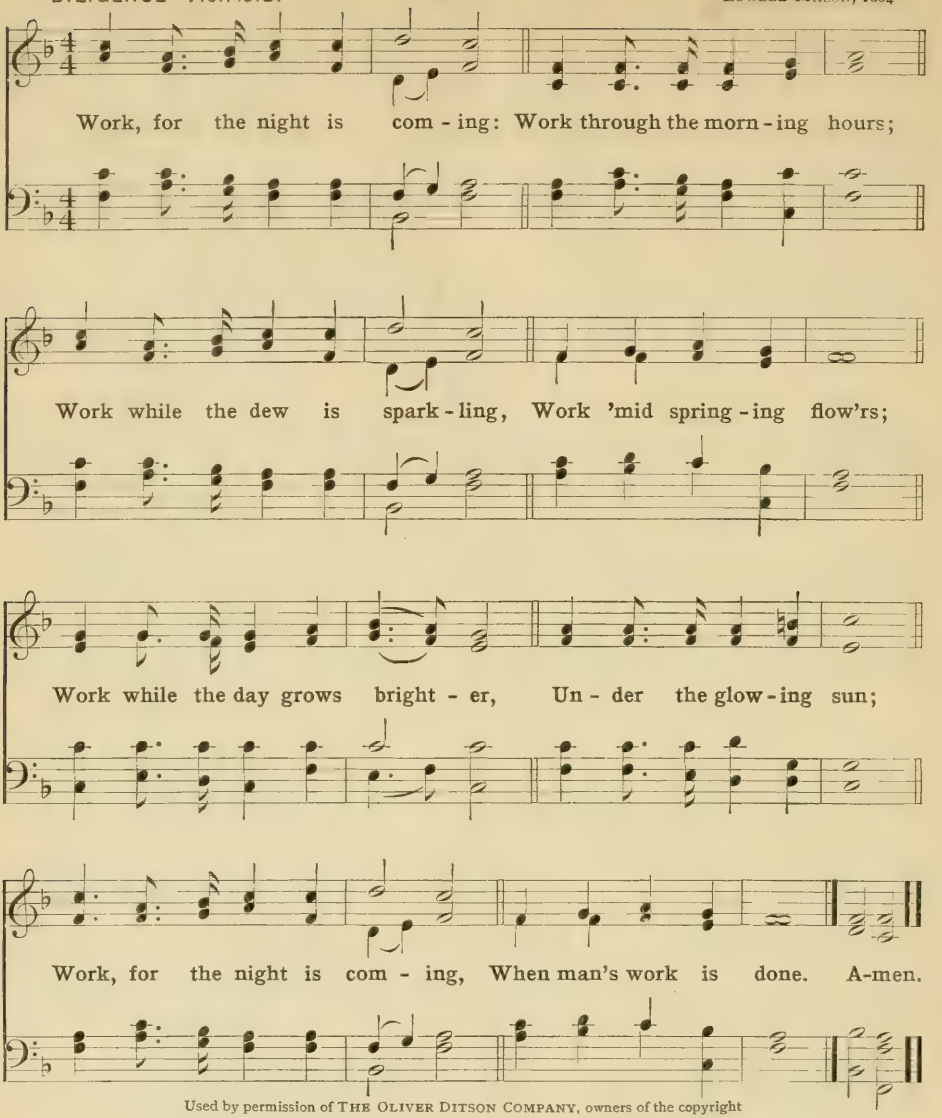
3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1858

367

DILIGENCE 7.6.7.5.D.

LOWELL MASON, 1864

Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-men.

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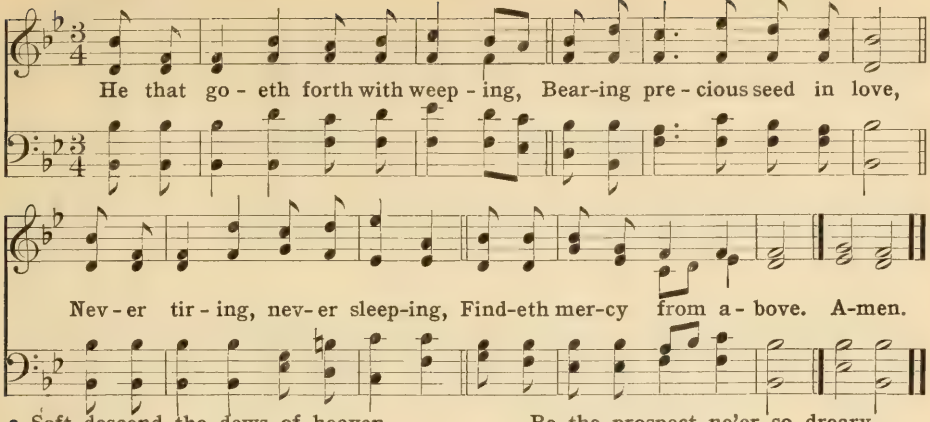
2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNA L. COGHILL, c. 1860

368

STOCKWELL 8.7.8.7. D. E. Jones, 1851


He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear-ing pre - cious seed in love,
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep-ing, Find-eth mer-cy from a - bove. A-men.

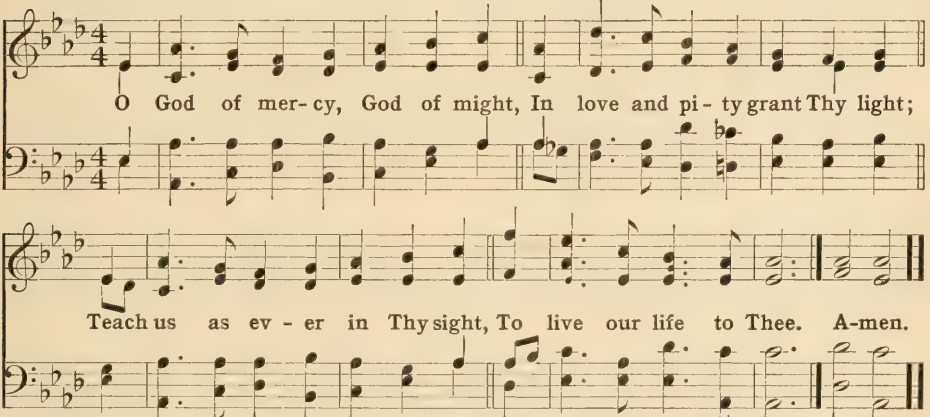
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.
Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836

369

HARLECH 8.8.8.6. Welsh Air



2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

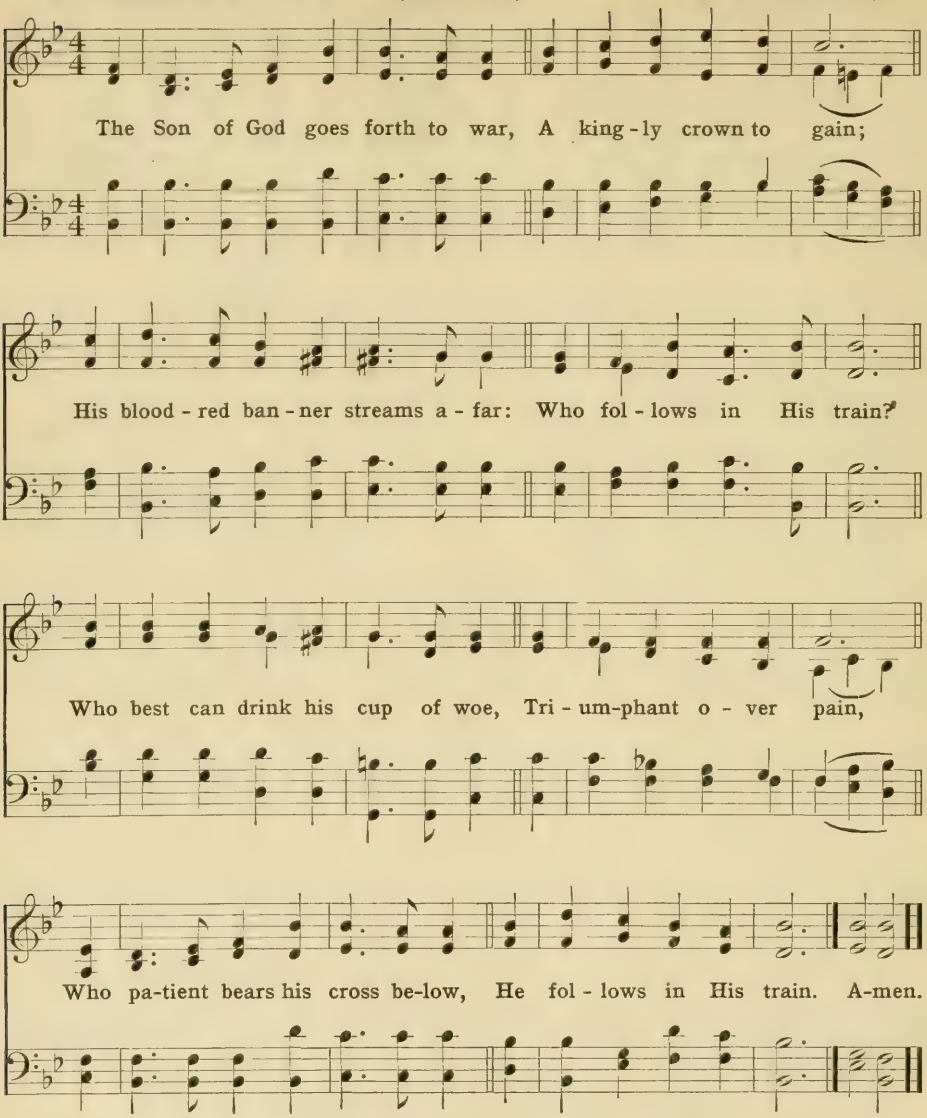
4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1879

370

ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D. (*First Tune*) H. S. CUTLER, 1872

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

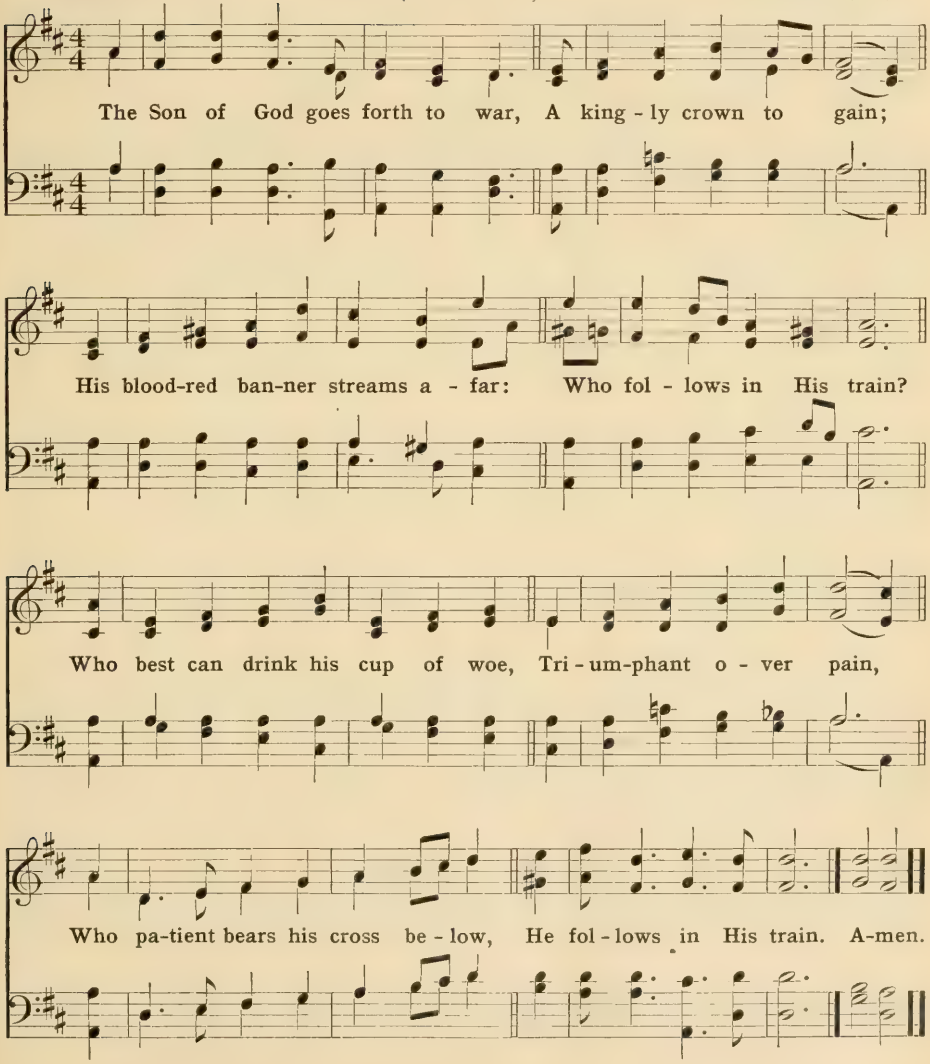
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

370

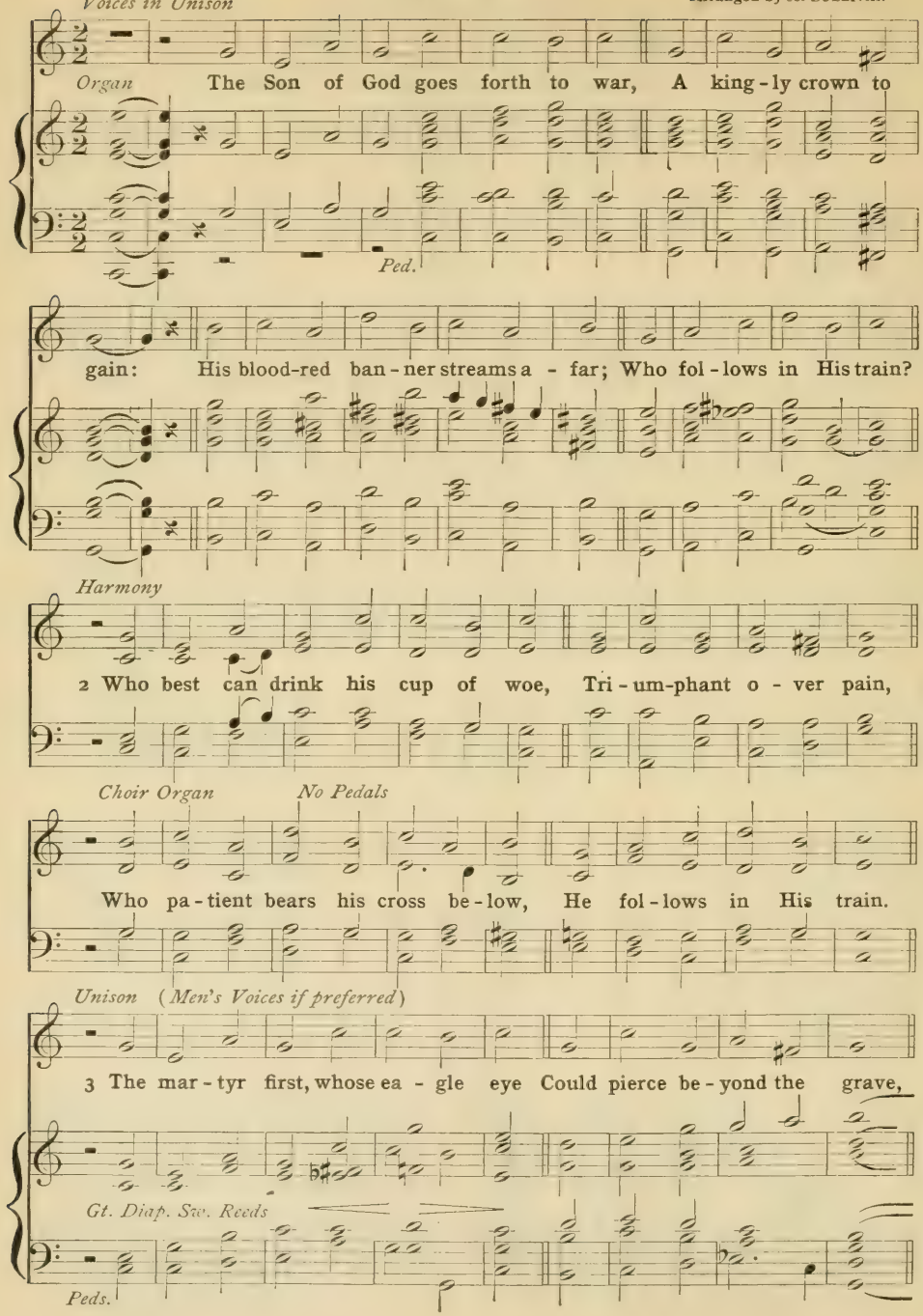
WARRIOR C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) Rev. A. Macdonald, 1877

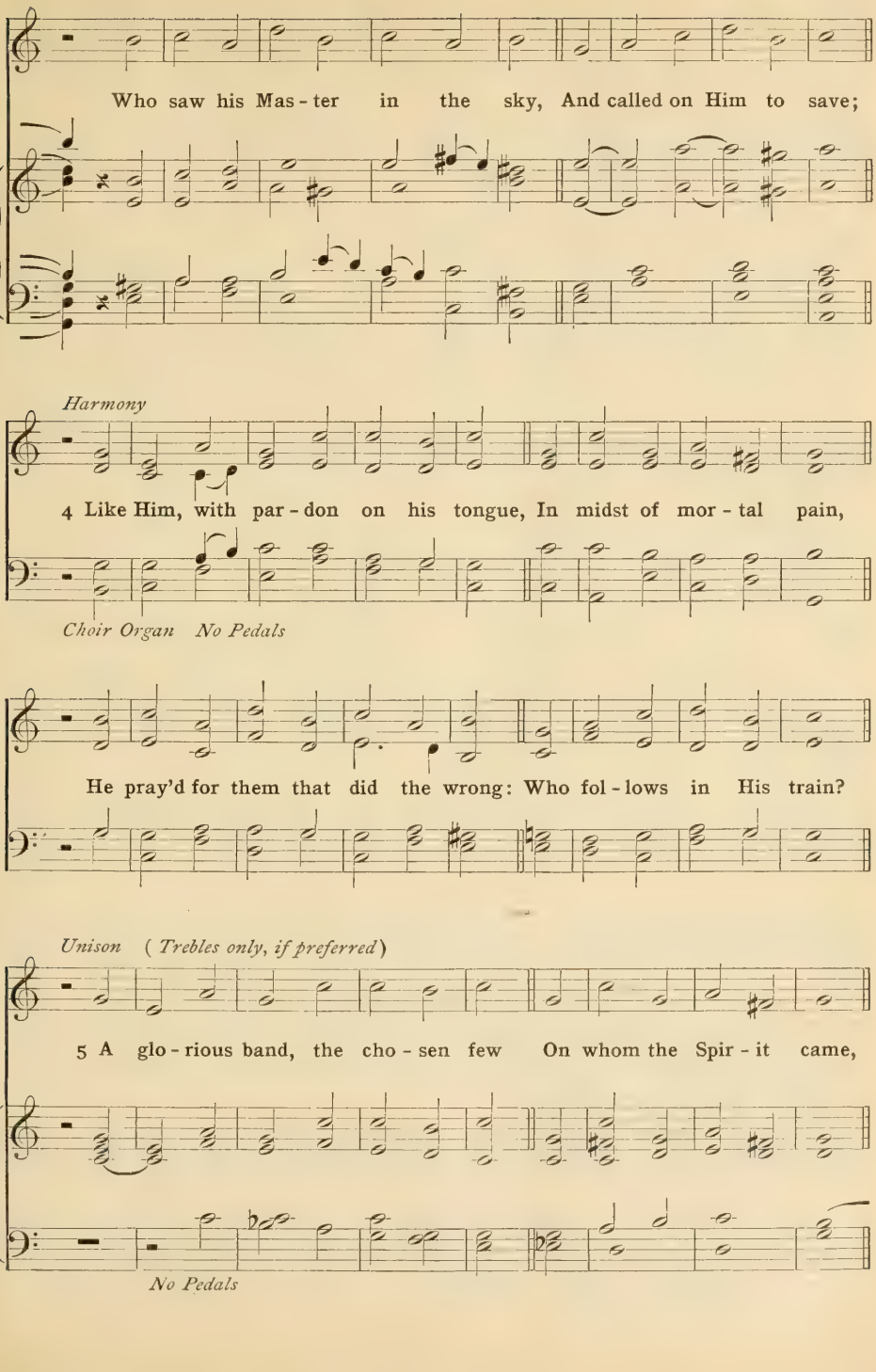
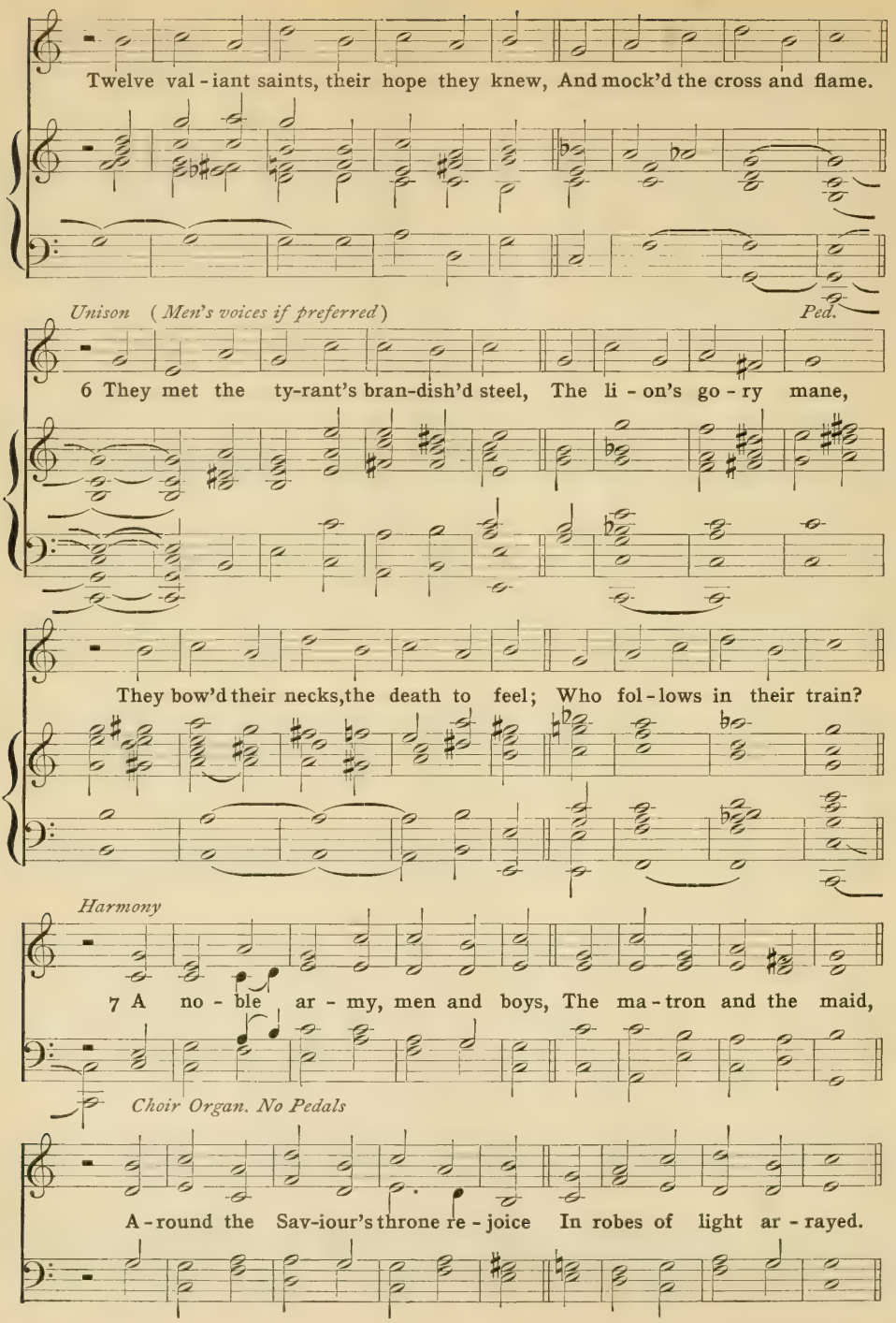
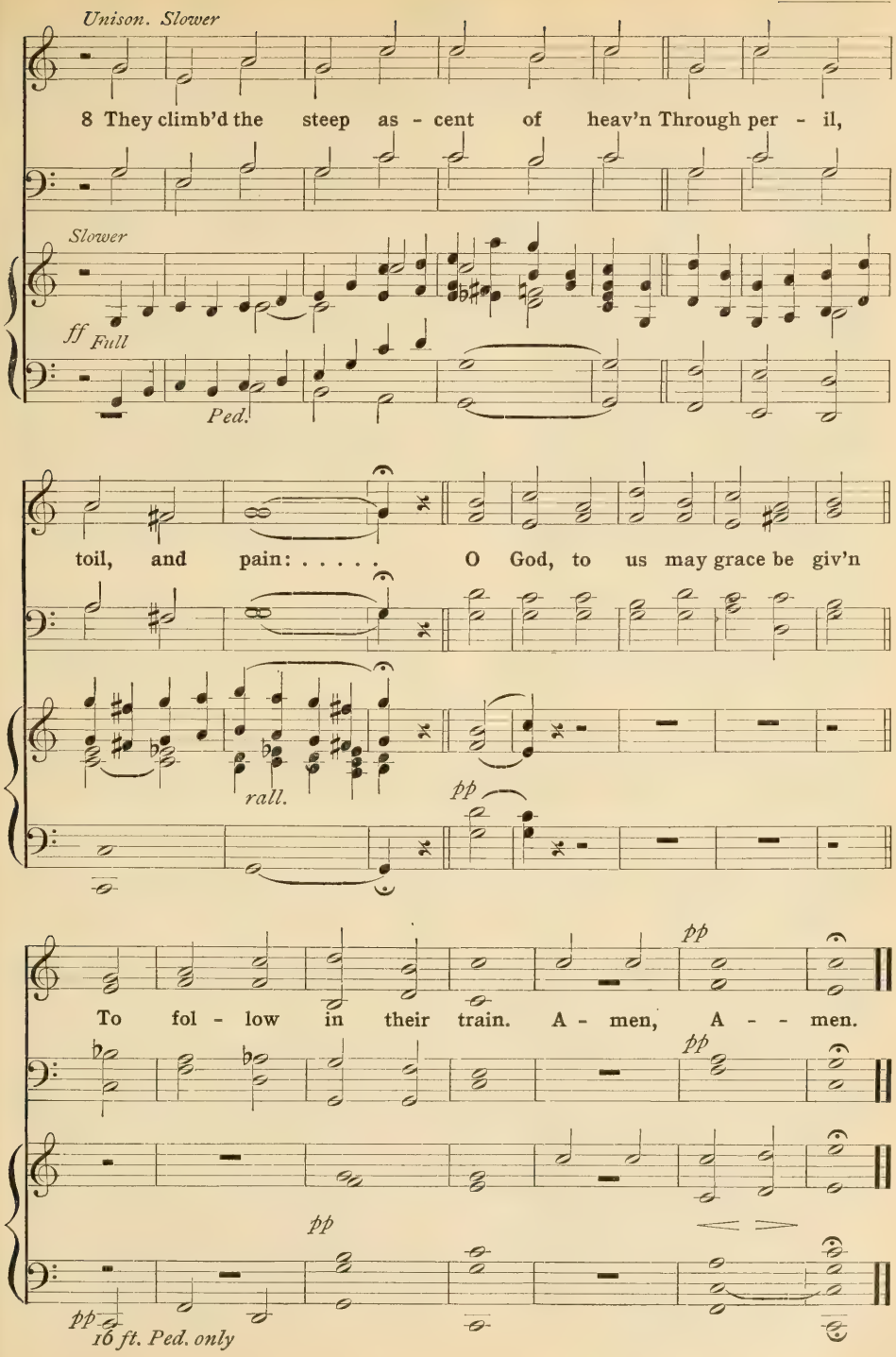

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A-men.

370

(*Third Tune*)

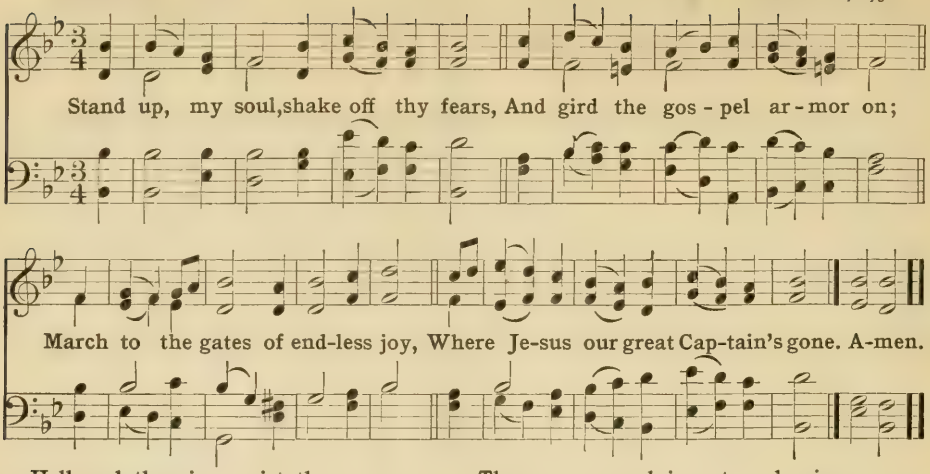
ST. ANNE

W. CROFT, 1708
Arranged by A. SULLIVAN

Voices in Unison
Organ
The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to
Ped.
gain: His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train?
Harmony
2 Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Choir Organ
No Pedals
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
Unison (Men's Voices if preferred)
3 The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds
Peds.


Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Harmony
4 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
Choir Organ No Pedals
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
Unison (Trebles only, if preferred)
5 A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
No Pedals

Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.
Unison (Men's voices if preferred)
Ped.
6 They met the ty-rant's bran-dish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
Harmony
7 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
Choir Organ. No Pedals
A - round the Sav-iour's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.

Unison. Slower
8 They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Through per - il,
Slower
ff Full
Ped.
toil, and pain: . . . . . O God, to us may grace be giv'n
rall.
pp
To fol - low in their train. A - men, A - - men.
pp
pp
pp
16 ft. Ped. only

371

WAREHAM L. M. — W. KNAPP, 1738


Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus our great Cap-tain's gone. A-men.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

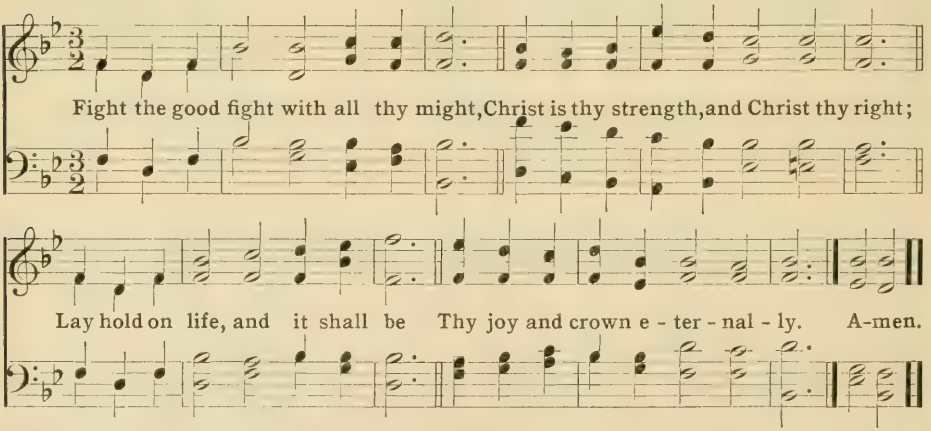
3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

372

NIAGARA L. M. — R. JACKSON


Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide,
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

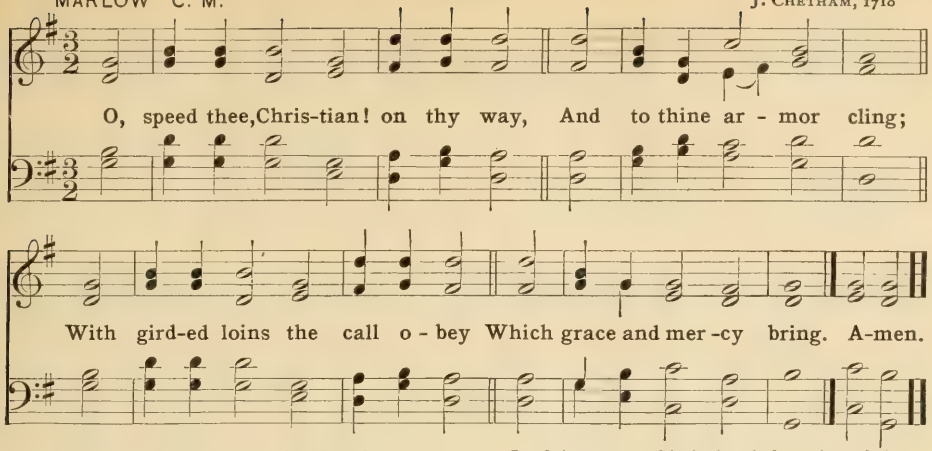
4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863

373

MARLOW C. M.

J. CHETHAM, 1718


O, speed thee, Chris-tian! on thy way, And to thine ar - mor cling;
With gird-ed loins the call o - bey Which grace and mer -cy bring. A-men.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

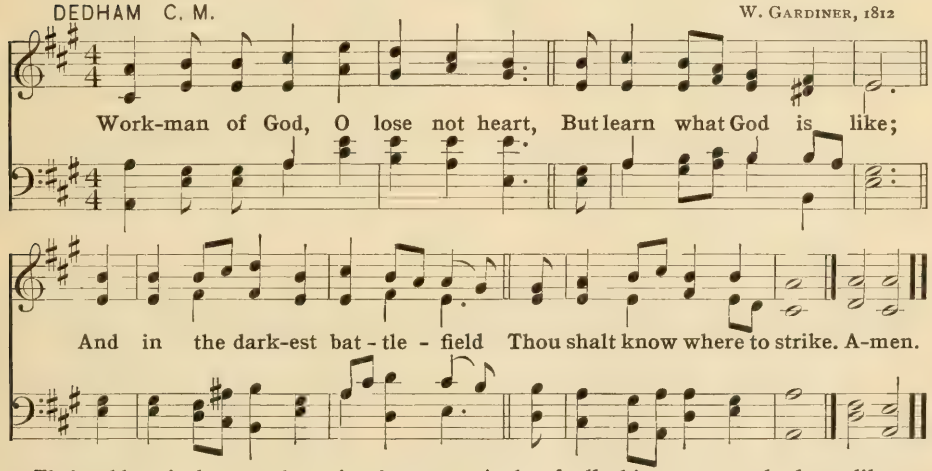
3 O, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before the throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Anon.

374

DEDHAM C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1812


Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
And in the dark-est bat - tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike. A-men.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine,
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

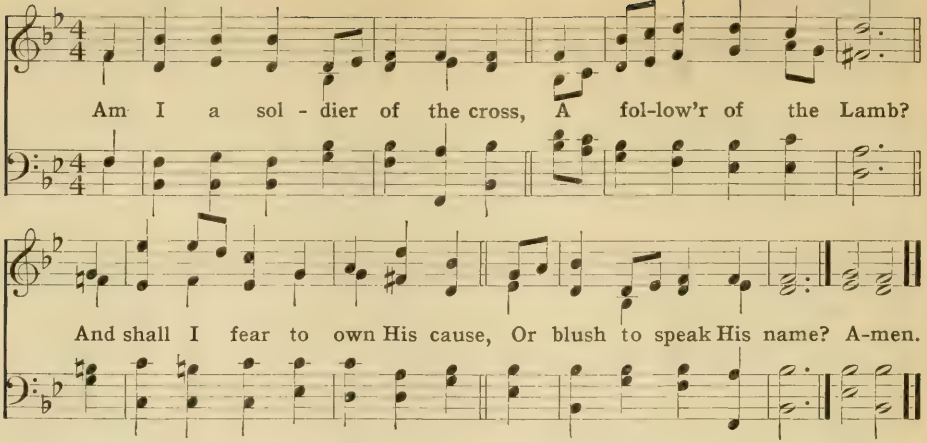
6 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

375

MIRFIELD C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

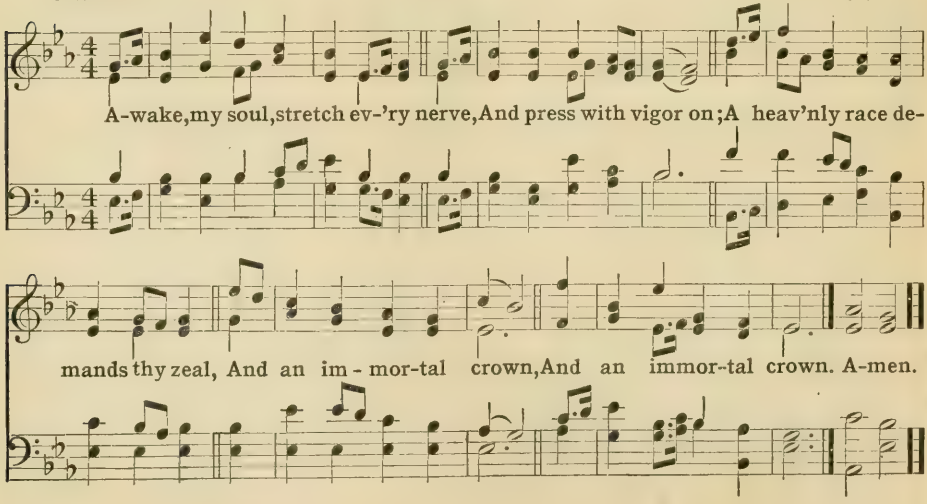
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1723

376

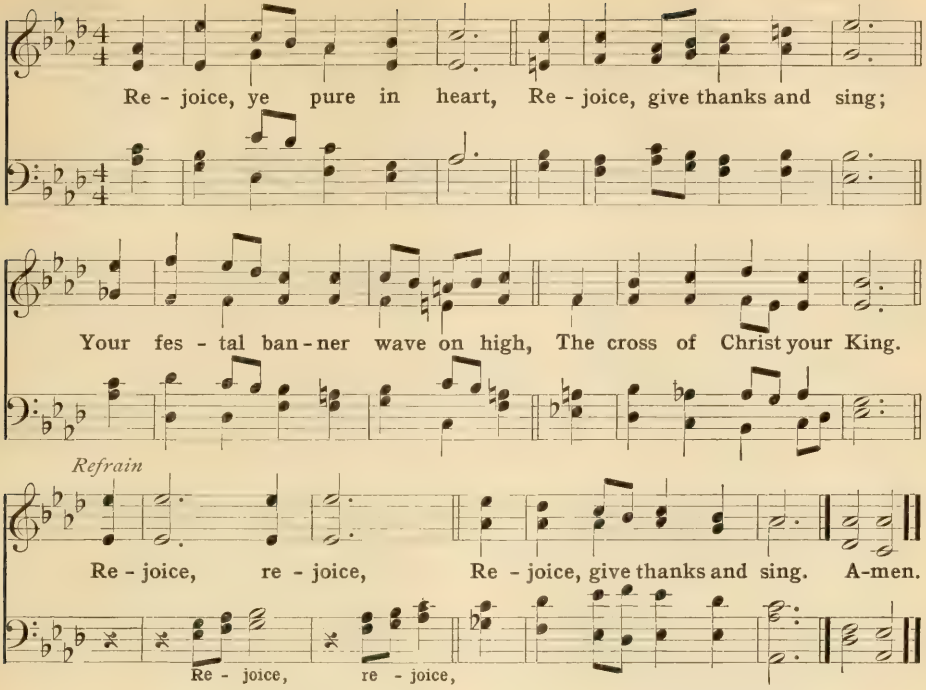
CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1728


A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly race de-
mands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an immor-tal crown. A-men.

377

MARION S. M. *With Refrain*

A. H. MESSITER, 1883

Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
Refrain
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A-men.
Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

5 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

6 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

7 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Rev. EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1865

(CHRISTMAS) C. M.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

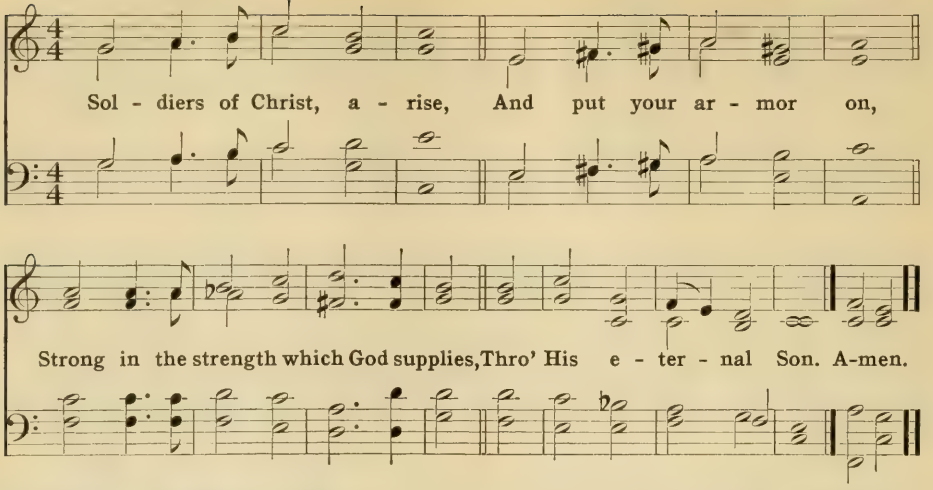
4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

378

AMERTON S.M. — W. Haynes



2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

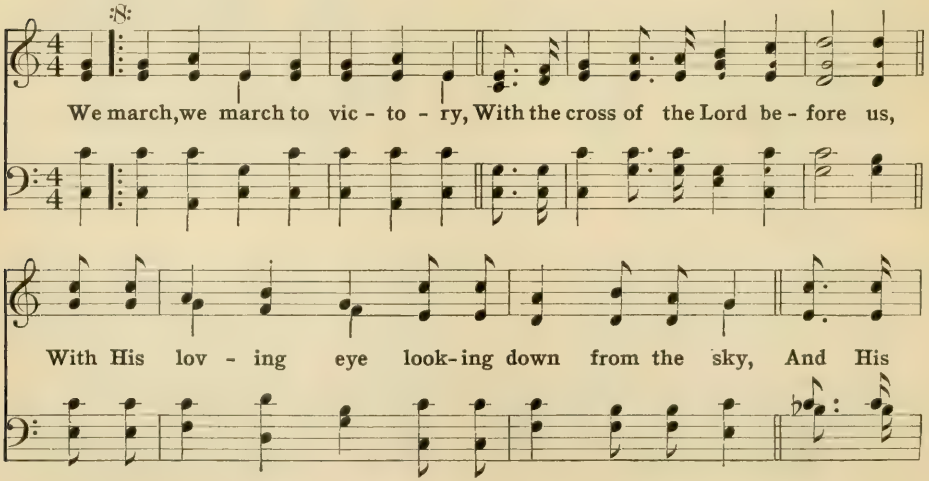
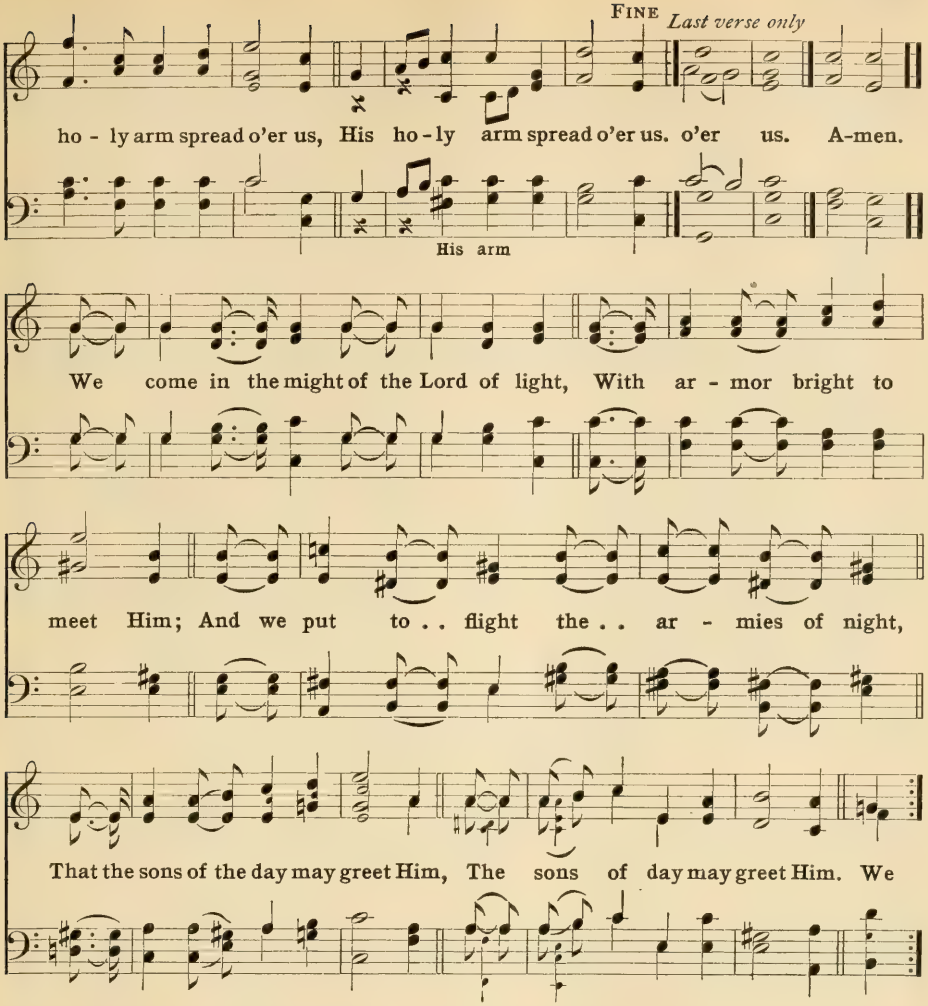
5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

379

MARCH TO VICTORY Irregular — J. Barnby, 1869



FINE
Last verse only
ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. A-men.
His arm
We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to
meet Him; And we put to . . flight the . . ar - mies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of day may greet Him. We

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
Our watch-word, the Incarnation.

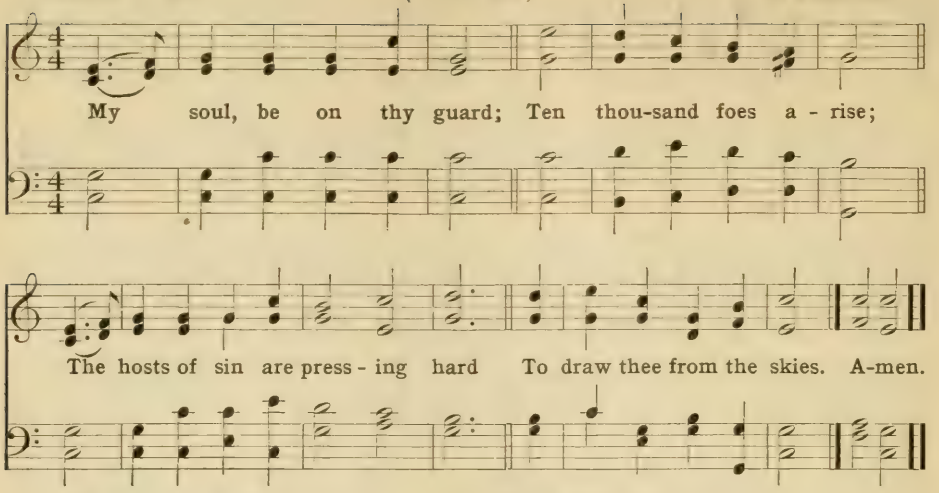
3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867

380

LABAN S. M. (*First Tune*) L. MASON, 1830



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

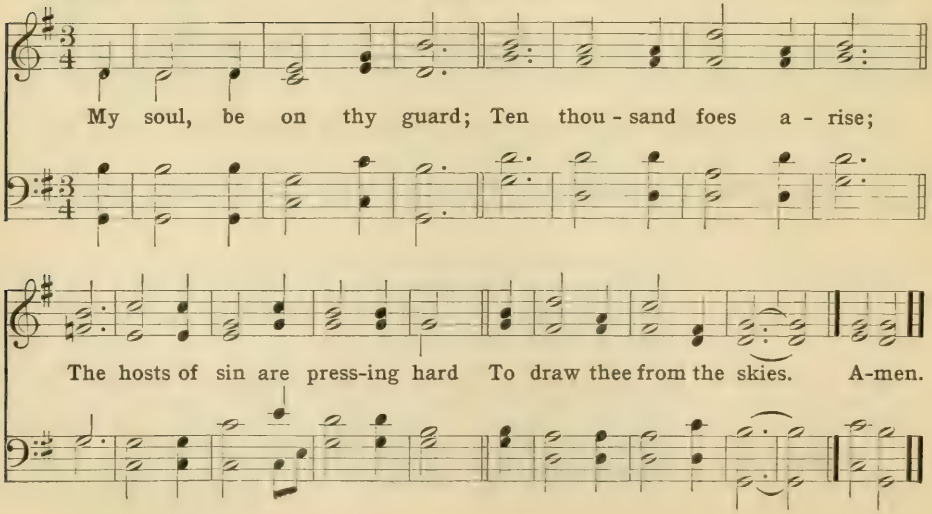
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

REV. GEORGE HEATH, 1781

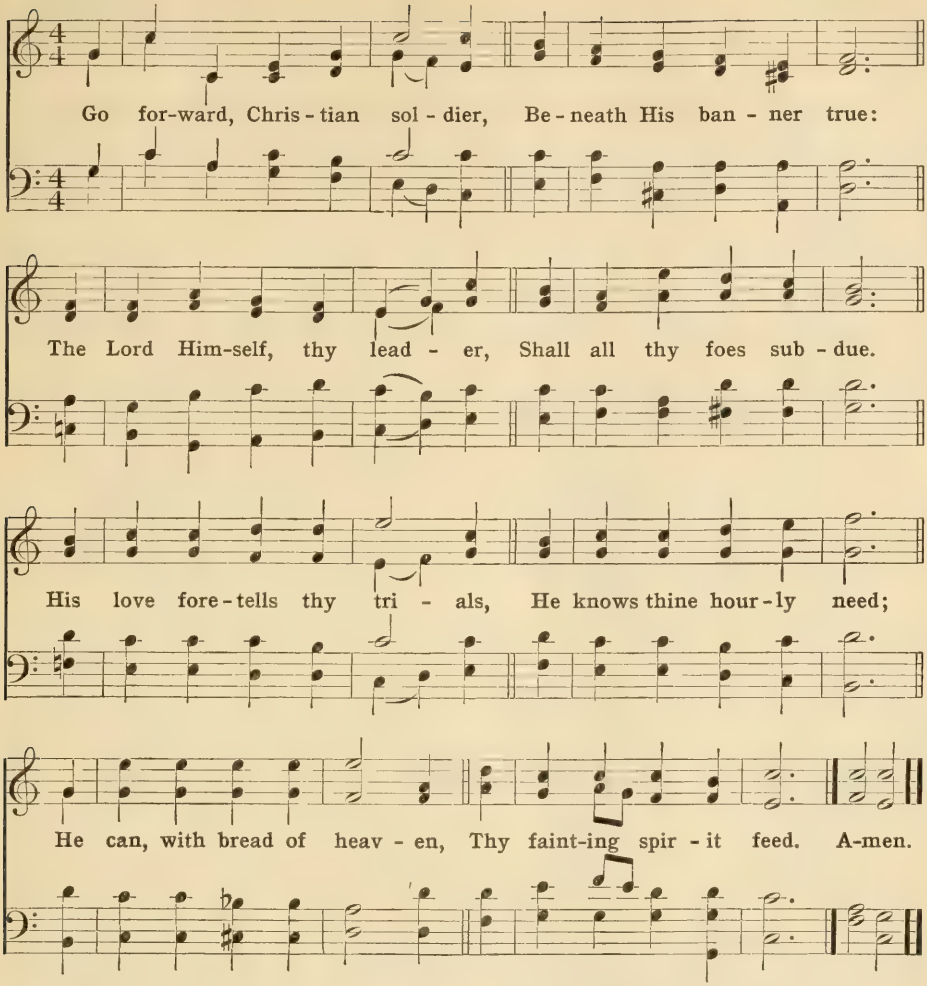
380

CALVIN S. M. (*Second Tune*) Anon.



381

LUSTLEIGH 7.6.7.6.D.

S. WEEKES

Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true:
The Lord Him-self, thy lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due.
His love fore-tells thy tri-als, He knows thine hour-ly need;
He can, with bread of heav-en, Thy faint-ing spir-it feed. A-men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

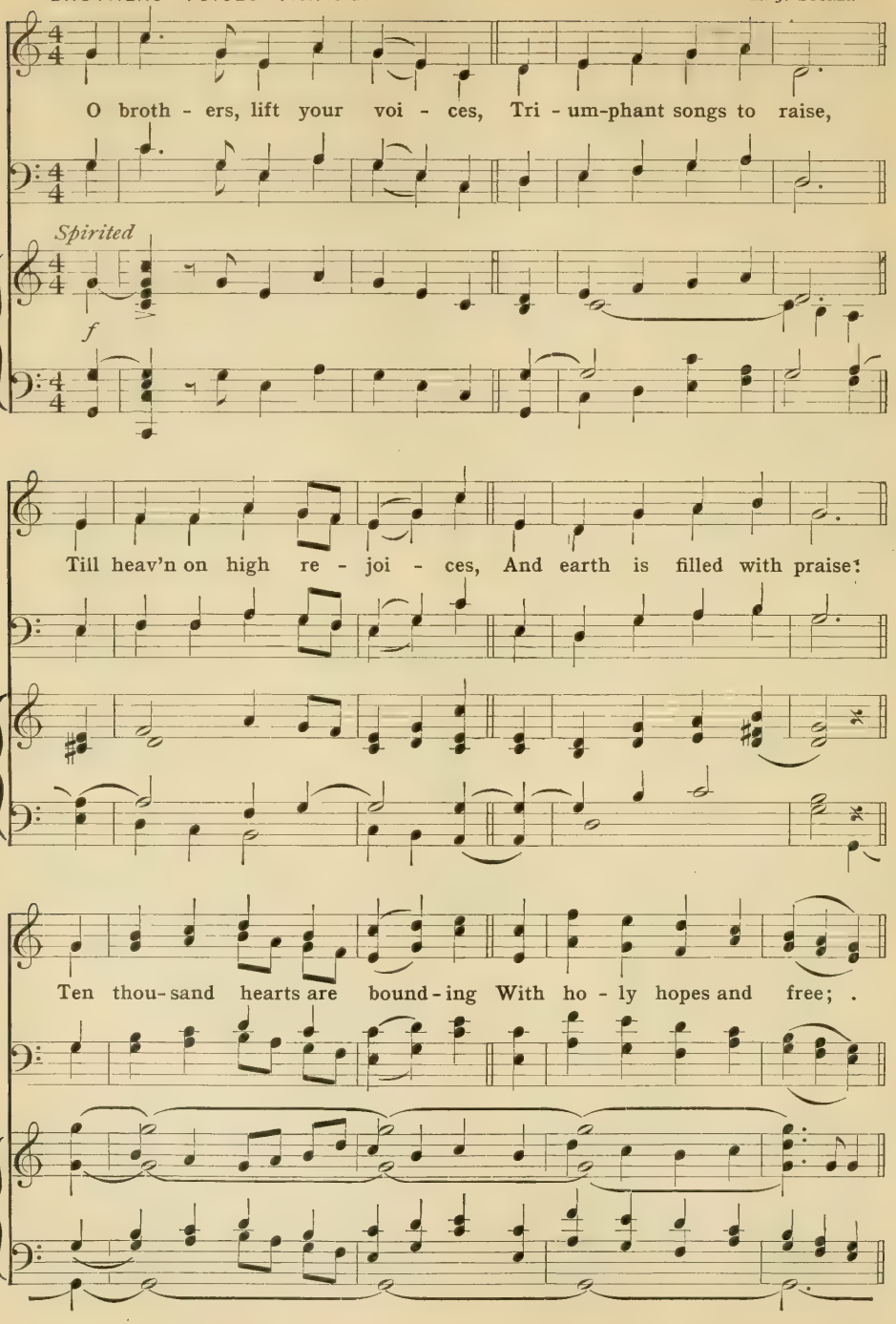
3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call Thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

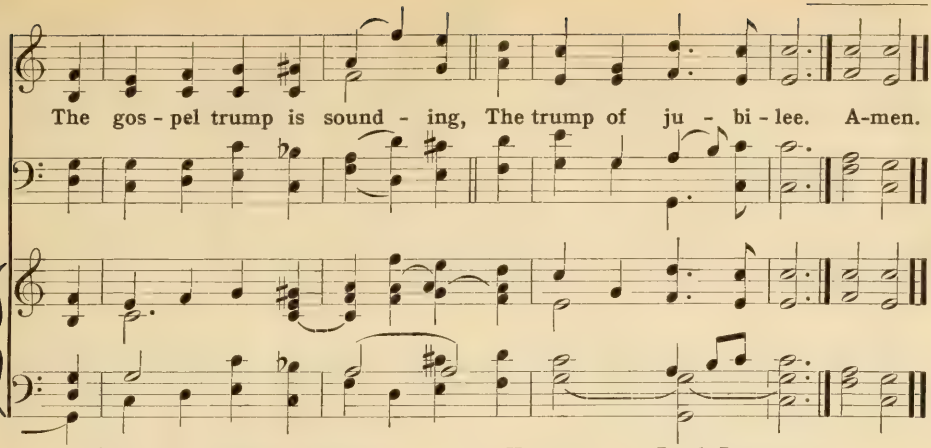
4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

REV. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1861

382

BROTHERS' VOICES 7.6.7.6.D.

H. J. STORER

O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um-phant songs to raise,
Spirited
f
Till heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise!
Ten thou-sand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free;



2 O, Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

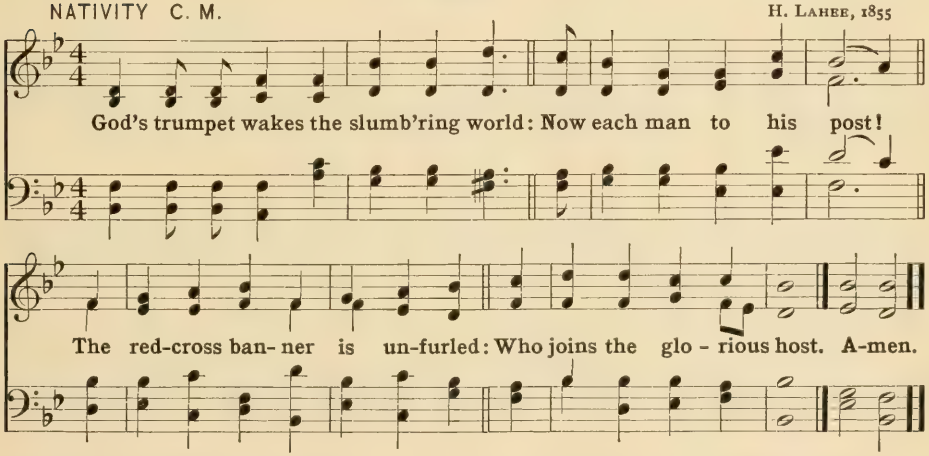
3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1848

383

NATIVITY C. M.

H. Lahee, 1855


God's trumpet wakes the slumb'ring world: Now each man to his post!
The red-cross ban- ner is un-furled: Who joins the glo - rious host. A-men.

2 He who in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host.

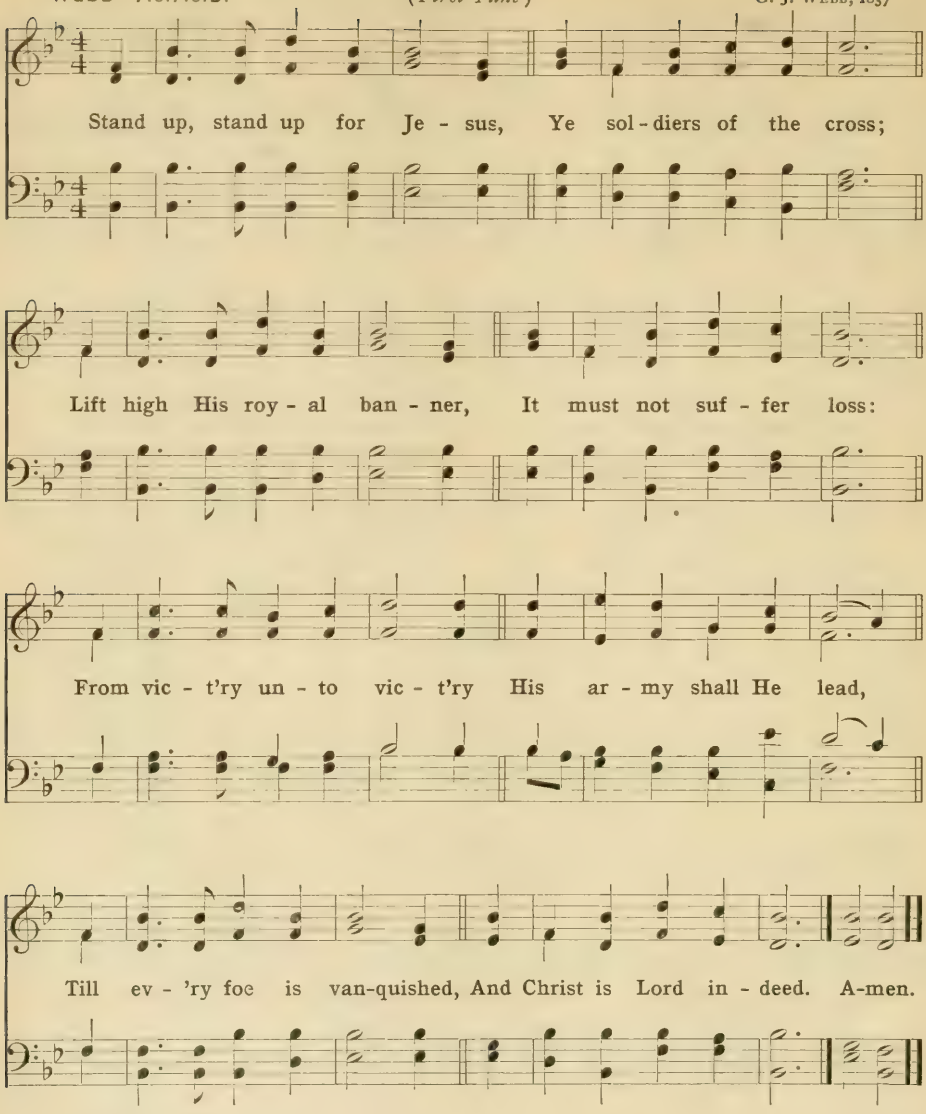
3 He who no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host.

4 He who with calm, undaunted will
Ne'er counts the battle lost
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

5 He who is ready for the Cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

384

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) G. J. WEBB, 1837

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-men.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

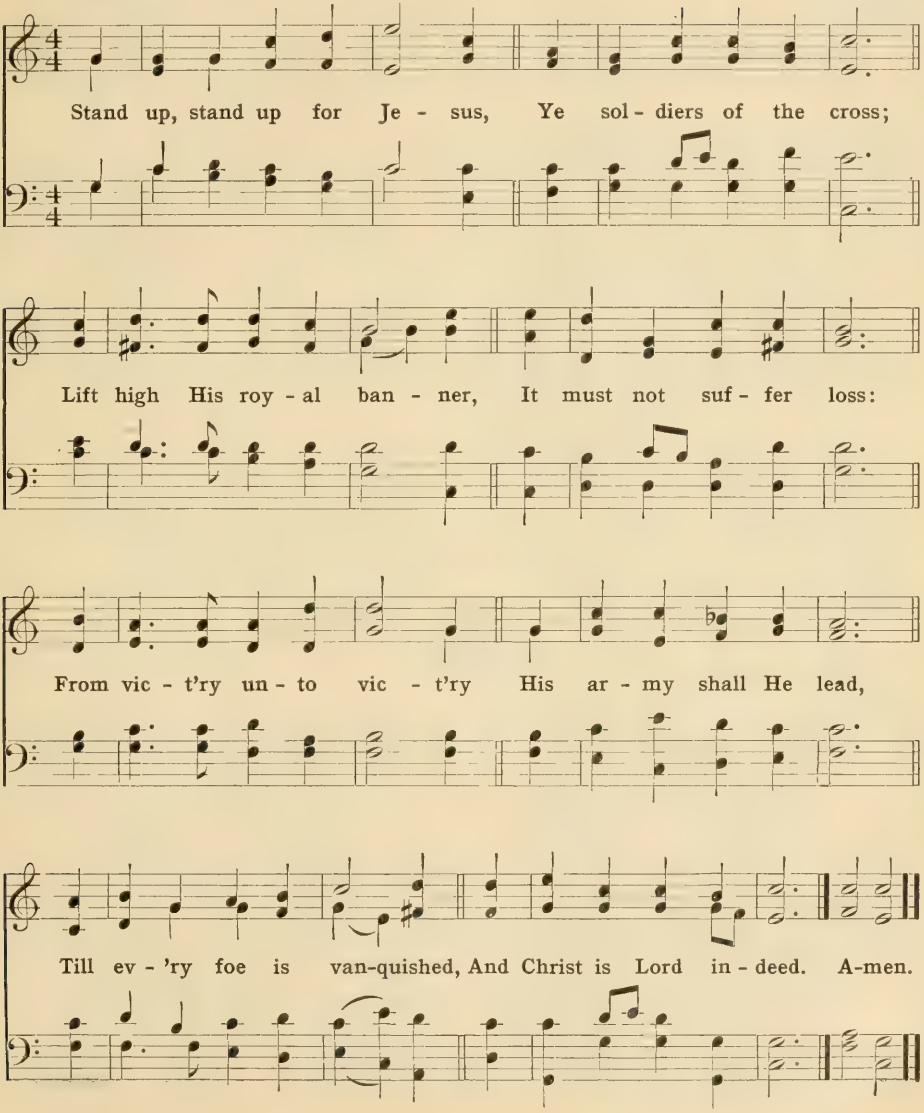
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, 1858

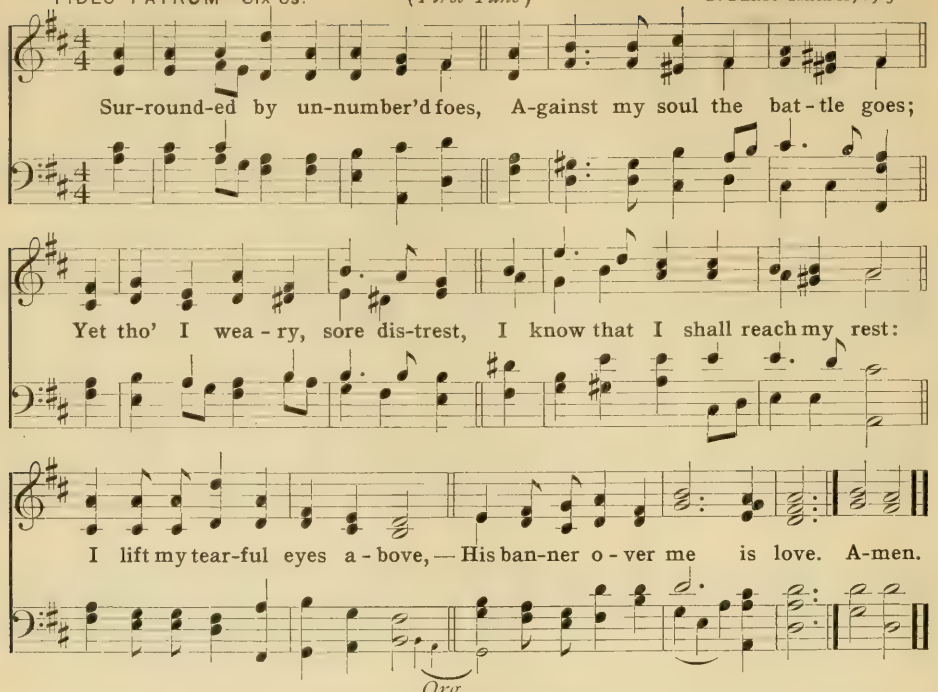
384

(*Second Tune*)

STAND UP FOR JESUS 7.6.7.6.D. J. Barnby, 1889

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-men.

385

FIDES PATRUM Six 8s. (*First Tune*) G. Percy Harris, 1905


Sur-round-ed by un-number'd foes, A-gainst my soul the bat-tle goes;
Yet tho' I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:
I lift my tear-ful eyes a-bove, — His ban-ner o-ver me is love. A-men.
Org.

Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder

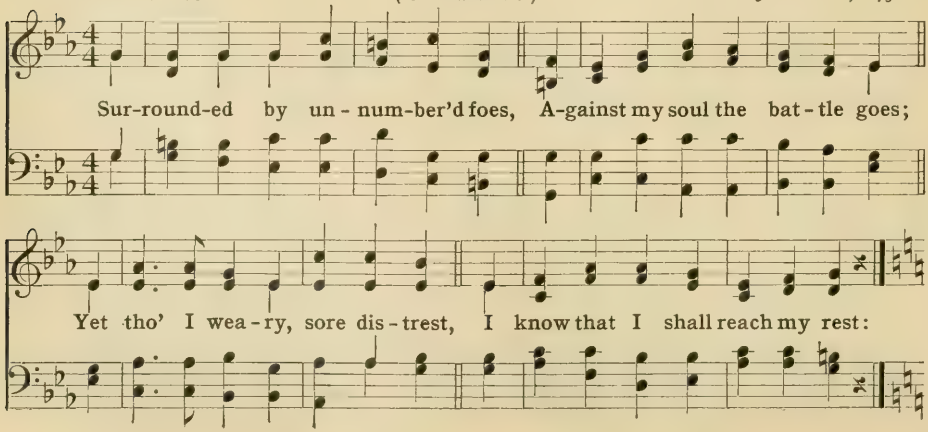
2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light:
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

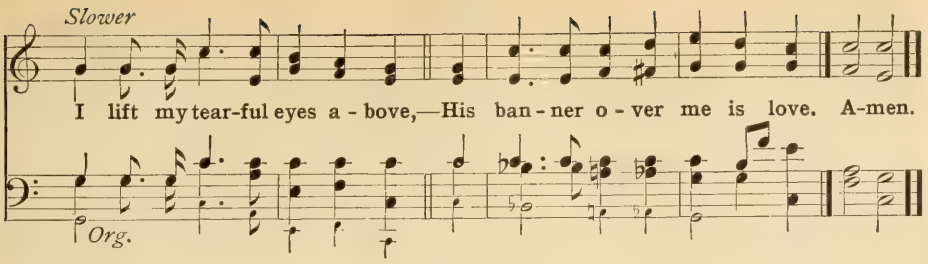
3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him;
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near:
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey, 1869

385

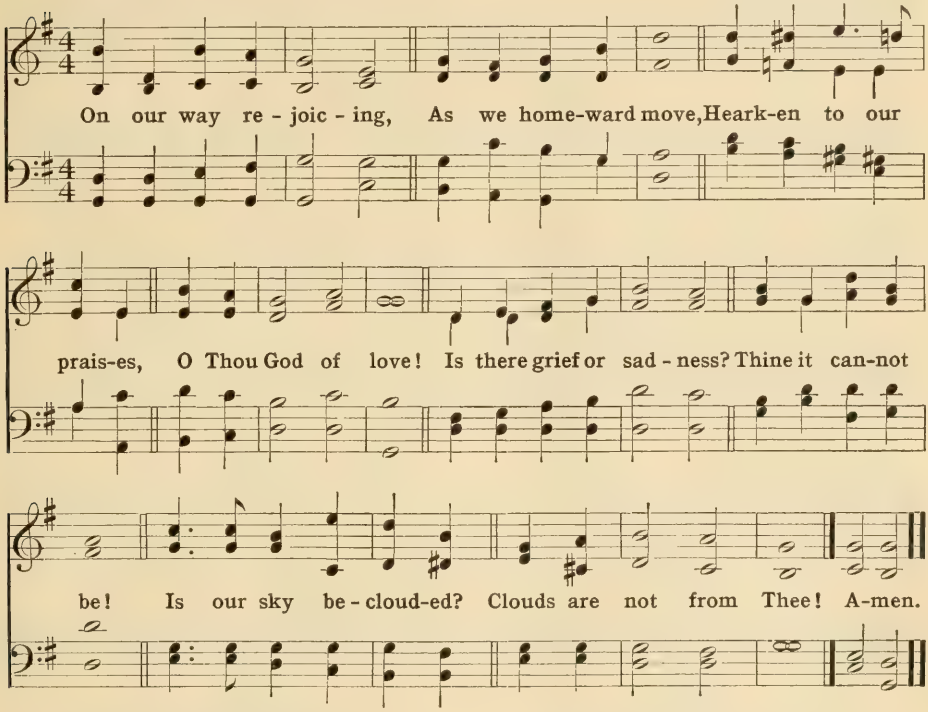
CREDO Six 8s. (*Second Tune*) J. Stainer, 1875


Sur-round-ed by un-num-ber'd foes, A-gainst my soul the bat-tle goes;
Yet tho' I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:



386

DAVID 6.5.6.5.D.

T. MORLEY

On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move, Heark-en to our
prais-es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can-not
be! Is our sky be - cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! A-men.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader;
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

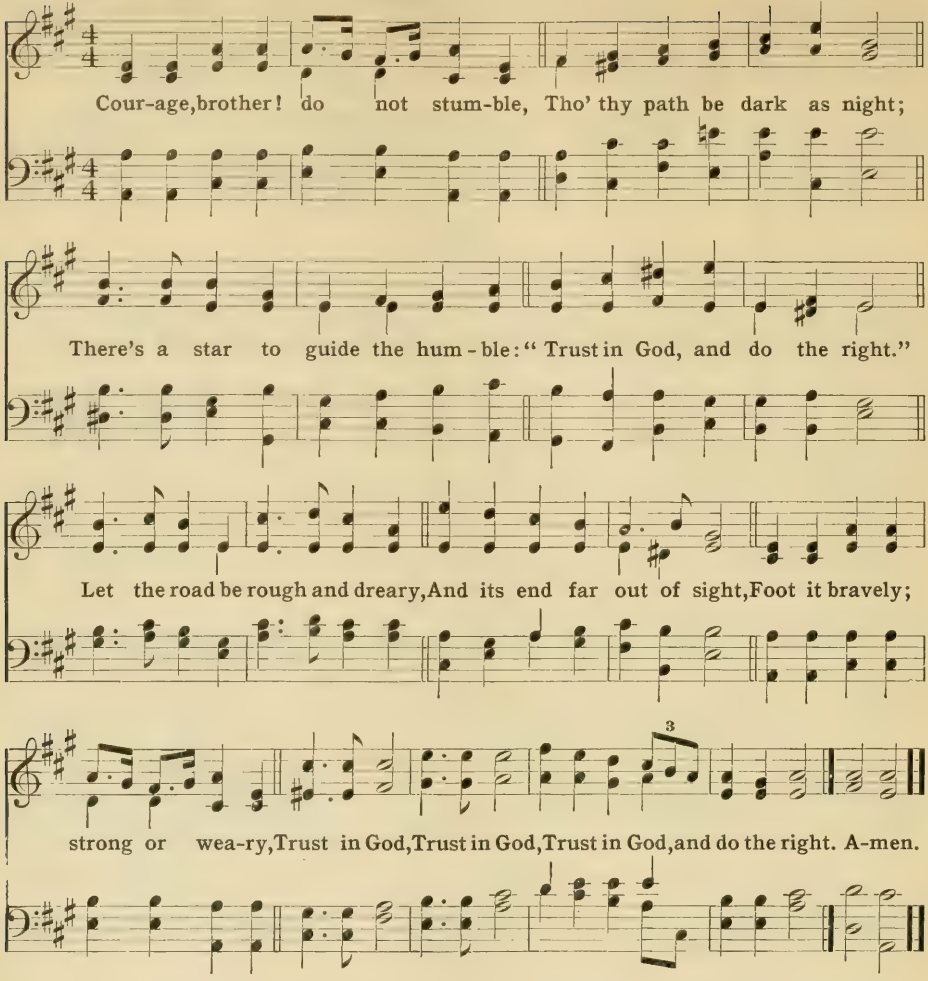
4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862

387

COURAGE, BROTHER 8.7.8.7.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN


Cour-age, brother! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the hum-ble: "Trust in God, and do the right."
Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight, Foot it bravely;
3
strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, Trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right. A-men.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

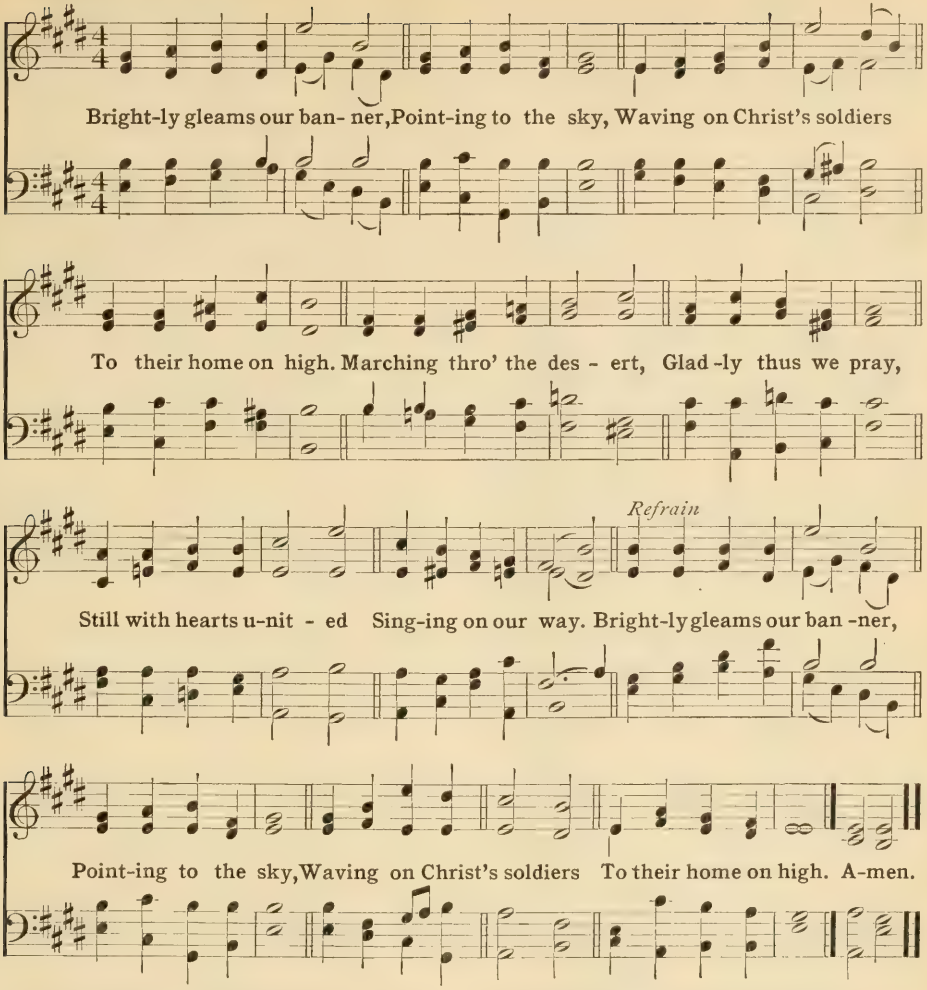
3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
Trust in God, and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right.

Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, 1857

388

VEXILLUM 6.5.6.5.D.

H. Smart, 1874

Bright-ly gleams our ban- ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high. Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad -ly thus we pray,
Refrain
Still with hearts u-nit - ed Sing-ing on our way. Bright-ly gleams our ban -ner,
Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way. — Ref.

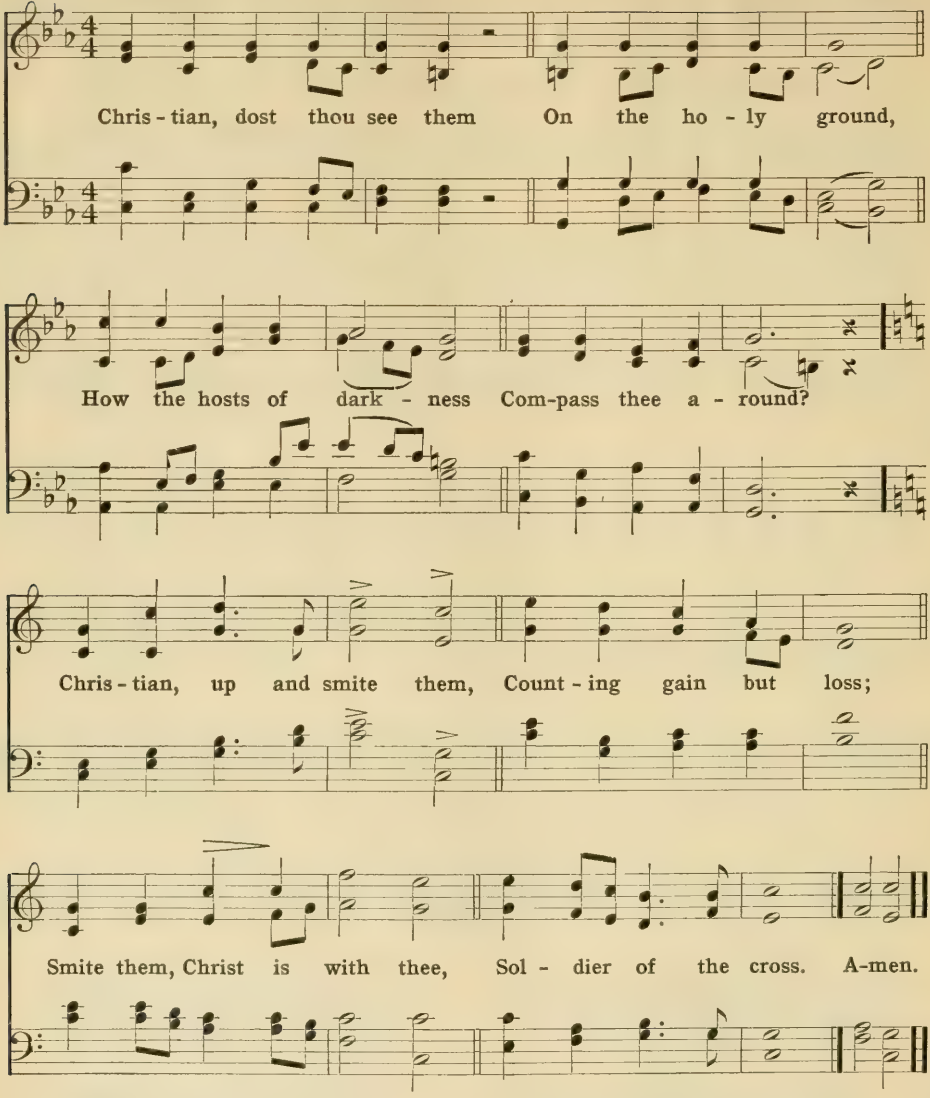
3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour. — Ref.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease. — Ref.

T. J. Potter, 1860

389

(*First Tune*)

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6.5.6.5.D. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com-pass thee a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A-men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

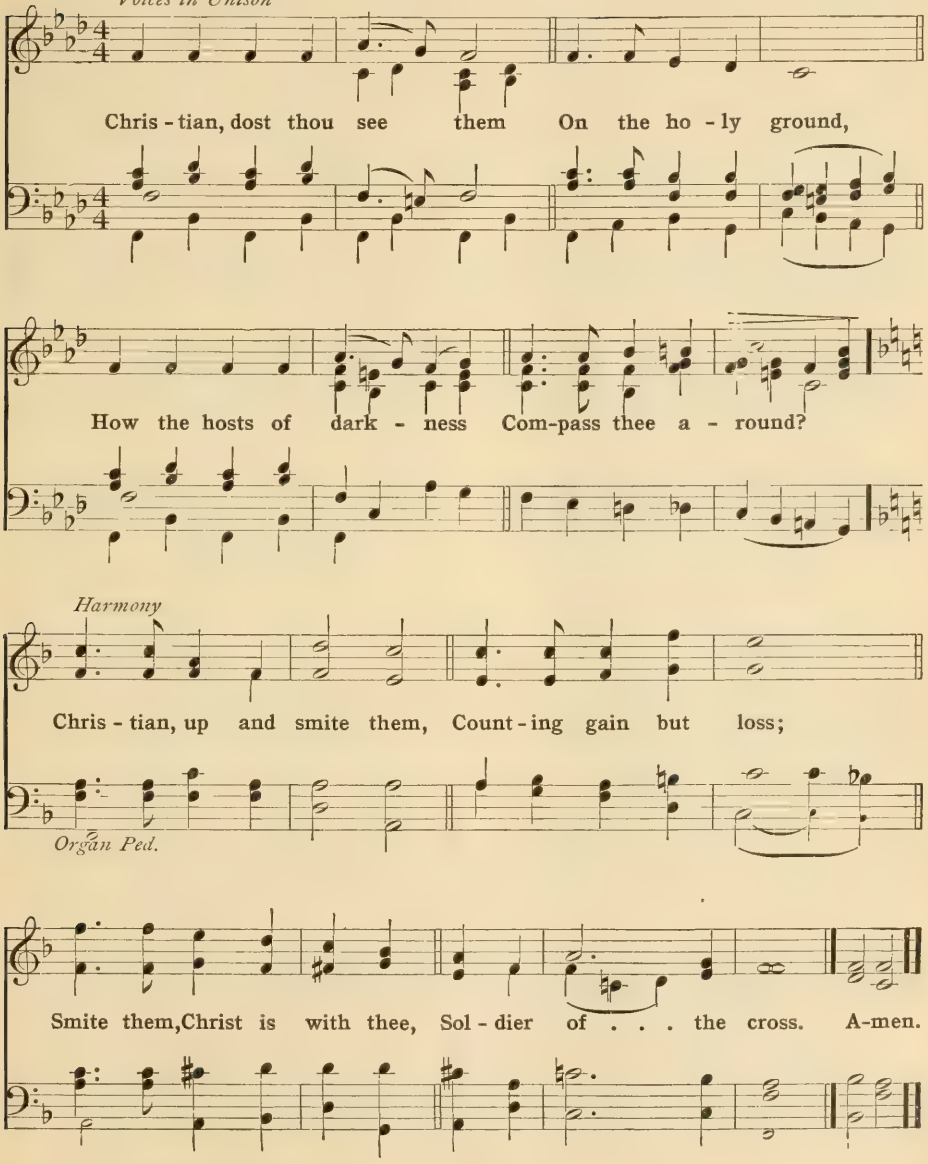
4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 700. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1862

389

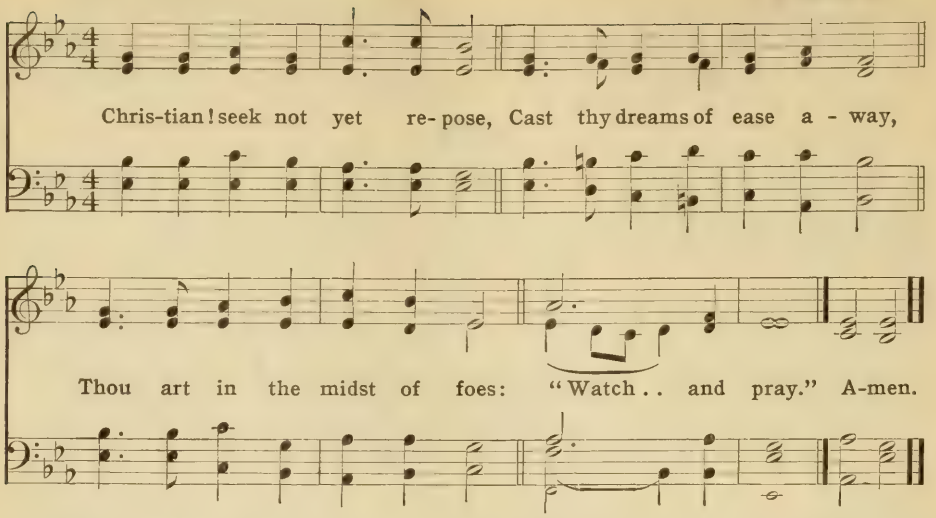
HOLY WAR 6.5.6.5.D. (*Second Tune*) J. Booth, 1887

Voices in Unison


Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com-pass thee a - round?
Harmony
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Organ Ped.
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of . . . the cross. A-men.

390

VIGILATE 7.7.7.3. W. H. Monk, 1868



2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

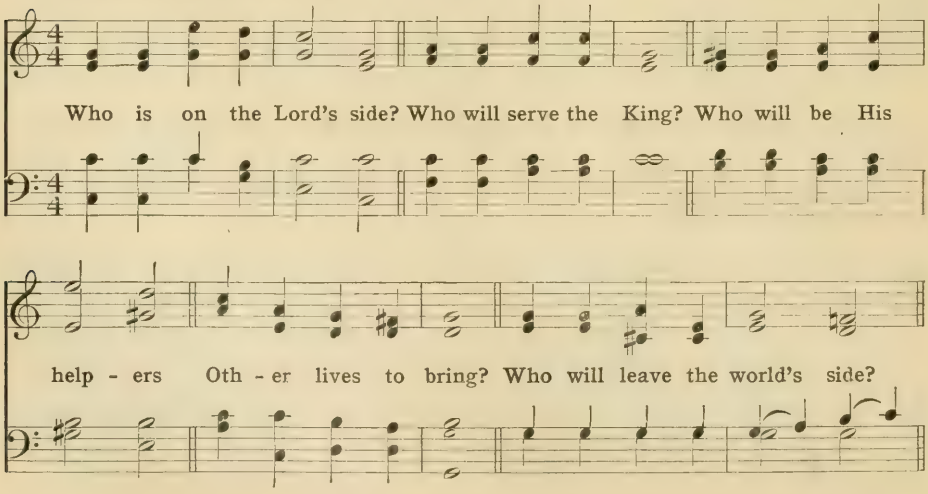
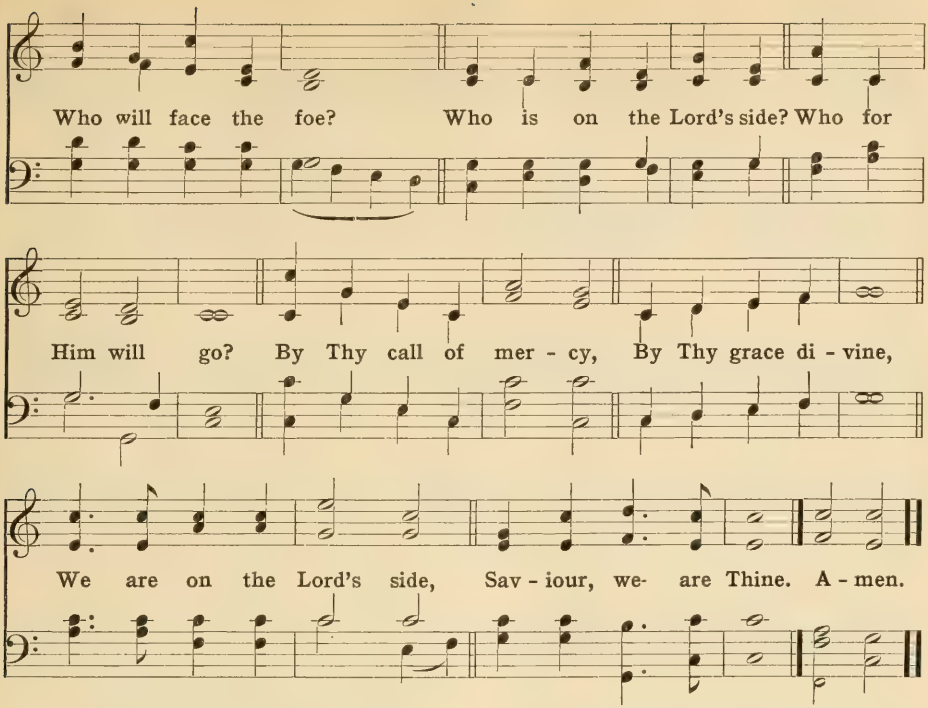
4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
"Watch and pray."

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

391

ARMAGEDDON 6.5.6.5. 12 l. Arr. by J. Goss, 1871



Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine,
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we- are Thine. A - men.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

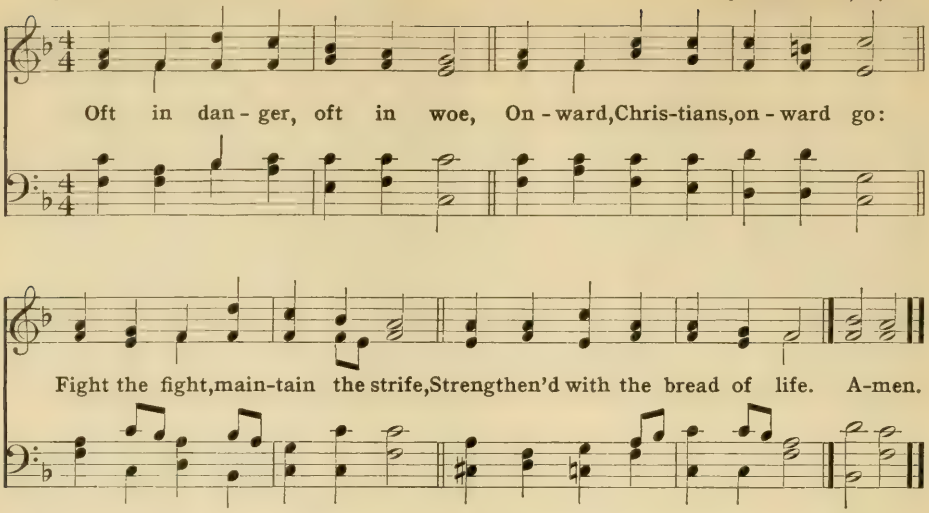
4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1877

392

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7. H. J. Gauntlett, 1848


Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go:
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

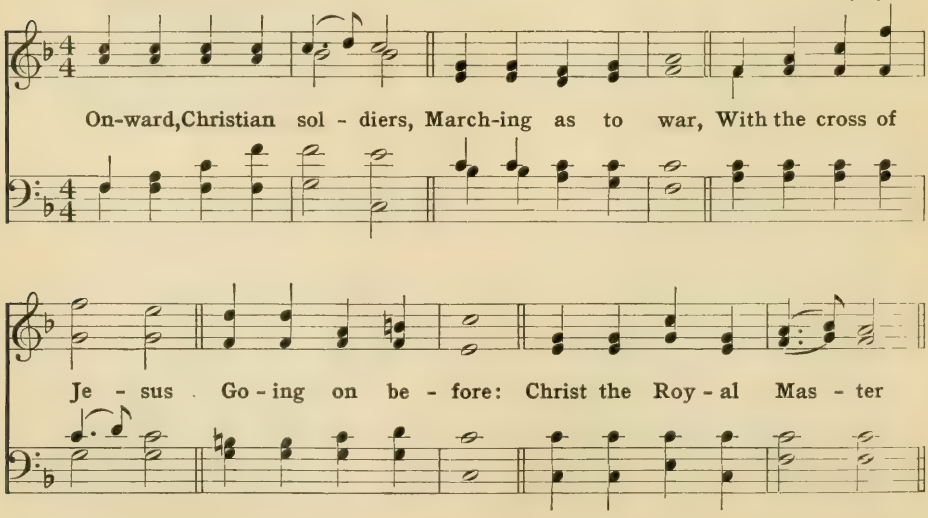
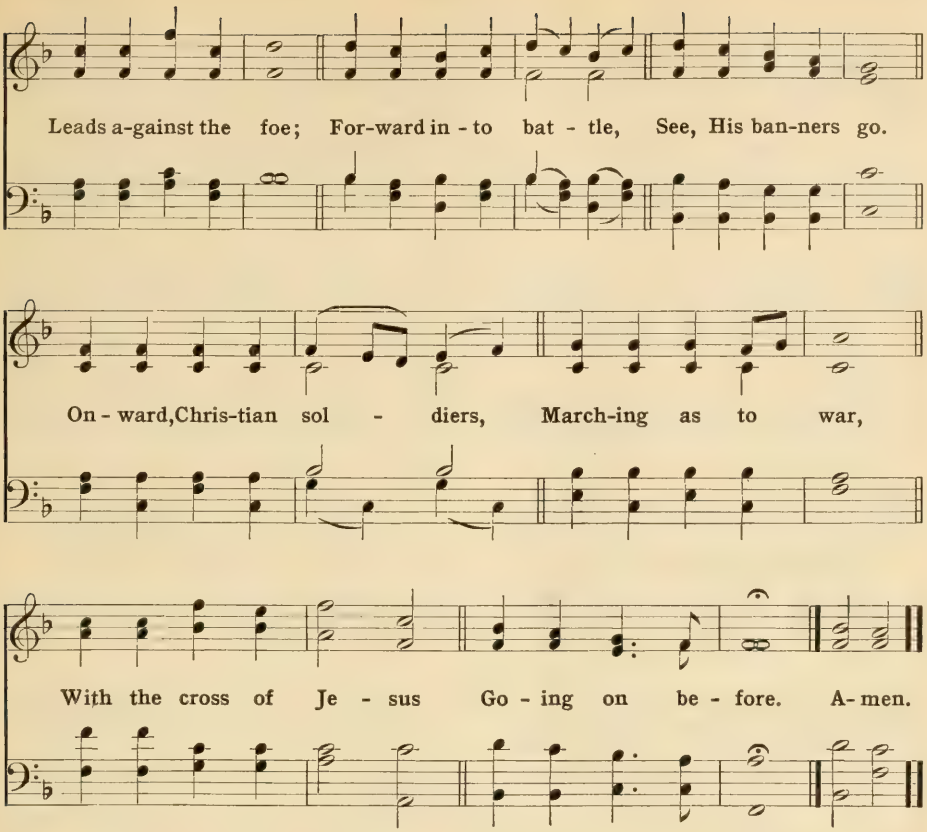
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

V. 1, 2, Henry Kirke White, 1804
V. 3, 4, Frances Fuller-Maitland, 1827

393

ST. GERTRUDE 6.5.6.5. 12 1. A. Sullivan, 1871



Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

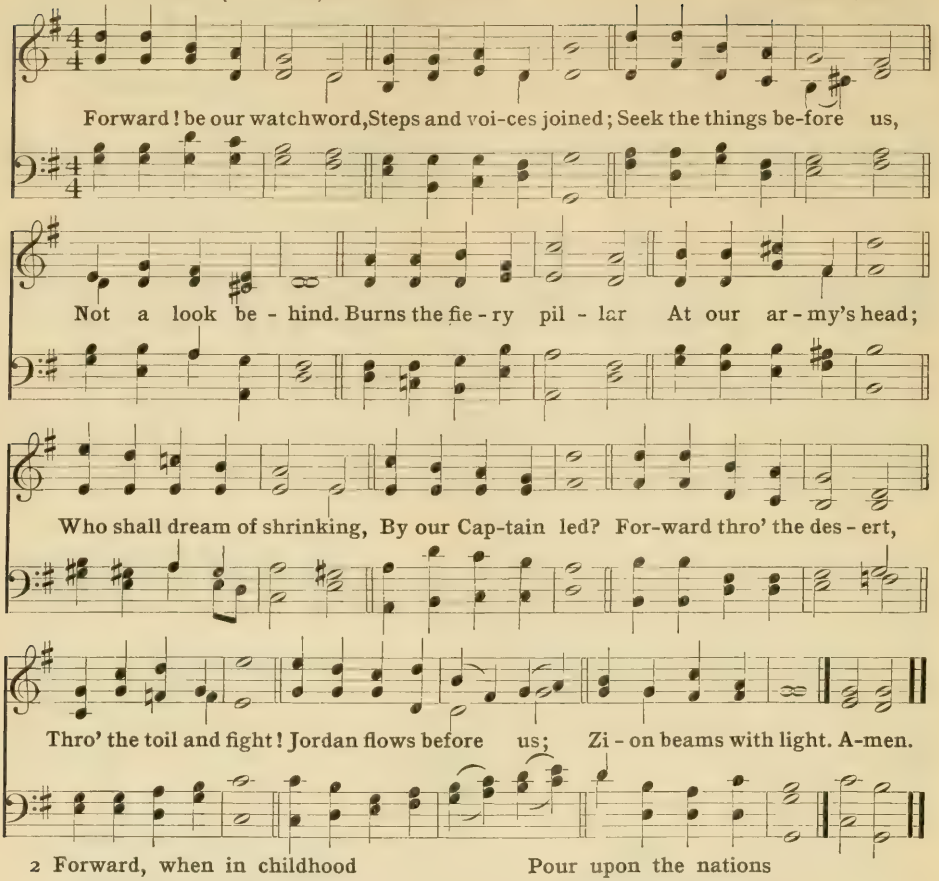
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 1865

394

WATCHWORD (Forward) 6.5.6.5. 12 I. H. SMART, 1872

Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
Not a look be - hind. Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des - ert,
Thro' the toil and fight! Jordan flows before us; Zi - on beams with light. A-men.

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!

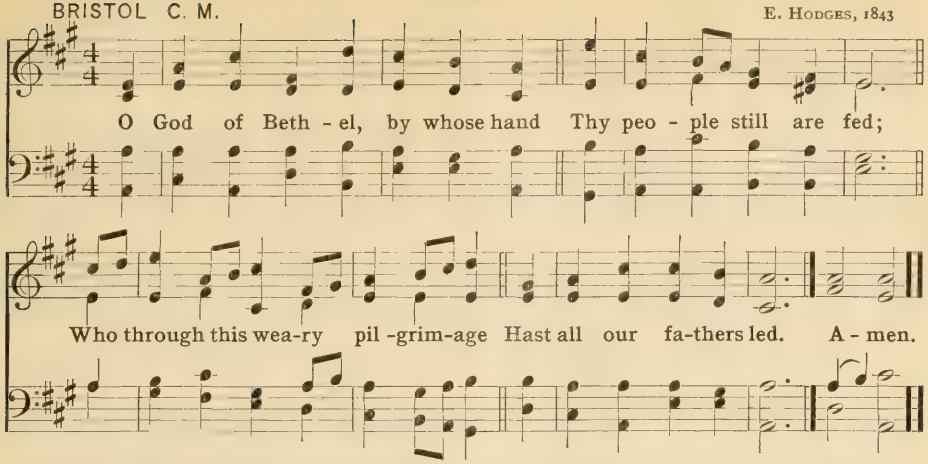
4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, 1871

395

BRISTOL C. M.

E. HODGES, 1843



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

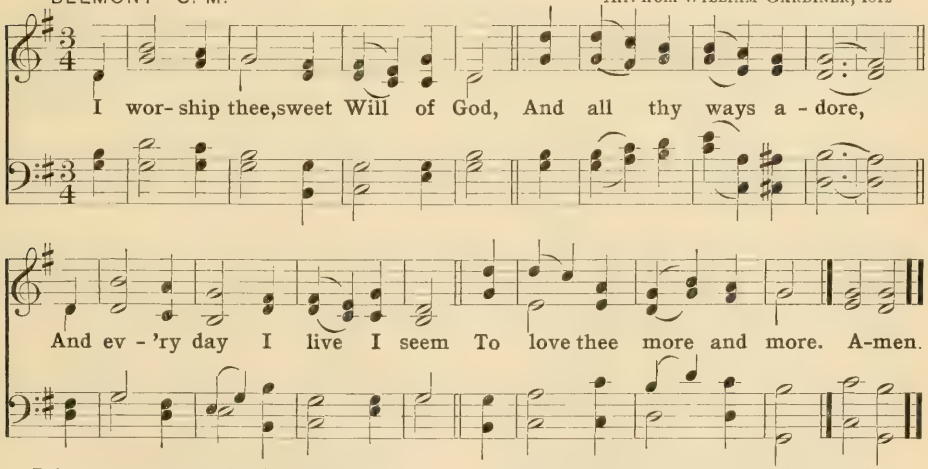
4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1737

396

BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812



2 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

3 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

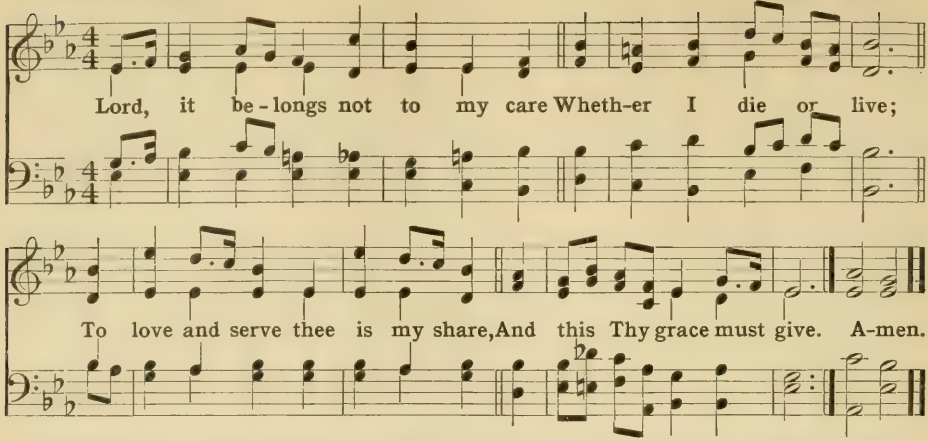
4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

397

BURLINGTON C. M.

J. BURROWES, 1830



2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

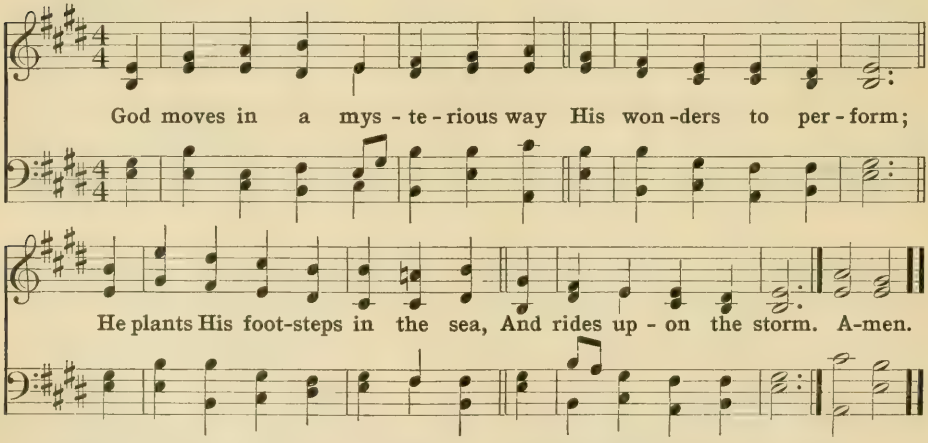
4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER, 1681

398

DUNDEE C. M.

ARR. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553



2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

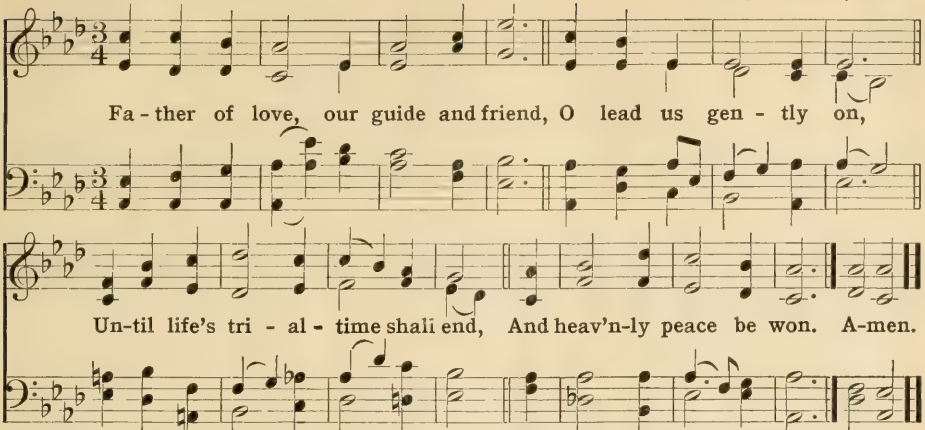
5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

399

GERONTIUS C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868



2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 But if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

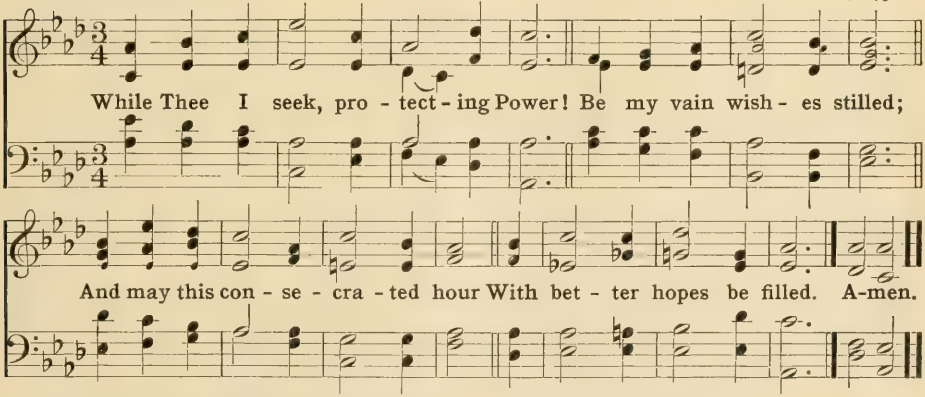
5 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

Rev. William J. Irons, 1844

400

BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875


While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A-men.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

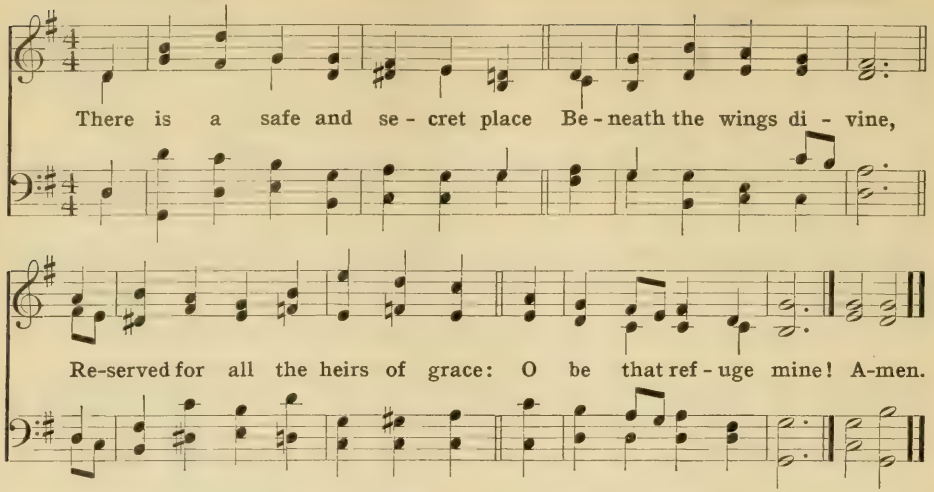
5 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786

401

EVERSLEY C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN



2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

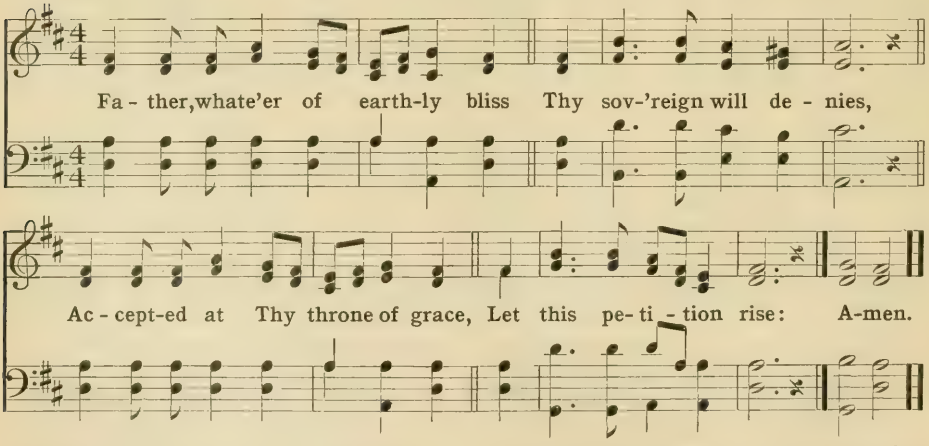
5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

402

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from HANS G. NAGELI, by LOWELL MASON, 1836



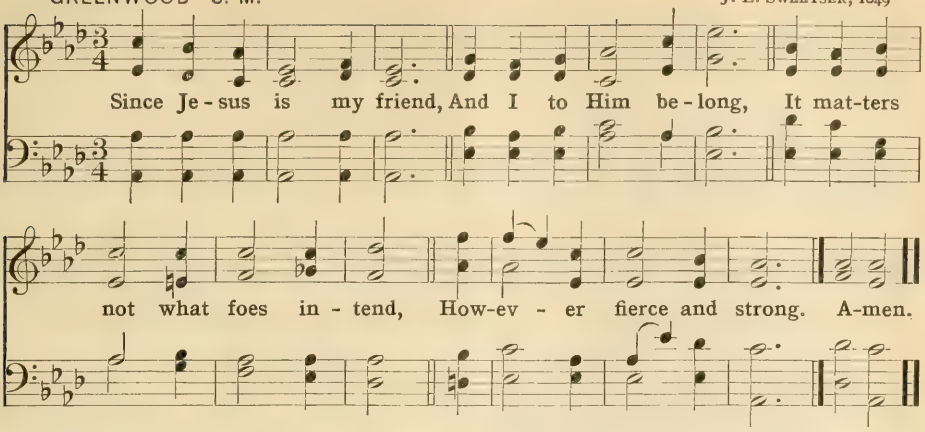
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Alt. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

403

GREENWOOD S. M. J. E. SWEETSER, 1849



2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer:
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;

3 How God hath built above,
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

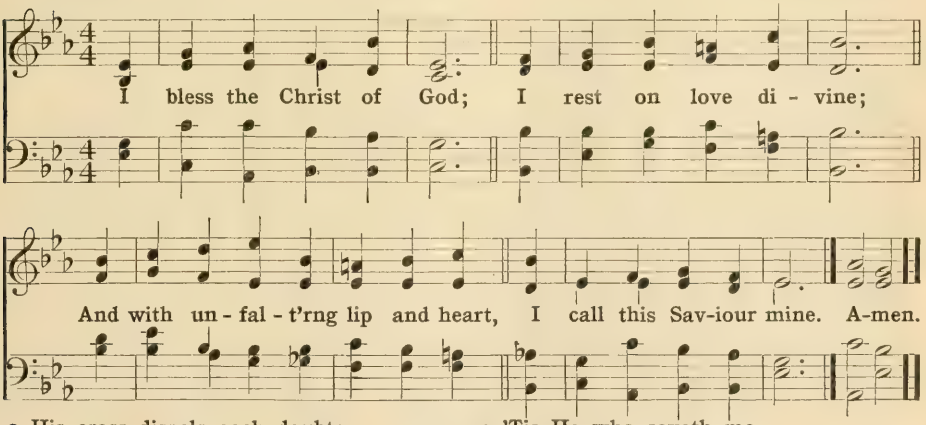
4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,—
Sees nought but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656

404

CLIFTON S. M. J. BRABHAM, 1863



2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

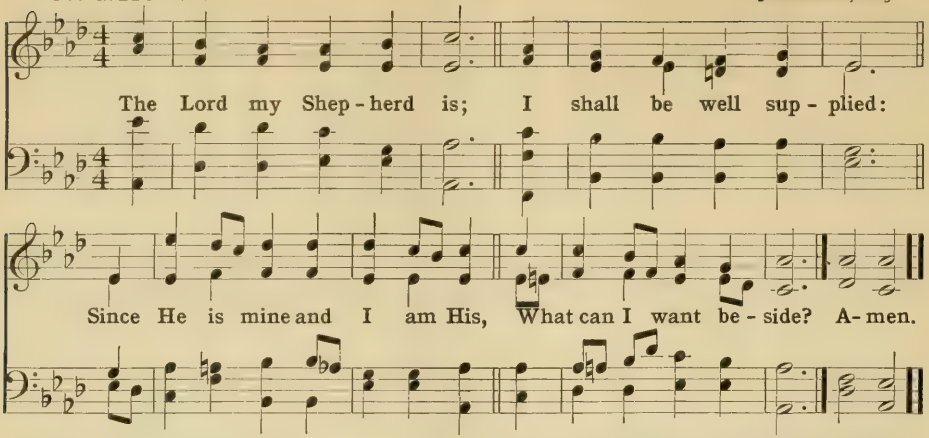
4 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

5 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1863

405

ST. GILES S. M. — J. M. Bell, 1885



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

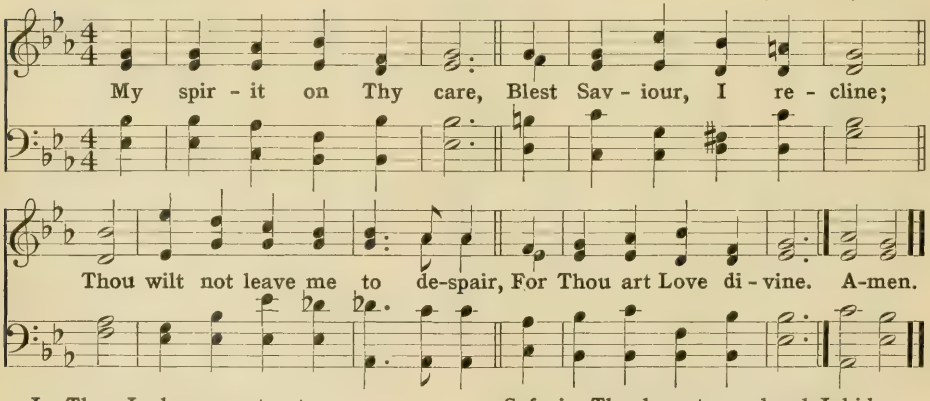
5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

406

ST. ANDREW S. M. — J. Barnby, 1866



2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

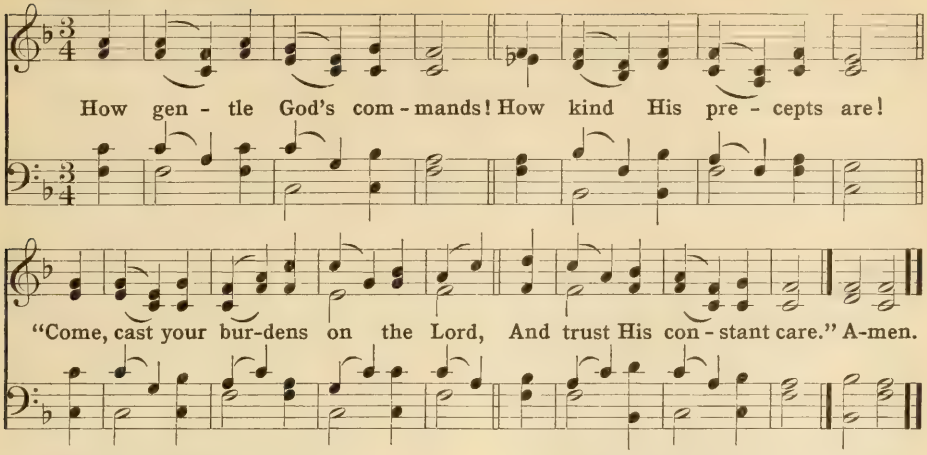
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

407

DENNIS S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

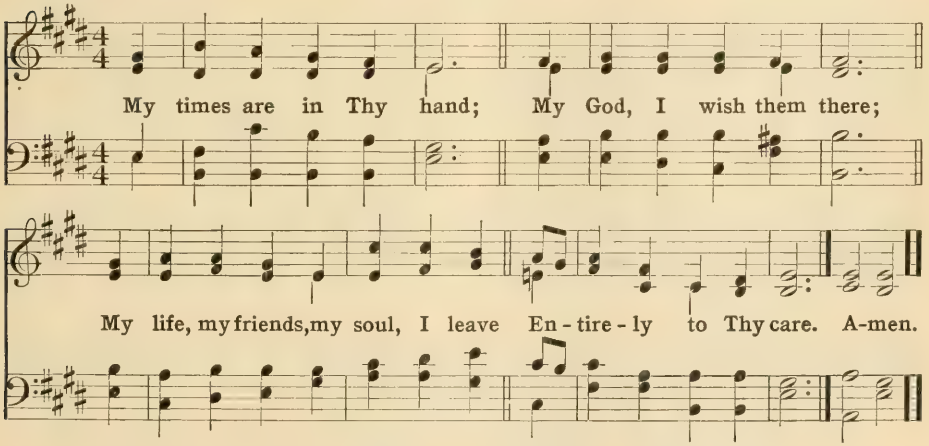
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

408

BARCLAY S. M.

Rev. H. B. TURNER

Copyright, 1905, by H. B. TURNER

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

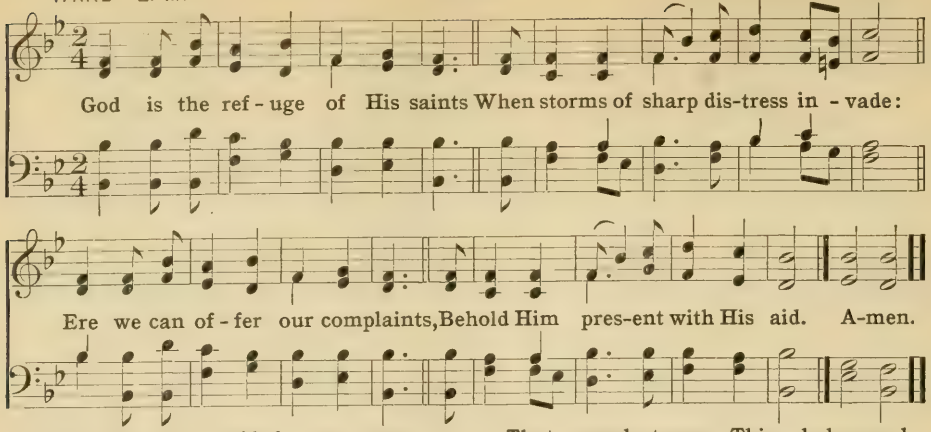
4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835

409

WARD L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830


God is the ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade:
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold Him pres-ent with His aid. A-men.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

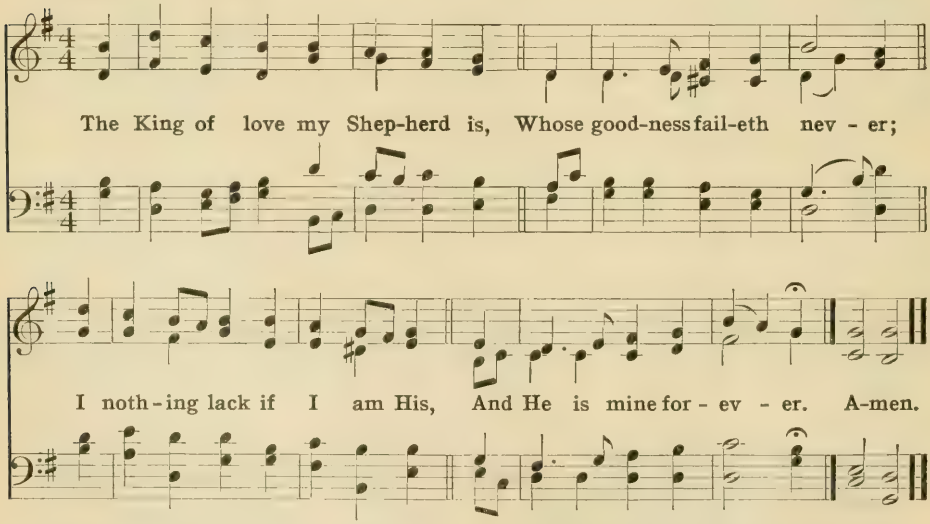
4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

410

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

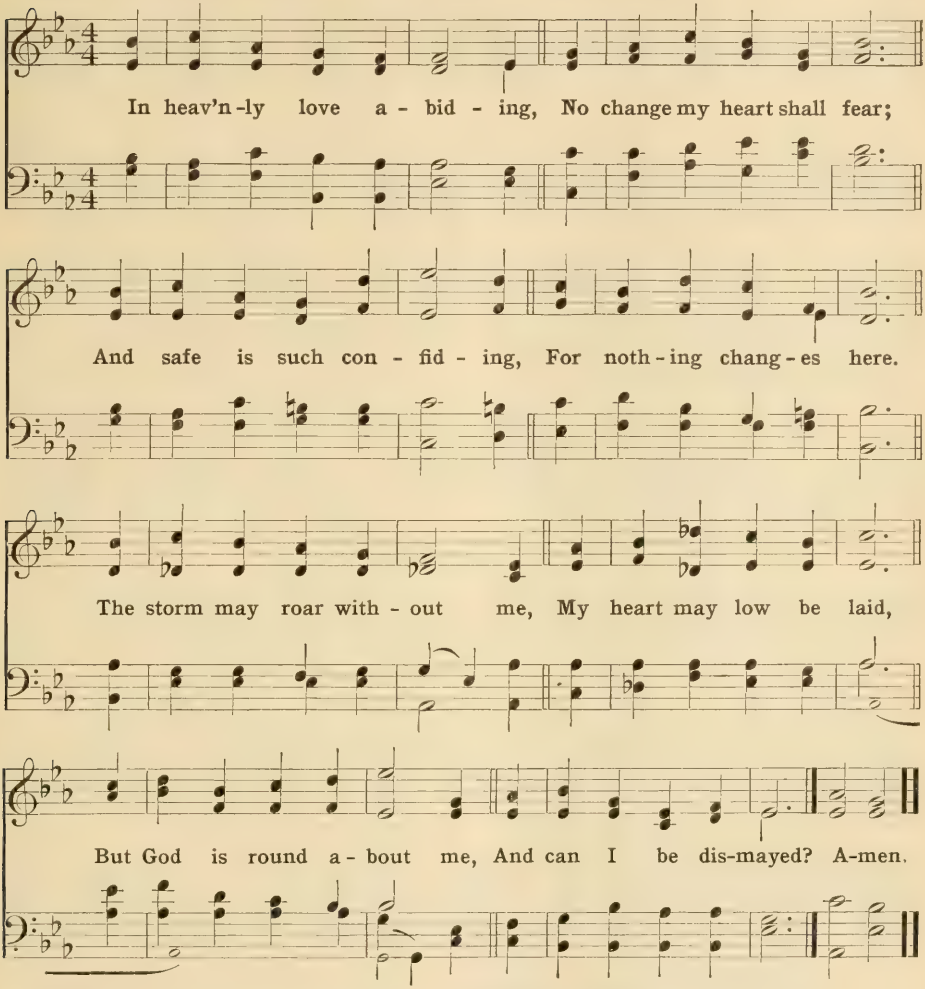
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Rev. Henry W. Baker, 1868

411

CARA PATRIA 7.6.7.6.D.

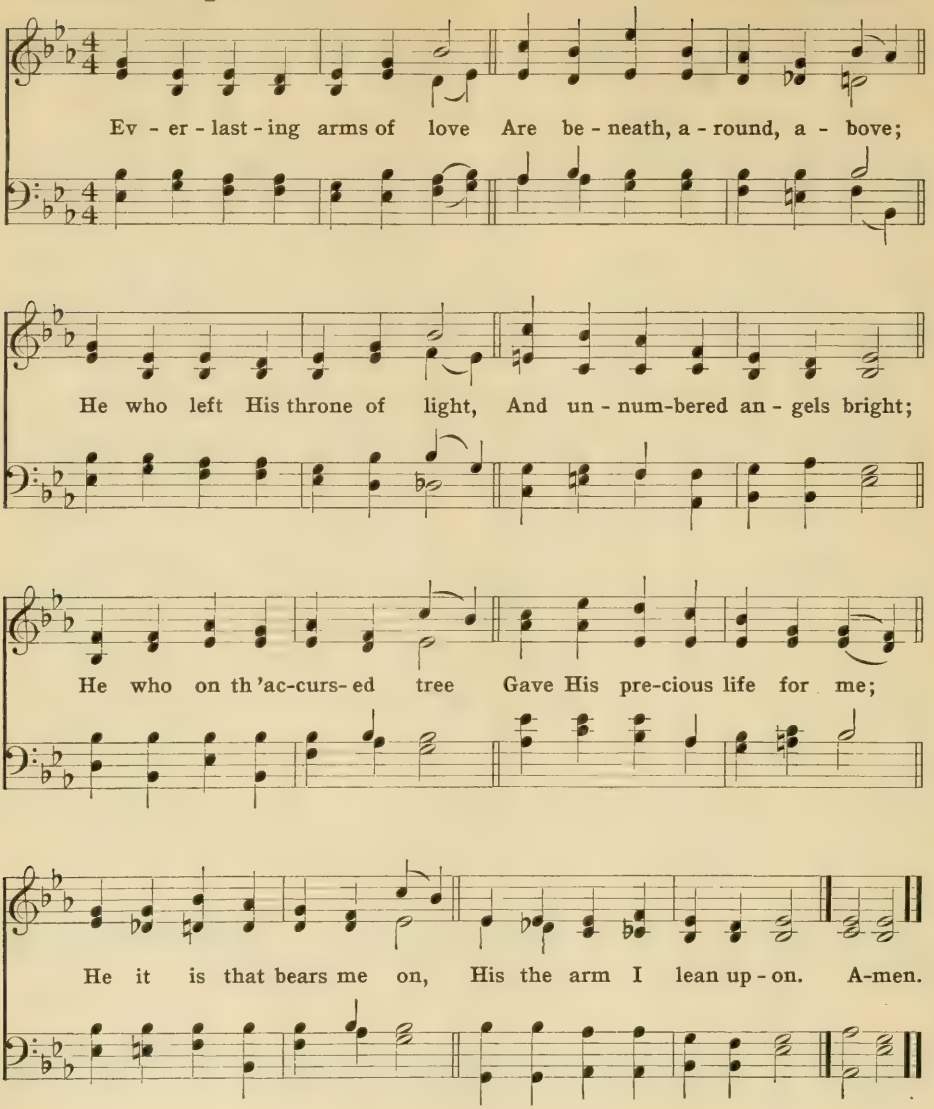
H. M. Higgs

In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A-men.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

412

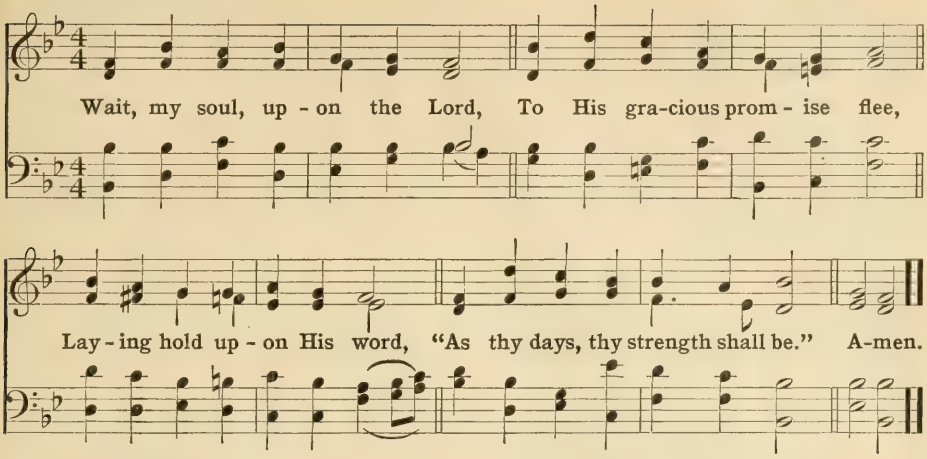
BURLEIGH Eight 7s. S. WEEKES

Ev - er - last - ing arms of love Are be - neath, a - round, a - bove;
He who left His throne of light, And un - num-bered an - gels bright;
He who on th'ac-curs- ed tree Gave His pre-cious life for me;
He it is that bears me on, His the arm I lean up - on. A-men.

2 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.
Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

Rev. JOHN R. MACDUFF, 1853

413

LONSDALE 7.7.7.7. F. A. J. HERVEY



2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar, still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

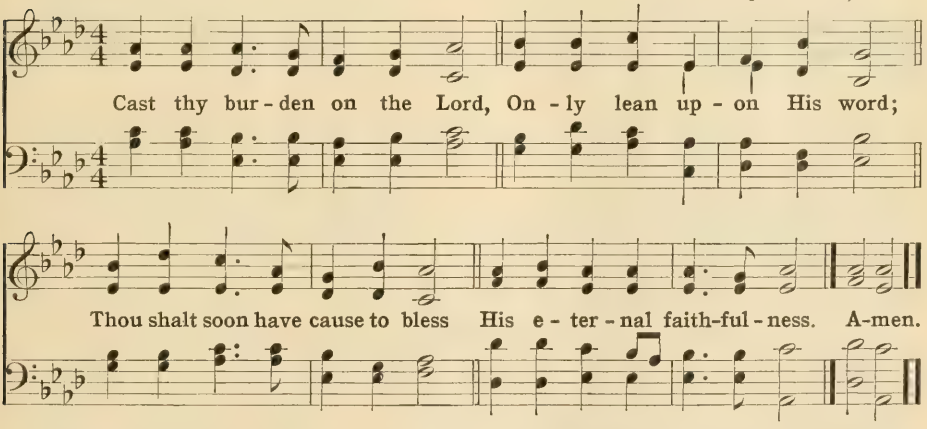
3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835

414

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7. Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862



2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

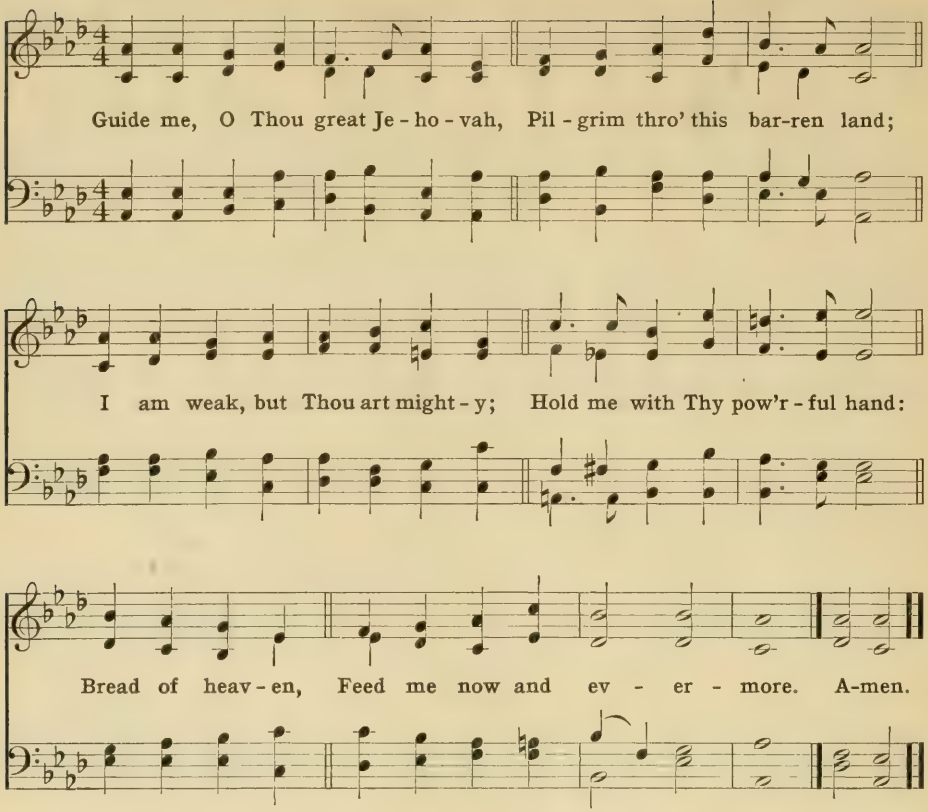
3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by His power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean then, loving, on His word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK, 1745

415

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS, 1862


Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand:
Bread of heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. A-men.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

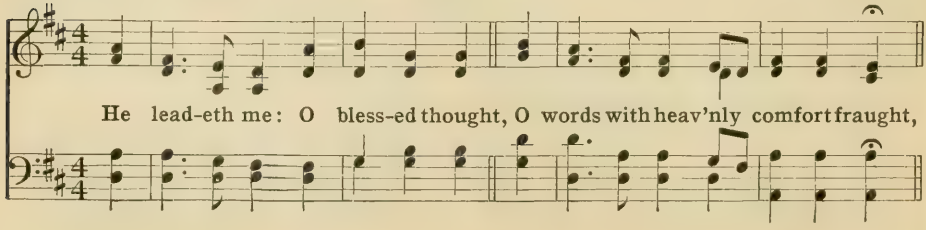
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

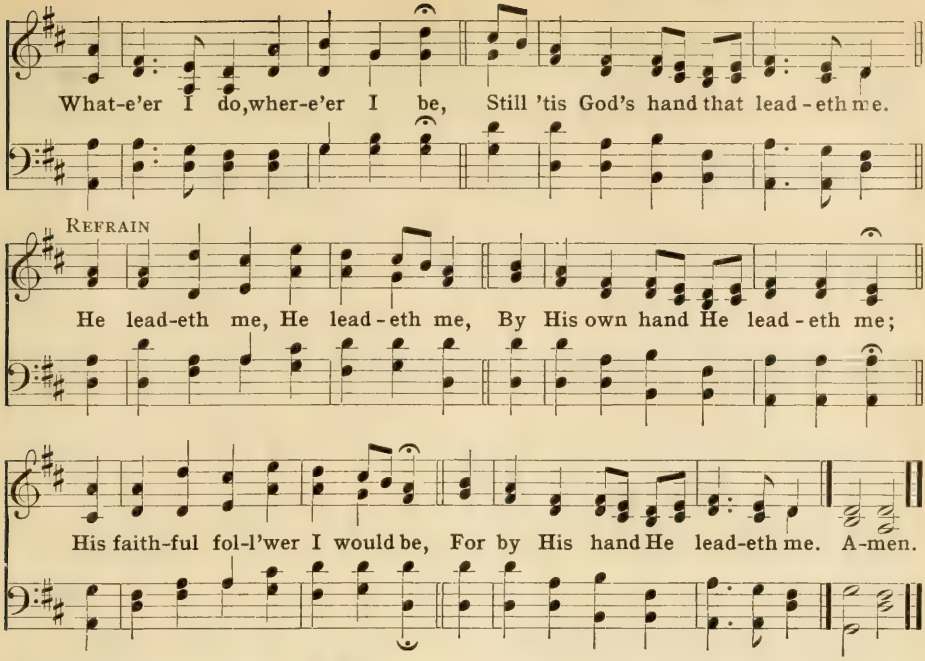
W. WILLIAMS, 1745

416

(*First Tune*)

HE LEADETH ME L. M. D. *With Refrain* W. B. BRADBURY, 1864




What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Refrain
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

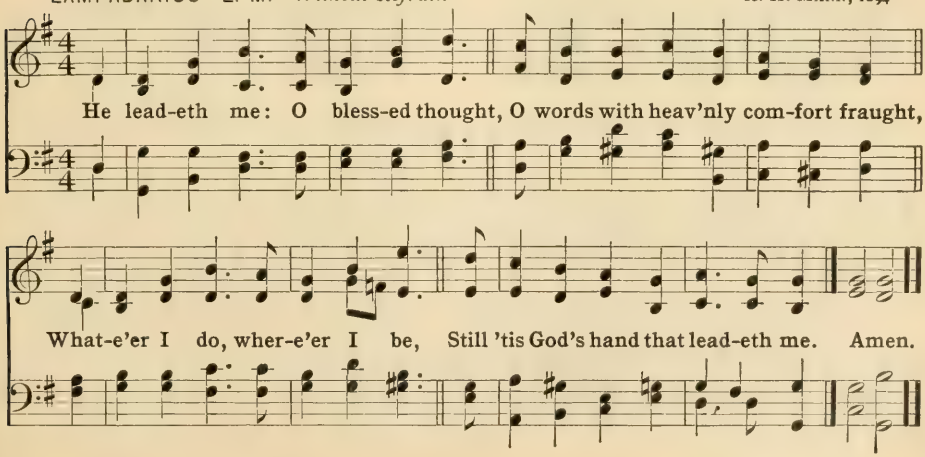
Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

416

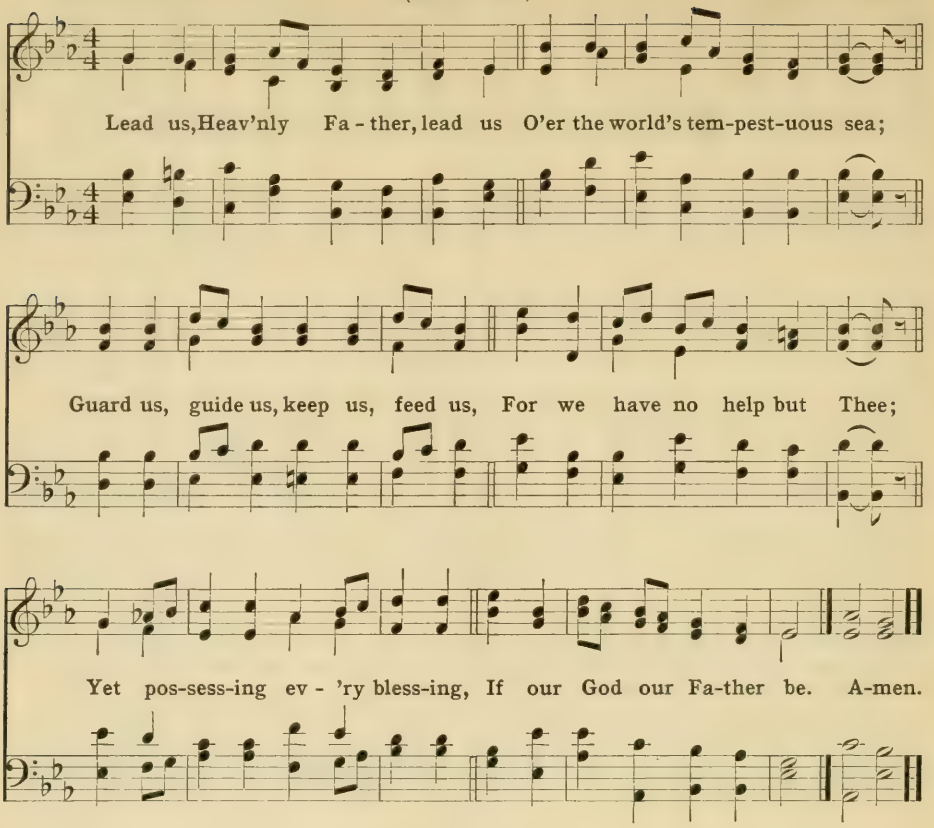
(*Second Tune*)

LAMPADARIUS L. M. *Without Refrain*

A. H. Mann, 1894


He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. Amen.

417

REDEMPTION 8.7.8.7.8.7. (*First Tune*) C. Gounod, 1872

Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Yet pos-sess-ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

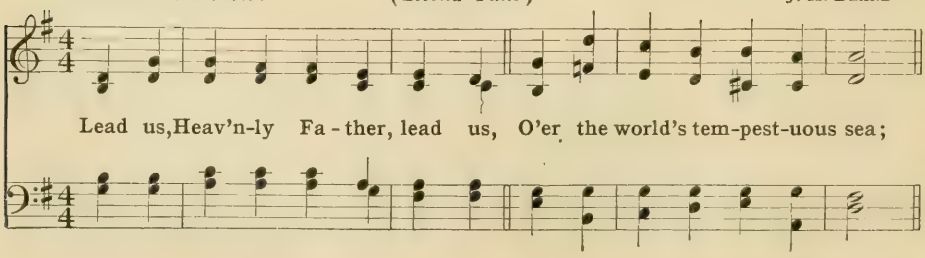
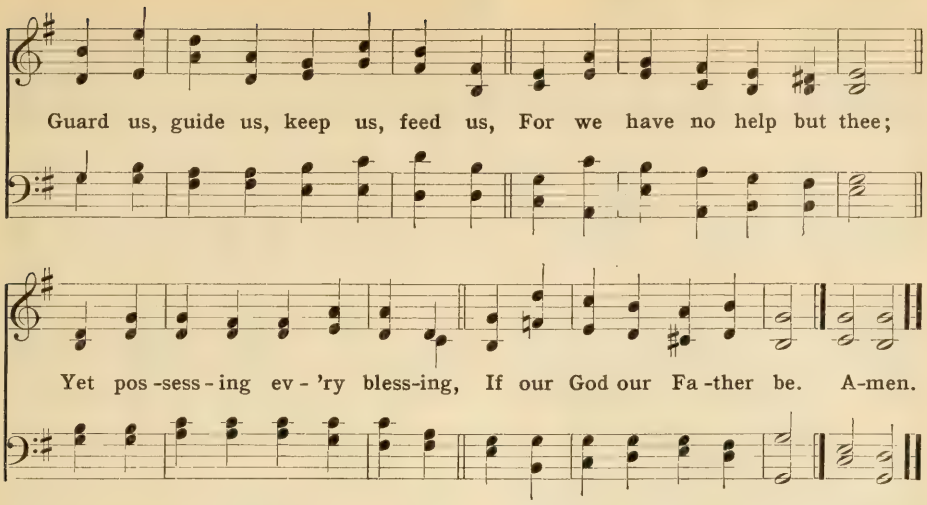
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1821

417

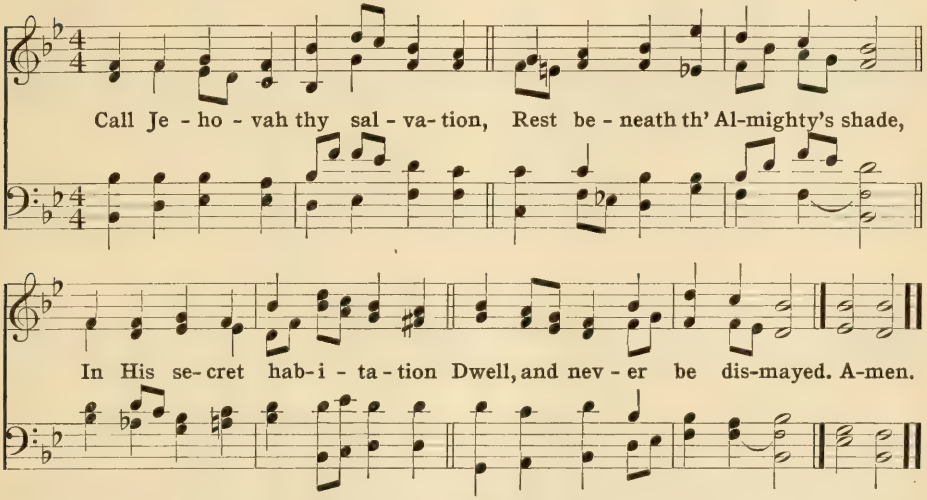
VERONA 8.7.8.7.8.7. (*Second Tune*) J. H. Deane



418

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1840



2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

4 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

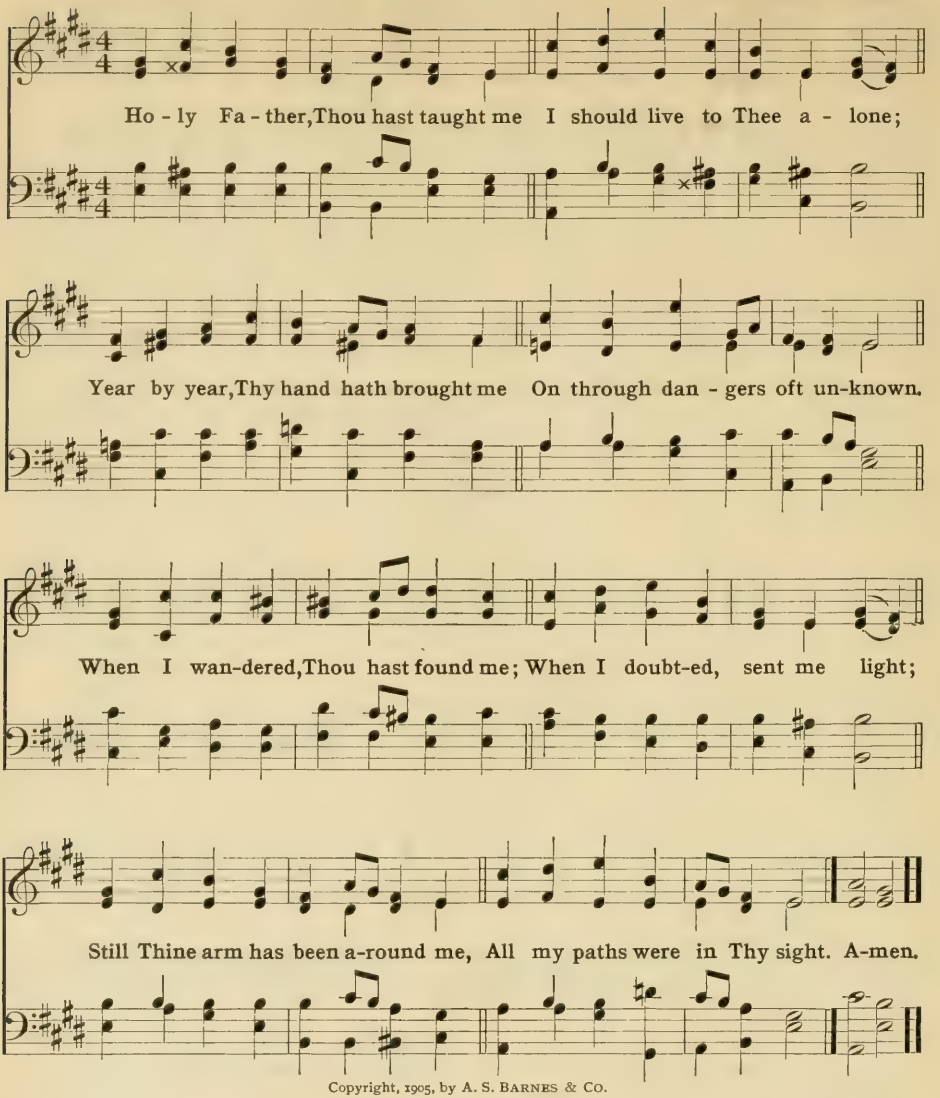
6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822

419

PROMISED LAND 8.7.8.7.D.

HOMER N. BARTLETT, 1903


Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me On through dan - gers oft un-known.
When I wan-dered, Thou hast found me; When I doubt-ed, sent me light;
Still Thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in Thy sight. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. BARNES & CO.

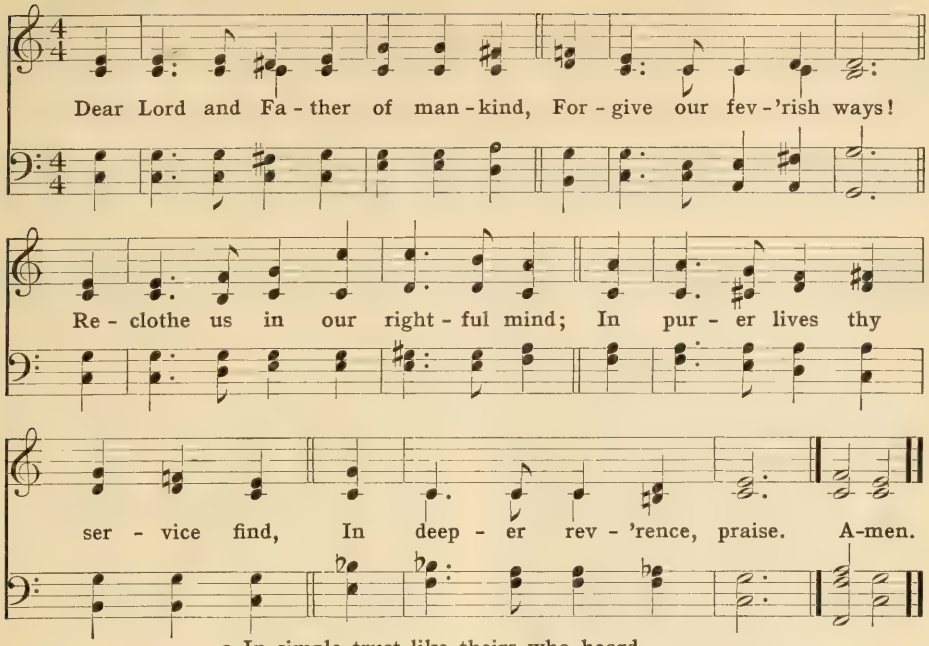
2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength, — the Spirit's strength indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

J. M. NEALE 1842

420

WHITTIER 8.6.8.8.6. F. C. MAKER


Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - 'rish ways!
Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives thy
ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise. A-men.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

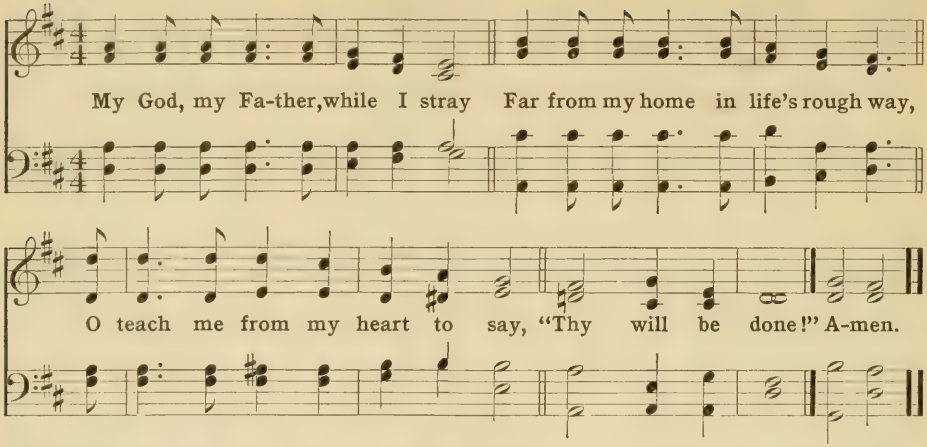
4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1872

421

HANFORD 8.8.8.4. (*First Tune*) A. S. Sullivan, 1874

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

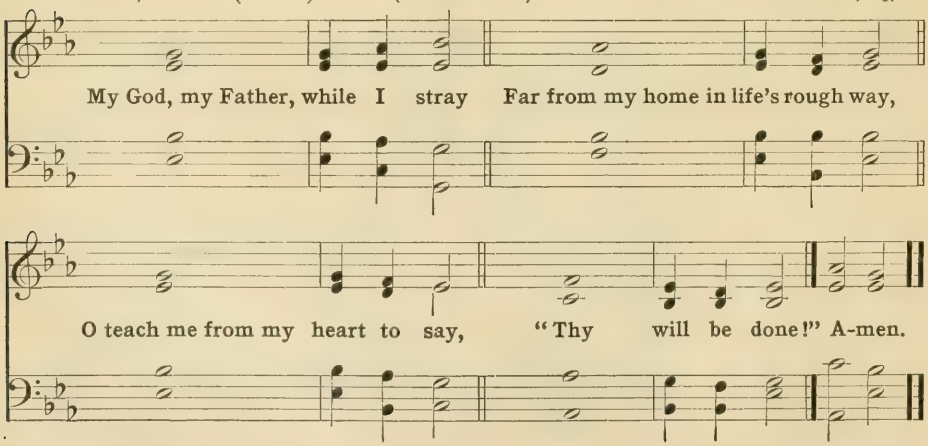
6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

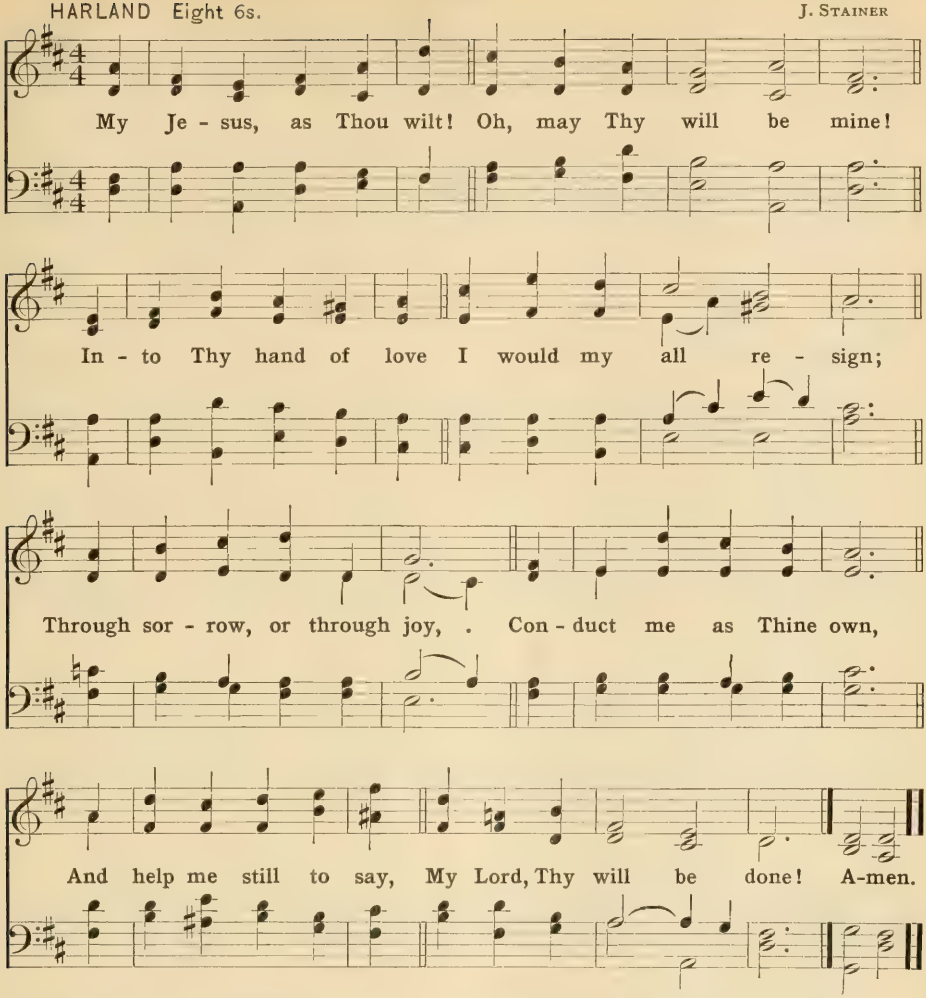
Charlotte Elliott, 1834

421

TROYTE, No. 1. (*Chant*) (*Second Tune*) A. H. D. Troyte, 1857



422

HARLAND Eight 6s. J. STAINER

My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
Through sor - row, or through joy, . Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

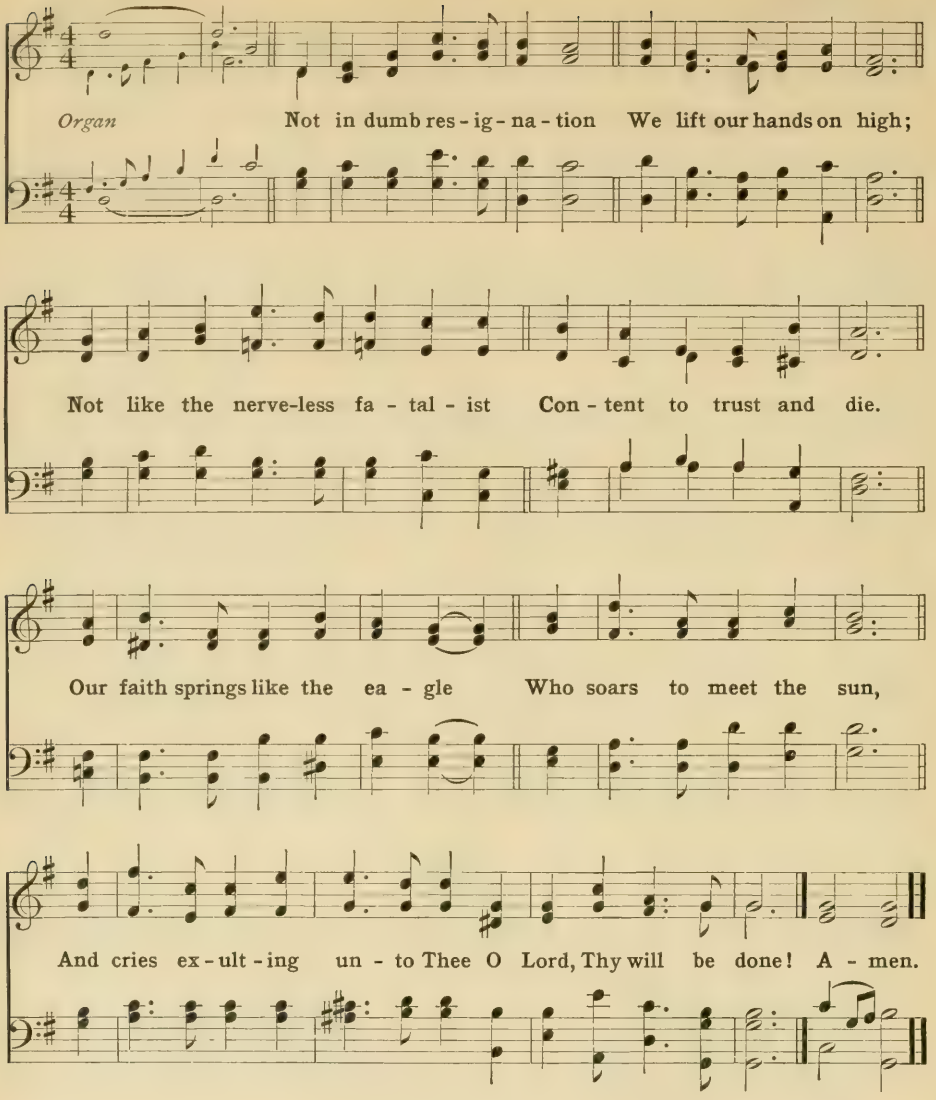
3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1716. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853

423

CIVITAS DEI 7.6.8.6.D.

A. J. CALDICOTT

Organ
Not in dumb res-ig-na-tion We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerve-less fa-tal-ist Con-tent to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the ea-gle Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries ex-ult-ing un-to Thee O Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

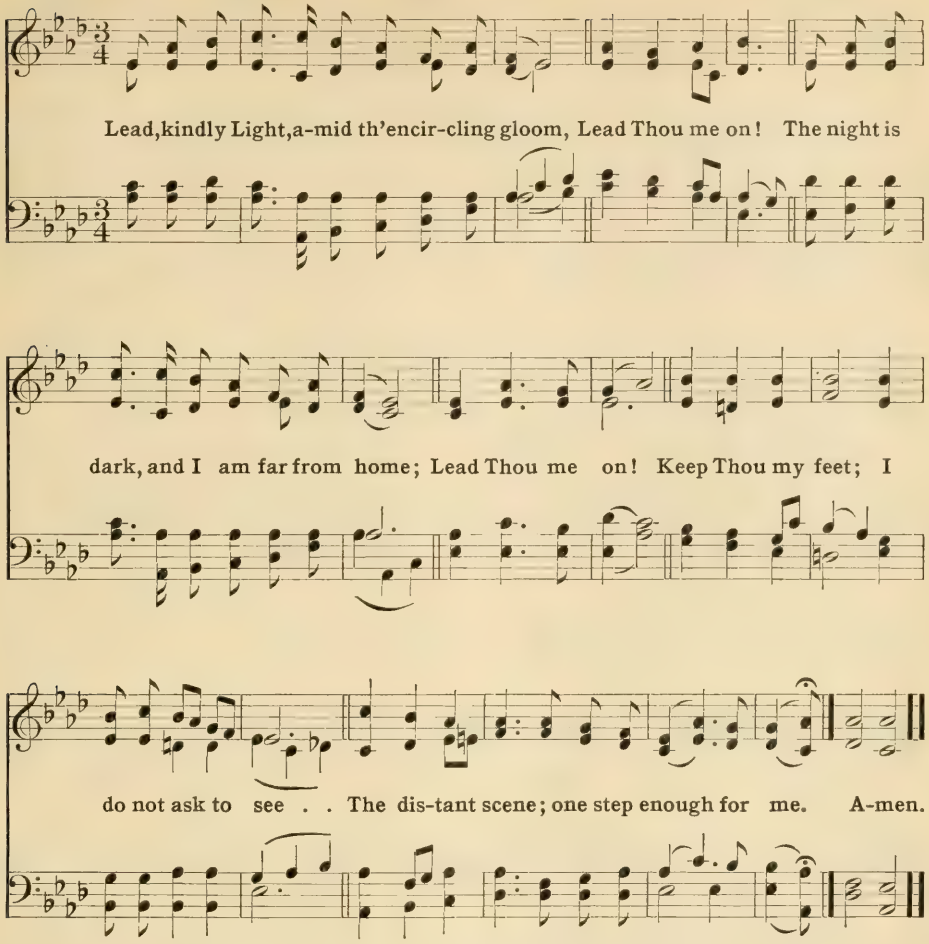
2 When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And e'en the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

3 Thy will! It strengthens weakness,
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun
O Lord be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

Hon. JOHN HAY, 1891

424

LUX BENIGNA 10 4.10.4.10.10. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1867

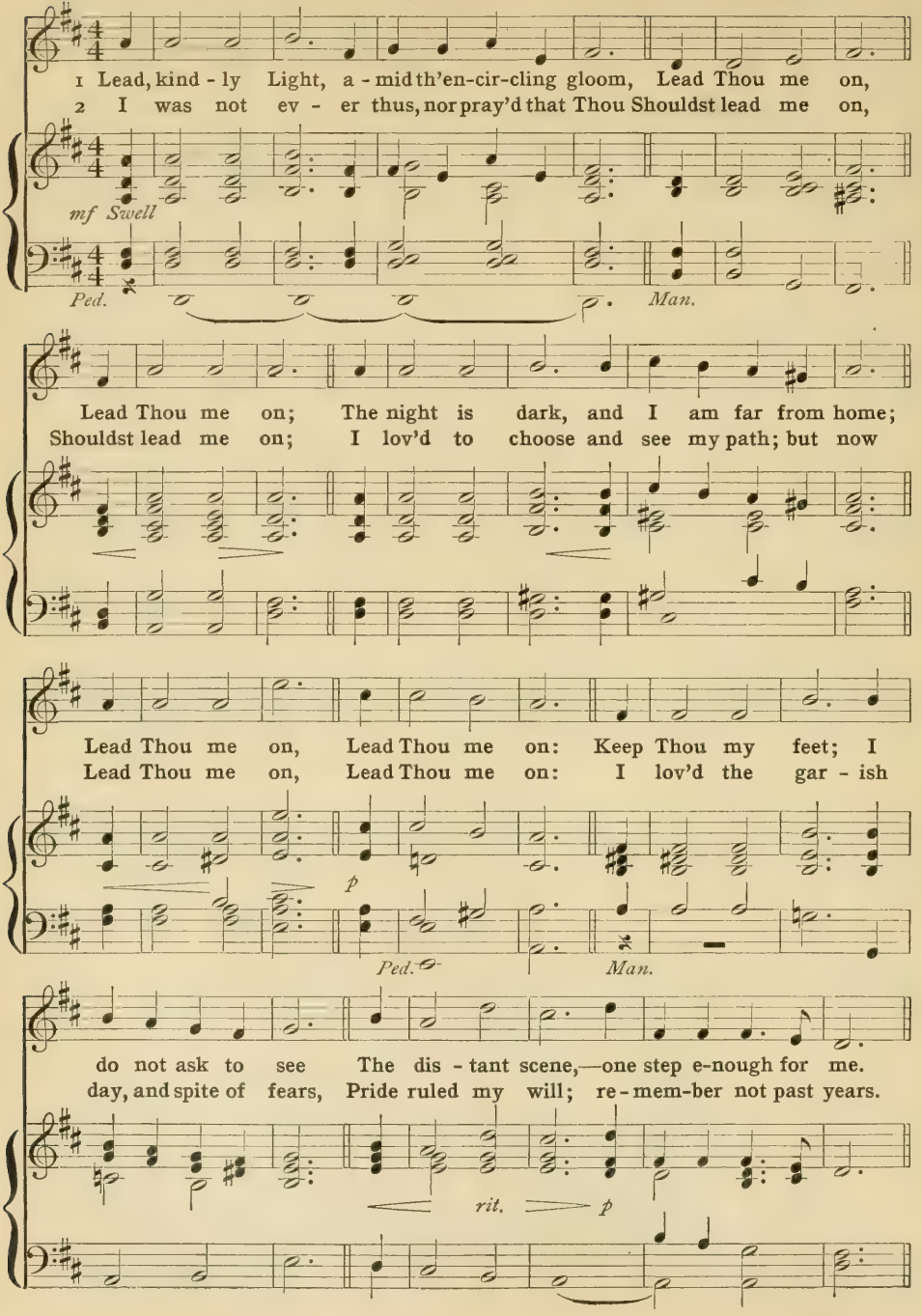
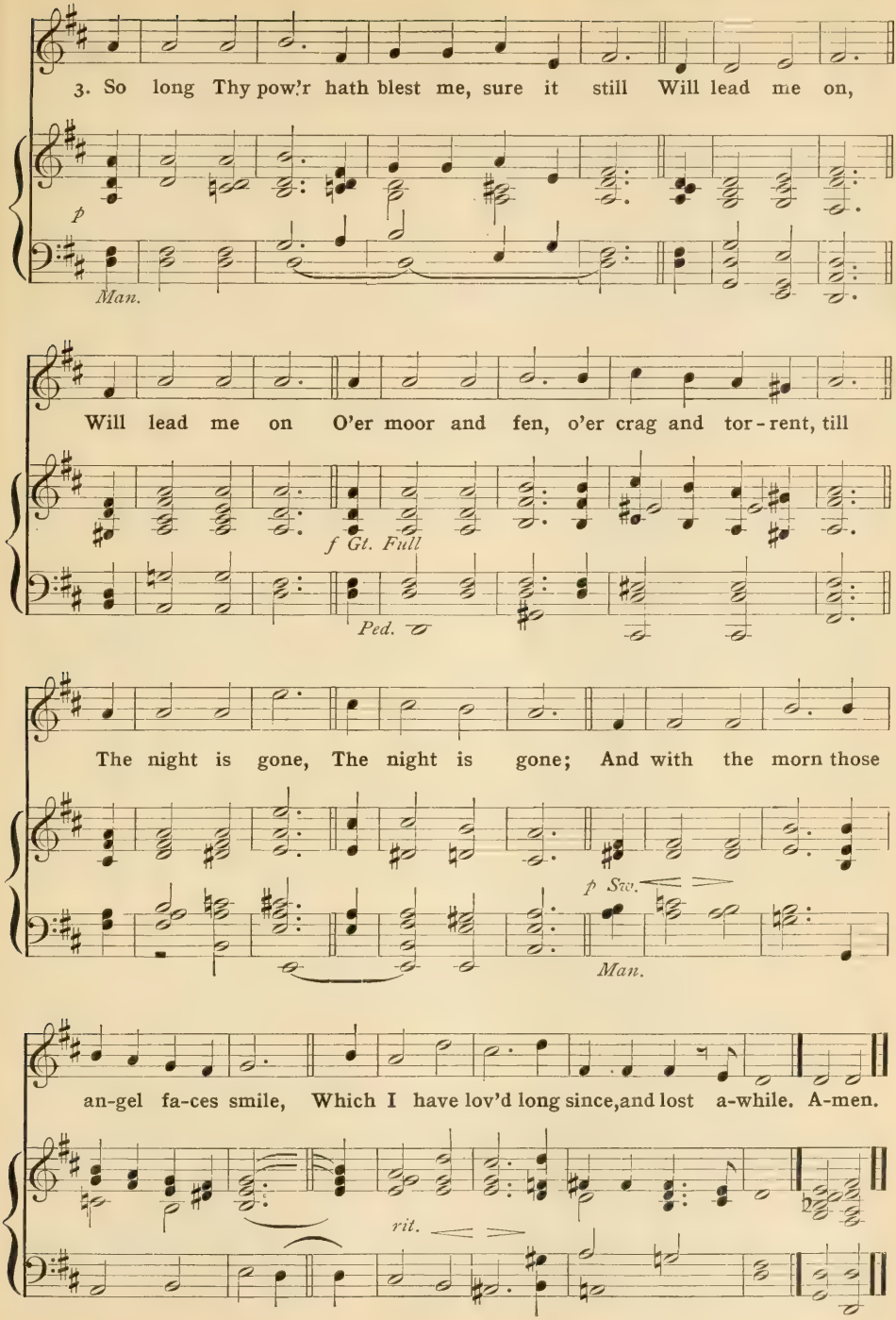

Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
do not ask to see . . The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me. A-men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

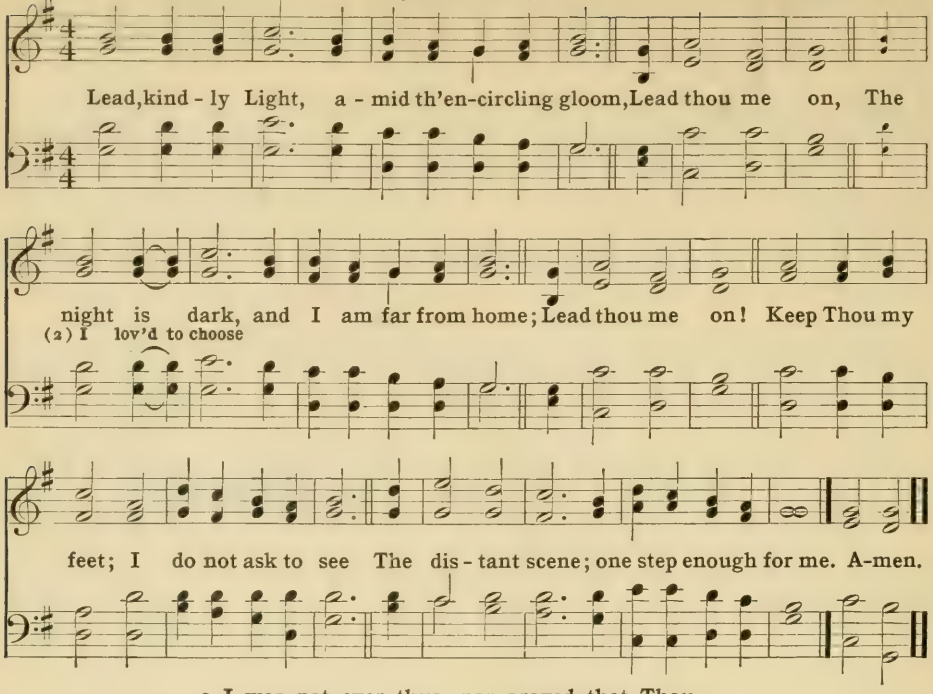
Rev. John H. Newman, 1833

424

NEWMAN 10.4.10.4.10.10. (*Second Tune*) J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on,
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on,
mf Swell
Ped.
Man.
Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: I lov'd the gar - ish
p
Ped.
Man.
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
rit.
p

3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
p
Man.
Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till
f Gt. Full
Ped.
The night is gone, The night is gone; And with the morn those
p Sw.
Man.
an-gel fa-ces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while. A-men.
rit.

424

SANDON 10.4.10.4.10.10. (*Third Tune*) C. H. PURDAY, 1860


Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on, The
night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep Thou my
(2) I lov'd to choose
feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me. A-men.

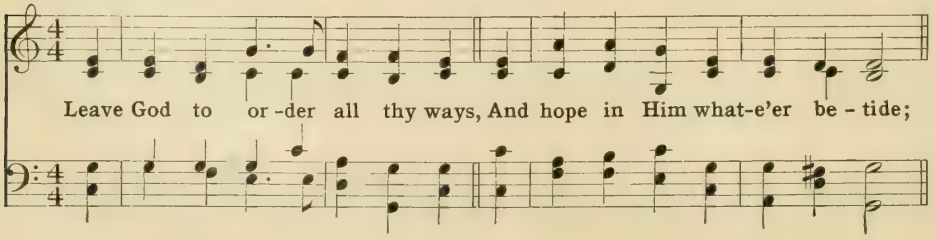
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

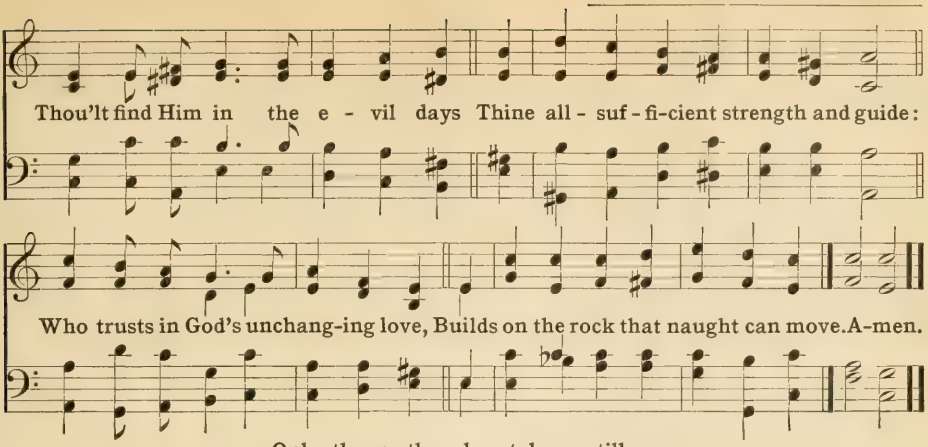
3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Rev. JOHN H. NEWMAN, 1833

425

PENIEL Six 8s. J. BOOTH, 1887



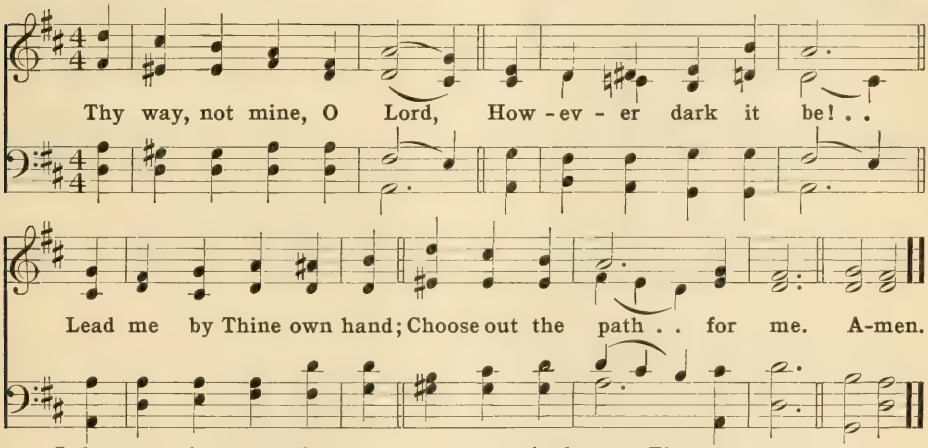

Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days Thine all - suf - fi-cient strength and guide:
Who trusts in God's unchang-ing love, Builds on the rock that naught can move. A-men.

2 Only thy restless heart keep still
And wait in cheerful hope content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all discerning love hath sent:
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for his own.

GEO. NEUMARCK. Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH

426

ST. DENYS 6.6.6 6. F. SPINNEY



2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

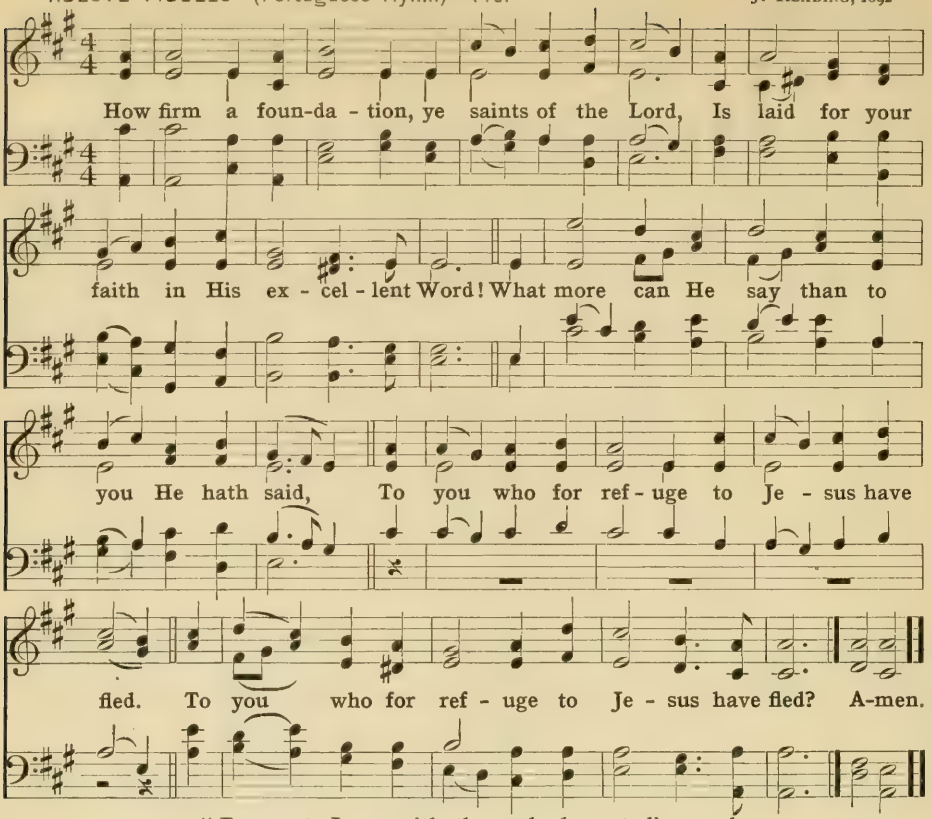
4 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857

427

ADESTE FIDELES (Portuguese Hymn) 11s. J. READING, 1692

How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
fled. To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? A-men.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

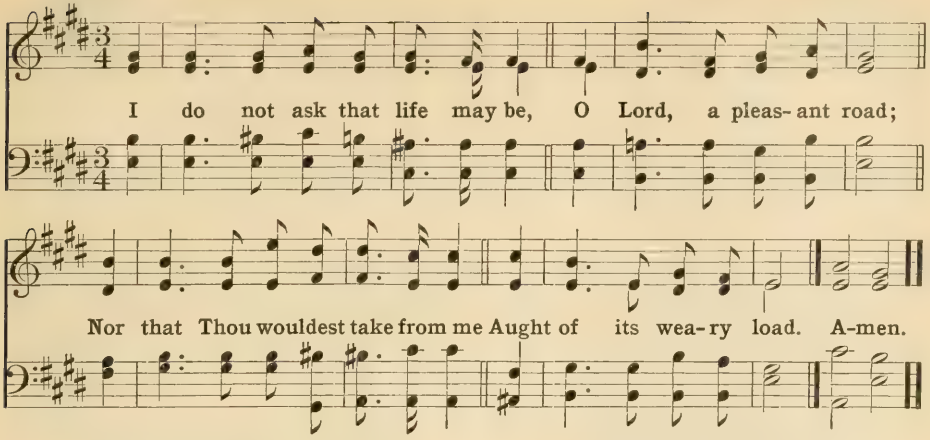
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

G. KEITH, [?], publ., 1787

428

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from W. V. WALLACE



2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright:
Though strength should fail, and heart should bleed,
Lead me through peace to light.

3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;
Let me, in darkness, feel Thy hand,
And simply follow Thee.

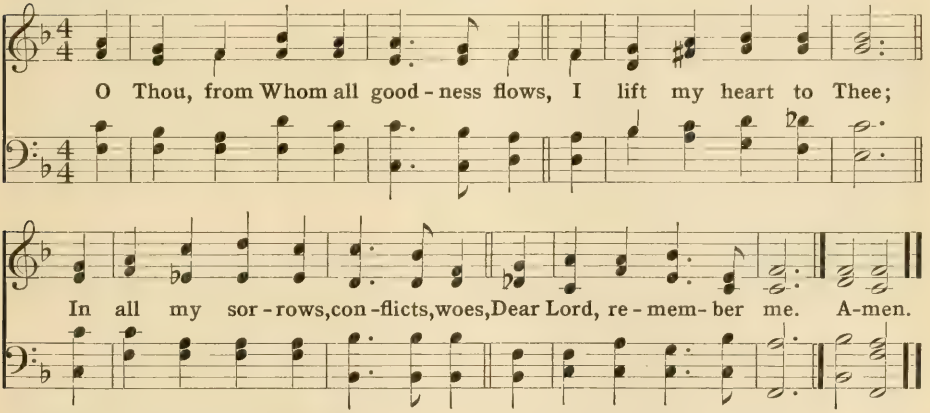
4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1862

429

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872



2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

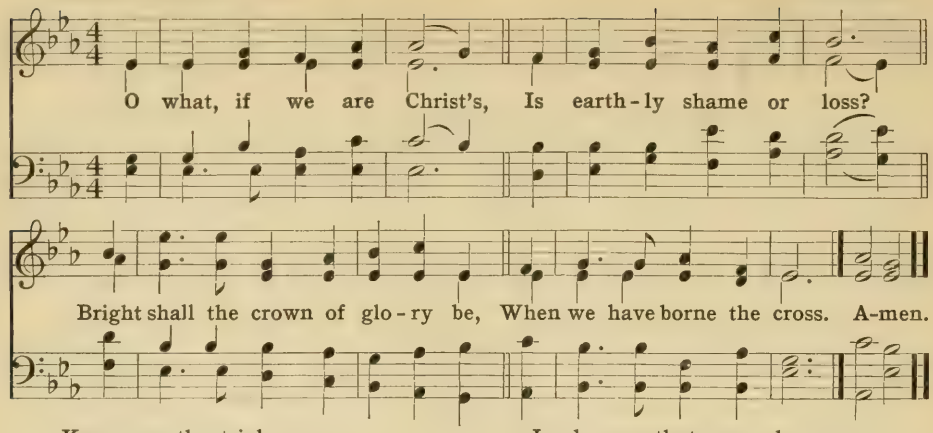
4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 And O when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!

Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792

430

SWAINSTHORPE S. M. J. Booth, 1887



2 Keen was the trial once,
The bitter cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

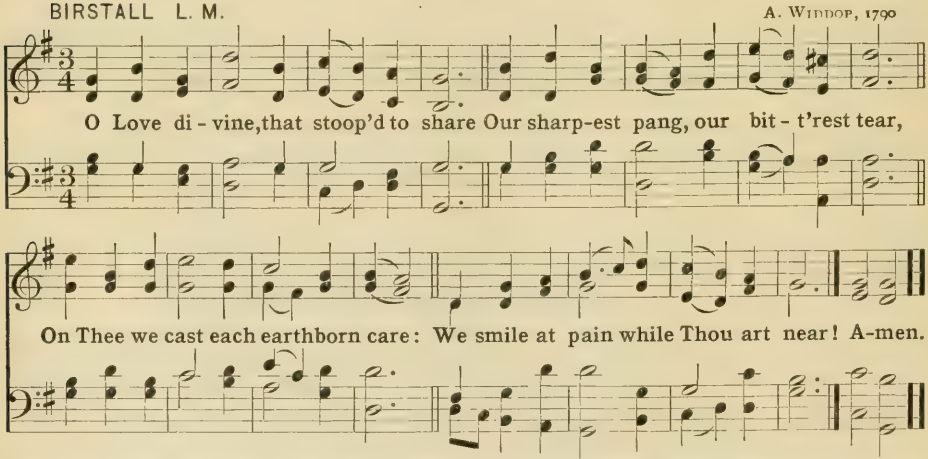
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Henry W. Baker, 1852

431

BIRSTALL L. M. A. Widdop, 1790


O Love di-vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
On Thee we cast each earthborn care: We smile at pain while Thou art near! A-men.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

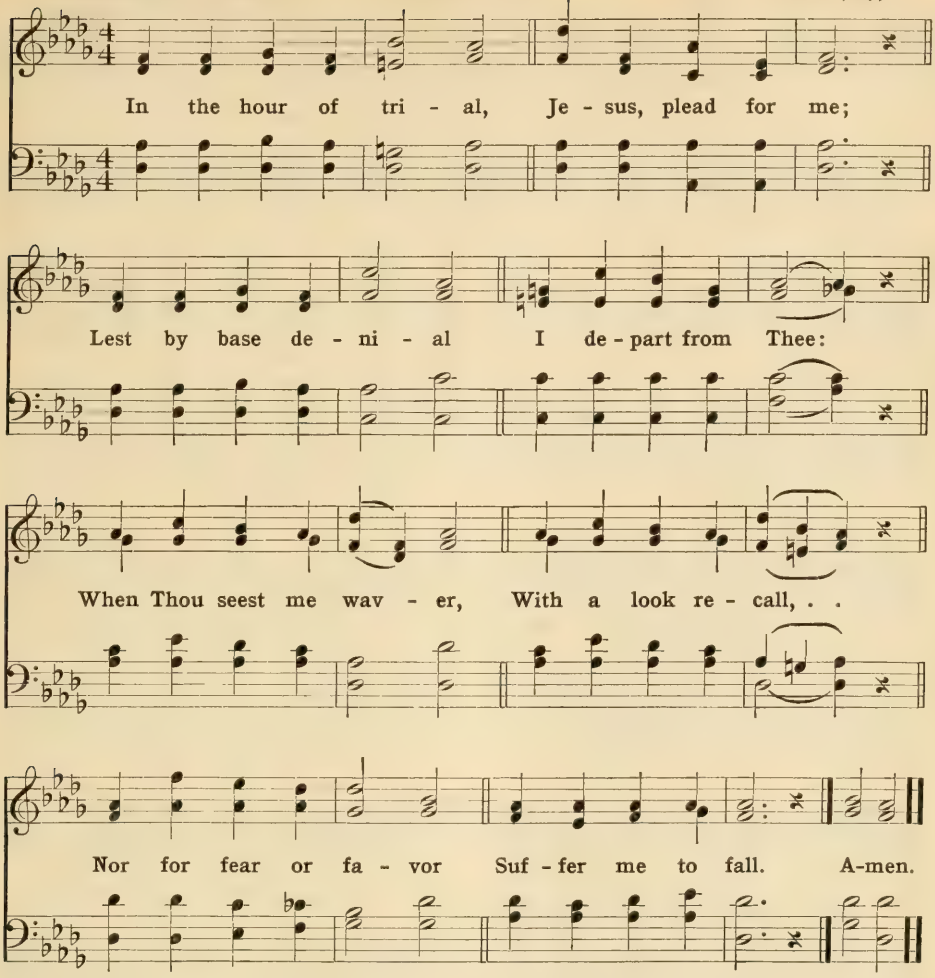
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear;
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

432

PENITENCE 6.5.6.5.D.

S. Lane, 1879

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee:
When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . .
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

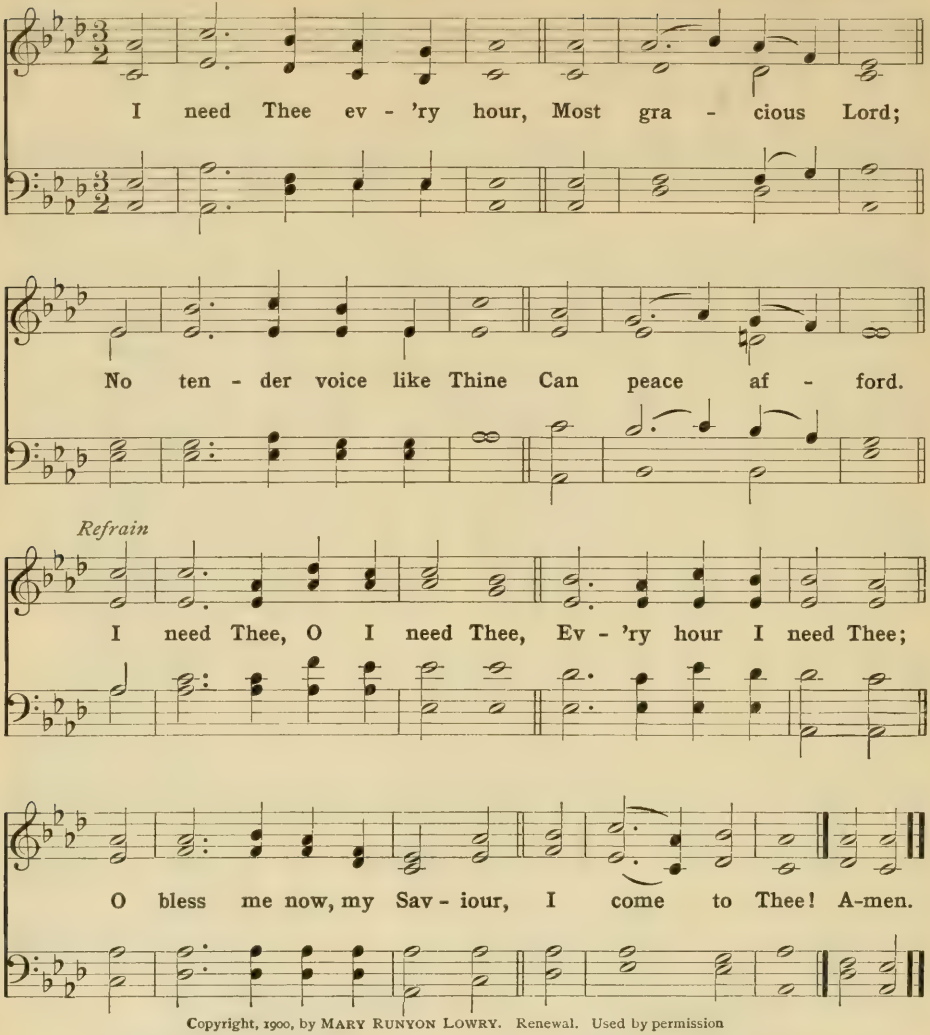
2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834

433

NEED 6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4. (*First Tune*) Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
Refrain
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A-men.

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

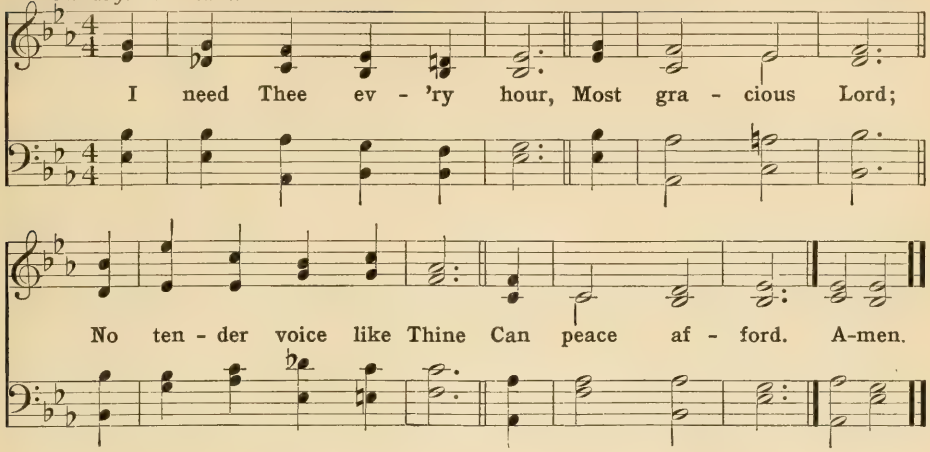
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
I need Thee, etc.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, 1872

433

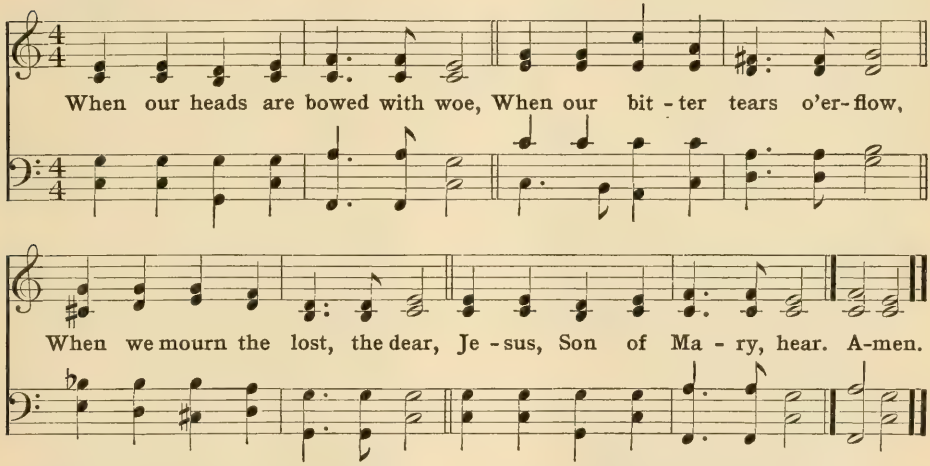
EVERY HOUR 6.4.6.4. (*Second Tune*) Rev. P. R. Sleeman, 1863

The Refrain is omitted



434

REDHEAD 7.7.7.7. R. Redhead, 1853



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

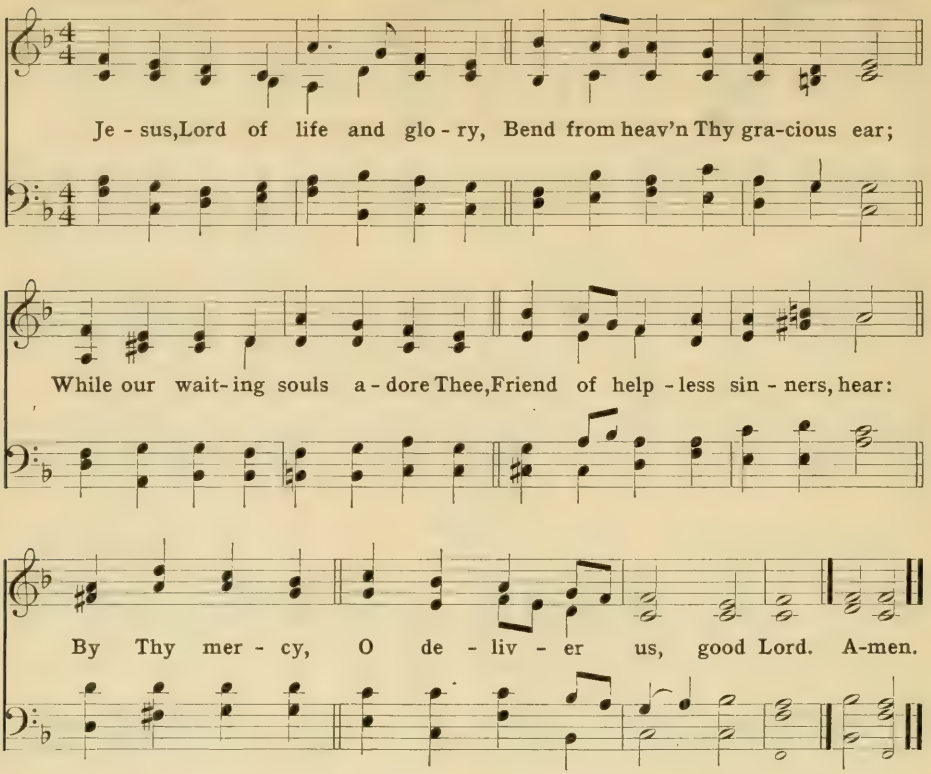
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827

435

BLESSING 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. Barnby, 1886


Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra-cious ear;
While our wait-ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:
By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A-men.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

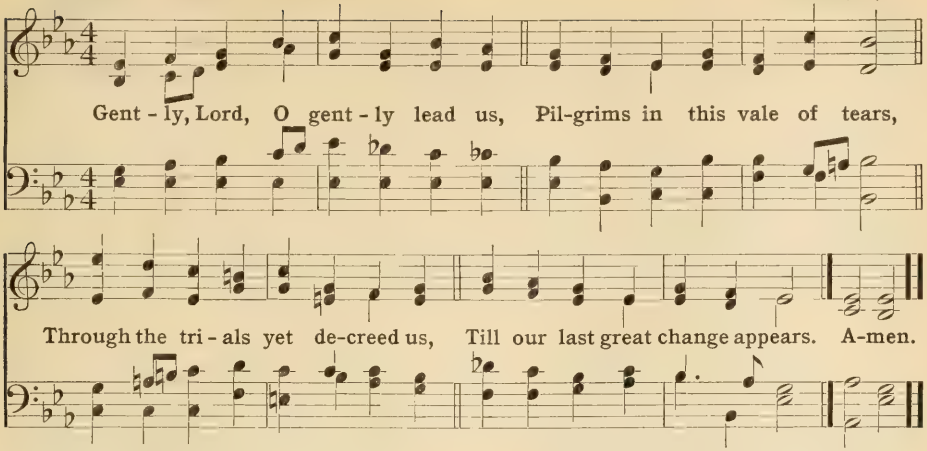
5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

John J. Cummins, 1839

436

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7. Dr. PEARCE, 1890


Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,
Through the tri - als yet de-creed us, Till our last great change appears. A-men.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

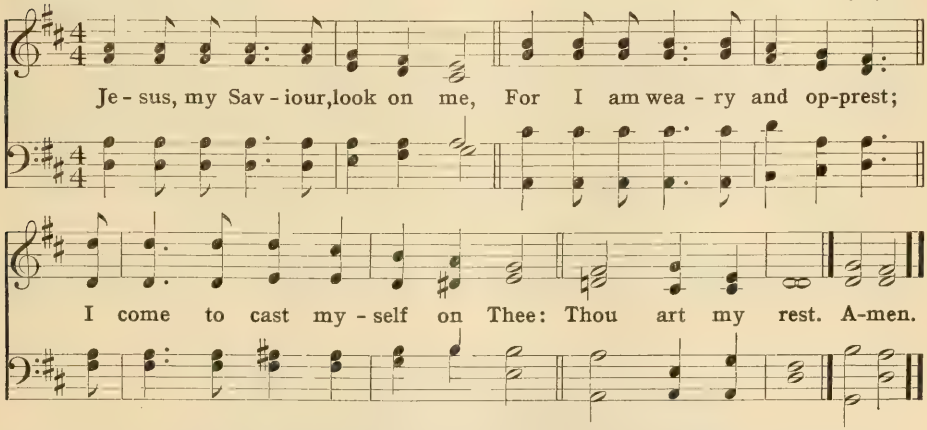
3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

437

HANFORD 8.8.8.4. A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my light.

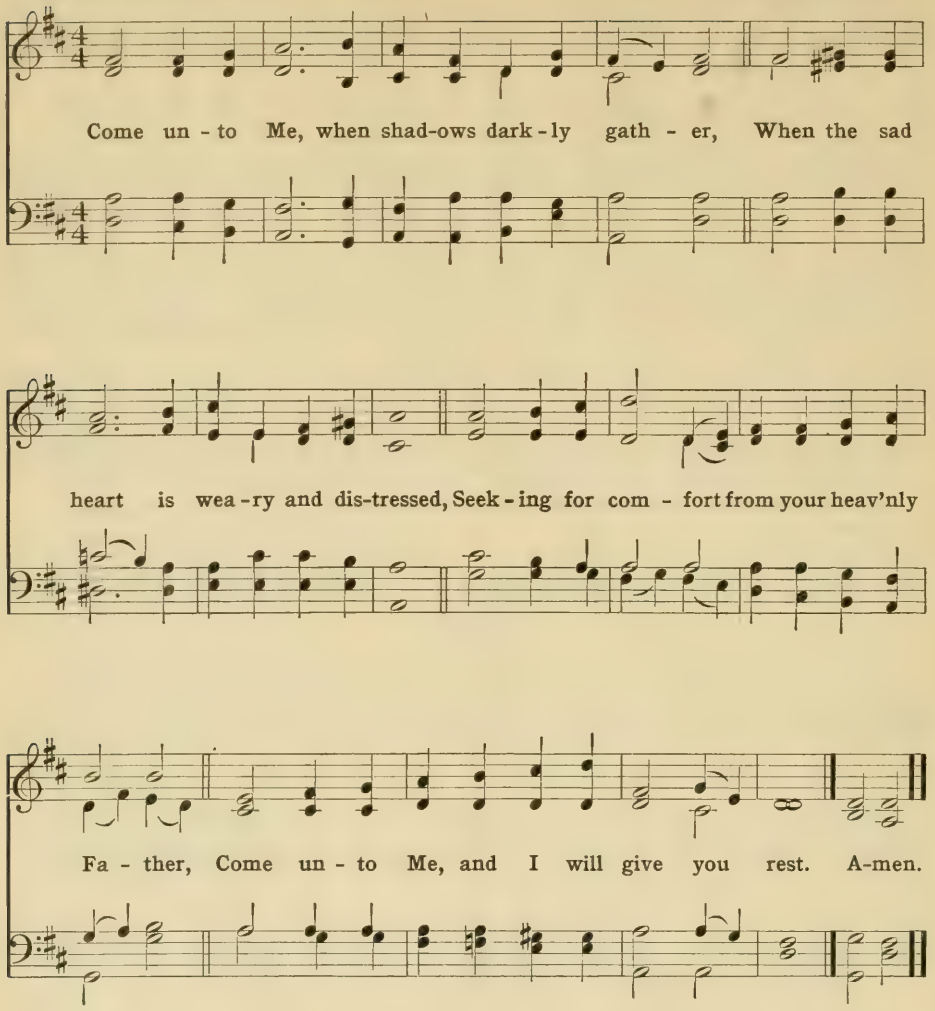
4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my life.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, what'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

Rev. JOHN R. MACDUFF, 1851

438

STRENGTH AND STAY 11.10.11.10. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875


Come un - to Me, when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
heart is wea - ry and dis-tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly
Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A-men.

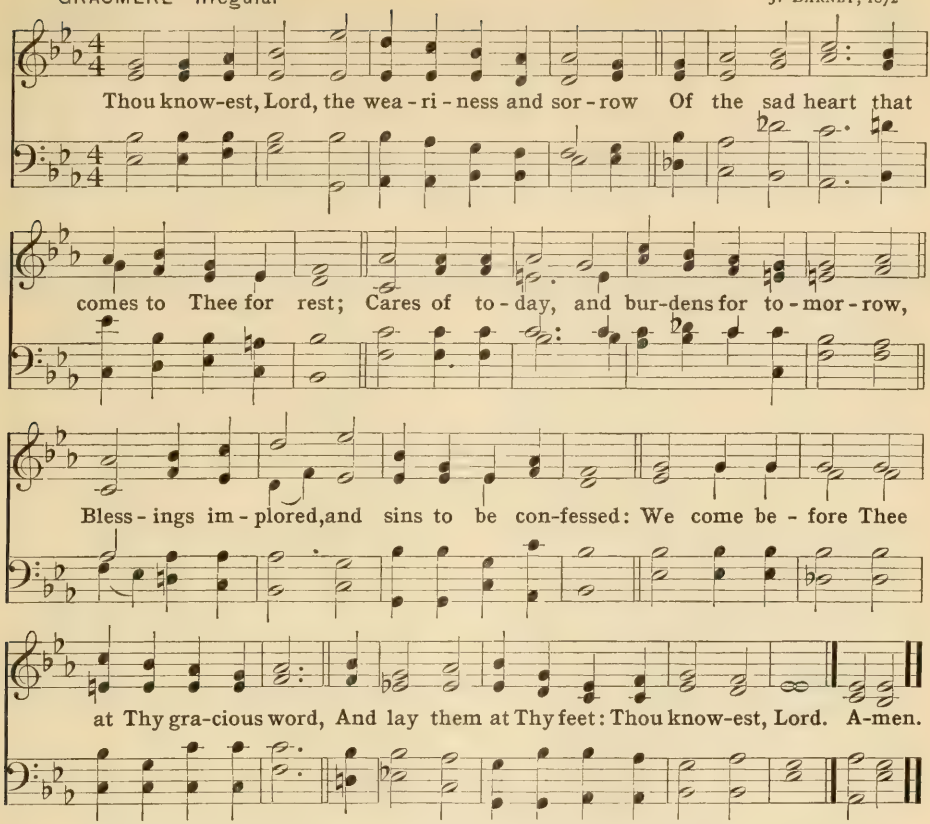
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Catherine Harbison Esling, 1839

439

GRASMERE Irregular

J. Barnby, 1872

Thou know-est, Lord, the wea - ri - ness and sor - row Of the sad heart that
comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to - day, and bur-dens for to - mor - row,
Bless - ings im - plored, and sins to be con-fessed: We come be - fore Thee
at Thy gra-cious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord. A-men.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

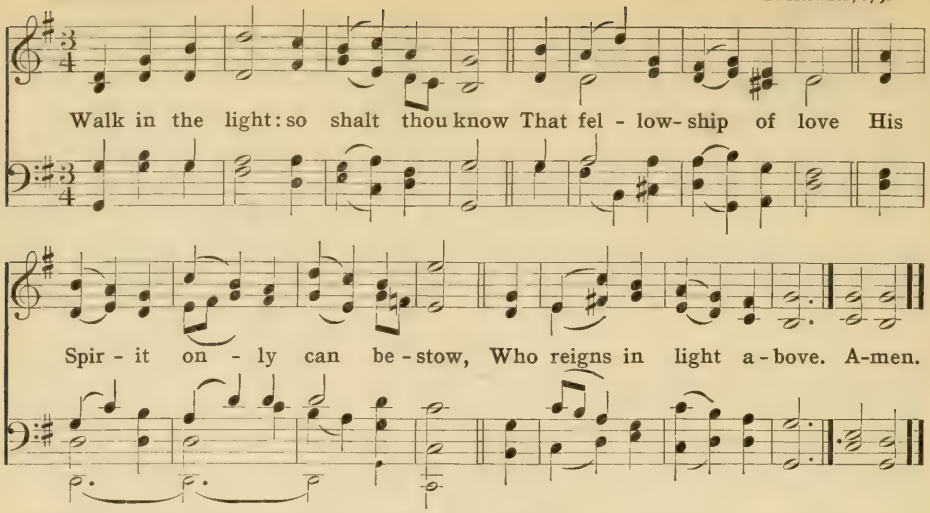
4 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Miss Jane Borthwick and Mrs. Eric Findlater, 1854?

440

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis, 1792



2 Walk in the light: and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

5 Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

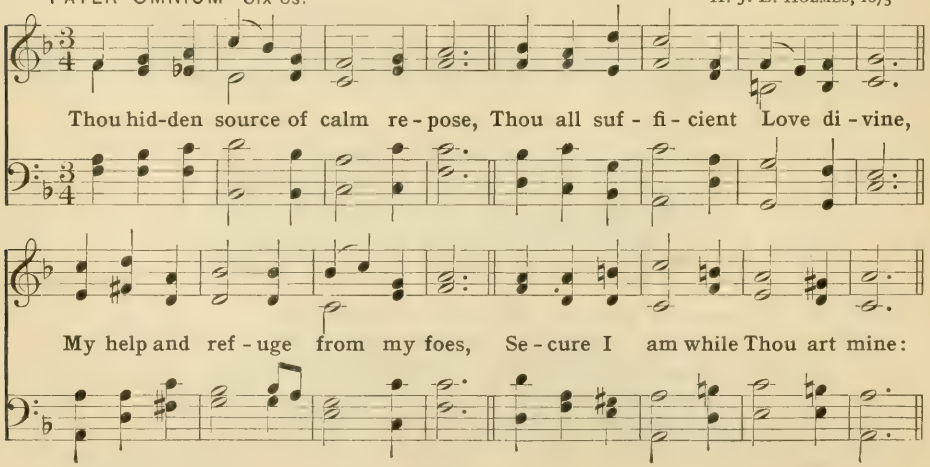
6 Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

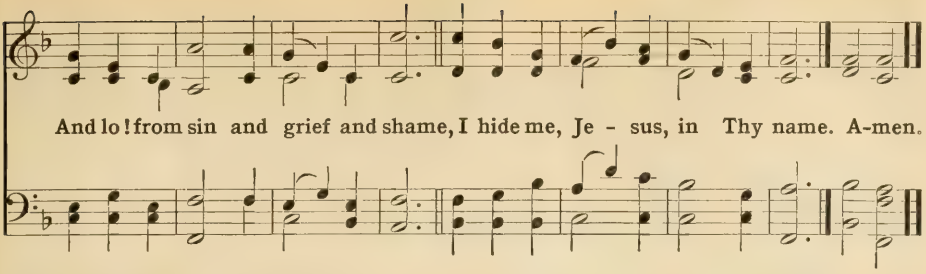
Bernard Barton, 1826

441

PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

H. J. E. Holmes, 1875


Thou hid-den source of calm re - pose, Thou all suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,
My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am while Thou art mine:



2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with Thy great name, are given
Pardon and holiness and Heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art, —
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

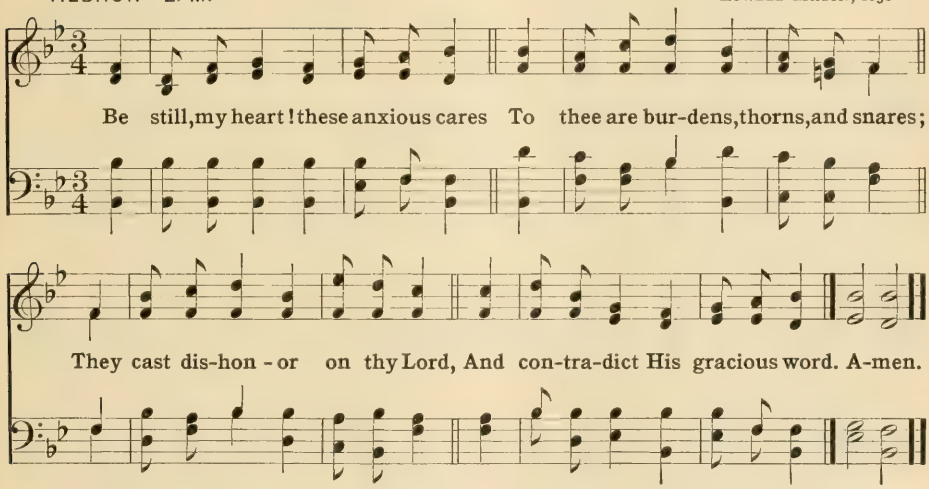
4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my all in all.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

442

HEBRON L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830


Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are bur-dens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dis-hon - or on thy Lord, And con-tra-dict His gracious word. A-men.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if He provide,
Or lose thy way, with such a guide?

3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

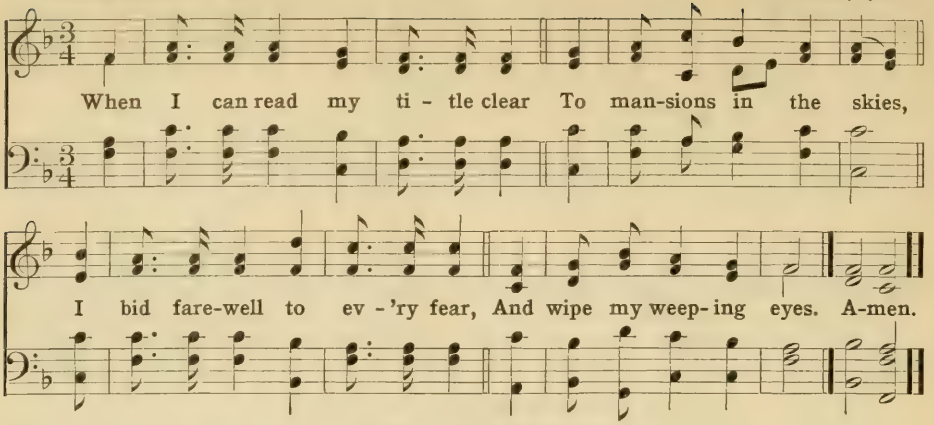
5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For Heaven will make amends for all.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

443

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. ARNE, 1762



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

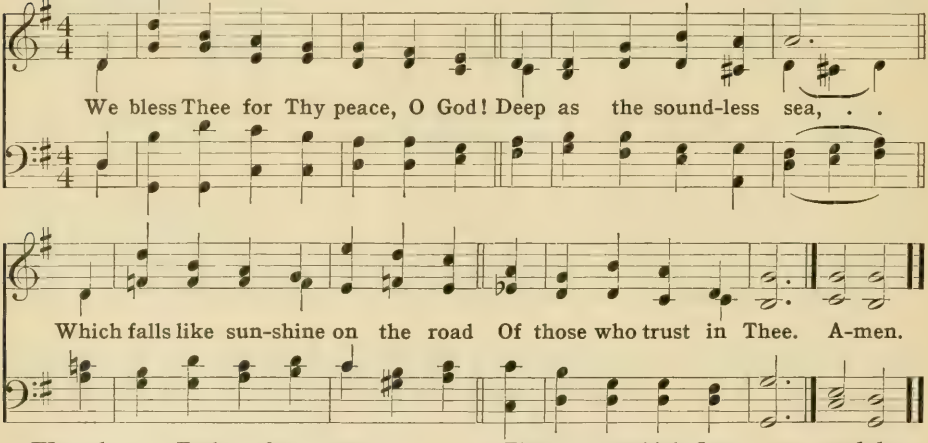
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

444

CAMDEN ROAD C. M.

A. HUDSON


We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea, . .
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-men.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

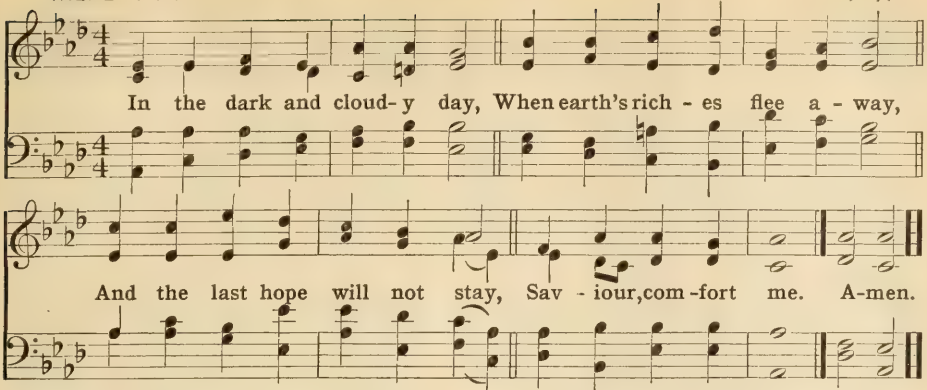
5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

445

IRENE 7.7.7.5.

Rev. C. C. Scholefield, 1874



2 When the secret idol's gone,
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me.

3 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide:
Saviour, comfort me.

4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness:
Saviour, comfort me.

5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive
Let me humbly still believe;
Saviour, comfort me.

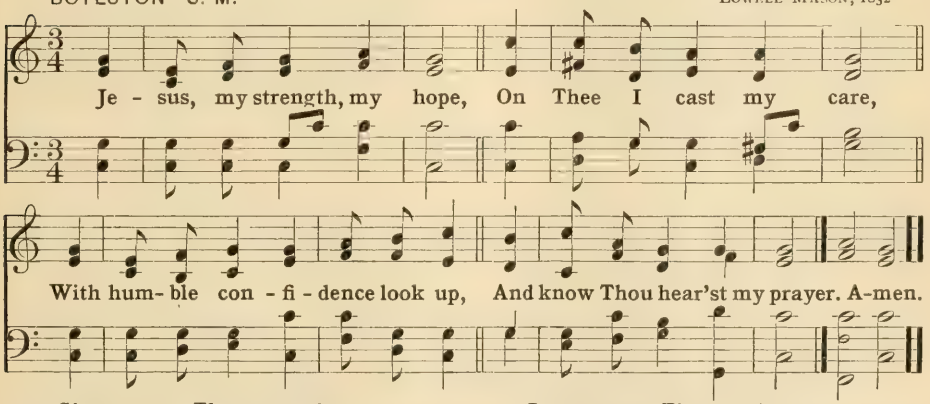
6 So shall it be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me.

George Rawson, 1853

446

BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



2 Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do, —
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

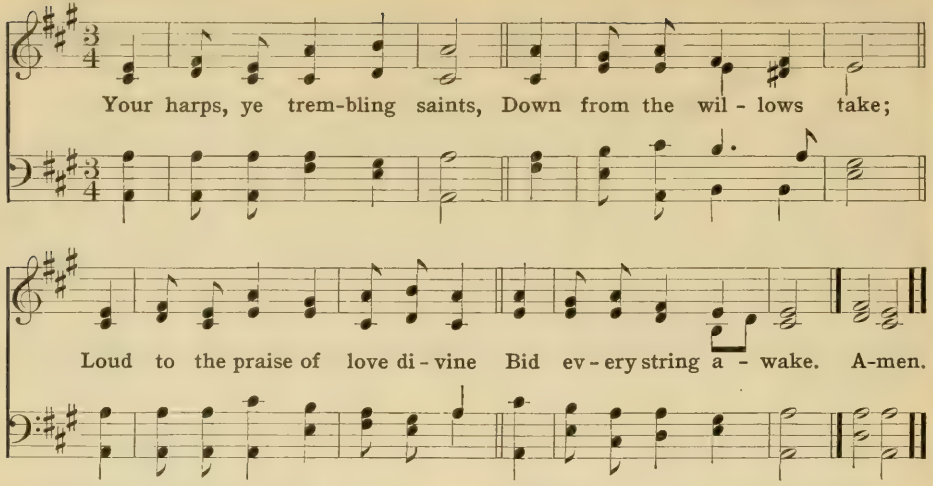
5 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

447

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

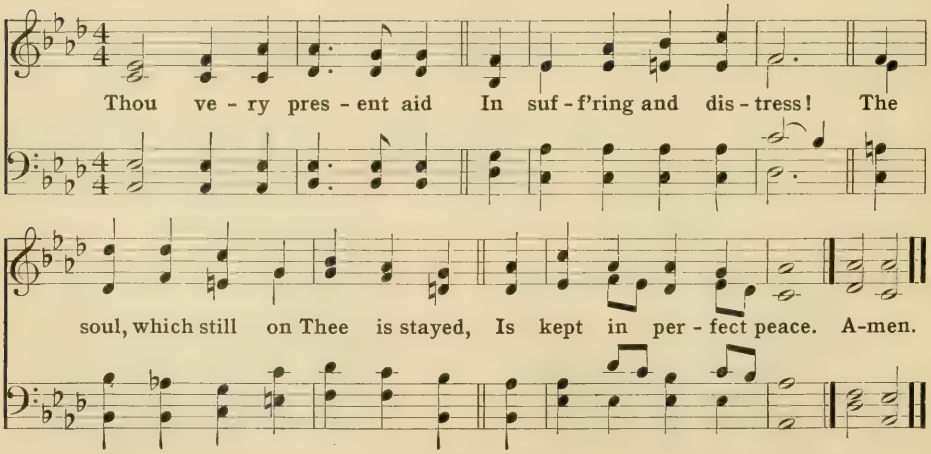
6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772

448

DOWNFIELD S. M.

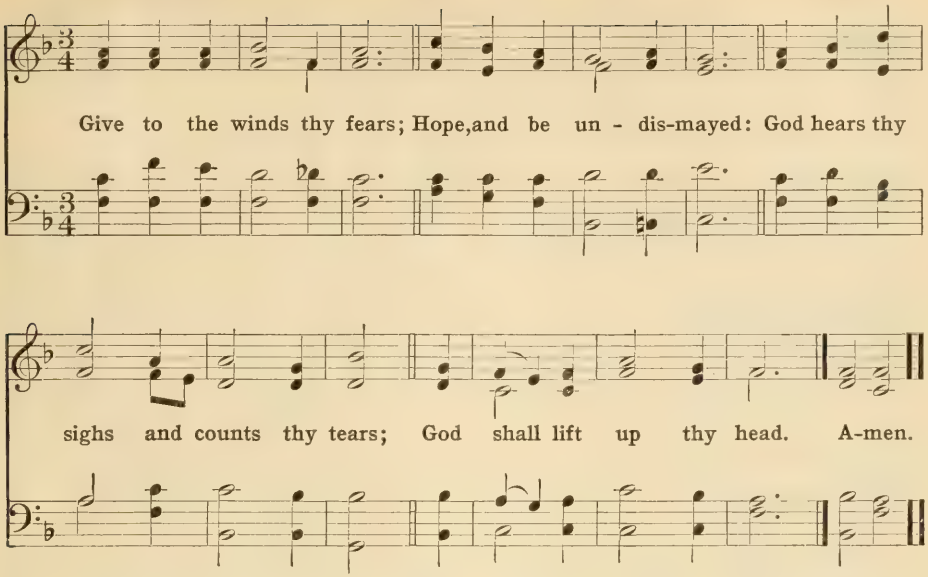
H. E. Button, 1904



449

TRENTHAM S. M.

R. JACKSON



2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Tr. by Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1739

DOWNFIELD S. M.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

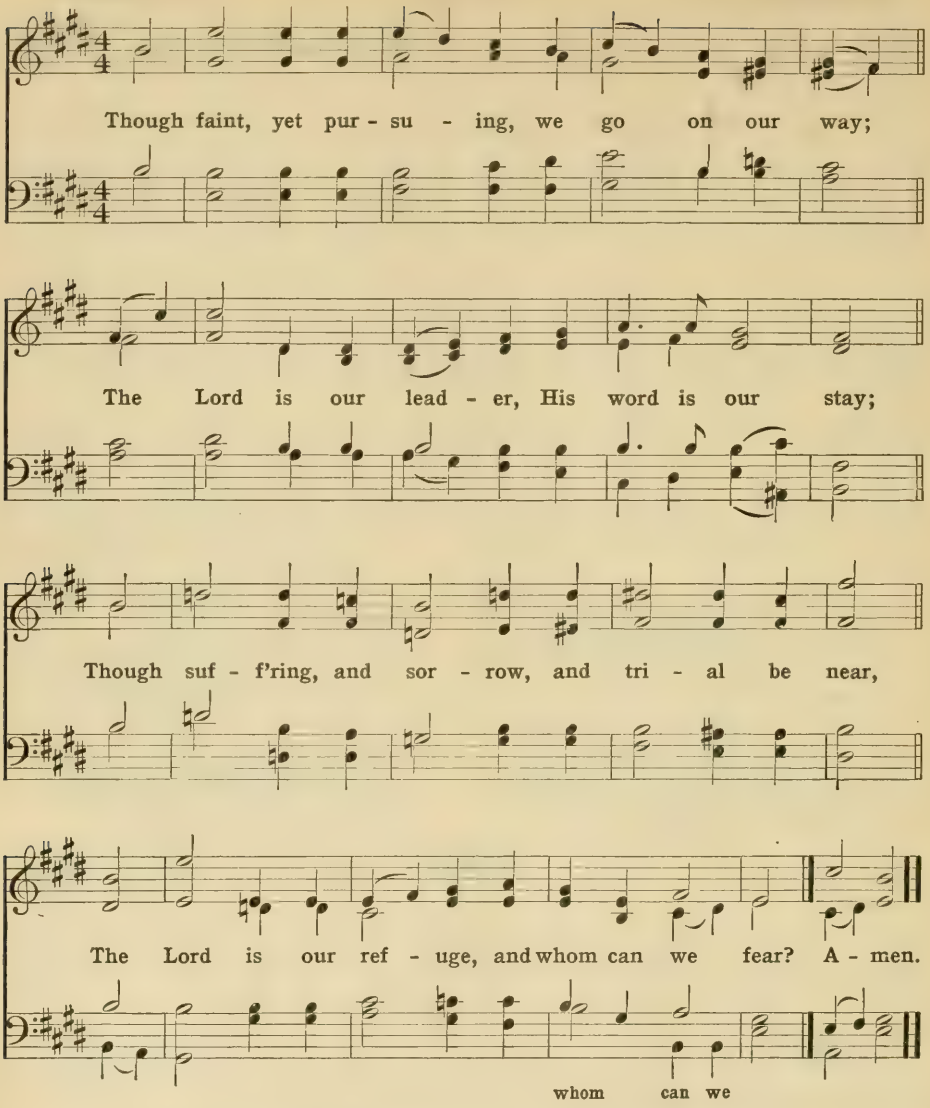
3 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Helps me to bear my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

4 Jesus, to Whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature streams are dry;
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One,
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

450

FOUNDATION 11.11.11.11. (*First Tune*) H. W. PARKER, 1894

Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay;
Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,
The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - men.
whom can we

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

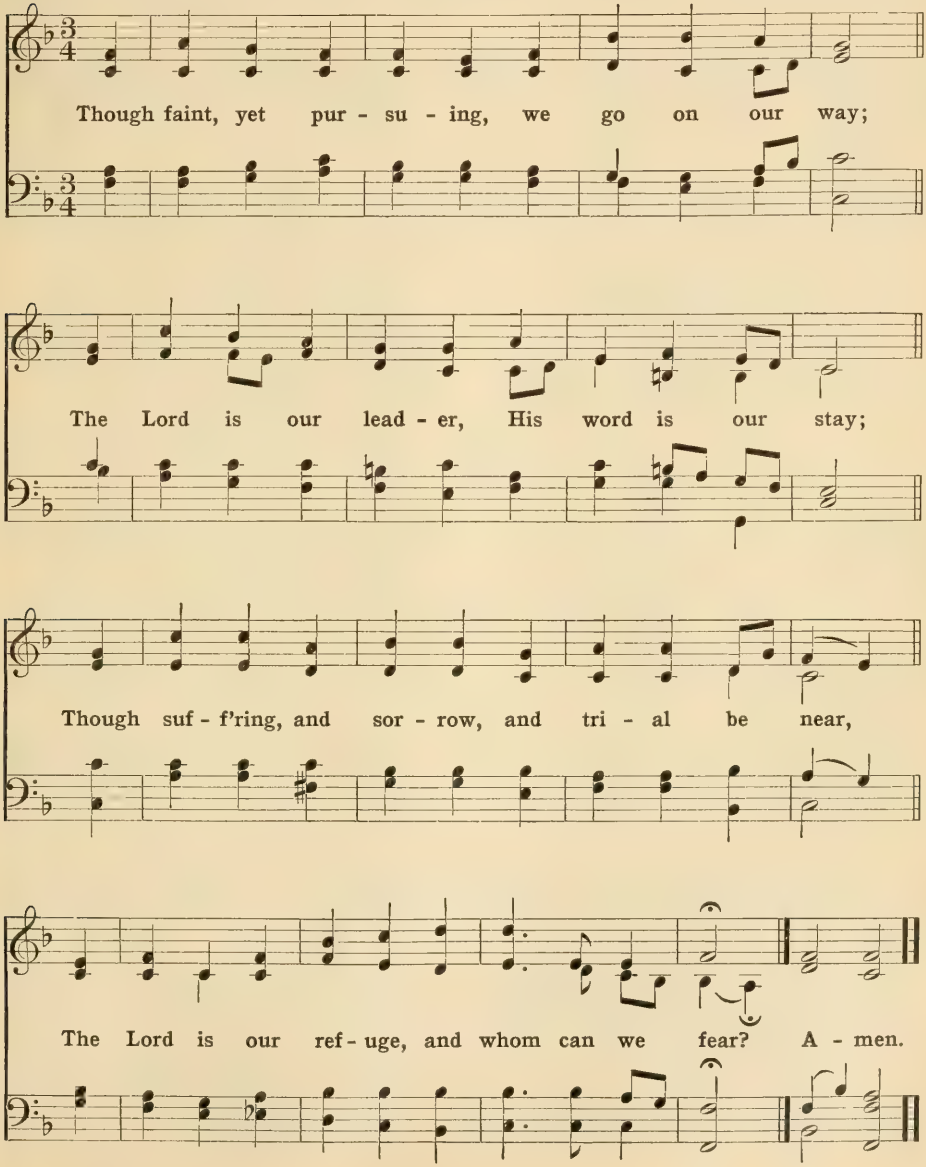
3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home.

Rev. J. N. Darby, 1858

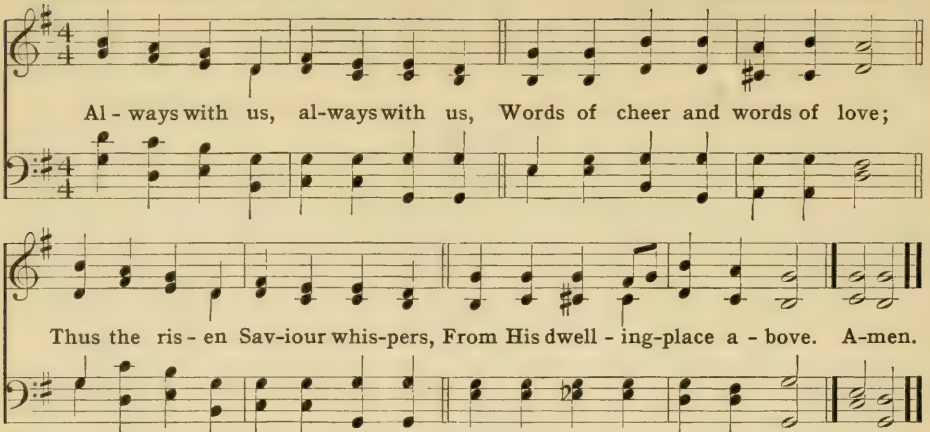
450

JUDEA 11.11.11.11. (*Second Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes


Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay;
Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,
The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - men.

451

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD


Al - ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the ris - en Sav-iour whis-pers, From His dwell - ing-place a - bove. A-men.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

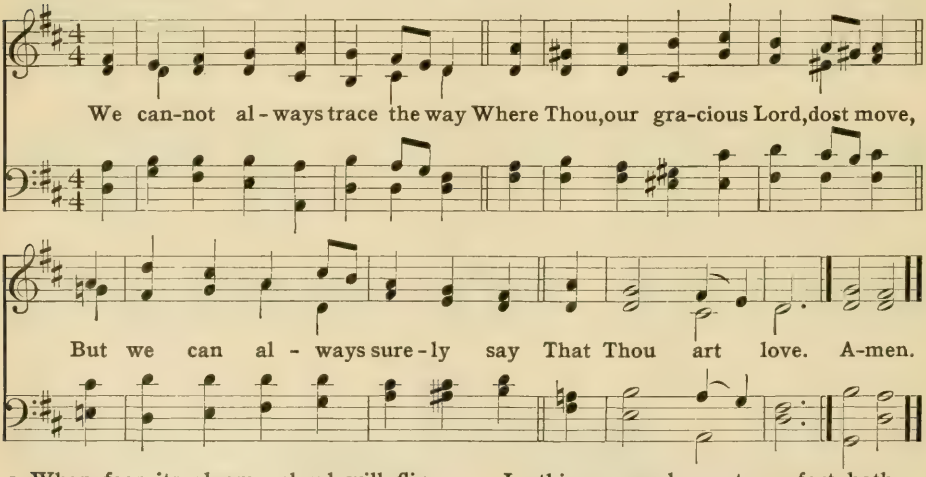
3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Rev. EDWARD H. NEVIN, 1857

452

LUX ÆTERNA 8.8.8.4. C. GOUNOD



2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art love.

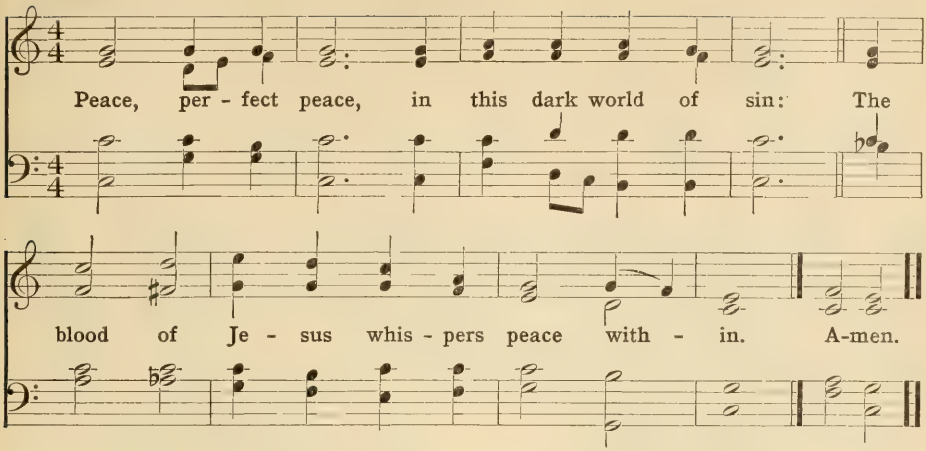
3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art love.

4 Yes! Thou art love; a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is love.

JOHN BOWRING, 1838

453

PAX TECUM 10. 10. (*First Tune*) C. T. Caldbeck, 1878



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus, — this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

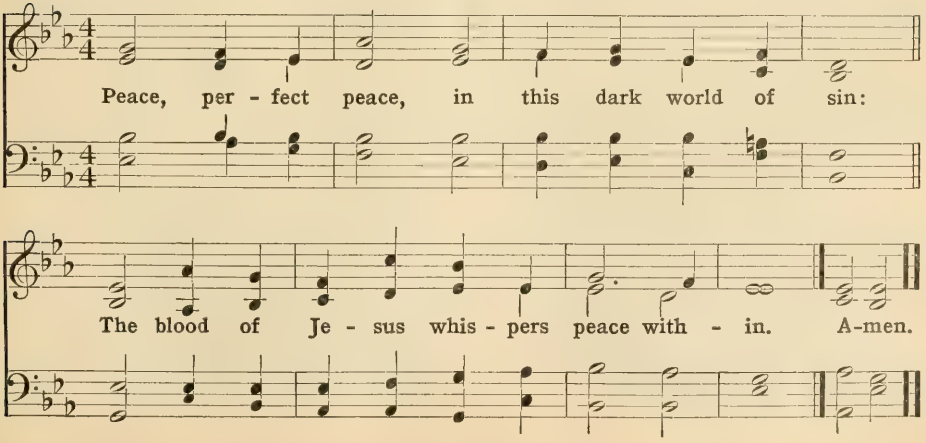
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward Bickersteth, 1870

453

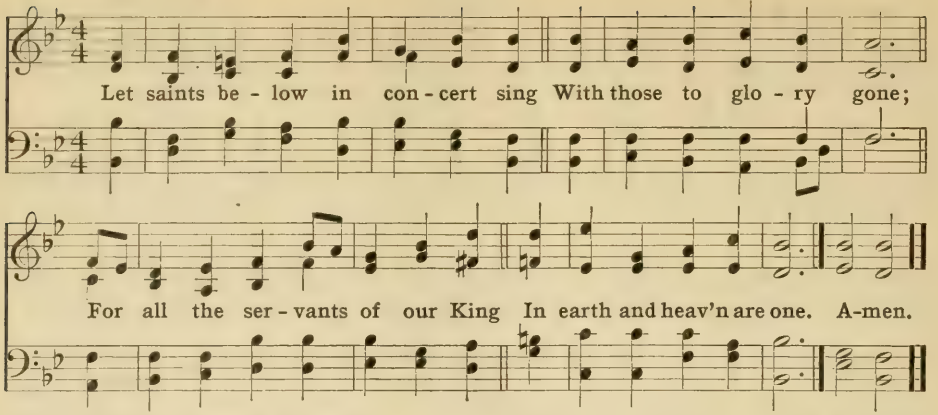
CŒNA DOMINI 10. 10. (*Second Tune*) A. Sullivan, 1874



454

SHARON C. M.

T. WALLHEAD, 1877



2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

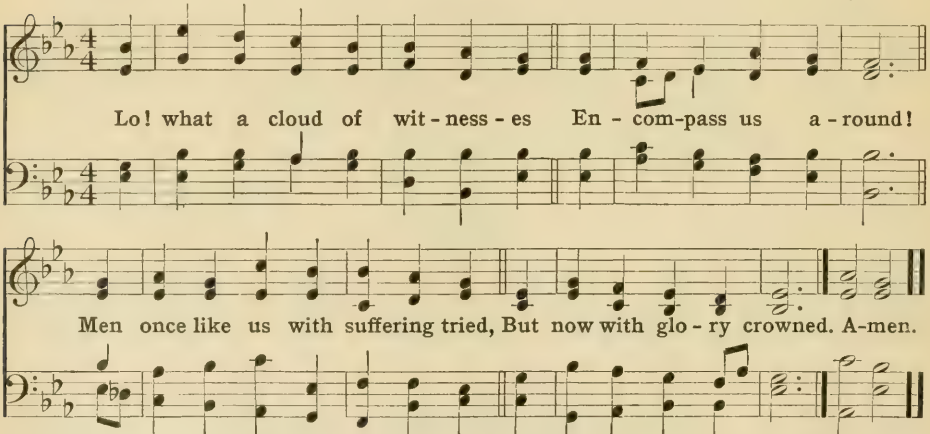
4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1759

455

ST. PETER C. M.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826



2 Let us with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

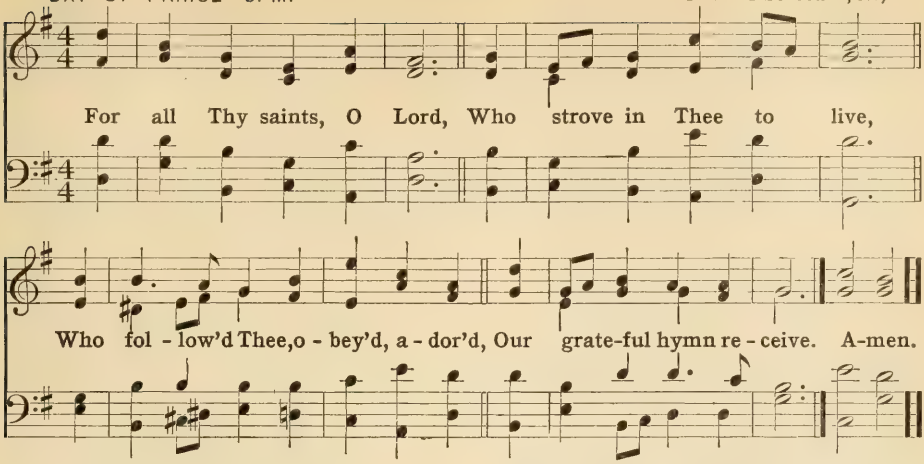
5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Scotch Paraphrases, 1745

456

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867



2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

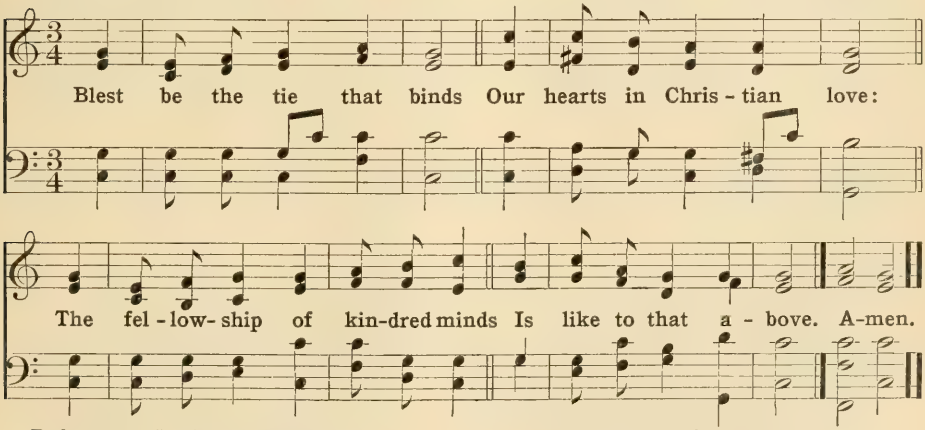
3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837

457

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. MASON, 1832

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

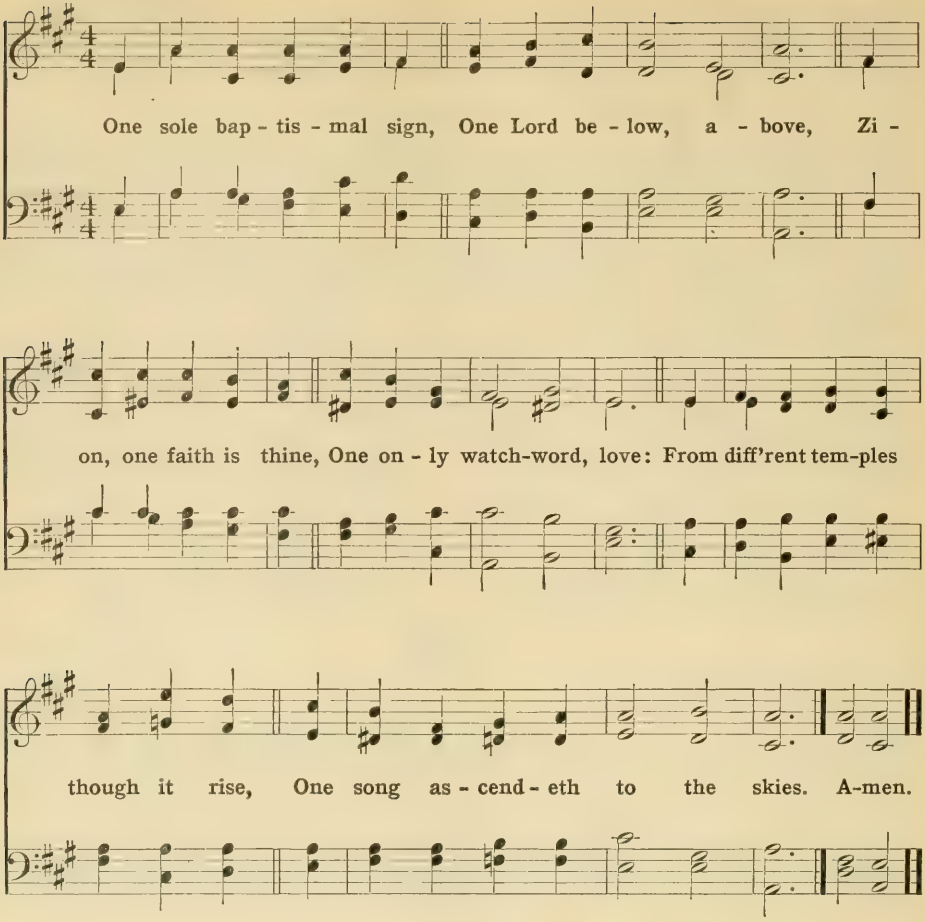
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all etenity.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772

458

HARROGATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. SANDERSON, 1904

One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove, Zi -
on, one faith is thine, One on - ly watch-word, love: From diff'rent tem-ples
though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A-men.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

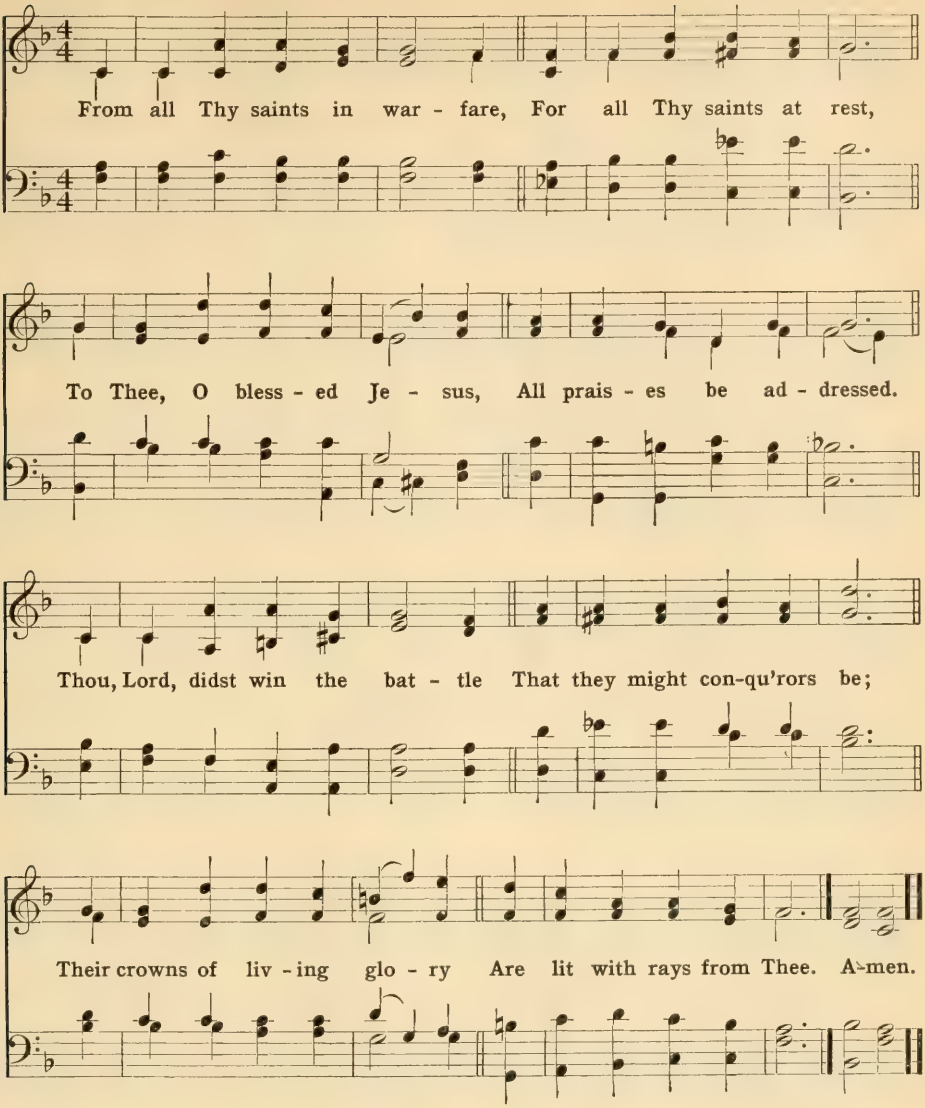
3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842

459

SAVOY CHAPEL 7.6.7.6.D.

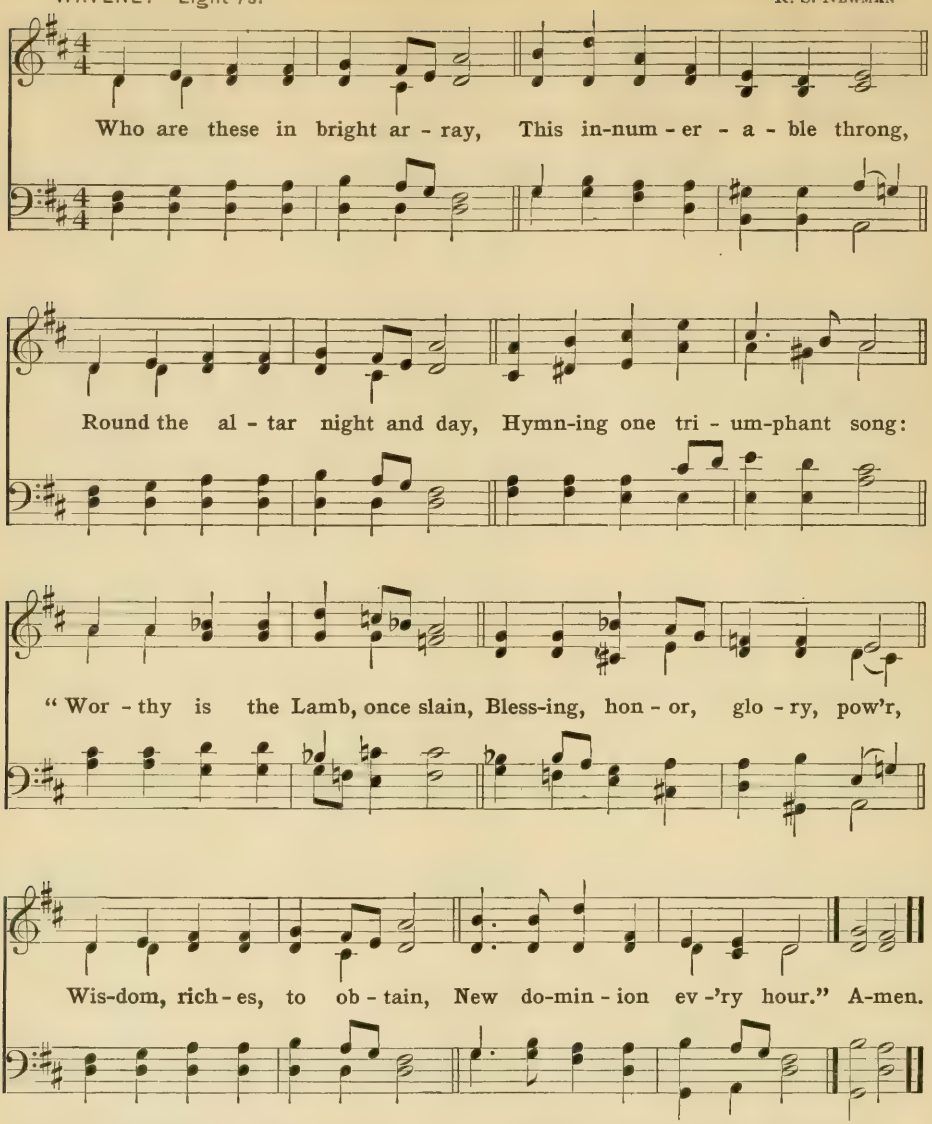
J. B. CALKIN, 1870

From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con-qu'rors be;
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A-men.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

EARL NELSON, 1867

460

WAVENEY Eight 7s. R. S. Newman

Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in-num - er - a - ble throng,
Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn-ing one tri - um-phant song:
" Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,
Wis-dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do-min - ion ev -'ry hour." A-men.

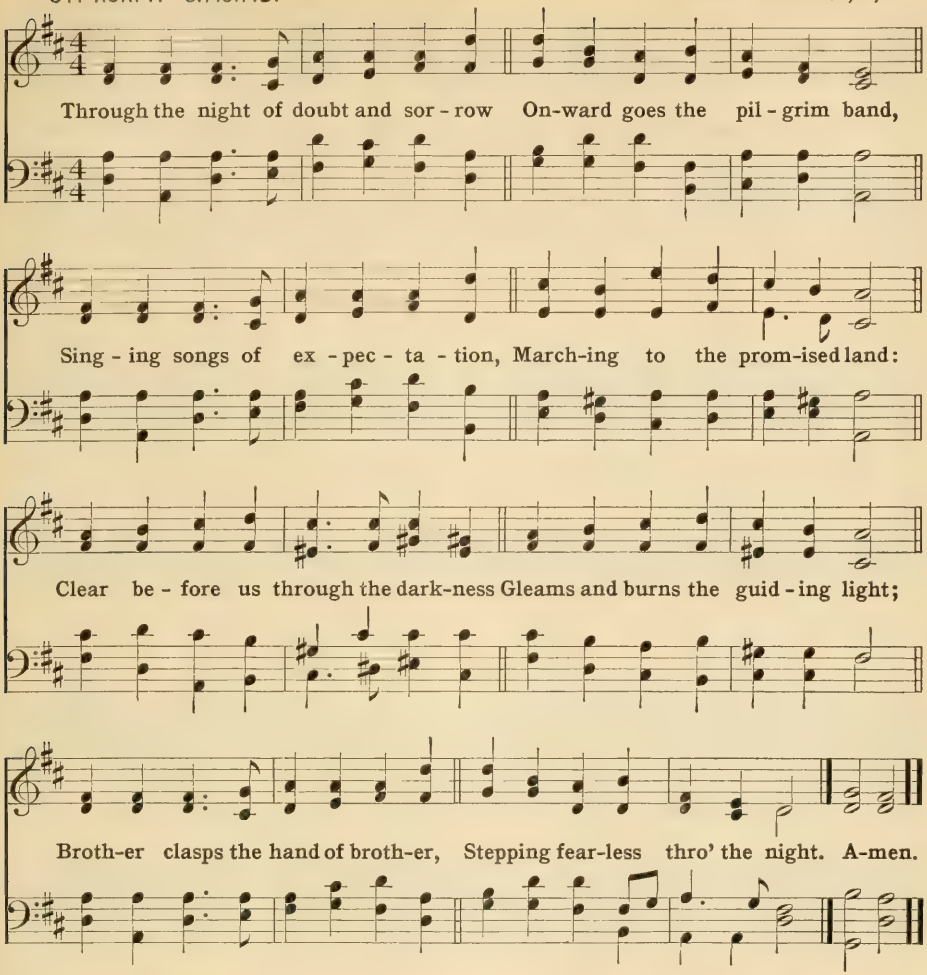
2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819

461

ST. ASAPH 8.7.8.7.D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872

Through the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land:
Clear be - fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Stepping fear-less thro' the night. A-men.

2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

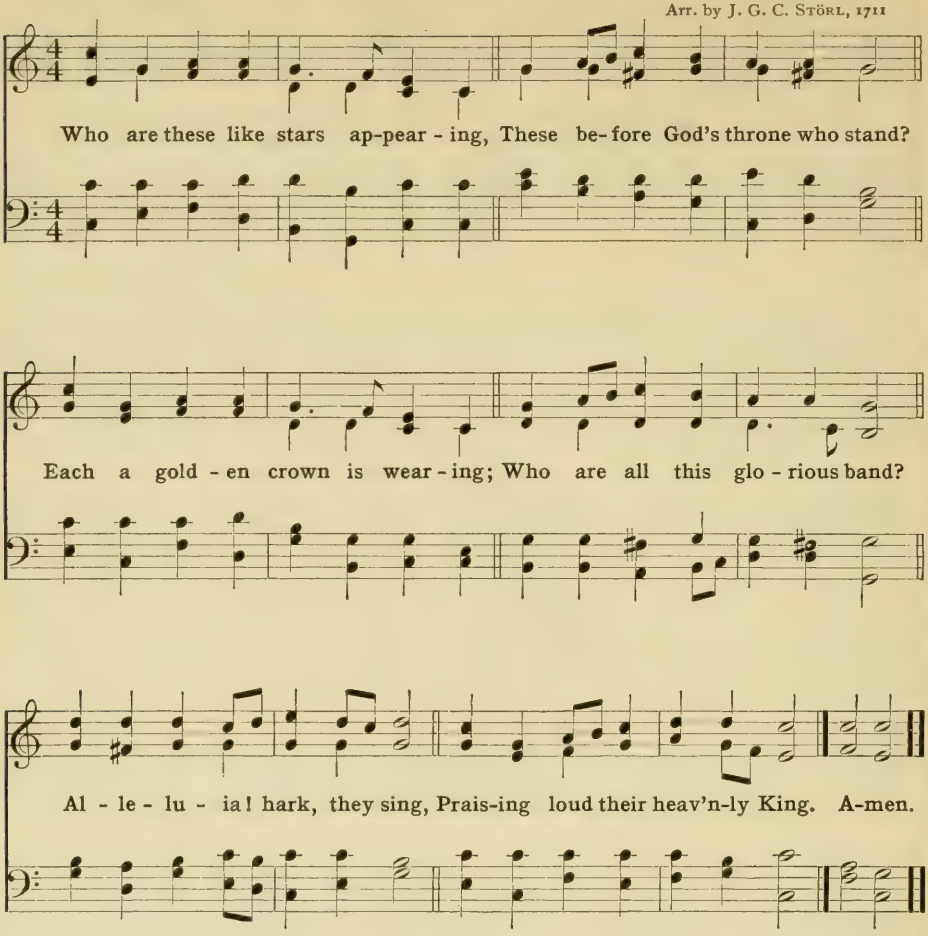
4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade:
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

BERNHARDT S. INGEMANN, 1825
Tr. Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, 1867

462

ALL SAINTS OLD 8.7.8.7.7.7.

DARMSTÄDTER GESANGBUCH, 1698
Arr. by J. G. C. STÖRL, 1711


Who are these like stars ap-pear - ing, These be-fore God's throne who stand?
Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?
Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

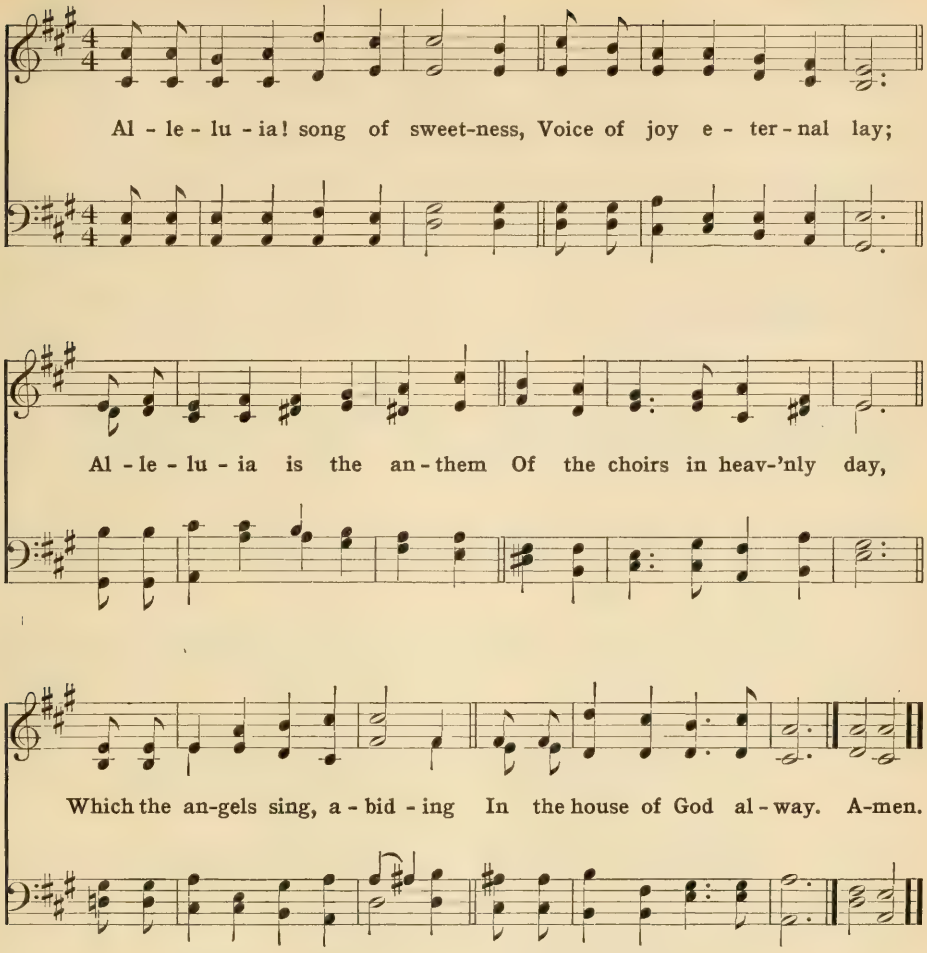
3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and
Offering up to Christ their will; [waited,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

Rev. HEINRICH T. SCHENK, 1719 Tr. FRANCES E. COX, 1841, 1864

463

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.8.7. E. J. HOPKINS, 1872

Al - le - lu - ia! song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy e - ter - nal lay;
Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Of the choirs in heav-'nly day,
Which the an-gels sing, a - bid - ing In the house of God al - way. A-men.

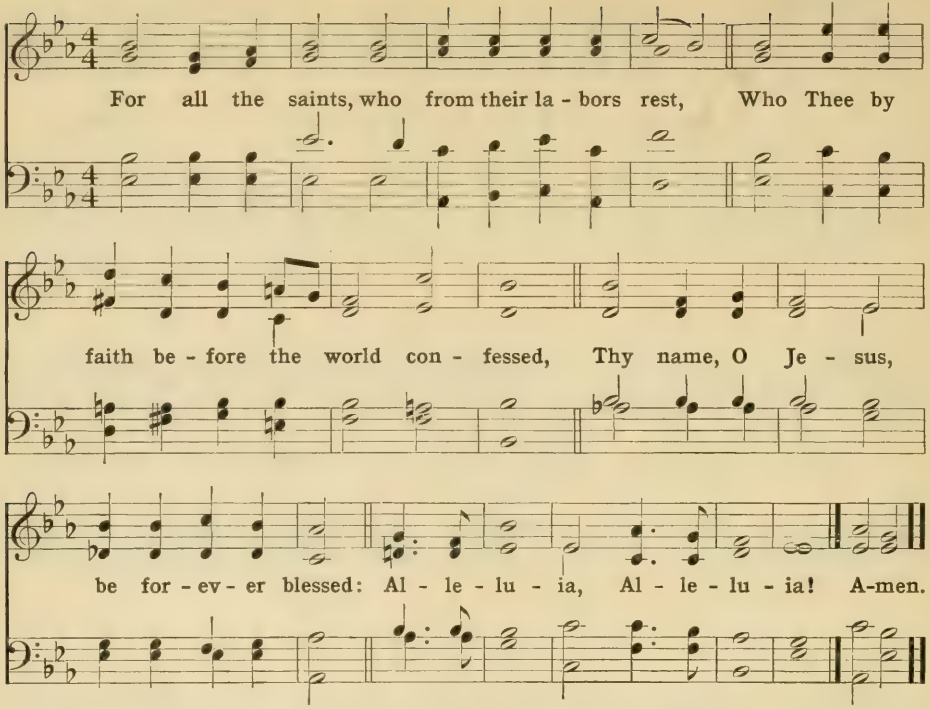
2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, mother ever blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters,
Sit in bondage and distressed.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all our heart's deep longing
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

Latin, 11th cent. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851

464

SARUM 10.10.10.4. J. Barnby, 1869

For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
be for - ev - er blessed: Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!

3 O, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

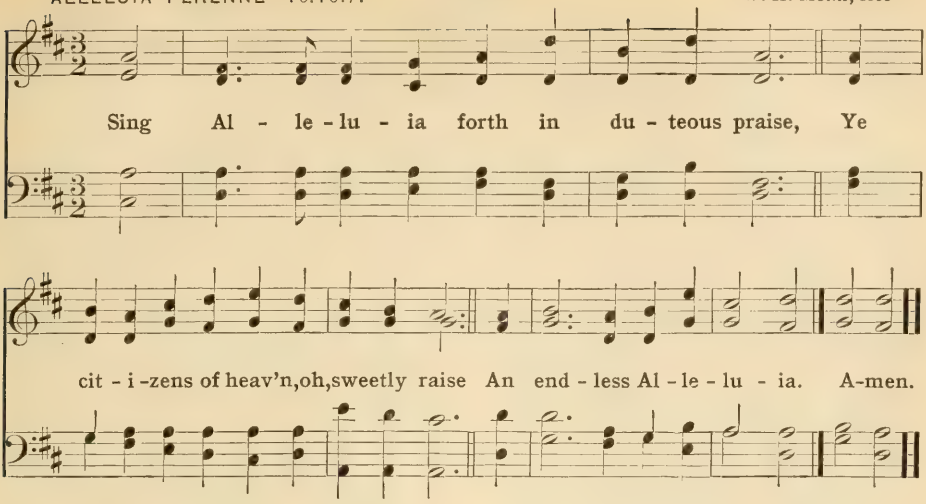
7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Bishop William W. How, 1864

465

ALLELUIA PERENNE 10.10.7. W. H. Monk, 1868



2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

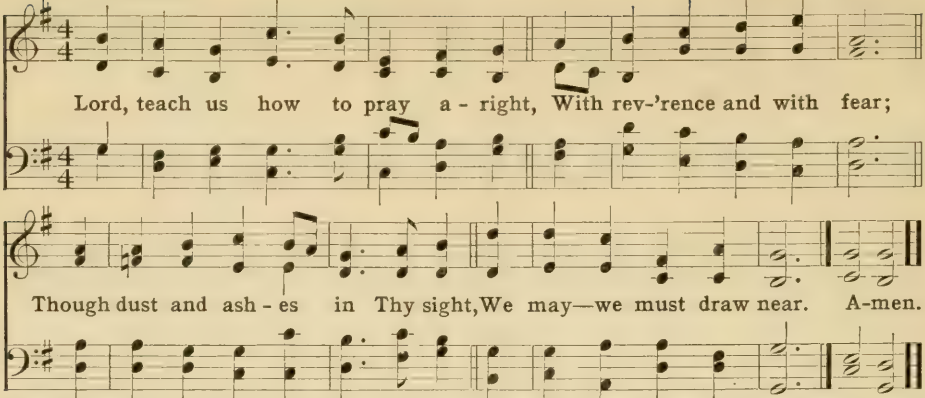
8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

(Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. Rev. John Ellerton, 1865

466

FAITH C. M. — Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1867


Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev-'rence and with fear;
Though dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may—we must draw near. A-men.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

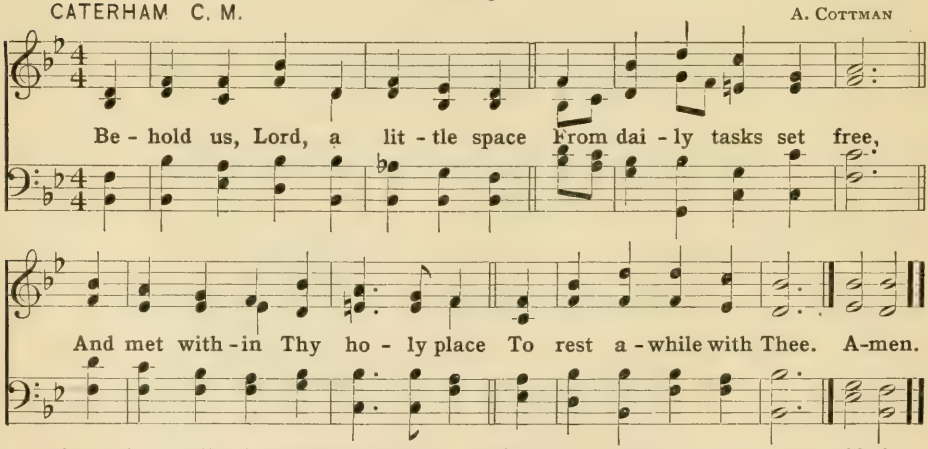
3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

5 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, 1818

467

CATERHAM C. M. — A. Cottman

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

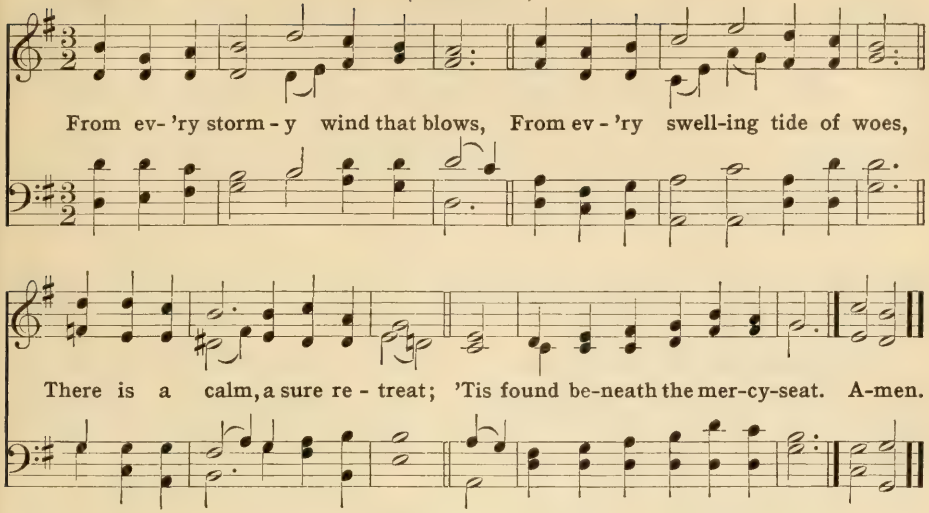
4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870

468

LUDINGTON L. M. (*First Tune*) W. F. BIDDLE


From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

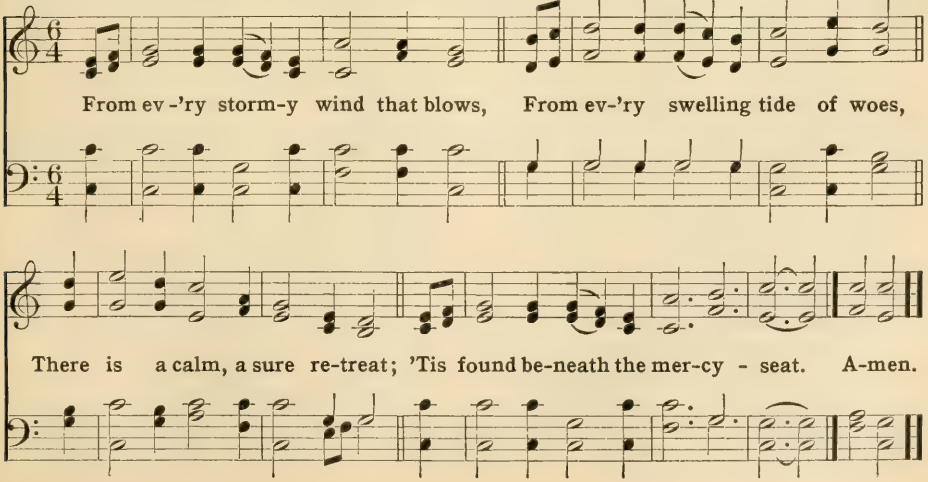
4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827

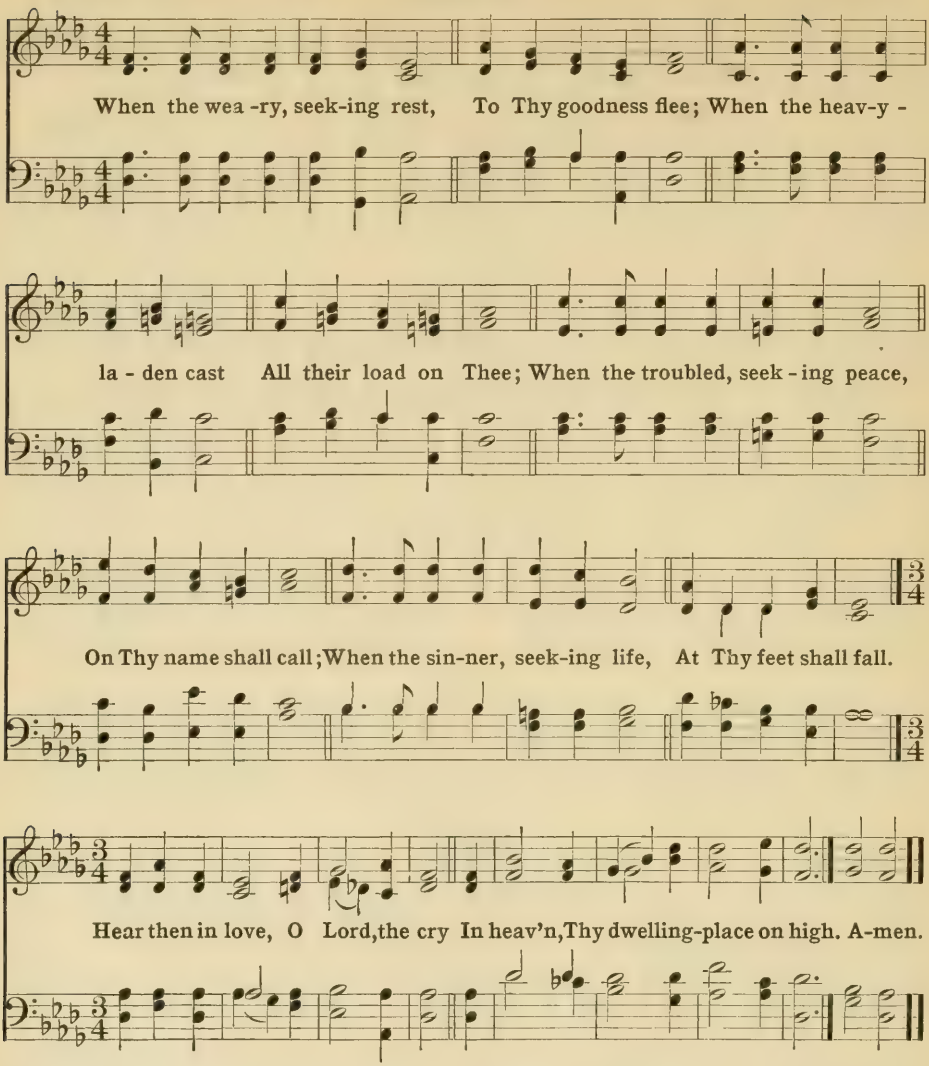
468

RETREAT L. M. (*Second Tune*) T. HASTINGS, 1842


From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat. A-men.

469

ELIJAH 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8. (*First Tune*) J. STAINER


When the wea -ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y -
la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek - ing peace,
On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall.
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

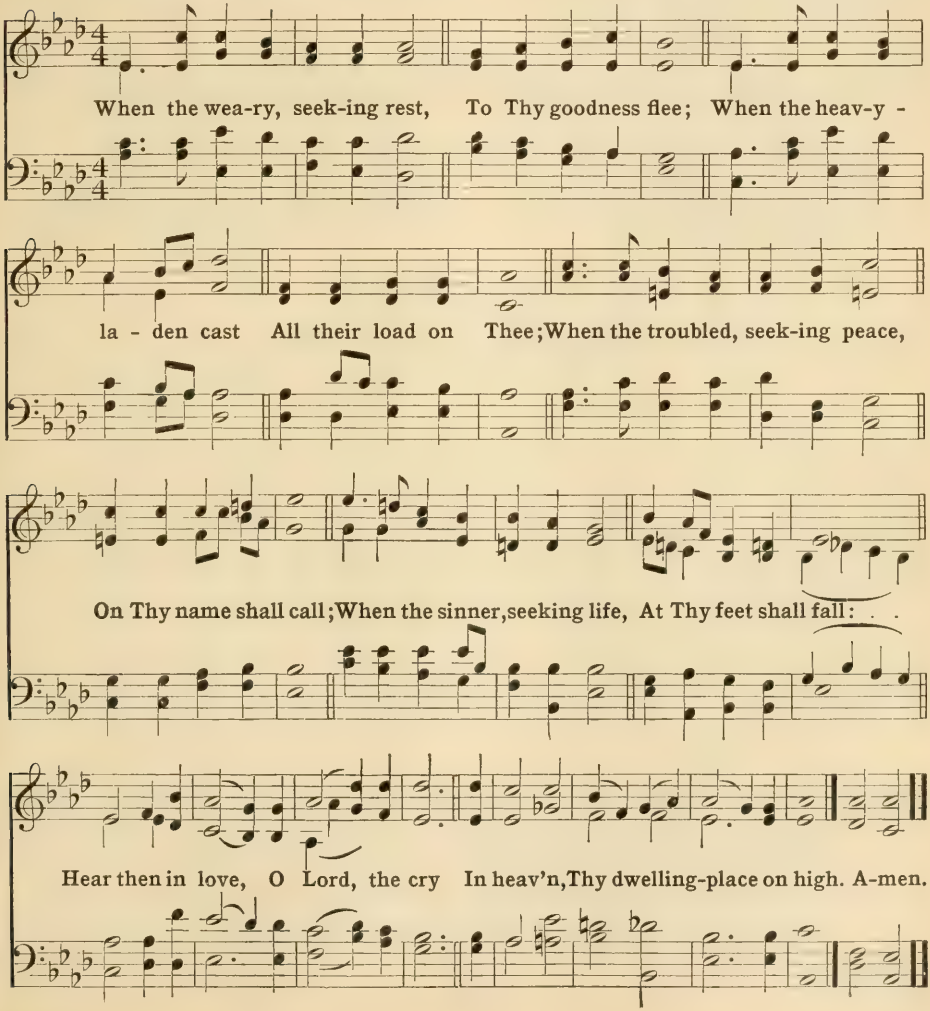
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

469

(*Second Tune*)

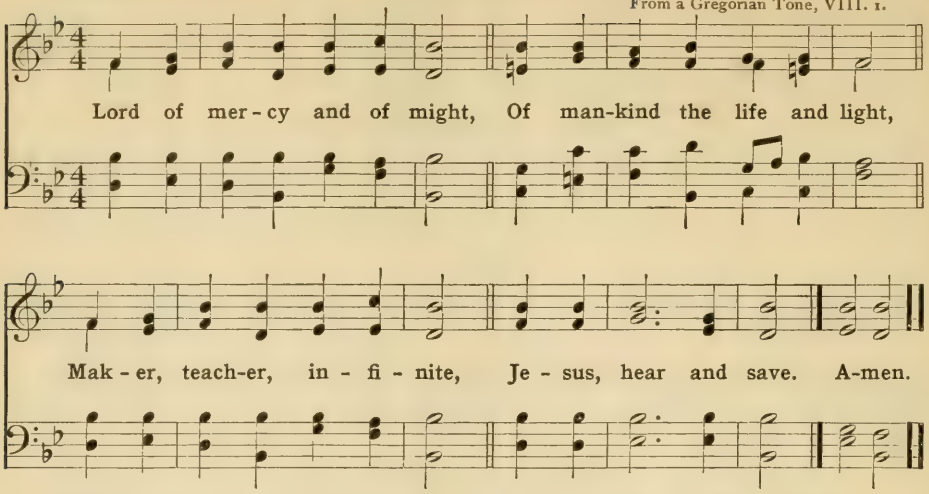
INTERCESSION 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.

W. H. CALLCOTT, 1867
The last two lines from MENDELSSOHN, 1846


When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y -
la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace,
On Thy name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall: . .
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

470

AMBROSE 7.7.7.5. (*First Tune*) Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872
From a Gregorian Tone, VIII. 1.



2 Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

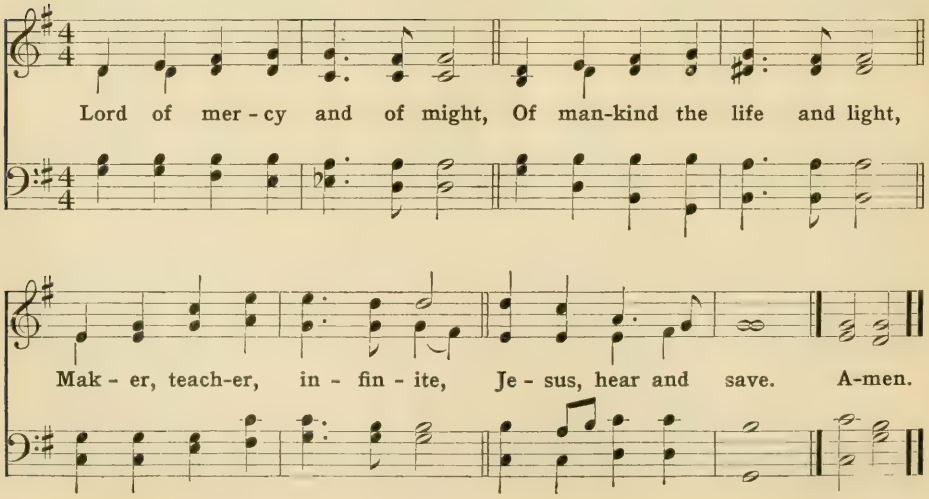
3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

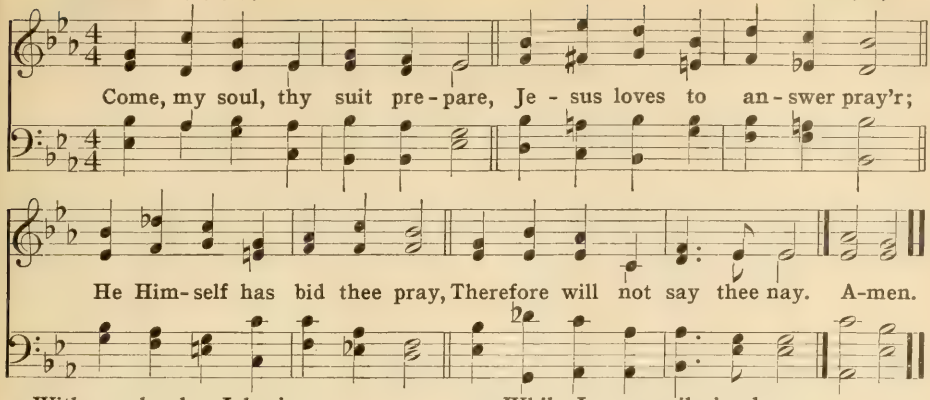
470

ST. SERBAN 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune*) E. H. THORNE



471

ALCESTER 7.7.7.7. C. H. Lloyd, 1892


Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer pray'r;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A-men.

2 With my burden I begin:
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

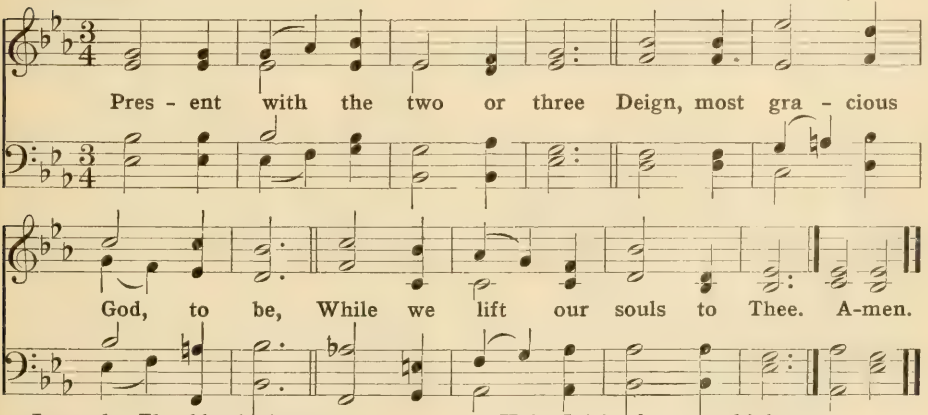
4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

472

LACRYMÆ 7.7.7. A. S. Sullivan, 1872



2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.

3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

4 Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say,
"Abba, Father," when we pray.

5 Holy Spirit, from on high
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.

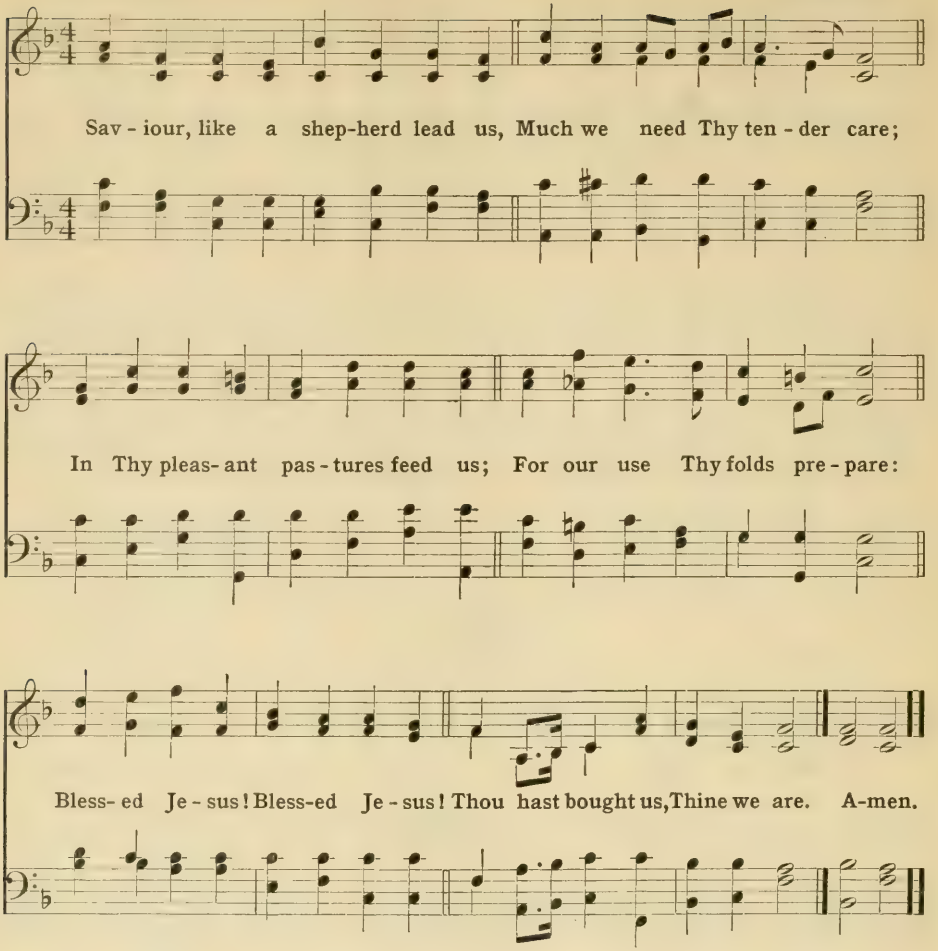
6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.

7 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

Fanny Freer

473

JESU, BONE PASTOR 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. H. Willcox


Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear Thy children, when they pray.

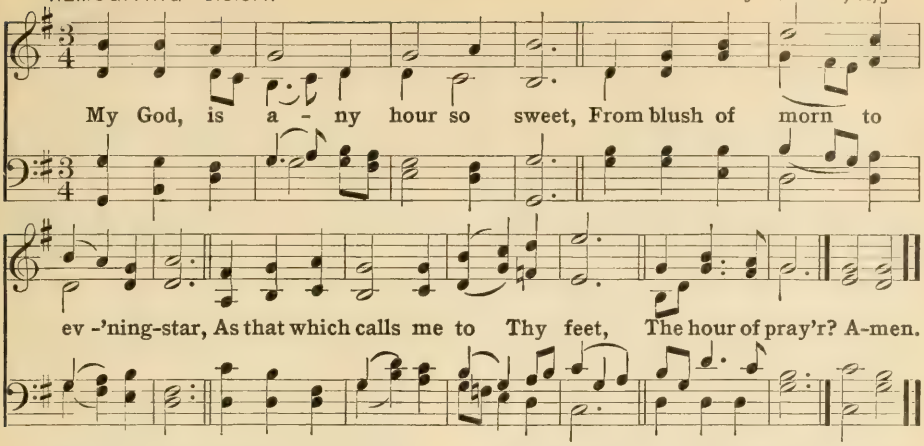
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. c. 1836

474

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875



2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

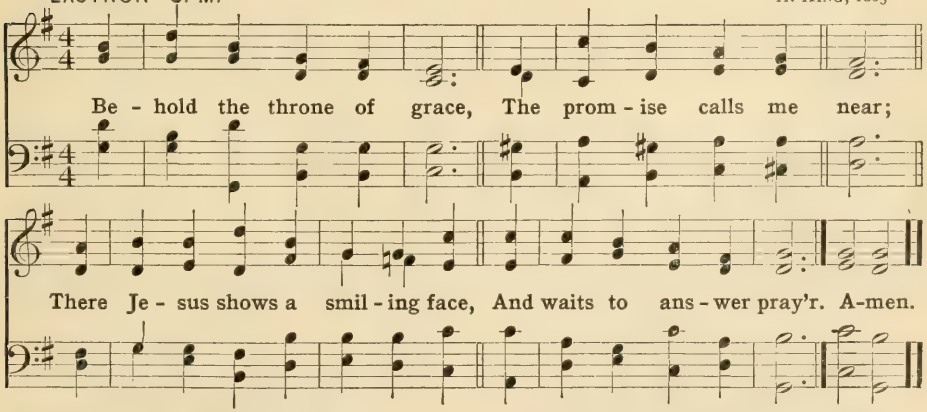
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

475

EASTNOR S. M. A. King, 1863



2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

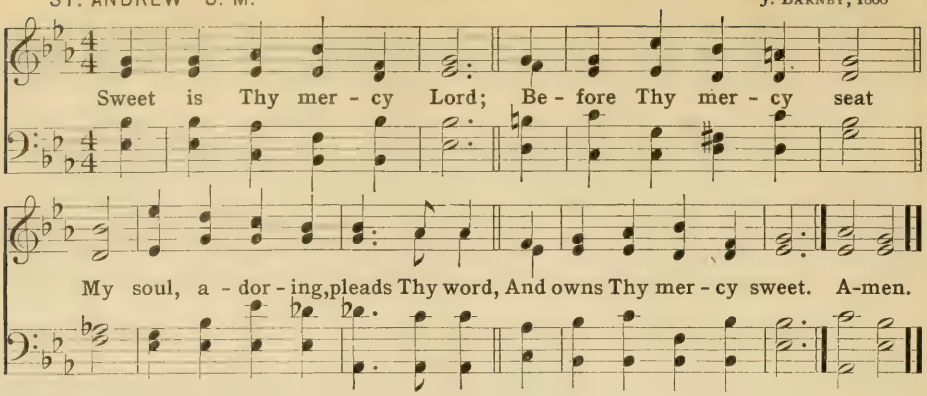
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

476

ST. ANDREW S. M. — J. BARNBY, 1866



2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

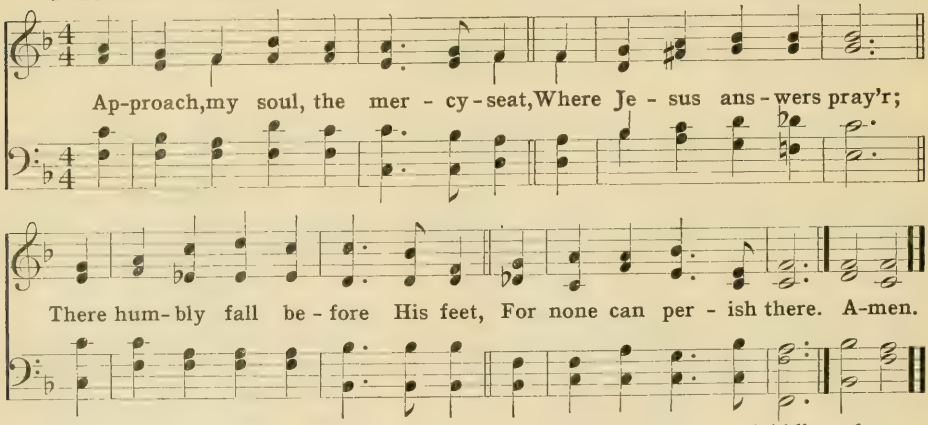
4 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862

477

DALEHURST C. M. — A. COTTMAN, 1872


Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus ans - wers pray'r;
There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A-men.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

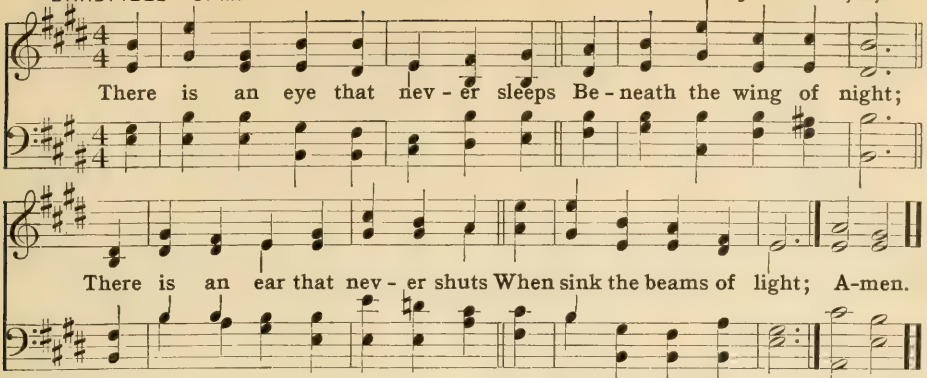
5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

478

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872


There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light; A-men.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

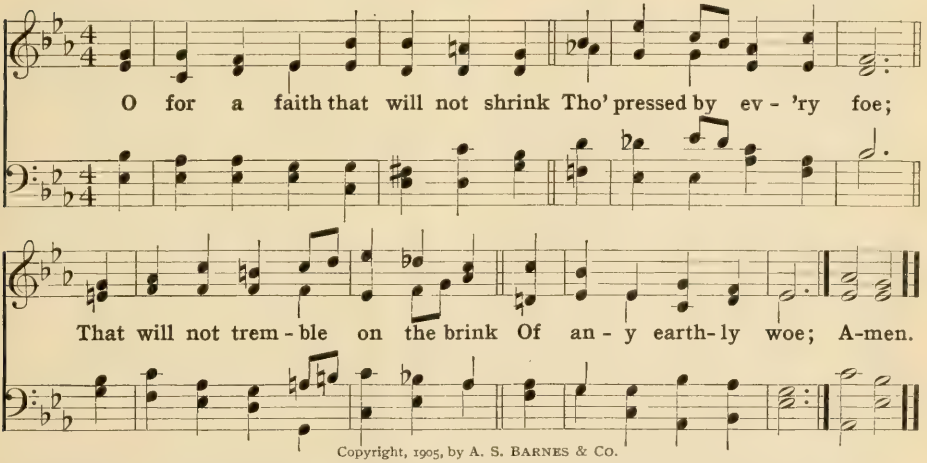
5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Rev. JAMES C. WALLACE, 1830

479

BARTLETT C. M.

HOMER N. BARTLETT



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2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

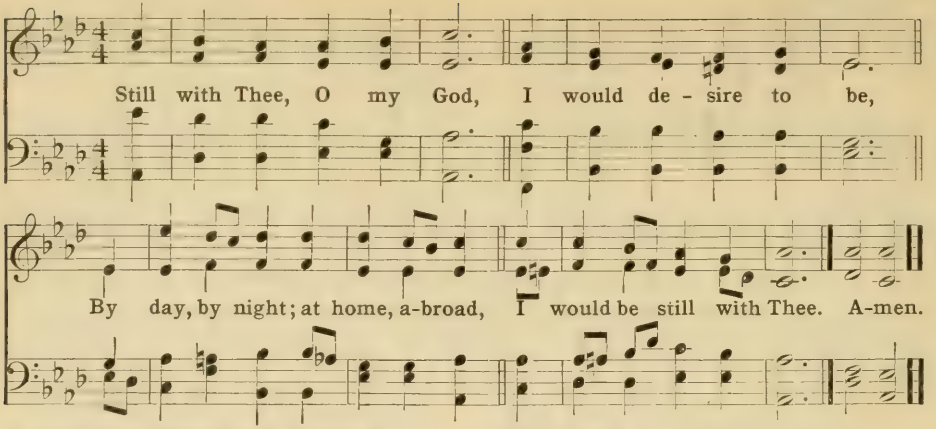
5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831

480

ST. GILES S. M.

J. M. Bell, 1885



2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

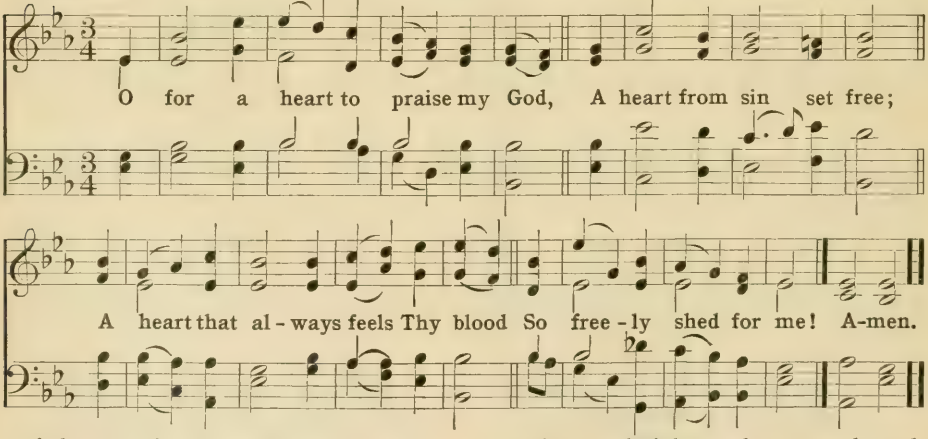
6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857

481

ABRIDGE C. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

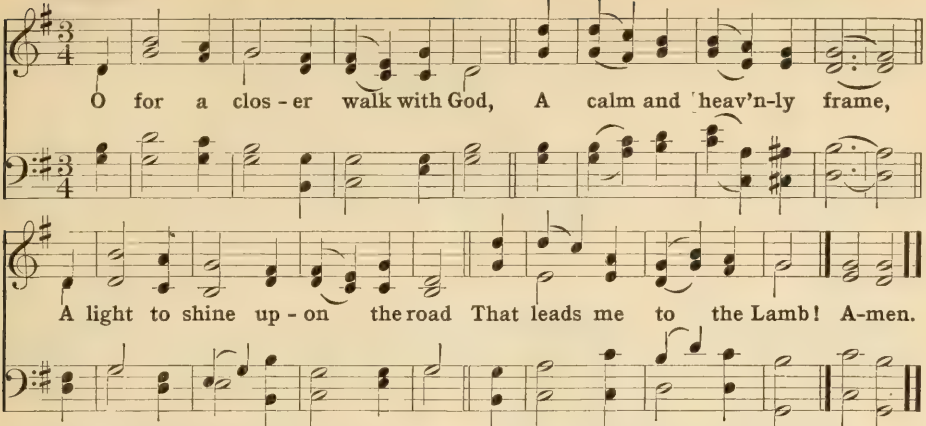
4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

482

BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from W. GARDINER, 1812



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove; return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

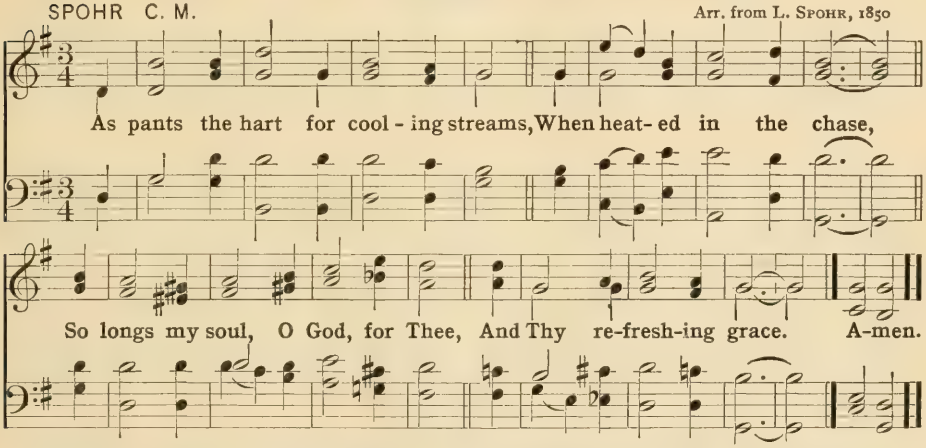
5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

483

SPOHR C. M.

Arr. from L. SPOHR, 1850


As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat- ed in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace. A-men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold Thy face
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

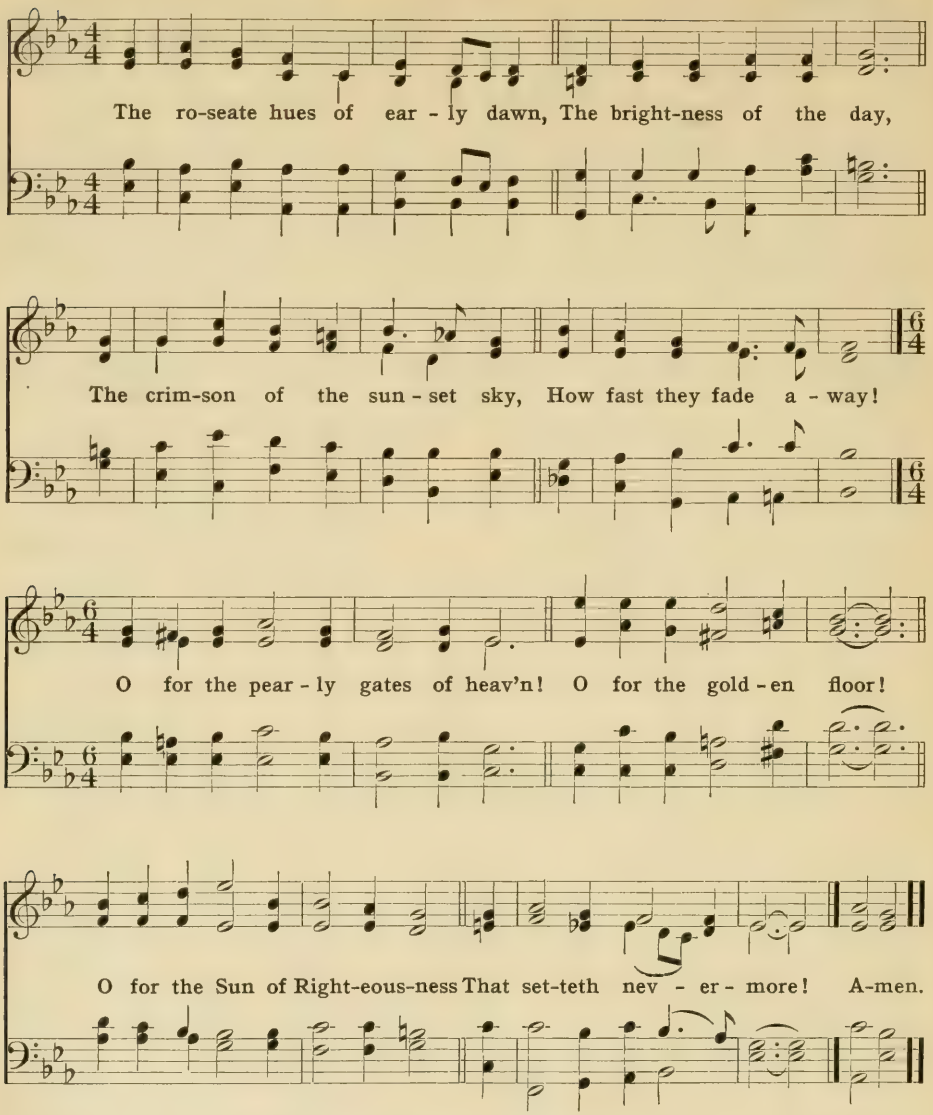
4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE and BRADY, 1696

484

CASTLE RISING C. M. D. (*First Tune*) Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, 1867

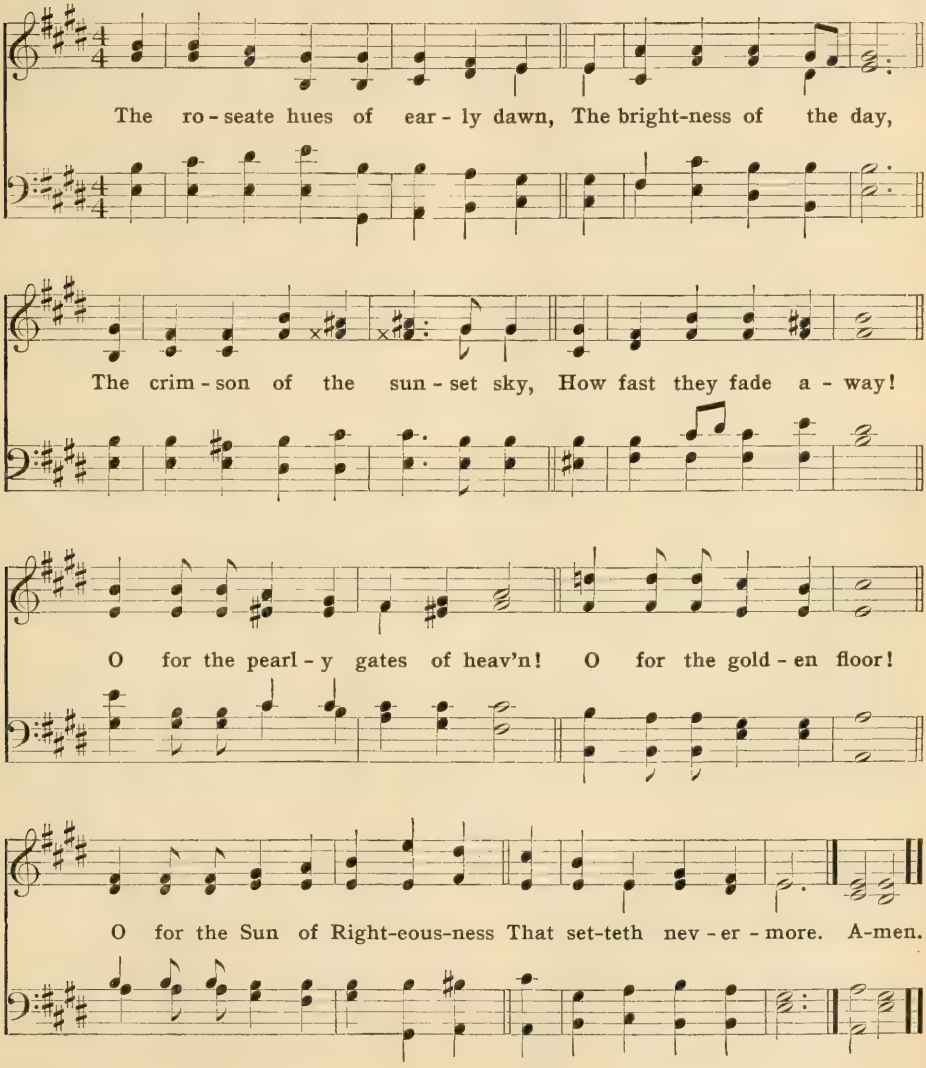

The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
The crim-son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!
O for the pear - ly gates of heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!
O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more! A-men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

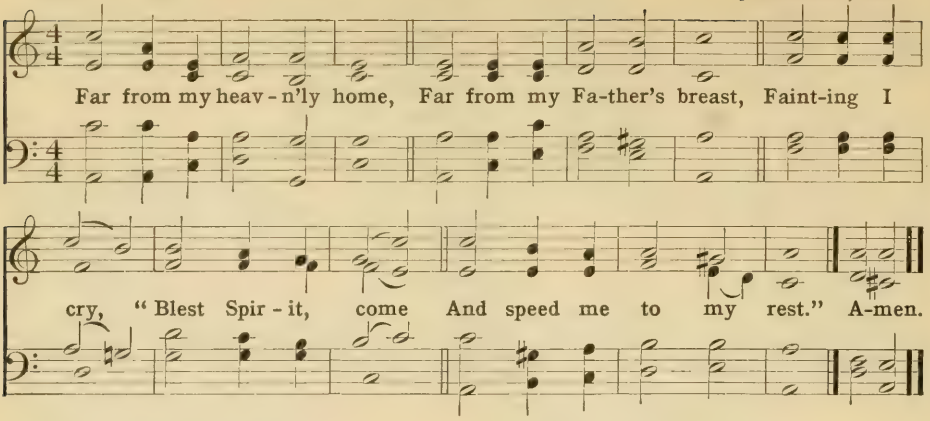
3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

484

ROSEATE HUES C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1892

The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!
O for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!
O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more. A-men.

485

LYTE S. M. J. B. WILKES, 1861

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

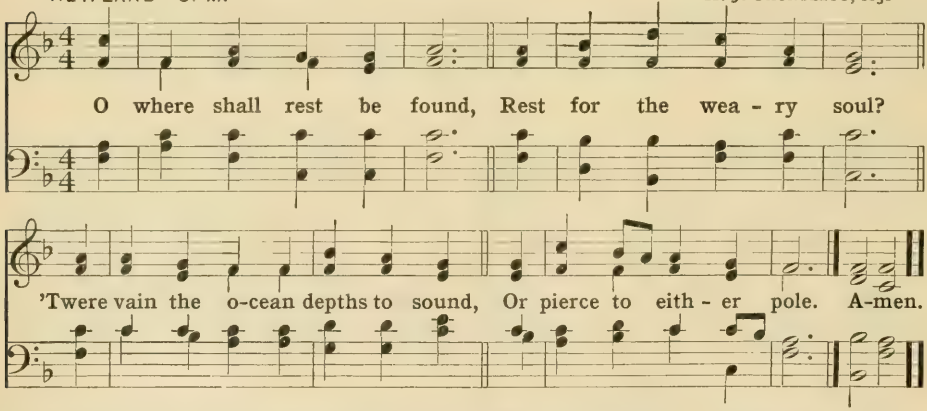
4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

486

NEWLAND S. M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1858



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

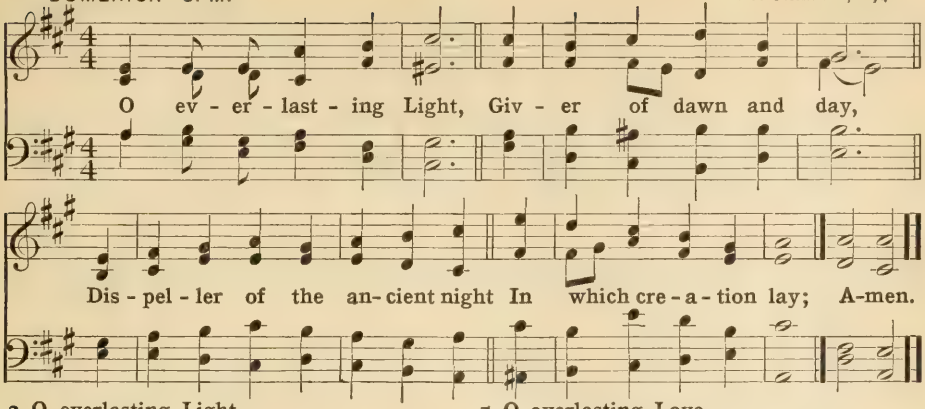
5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

487

DOMENICA S. M.

H. S. OAKELEY, 1874



2 O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.

3 O everasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.

4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

5 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

6 O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

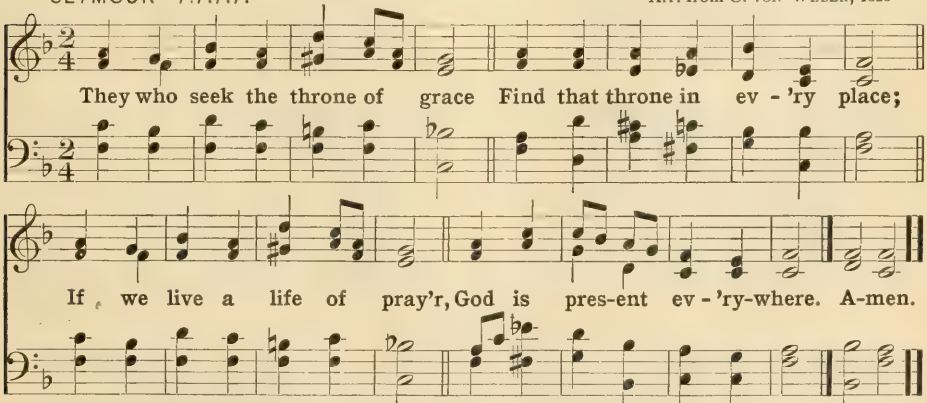
7 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1861

488

SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from C. VON WEBER, 1826



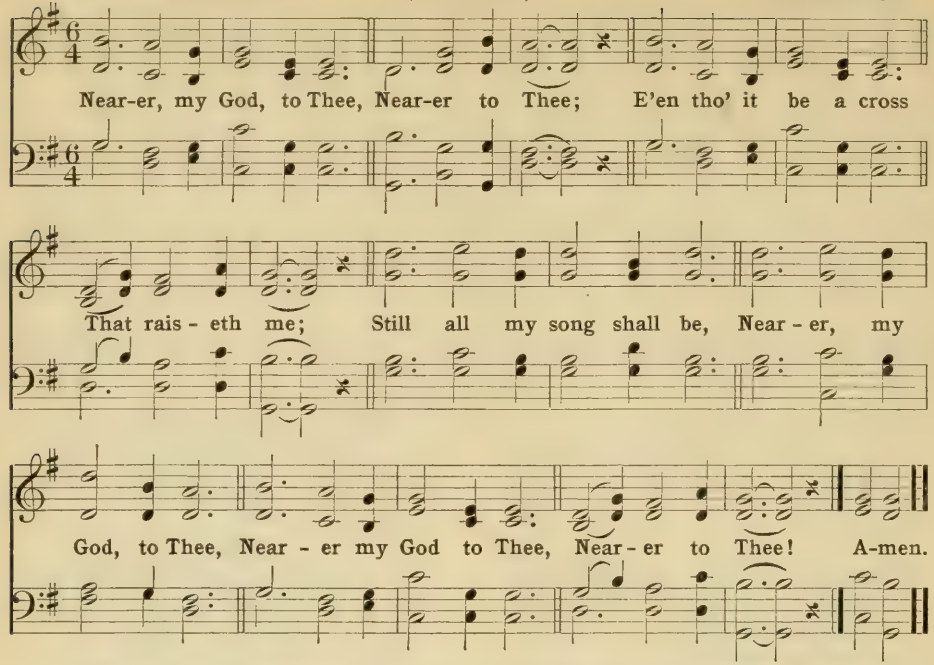
2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1835

489

BETHANY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*First Tune*) L. MASON, 1856

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A-men.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

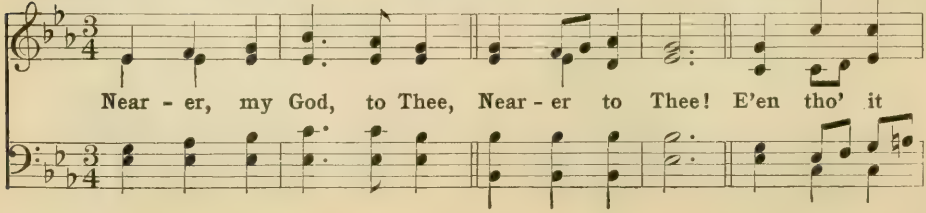
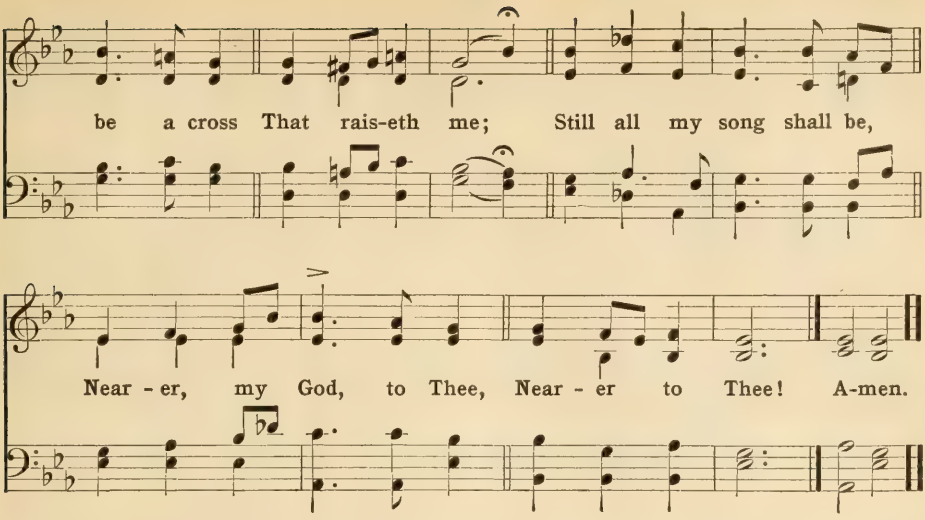
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841

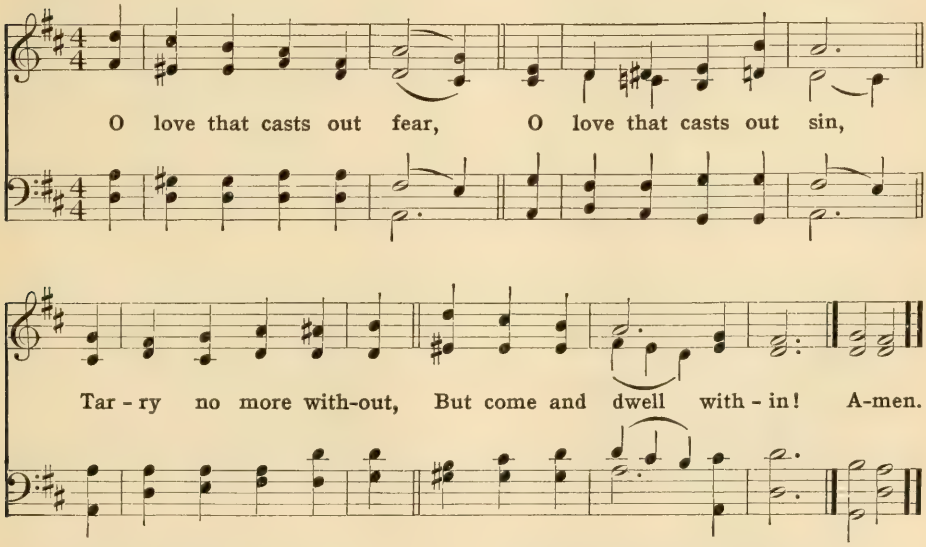
489

HORBURY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*) Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1861



490

ST. DENYS 6.6.6.6. F. SPINNEY



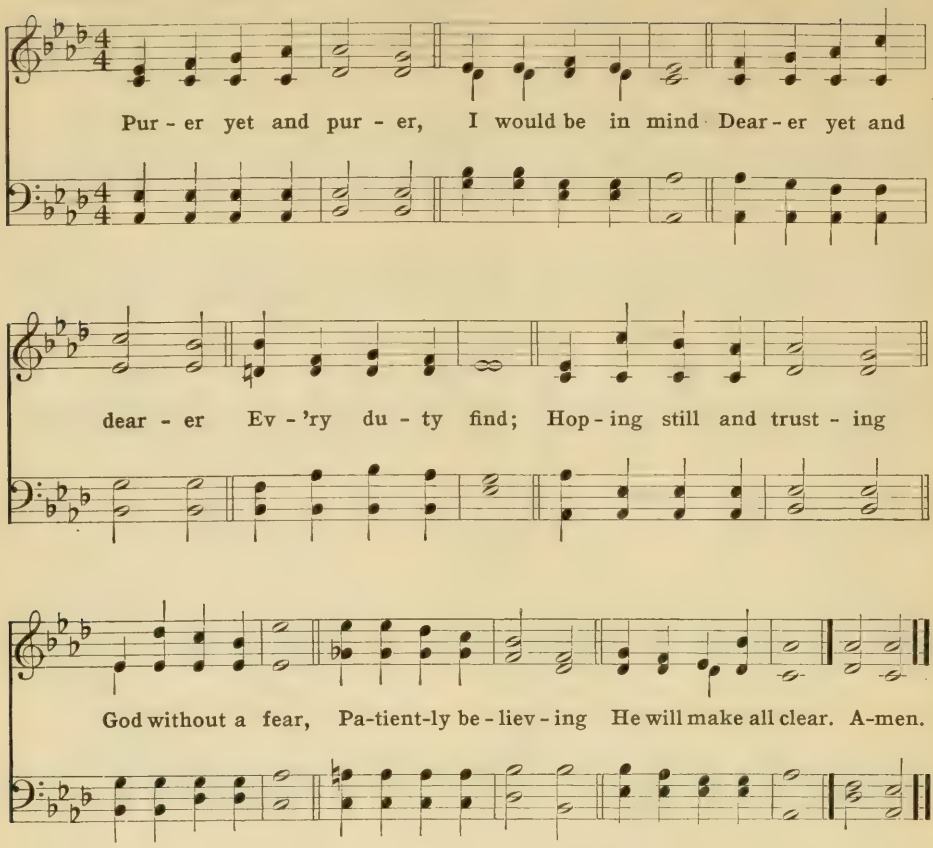
2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou living water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1864

491

LYNDHURST 6.5.6.5.D. Anon.

Pur - er yet and pur - er, I would be in mind Dear - er yet and
dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing
God without a fear, Pa-tient-ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A-men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer,
In the hour of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light;
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest;

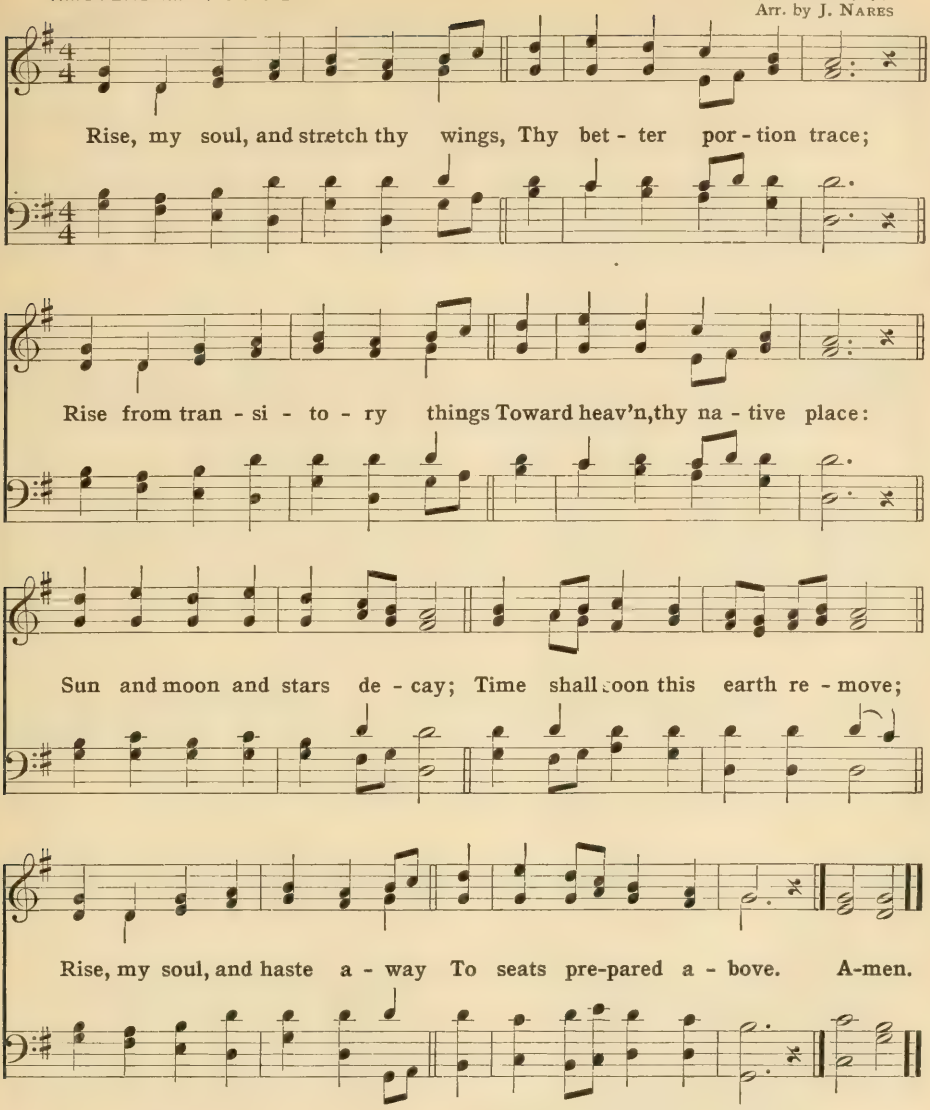
4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

492

AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6.D.

Foundery Collection, 1742
Arr. by J. NARES

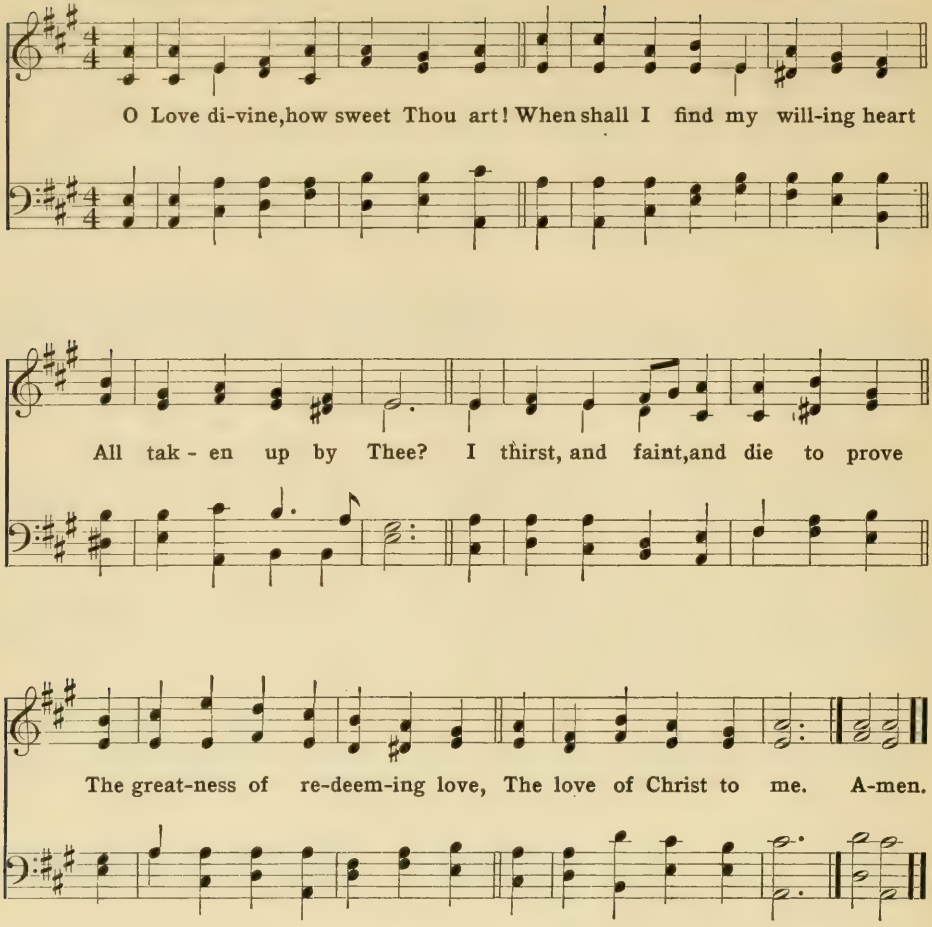

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A-men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

REV. ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742

493

PURLEIGH 8.8.6.8.8.6. A. H. BROWN

O Love di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart
All tak - en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

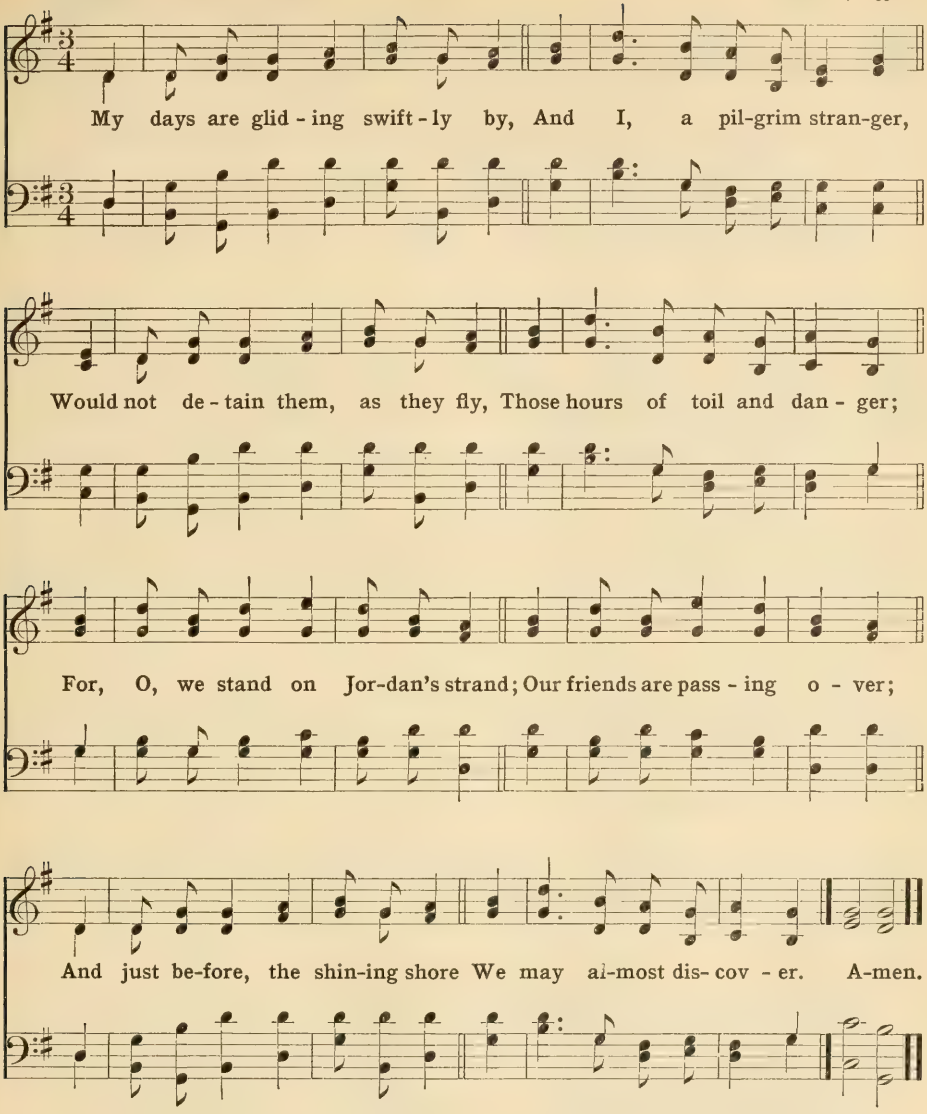
5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

494

SHINING SHORE 8.7.8.7.D.

G. F. Root, 1855

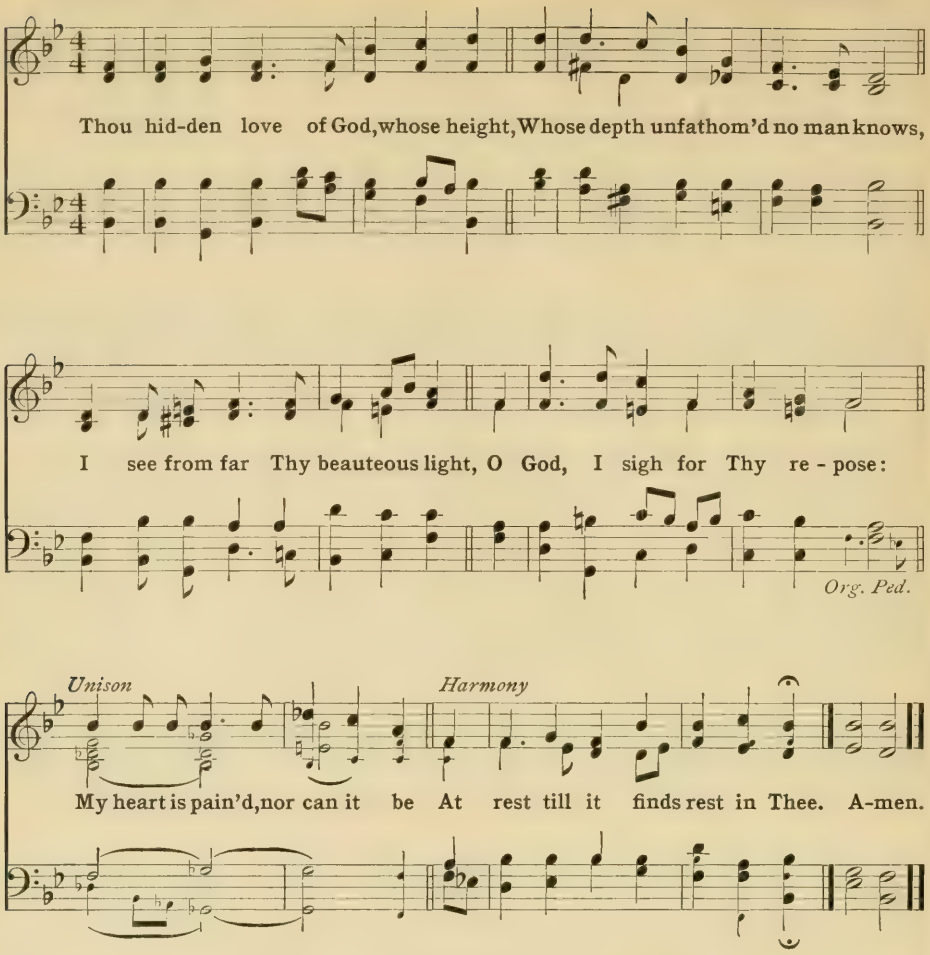

My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
Would not de - tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;
For, O, we stand on Jor-dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;
And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis- cov - er. A-men.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O, forever!
For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Rev. David Nelson, 1835

495

BAYNARD Six 8s. J. Booth, 1887

Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light, O God, I sigh for Thy re - pose:
Org. Ped.
Unison
Harmony
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A-men.

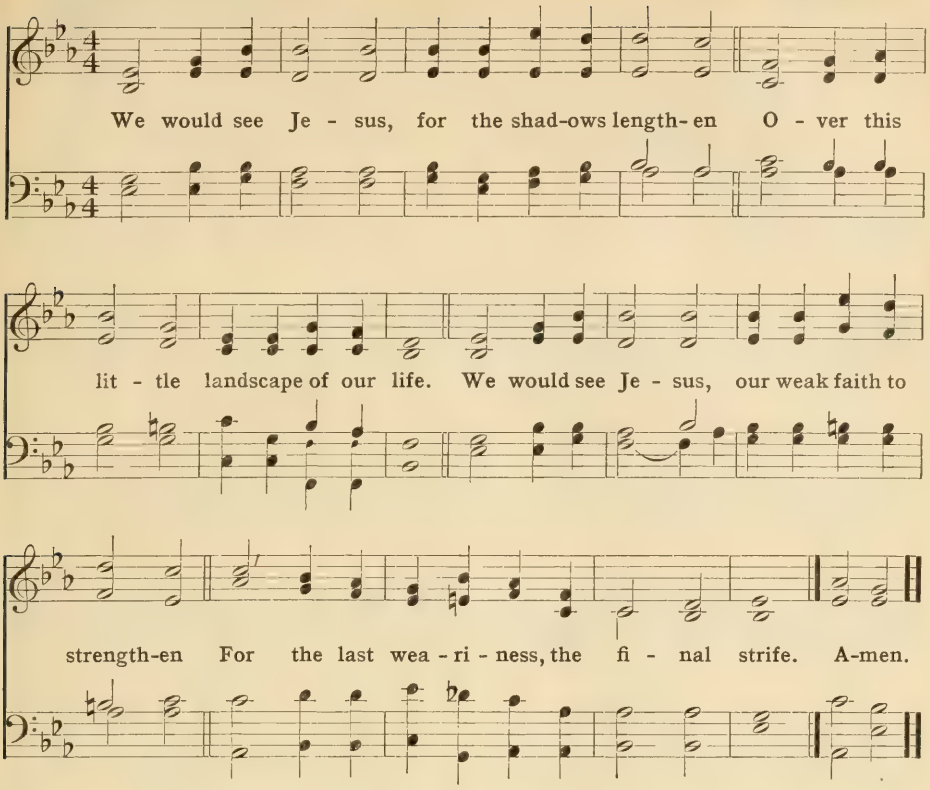
2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. Tersteegen, 1729. Tr. Rev. J. Wesley, 1736

496

PERFECT LOVE 11.10.11.10. J. Barnby, 1889

We would see Je - sus, for the shad-ows length-en O - ver this
lit - tle landscape of our life. We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A-men.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

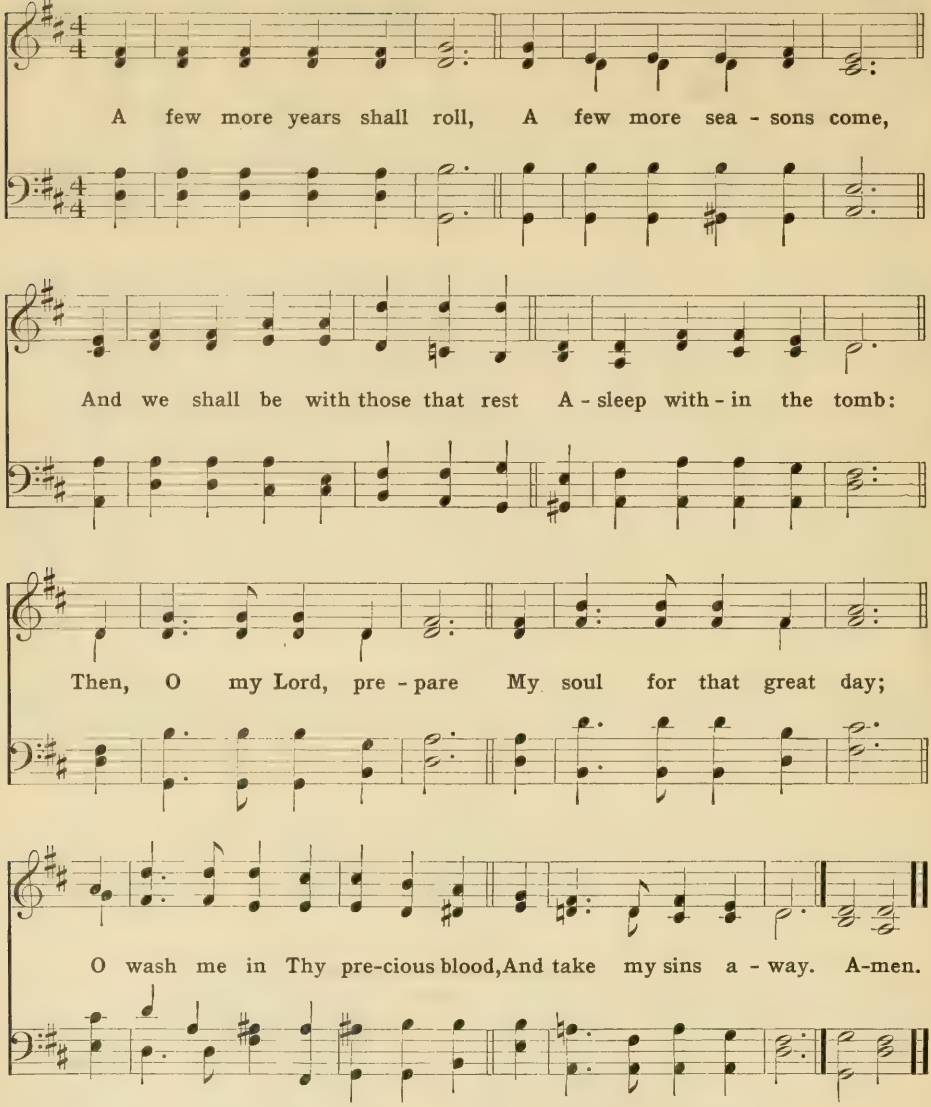
4 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

5 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Ellen S. Ellis, 1858

497

LEOMINSTER S. M. D. (*First Tune*)

G. W. MARTIN, 1862
Har. by A. SULLIVAN, 1874

A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A-men.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

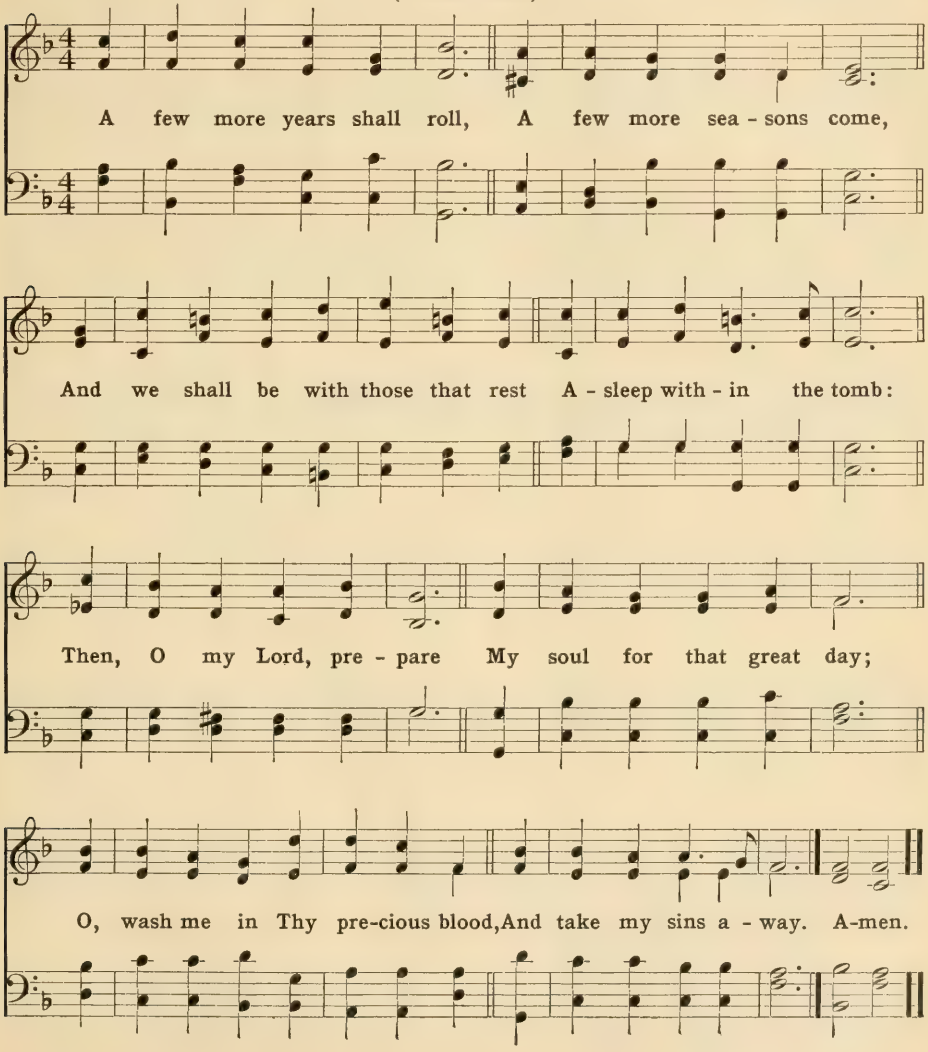
3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood.
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

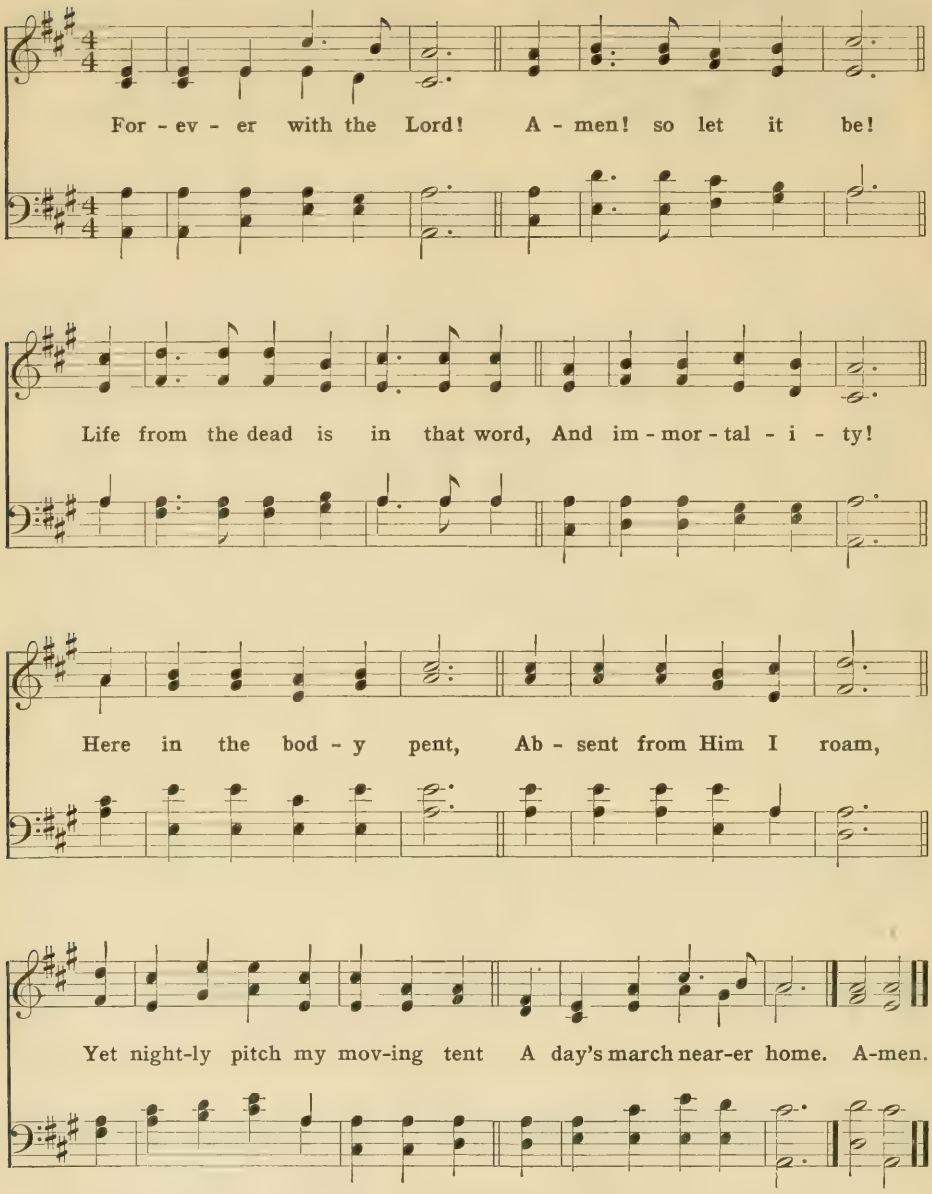
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844

497

CHALVEY S. M. D. (*Second Tune*) Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1868

A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
O, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood,And take my sins a - way. A-men.

498

NEARER HOME S. M. D. (*First Tune*)

I. B. Woodbury, 1852
Arr. by A. Sullivan, 1874

For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-men.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

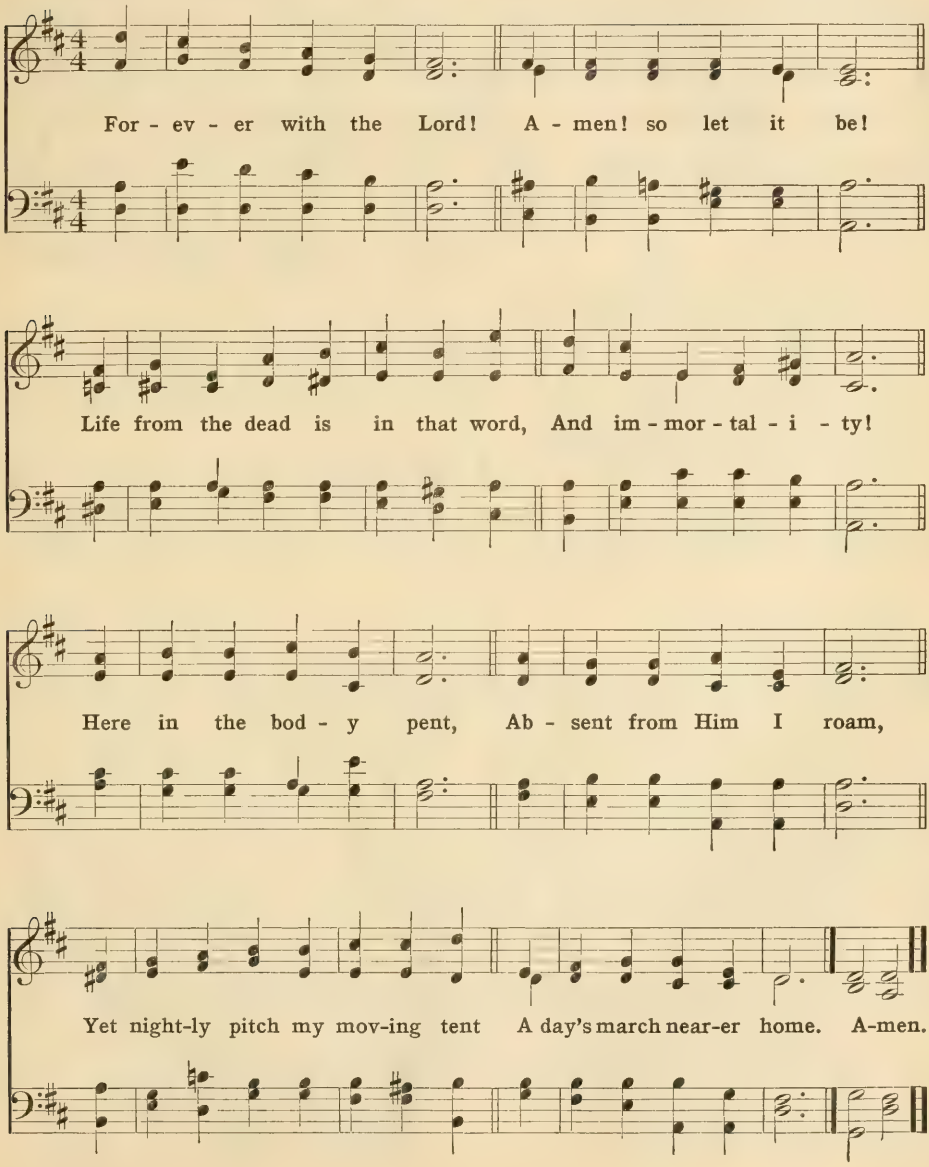
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 Then, then I feel, that He
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1835

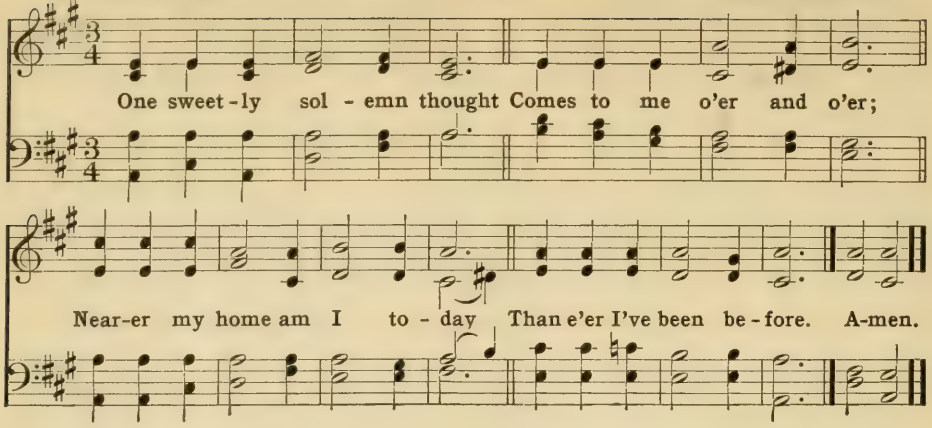
498

EVENING SHADOWS S. M. D. (*Second Tune*) J. T. MUSGRAVE

For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-men.

499

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

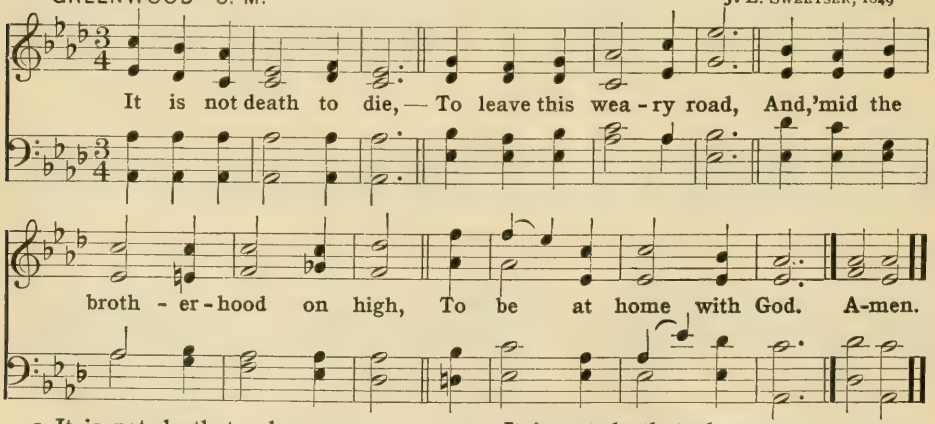
6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY, 1852

500

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

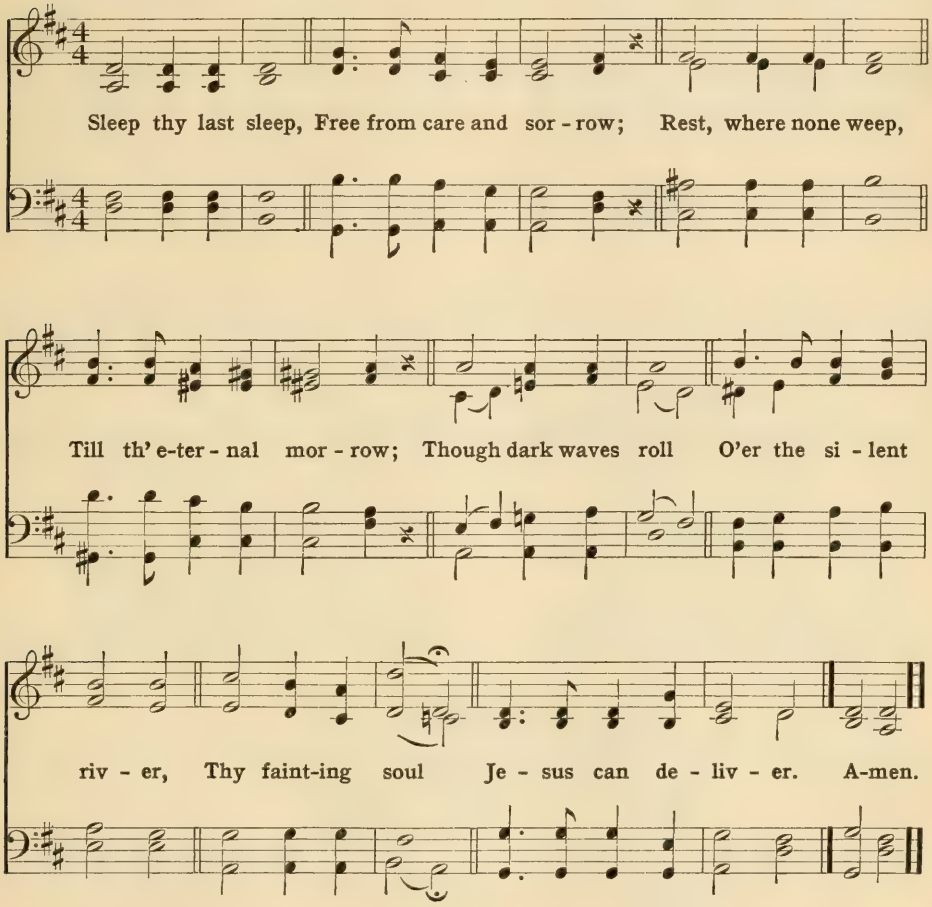
5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die:
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832
Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847

501

REQUIEM 4.6.4.6.D.

J. Barnby, 1869


Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
Till th' e-ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
riv - er, Thy faint-ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A-men.

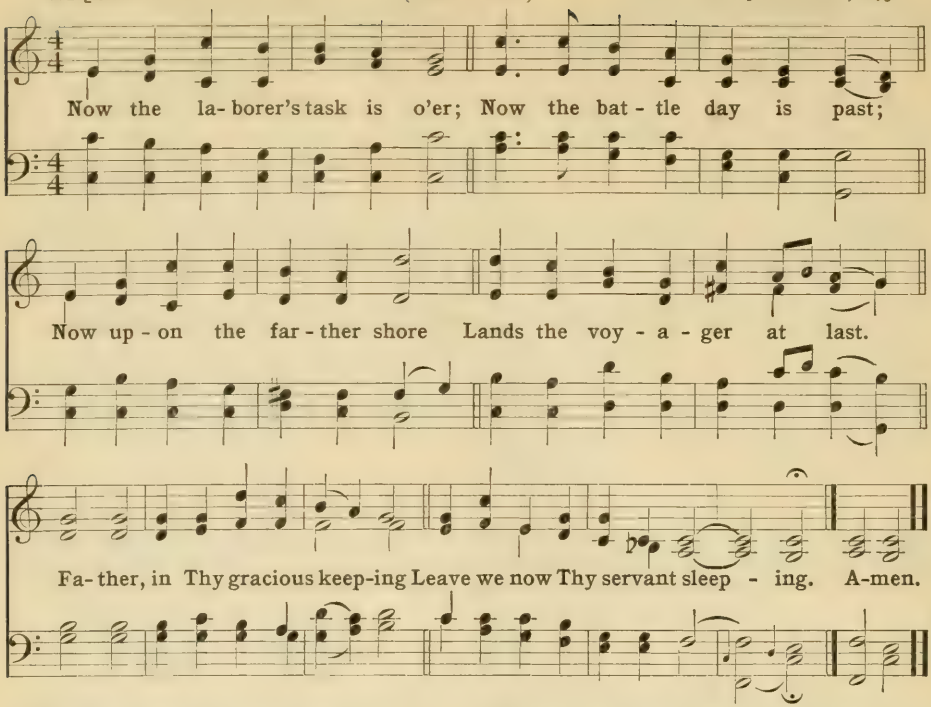
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868

502

REQUIESCAT 7.7.7.7.8.8. (*First Tune*) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875


Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;
Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last.
Fa-ther, in Thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now Thy servant sleep-ing. A-men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave me now Thy servant sleeping.

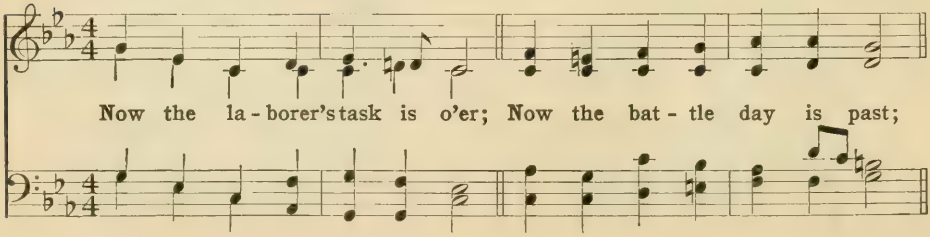
3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

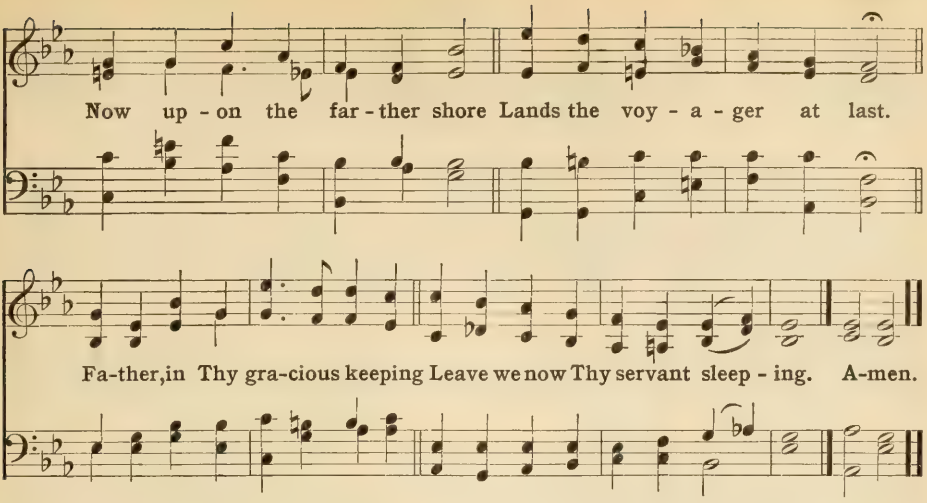
4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871

502

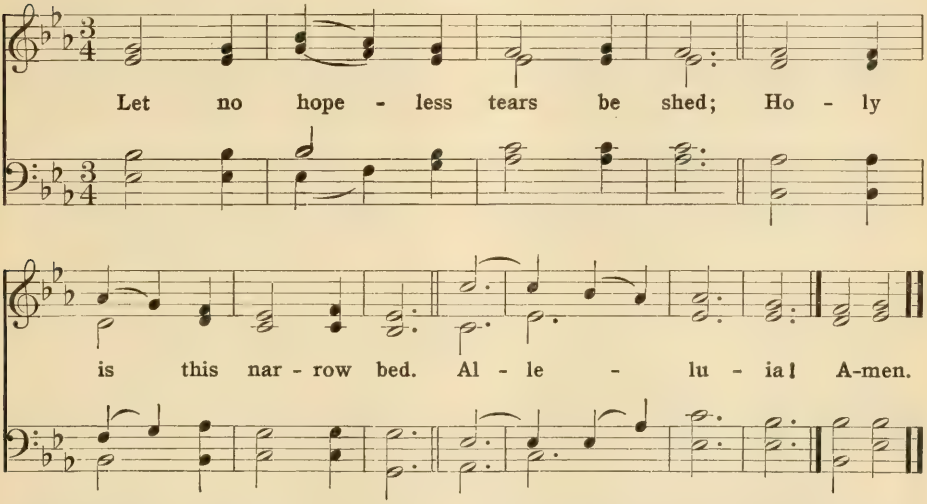
HEBRON 7.7.7.7.8.8. (*Second Tune*) J. Barnby




Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last.
Fa-ther,in Thy gra-cious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleep - ing. A-men.

503

ST. MILLICENT 7. 7. 4. A. SULLIVAN



2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run,—
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence.
Alleluia!

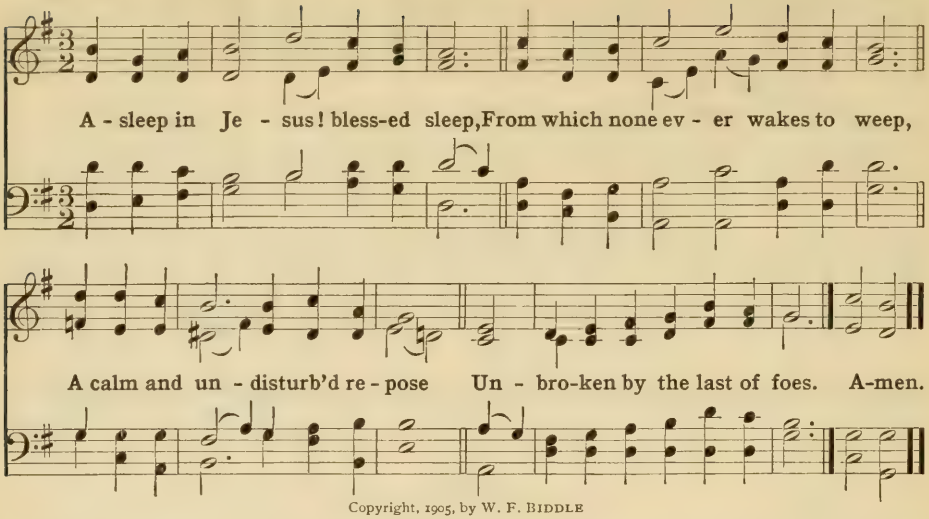
6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above!
Alleluia!

Anon., 1754. Tr. by Rev. R. F. LITTLEDALE, 1865

504

LUDINGTON L. M. (*First Tune*) W. F. BIDDLE


A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,
A calm and un - disturb'd re - pose Un - bro-ken by the last of foes. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

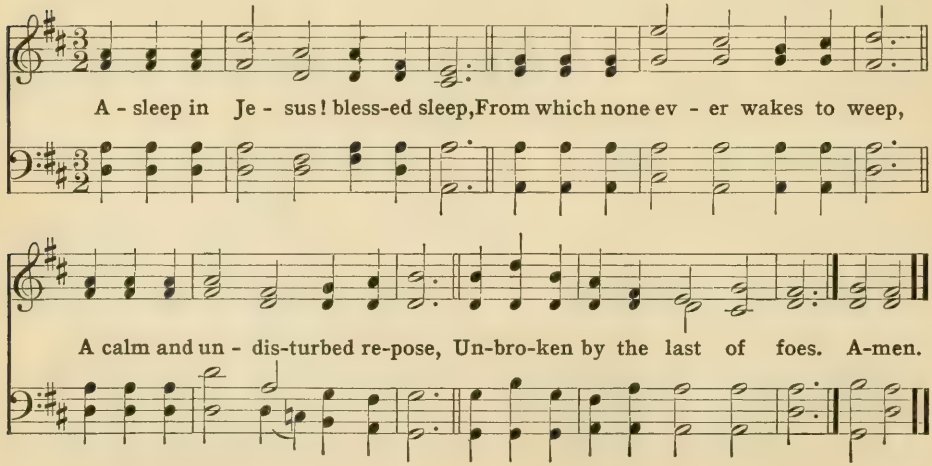
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

7 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY, 1832

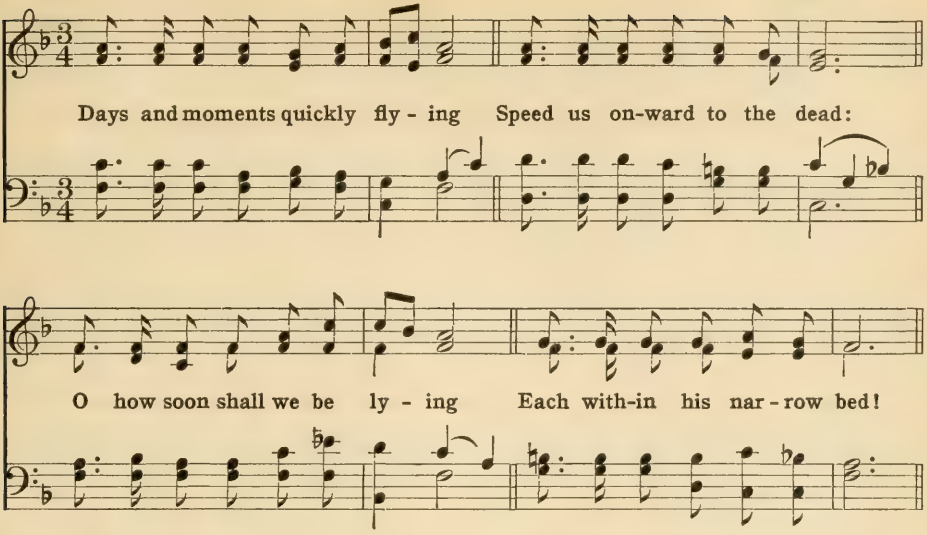
504

REST L. M. (*Second Tune*) W. B. BRADBURY, 1843


A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes. A-men.

505

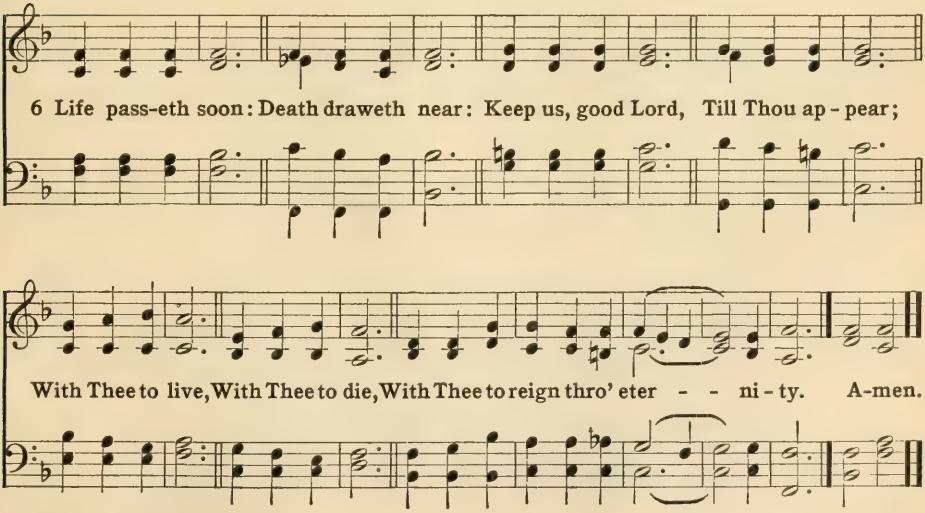
ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7. and 8.8.8.9. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1862



2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

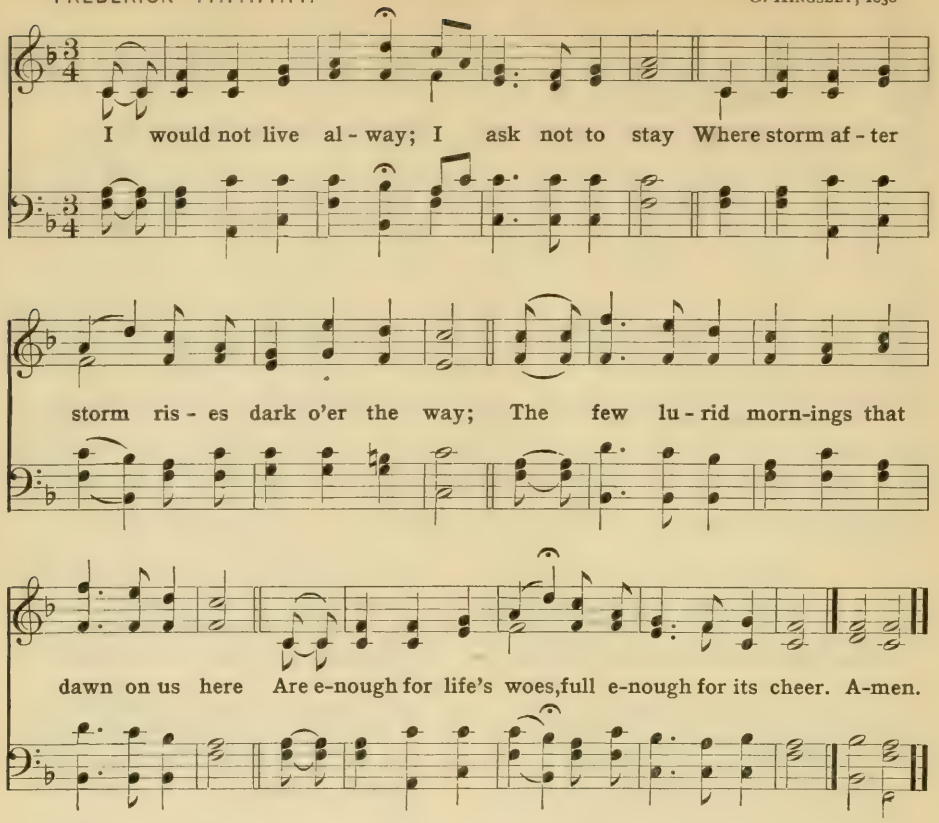
3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

6 Life pass-eth soon: Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;
With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' eter - - ni - ty. A-men.

Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858

506

FREDERICK 11.11.11.11. G. KINGSLEY, 1838

I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that
dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer. A-men.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

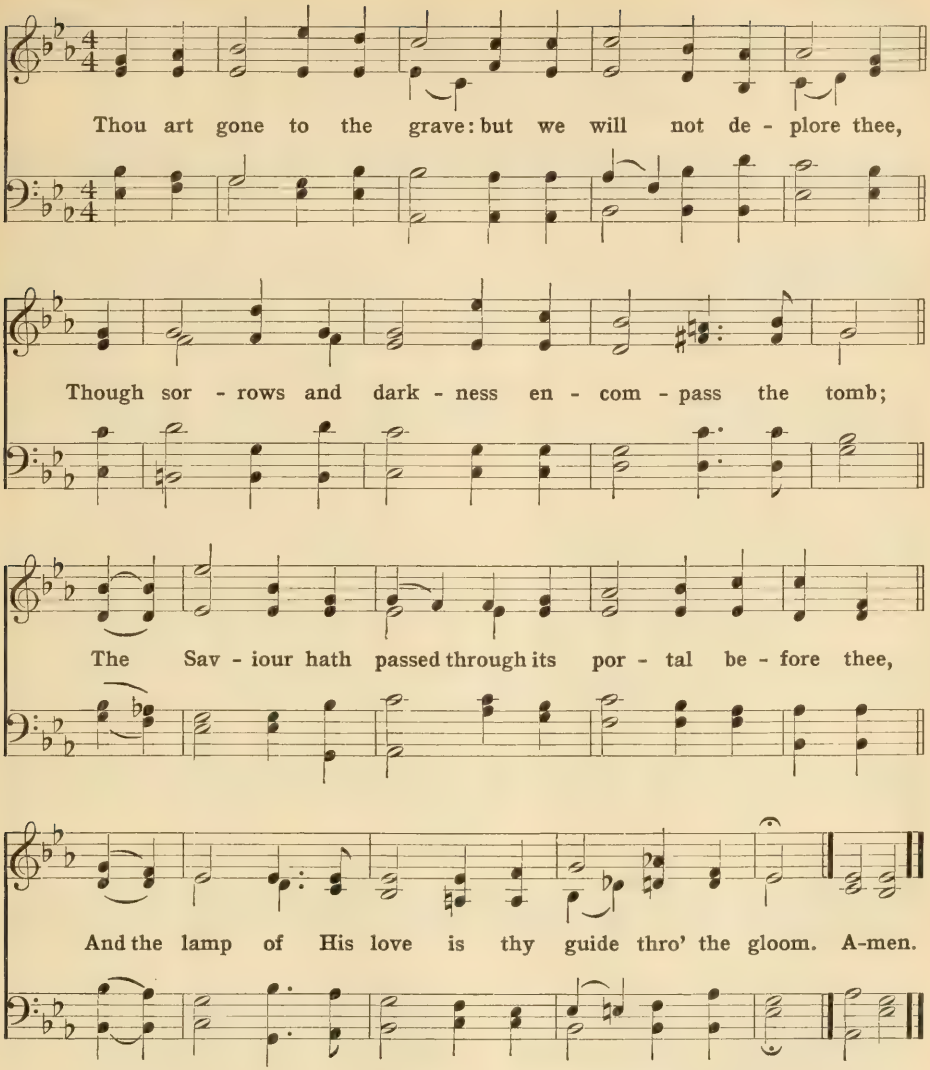
4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

7 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Rev. WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG, 1824

507

VICTORY 13.11.13.11

J. Barnby, 1867

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not de - plore thee,
Though sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb;
The Sav - iour hath passed through its por - tal be - fore thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom. A-men.

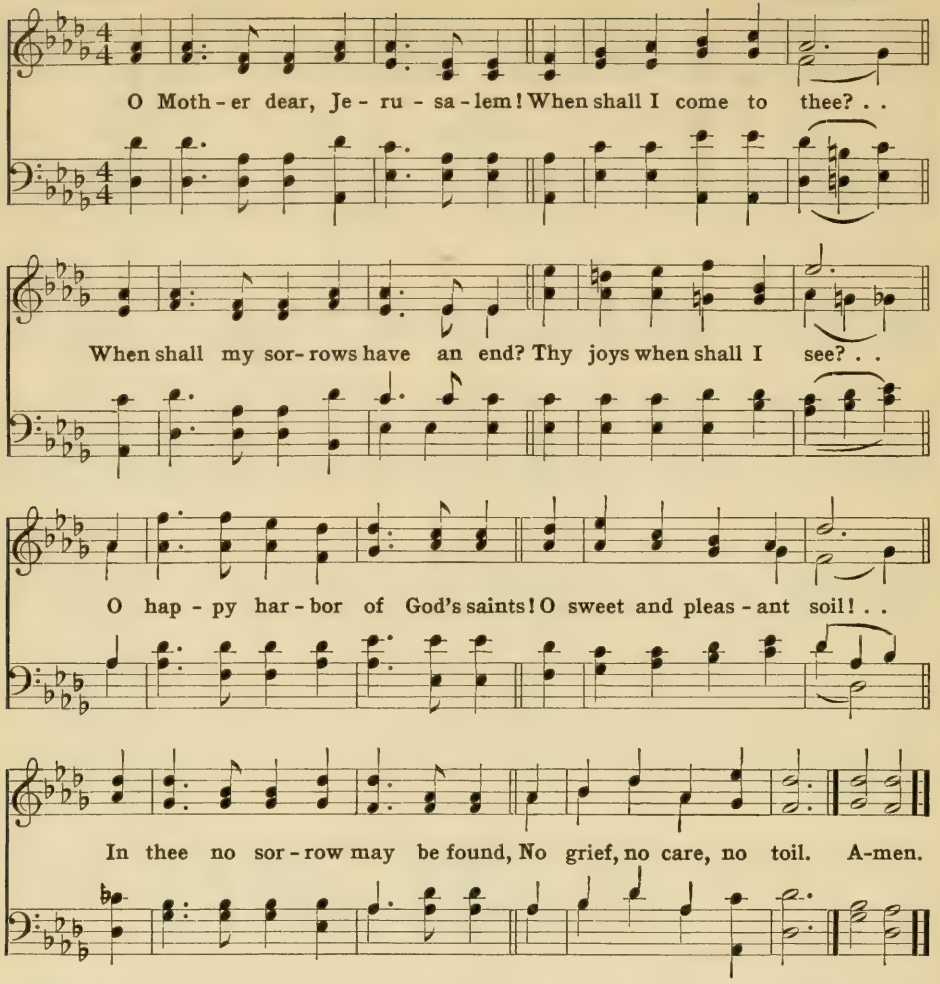
2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812

508

MATERNA C. M. D.

S. A. WARD, 1882

O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? . .
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! . .
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A-men.

2 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With jewels rare do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing pure and fine.
No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

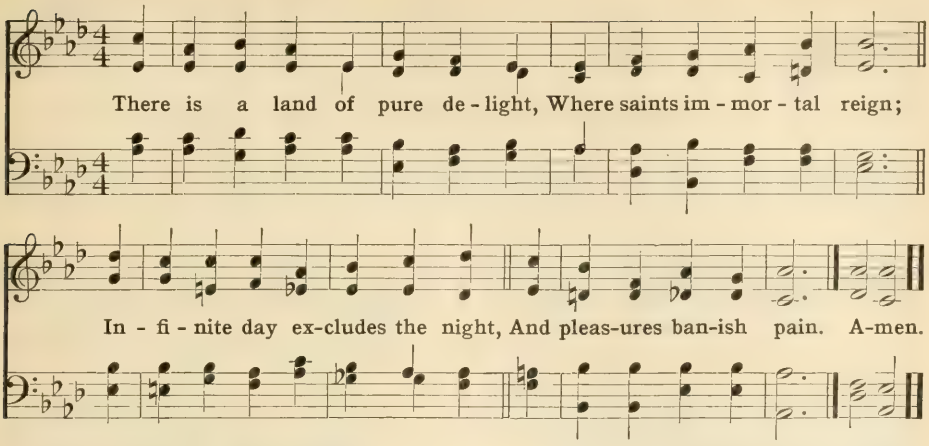
3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)

509

ST. MARGUERITE C. M. (*First Tune*) Rev. E. C. Walker, 1876


There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-men.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

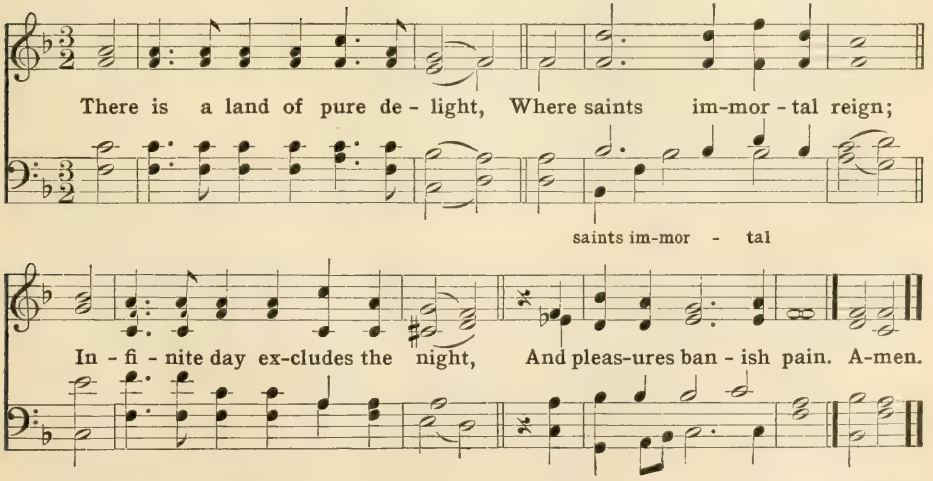
5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

509

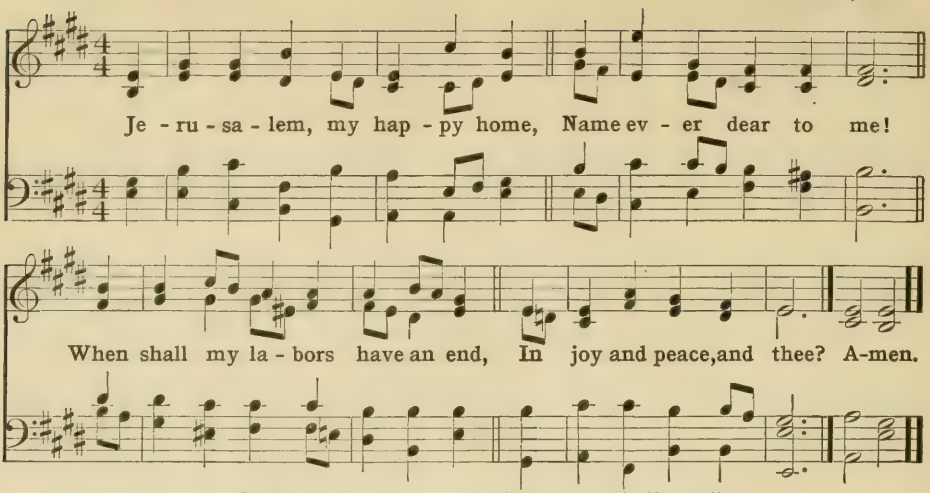
SMART C. M. (*Second Tune*) Henry Smart


There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign;
saints im-mor - tal
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. A-men.

510

SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

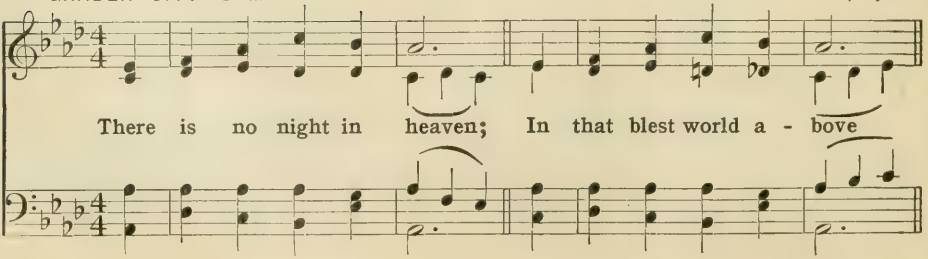
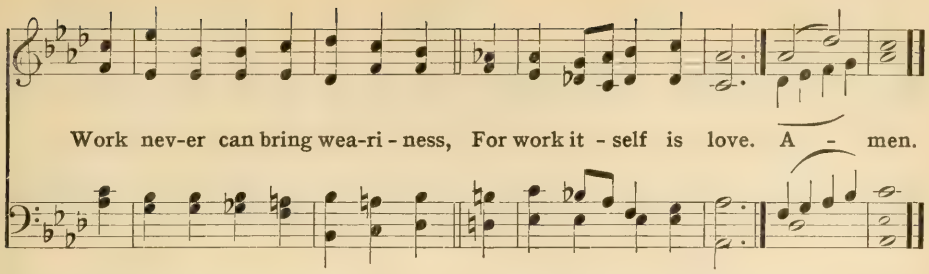
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Founded on "F. P. B." in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.

511

GARDEN CITY S. M.

H. W. Parker, 1890



2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng
All holy is their spotless robe!
All holy is their song!

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

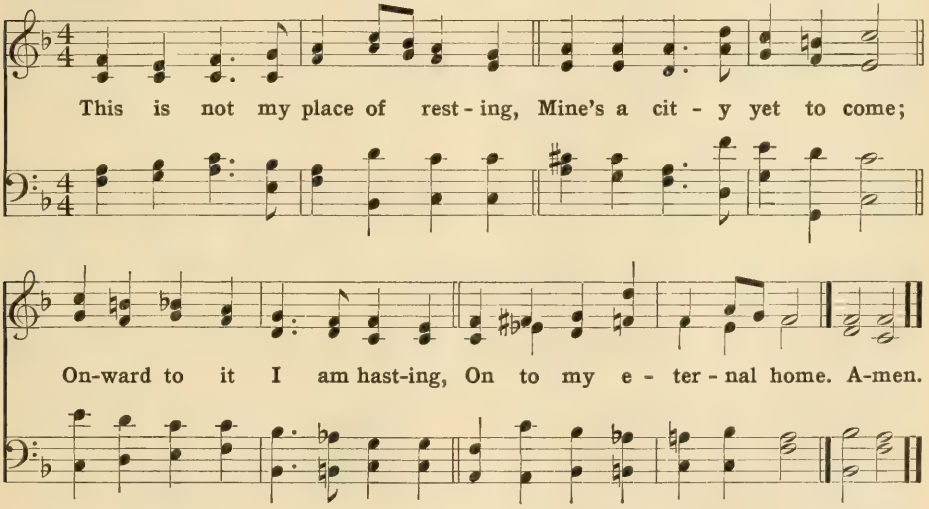
5 Lord Jesus, be our guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!

Rev. Francis M. Knollys, 1859

512

SARDIS 8.7.8.7.

Arr. from Beethoven



2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

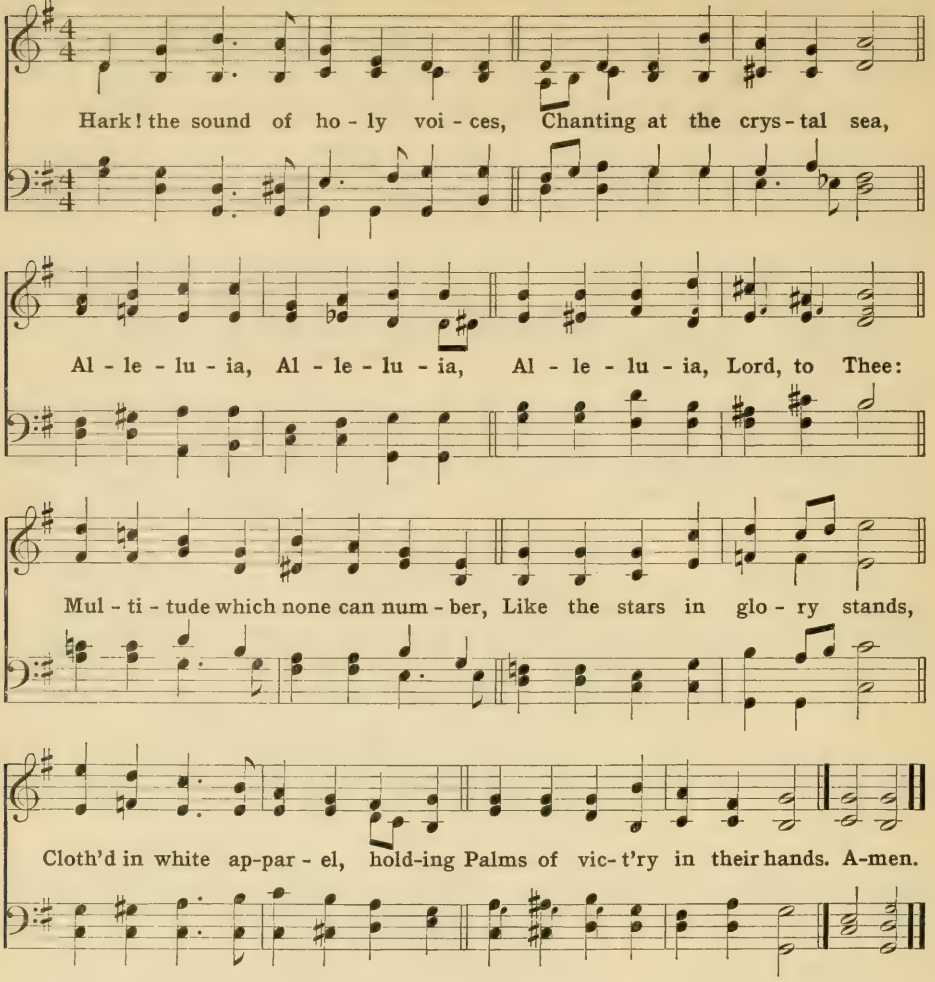
3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad and weary,
Never, never sin again.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1845

513

SANCTUARY 8.7.8.7.D. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1871


Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:
Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Cloth'd in white ap-par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic- t'ry in their hands. A-men.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

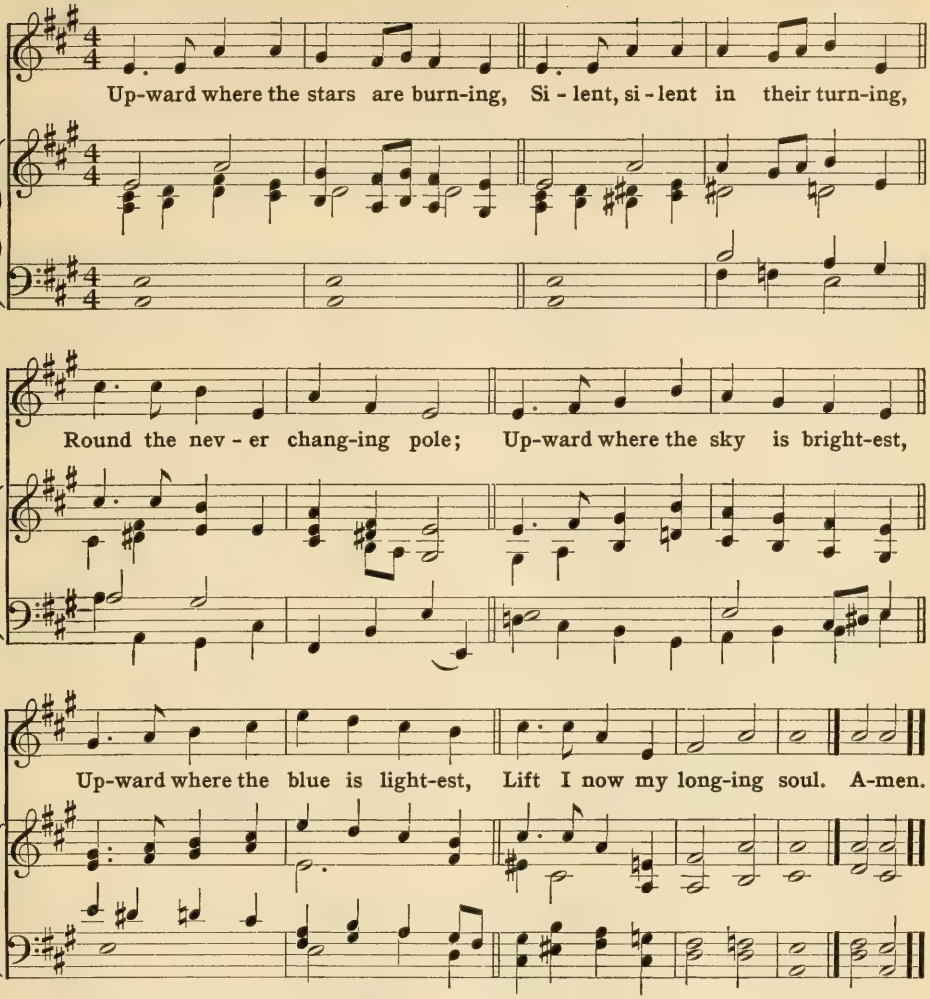
3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

514

BONAR 8.8.7.8.8.7. (*Voices in Unison*) J. B. CALKIN, 1866


Up-ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,
Round the nev - er chang-ing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright-est,
Up-ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long-ing soul. A-men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

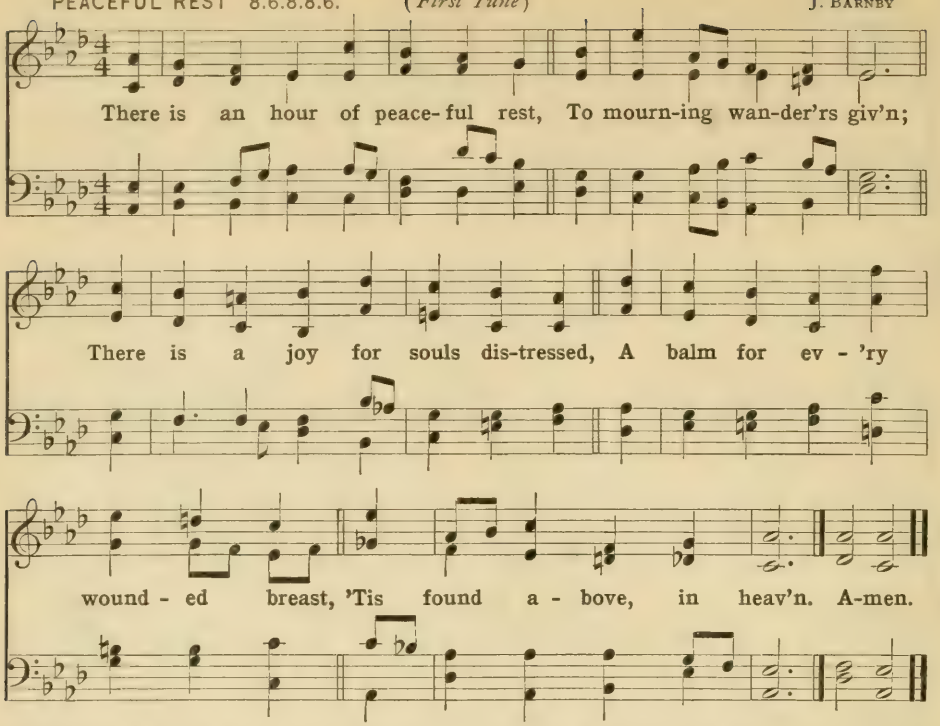
4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

515

PEACEFUL REST 8.6.8.8.6. (*First Tune*) J. BARNBY


There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-der'rs giv'n;
There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry
wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n. A-men.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

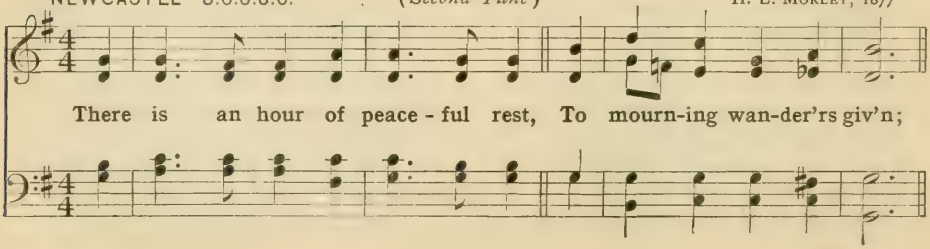
3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

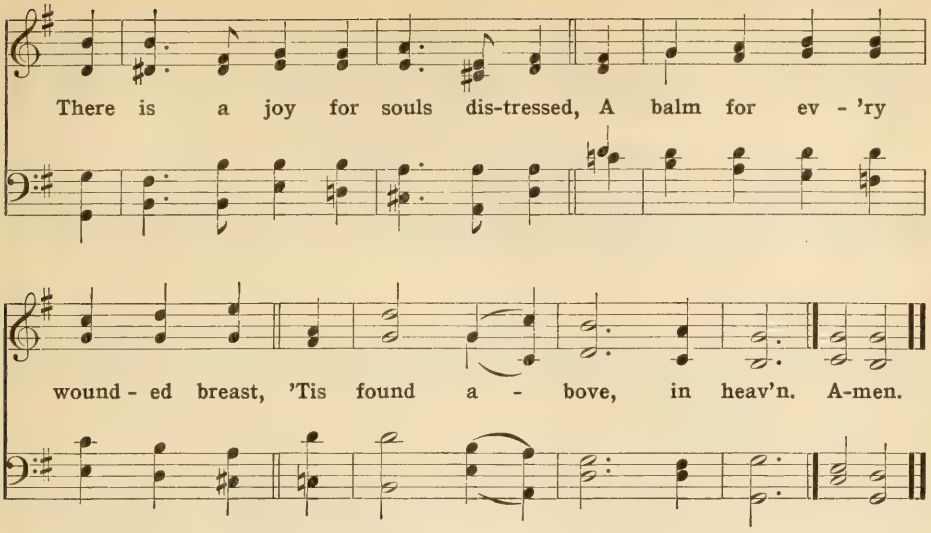
4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1818

515

NEWCASTLE 8.6.8.8.6. (*Second Tune*) H. L. MORLEY, 1877

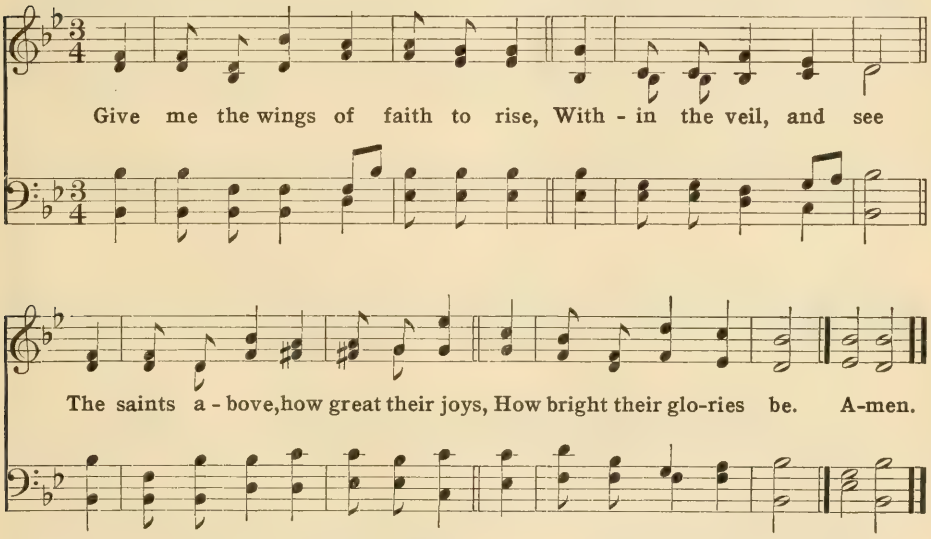




516

LUCIUS C. M.

From Templi Carmina


Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the veil, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be. A-men.

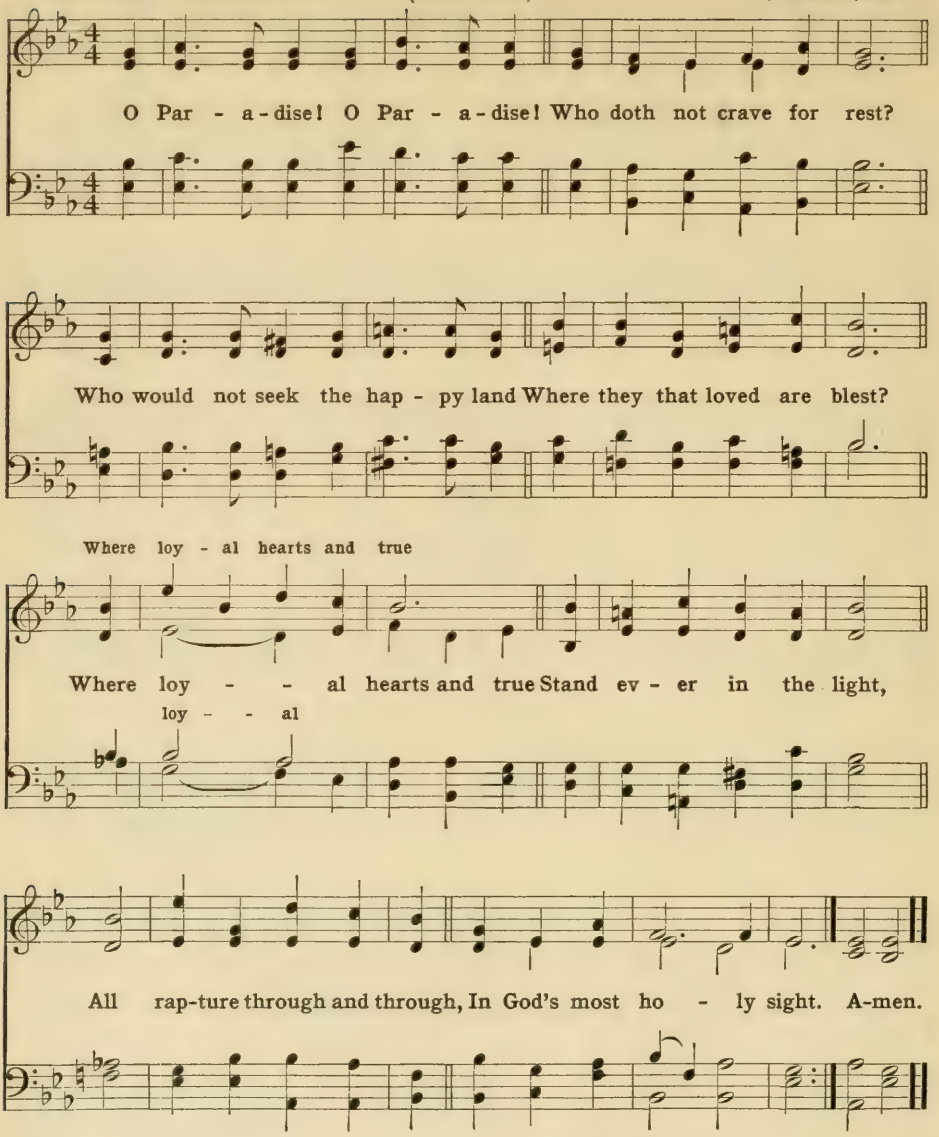
2 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

3 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

517

PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (*First Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1866

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - - al
All rap-ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

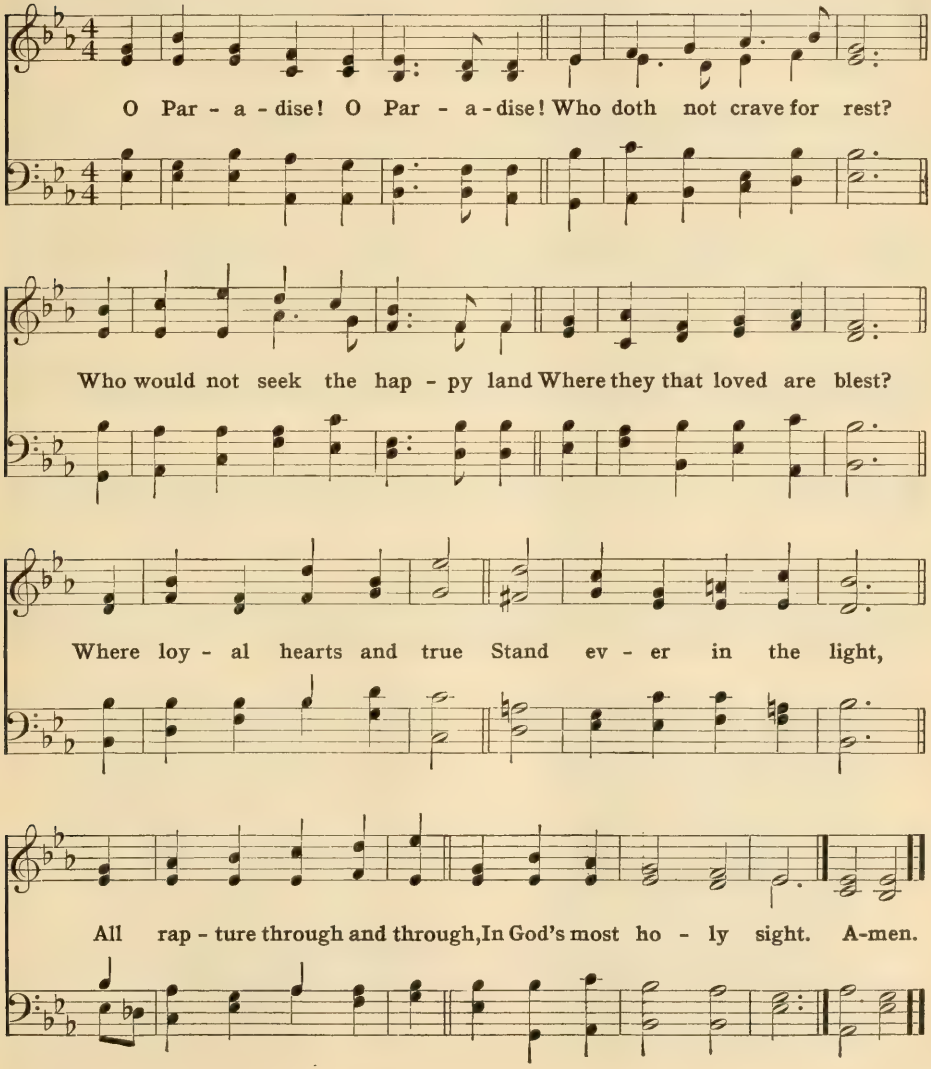
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light.
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

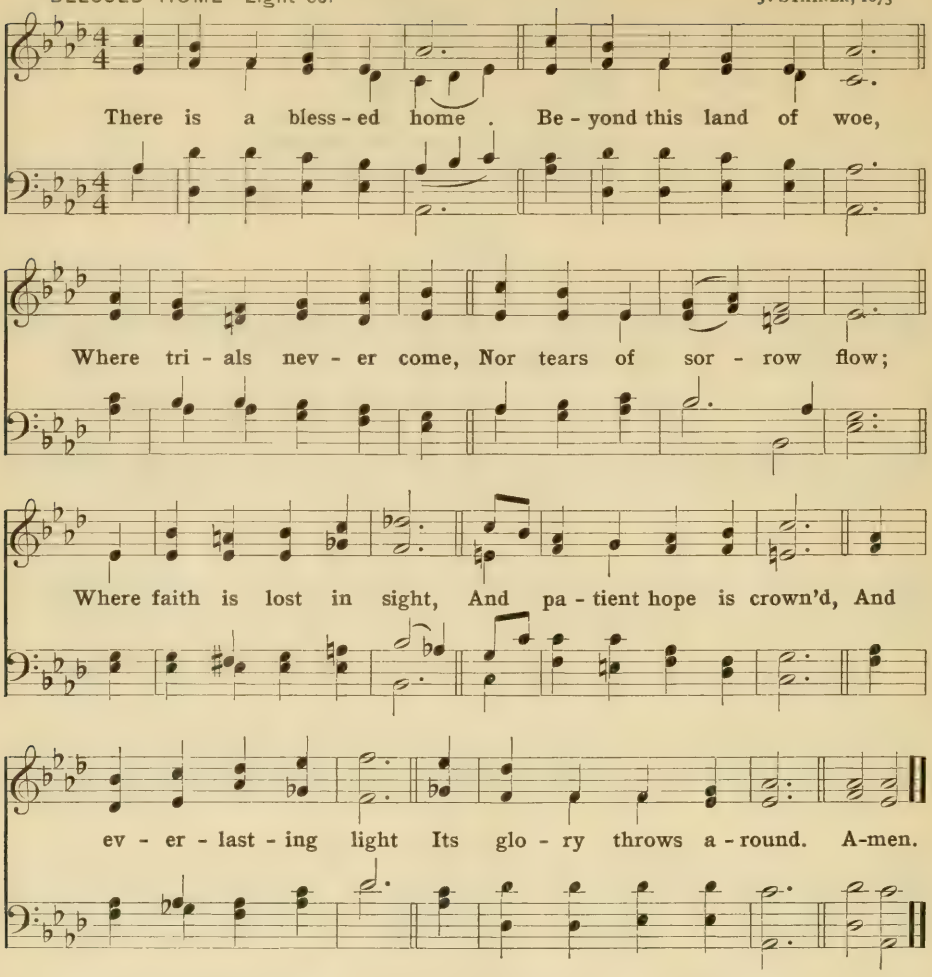
Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1862

517

PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (*Second Tune*) H. Smart, 1868


O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

518

BLESSED HOME Eight 6s. J. STAINER, 1875

There is a bless - ed home . Be - yond this land of woe,
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd, And
ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A-men.

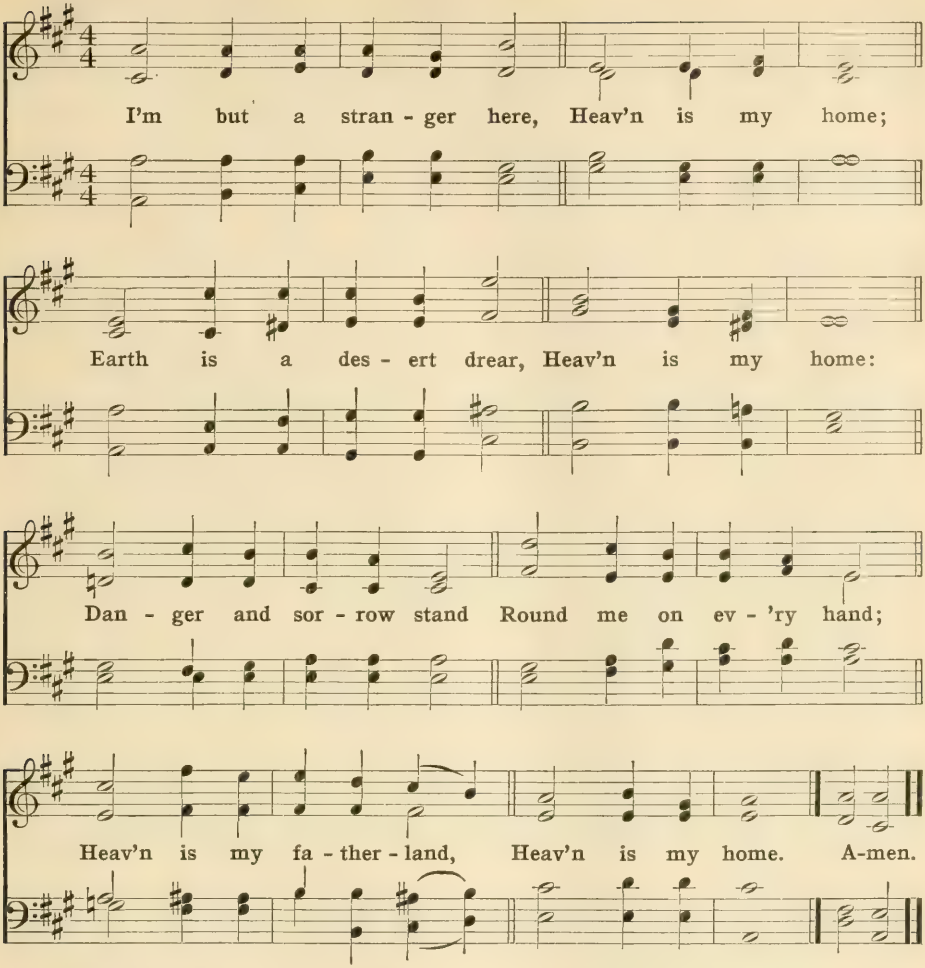
2 There is a land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. H. W. BAKER, 1861

519

HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. A. SULLIVAN, 1872

I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home:
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home. A-men.

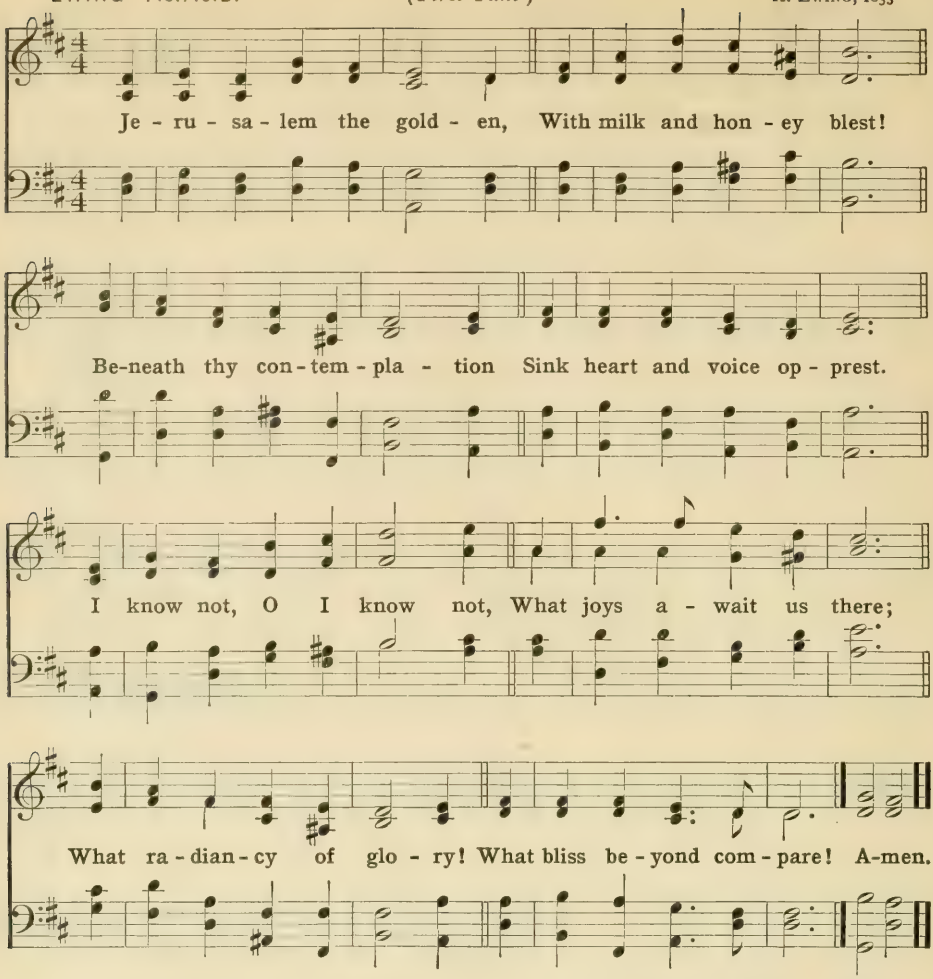
2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
What'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

REV. THOMAS R. TAYLOR, 1836

520

EWING 7.6.7.6.D. (*First Tune*) A. Ewing, 1853

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
Be-neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A-men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

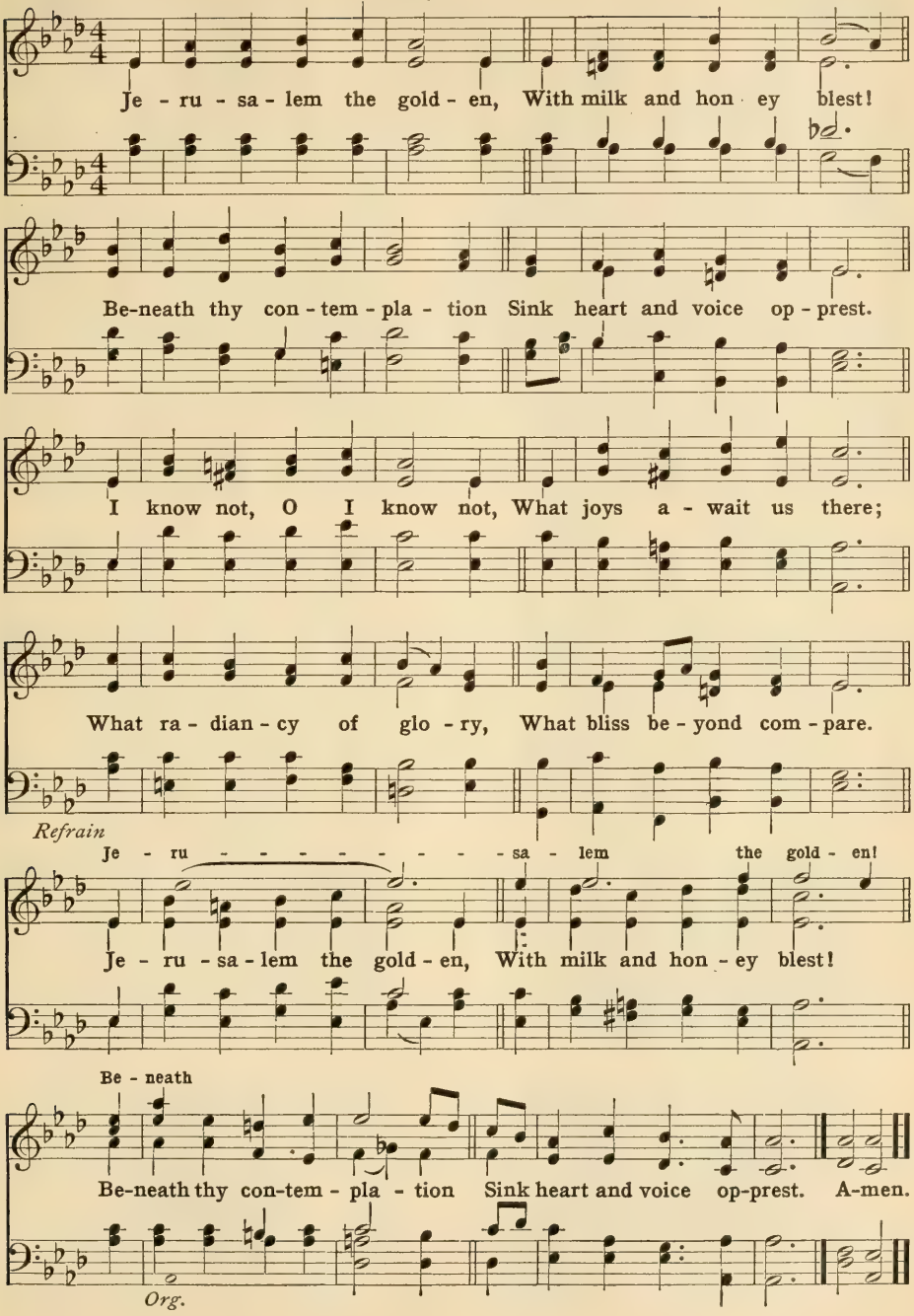
3 There is the throne of David, —
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

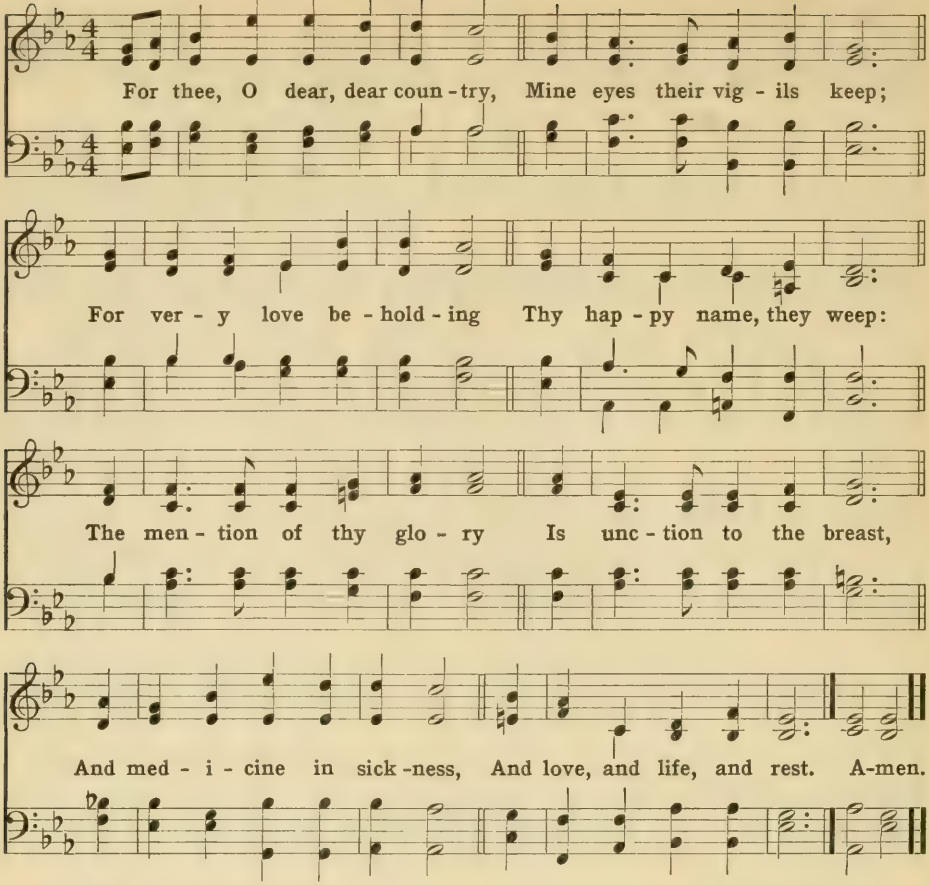
Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

520

(Second Tune)

URBS BEATA 7.6.7.6.D. *With Refrain* G. F. Le Jeune, 1887

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
Be-neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
Refrain
Je - ru - - - - - - - - - sa - lem the gold - en!
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
Be - neath
Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A-men.
Org.

521

EDEN GROVE 7.6.7.6.D. S. SMITH

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-men.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

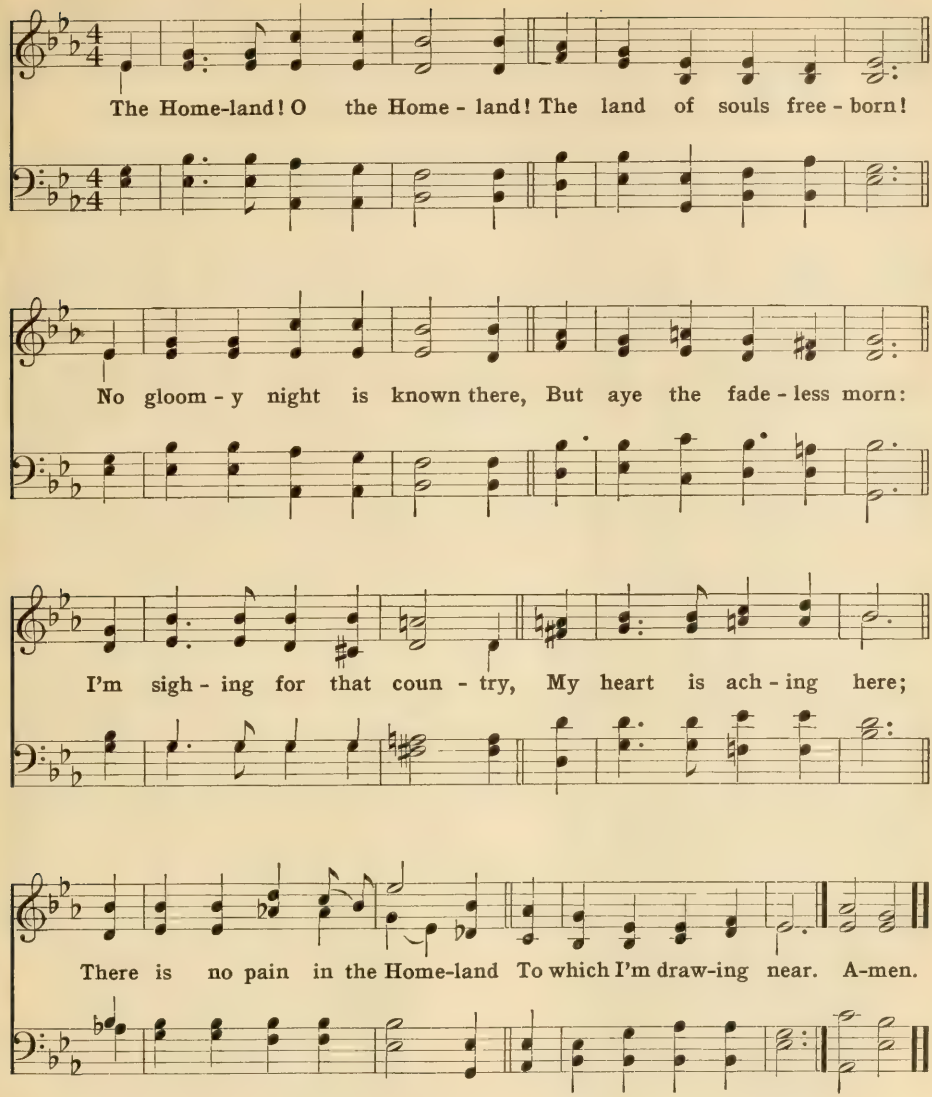
4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851

522

THE HOMELAND 7.6.7.6.D.

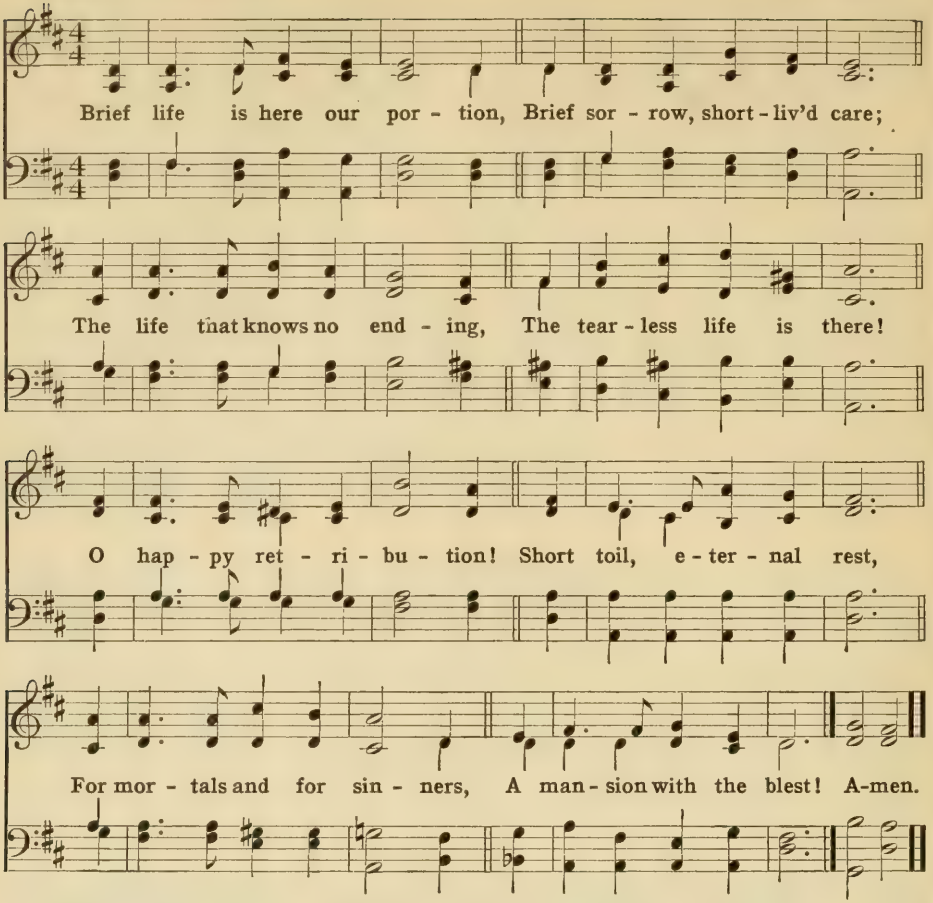
A. SULLIVAN, 1867

The Home-land! O the Home - land! The land of souls free - born!
No gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn:
I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here;
There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near. A-men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, 1855

523

ANFIELD 7.6.7.6.D. Anon.

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - liv'd care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there!
O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! A-men.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

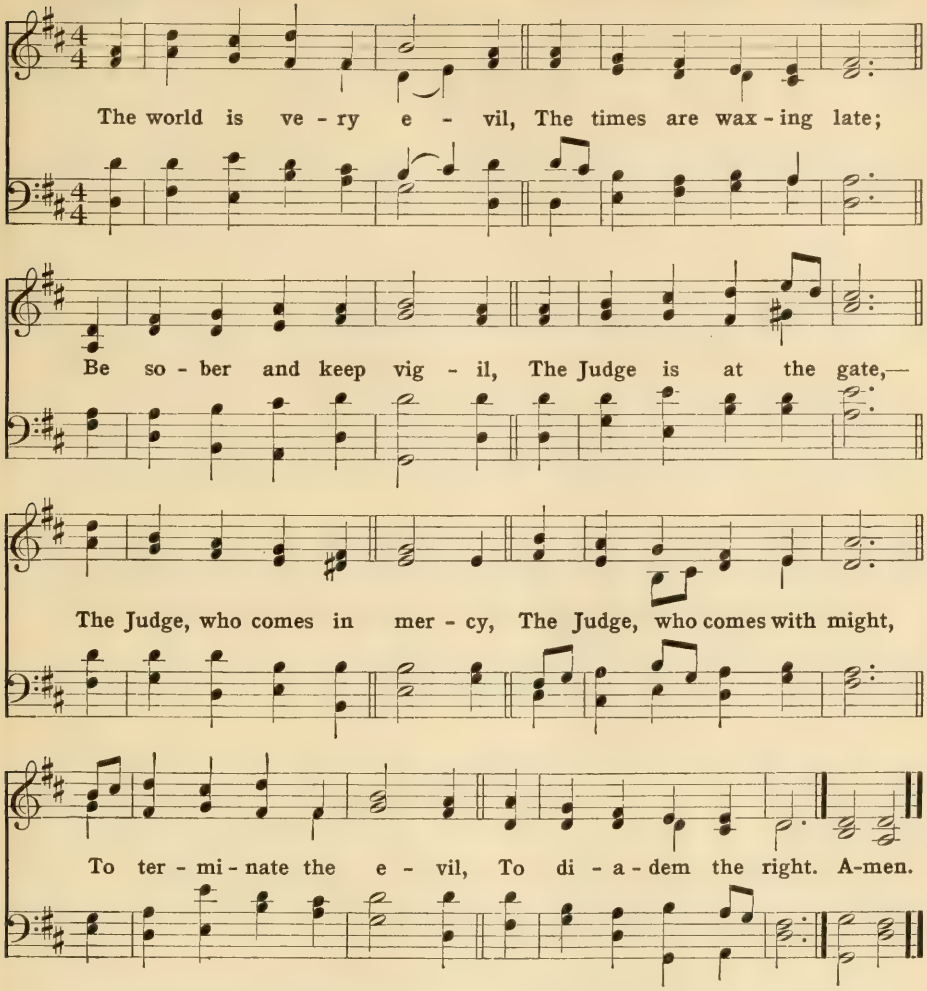
4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD of Cluny, 1145. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851

524

PEARSALL 7.6.7.6.D.

St. Gall Katholische Gesangbuch, 1863

The world is ve - ry e - vil, The times are wax - ing late;
Be so - ber and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge, who comes in mer - cy, The Judge, who comes with might,
To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A-men.

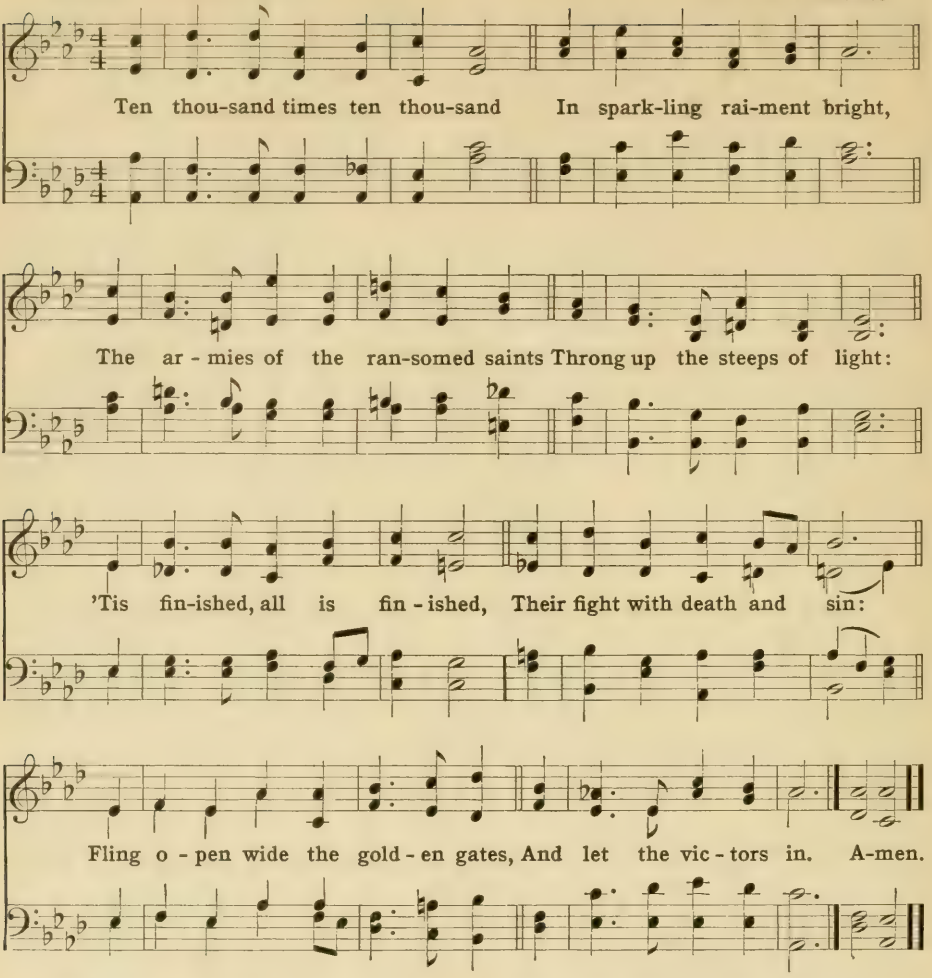
2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distressed!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect;
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1858

525

ALFORD 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875

Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin-ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A-men.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

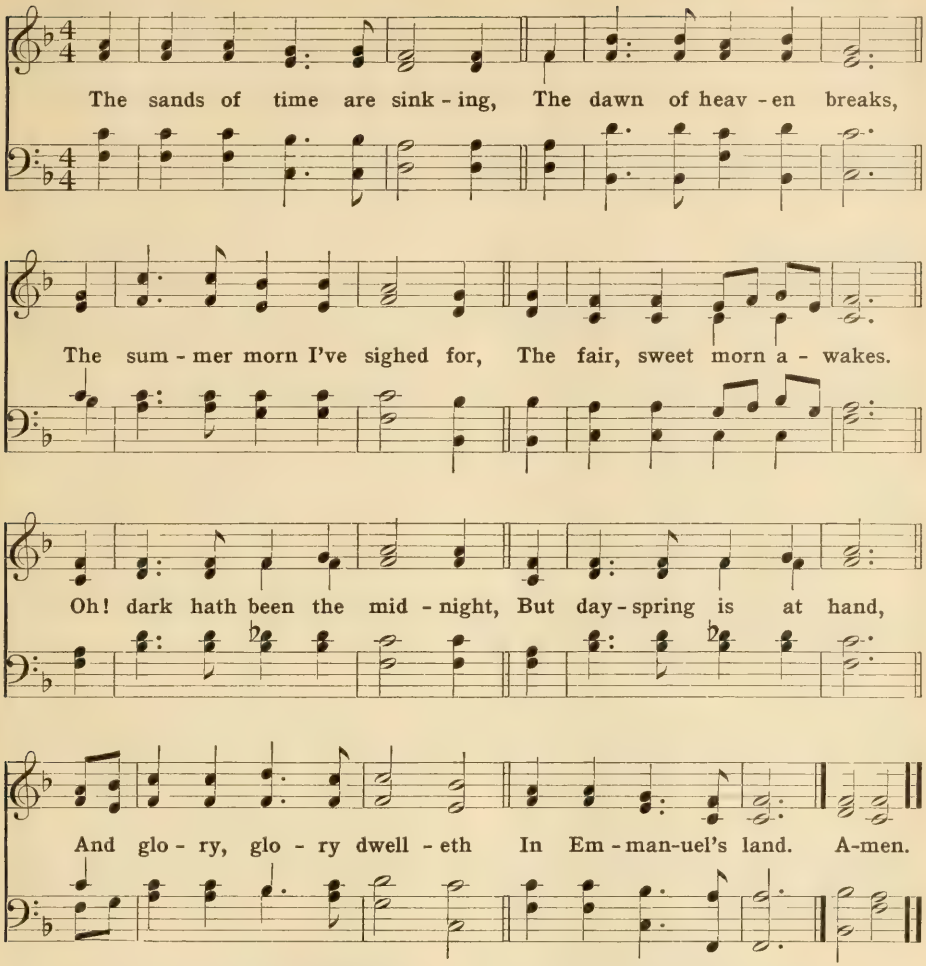
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1867

526

RUTHERFORD 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN, 1834
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT, 1867

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man-uel's land. A-men.

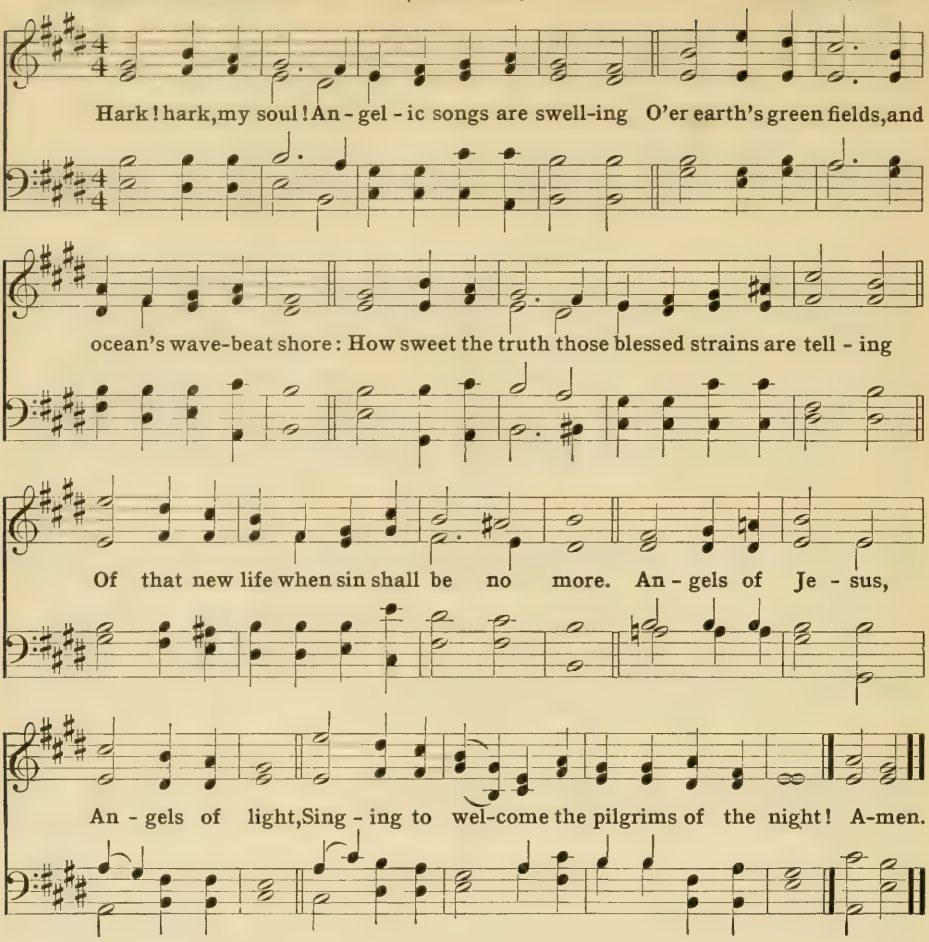
2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

ANNE R. COUSIN, 1857

527

PILGRIMS 11.10.11.10.9.11. (*First Tune*) H. SMART, 1868

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night! A-men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

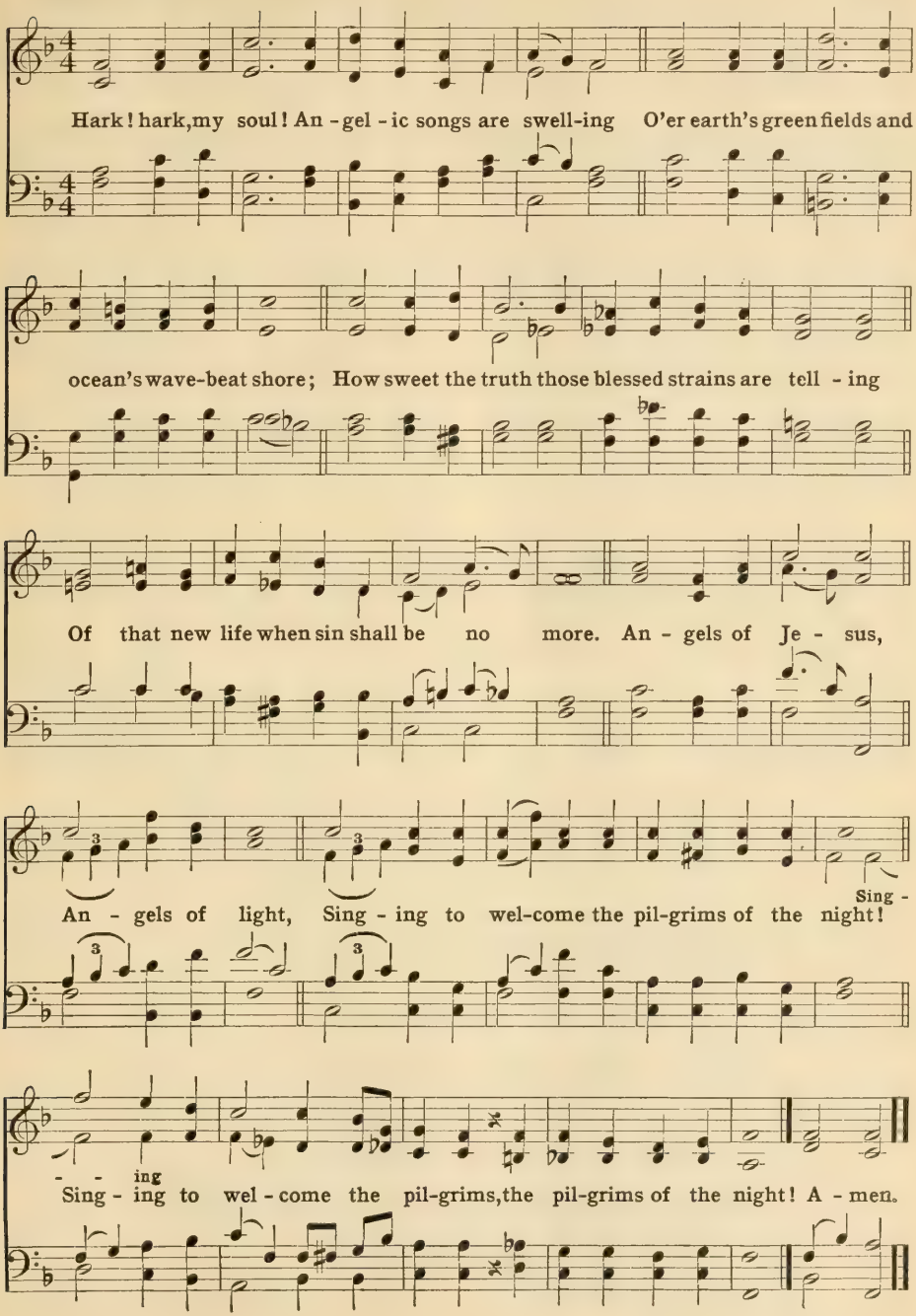
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854

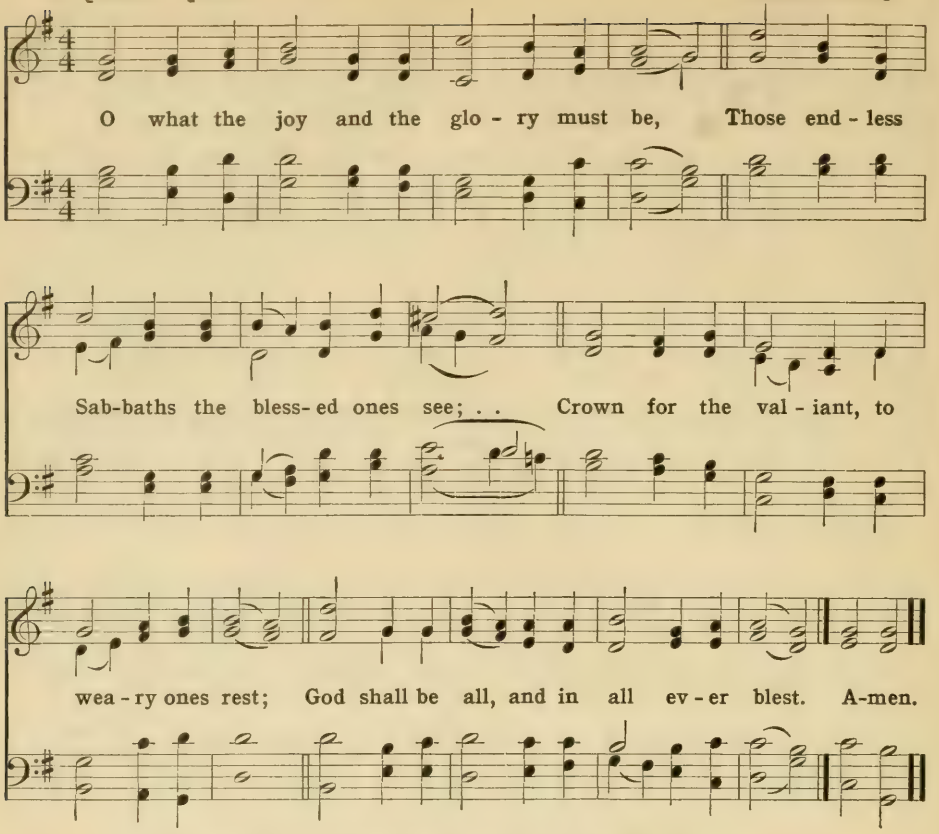
527

(*Second Tune*)

VOX ANGELICA 11.10.11.10.9.11. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!
Sing -
- - ing
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night! A - men.

528

O QUANTA QUALIA 10.10.10.10. Ancient Plain-song


O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those end - less
Sab-baths the bless-ed ones see; . . Crown for the val - iant, to
wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise,

4 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

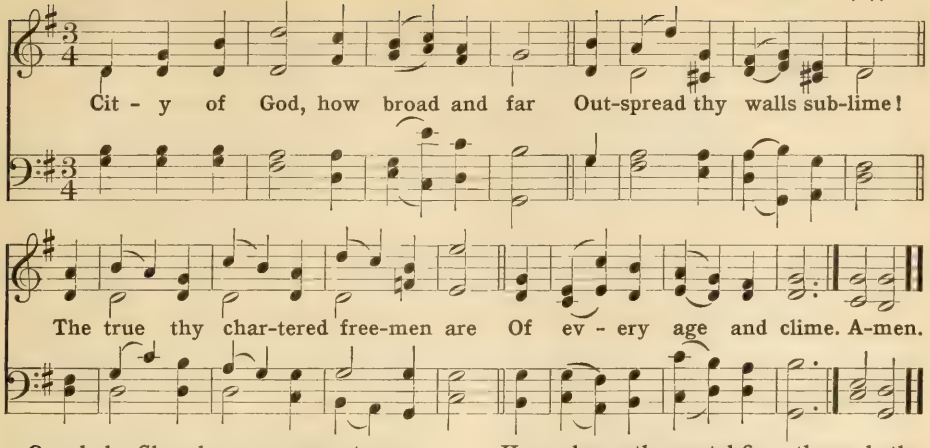
5 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

P. Abelard, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1855

529

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

Rev. T. Haweis, 1792



2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray:
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

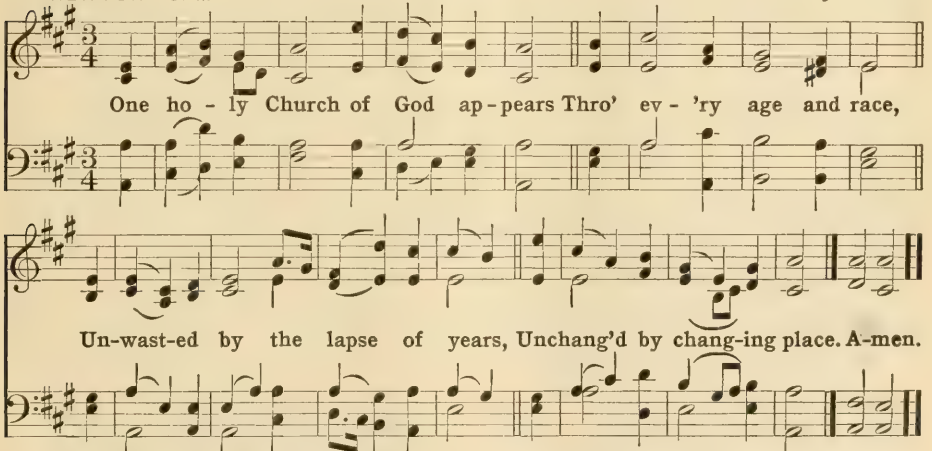
5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1864

530

NEWTON C. M.

T. Jackson



2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence, or with psalm.

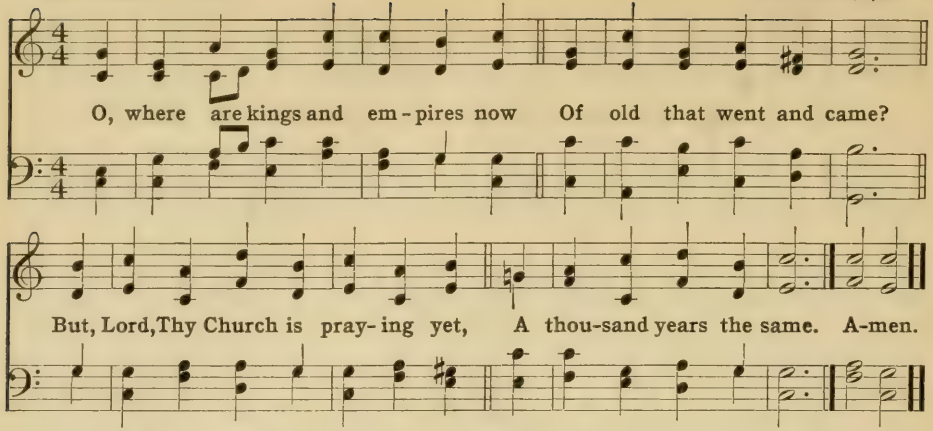
3 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.

4 O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

531

ST. ANNE C. M. — W. CROFT, 1708


O, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

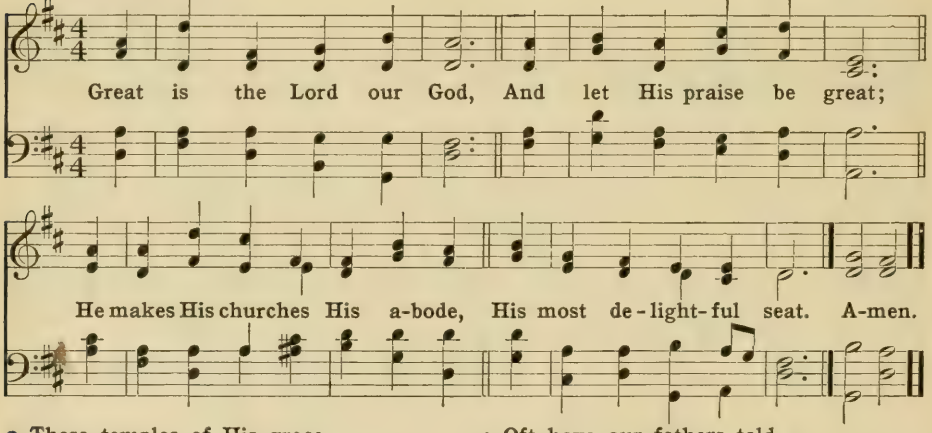
3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad, [her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839

532

BETHLEHEM S. M. — S. WESLEY, 1837



2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.

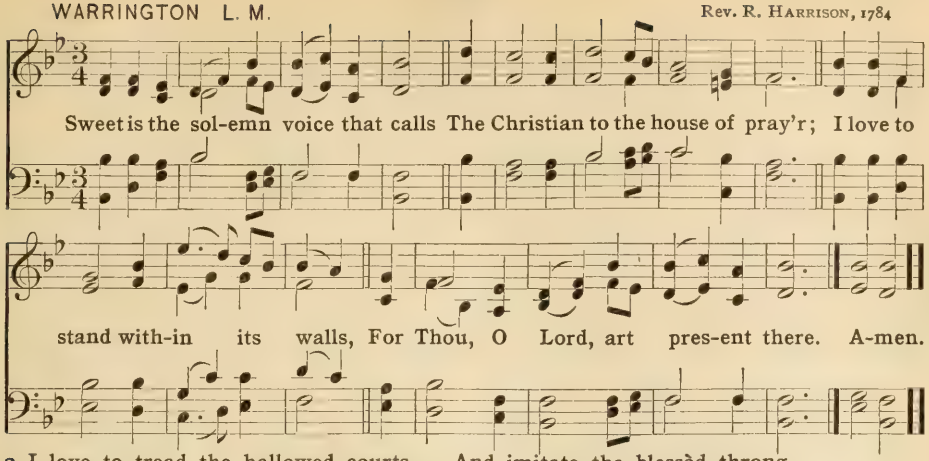
5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

533

WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. R. HARRISON, 1784


Sweet is the sol-emn voice that calls The Christian to the house of pray'r; I love to
stand with-in its walls, For Thou, O Lord, art pres-ent there. A-men.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts
Where two or three for worship meet,
For thither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

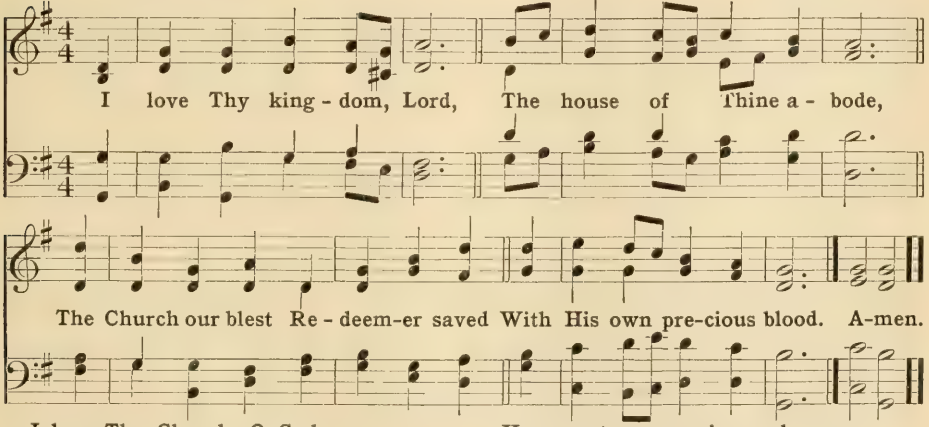
4 Within these walls may peace abound;
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

534

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1762



2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

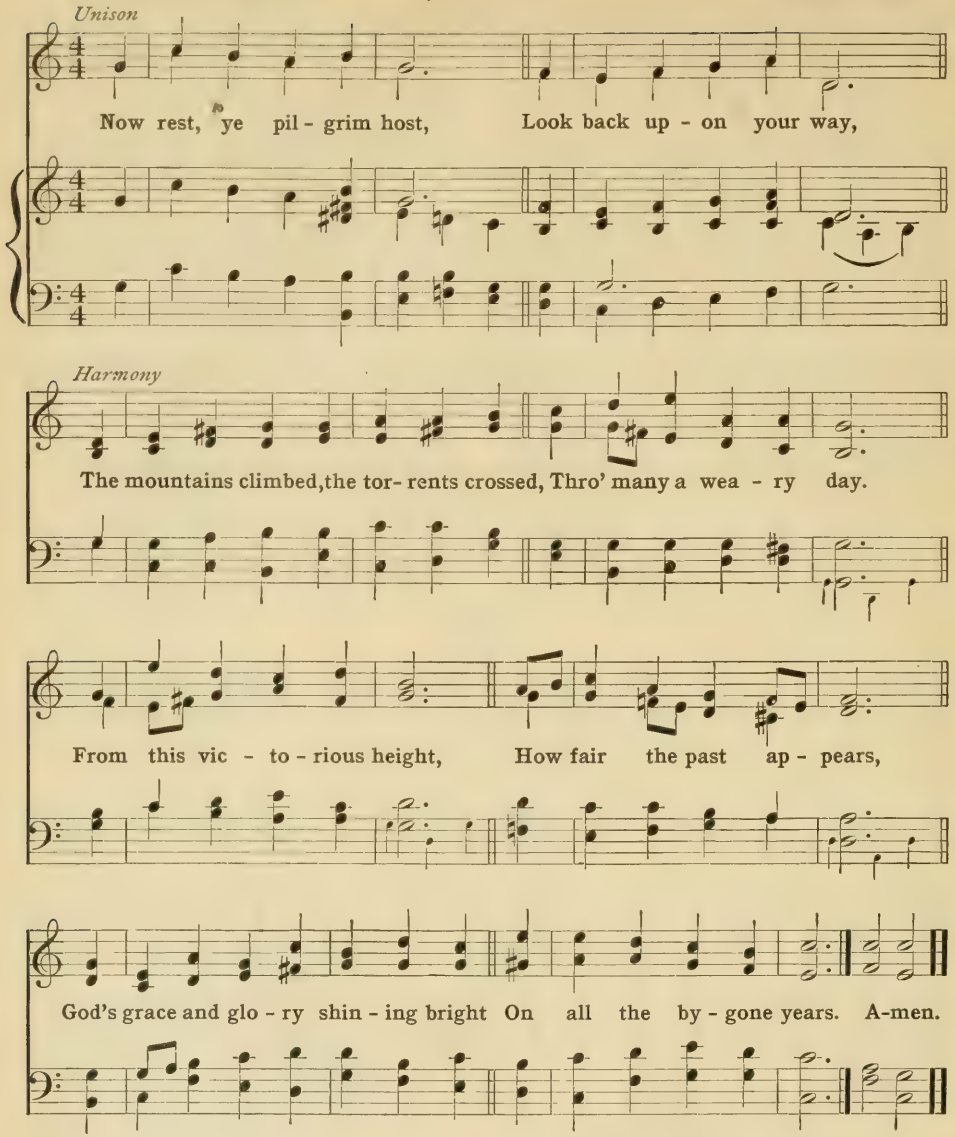
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800

535

ST. ISHMAEL. S.M.D. (*First Tune*) CHAS. VINCENT

Unison
Now rest, ye pil - grim host, Look back up - on your way,
Harmony
The mountains climbed, the tor- rents crossed, Thro' many a wea - ry day.
From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,
God's grace and glo - ry shin - ing bright On all the by - gone years. A-men.

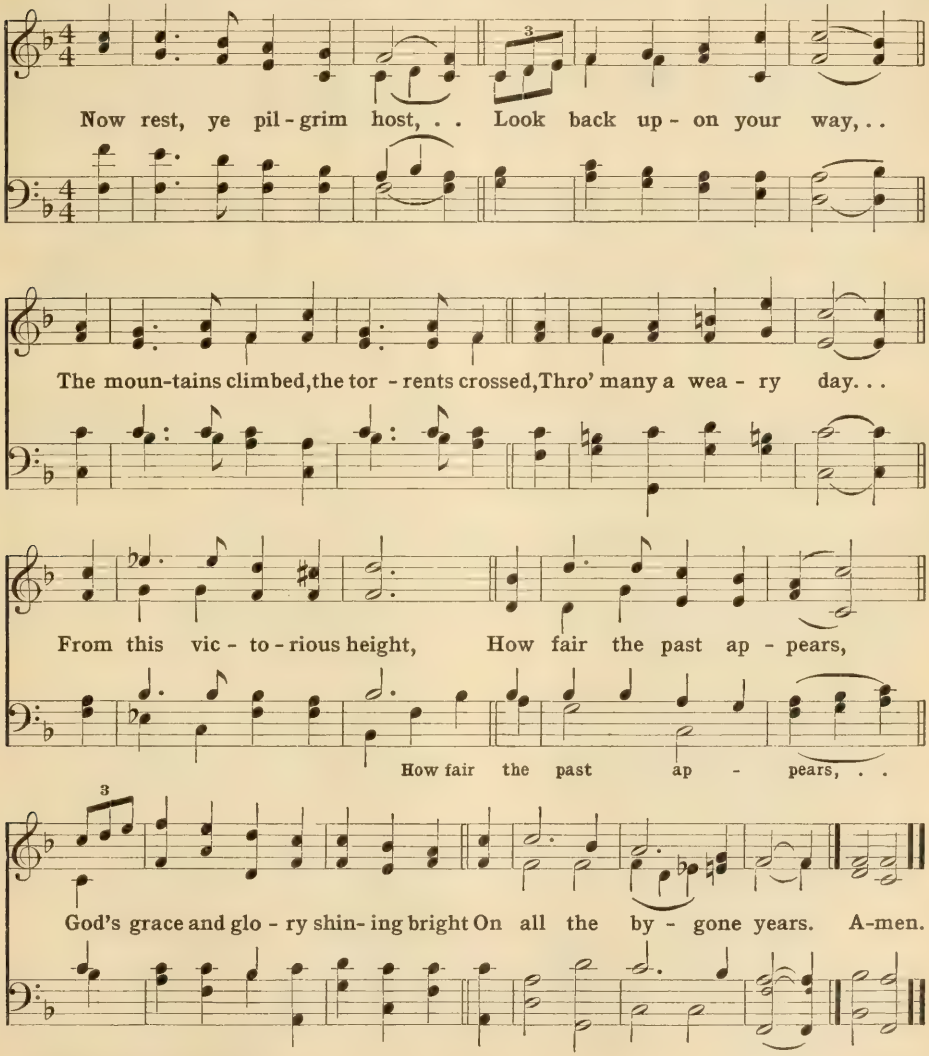
2 How many, at His call,
Have parted from our throng!
They watch us from the crystal wall,
And echo back our song.
They rest, beyond complaints,
Beyond all sighs and tears:
Praise be to God for all His saints
Who wrought in bygone years.

3 The banners they upbore
Our hands still lift on high;
The Lord they followed evermore
To us is also nigh.
Arise, arise, and tread
The future without fears;
He leadeth still, whose hand hath led
Through all the bygone years.

4 When we have reached the home
We seek with weary feet,
Our children's children still shall come
To keep these ranks complete;
And He, whose host is one
In all the countless spheres,
Will guide His marching servants on
Through everlasting years.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1879, 1893

535

THE PILGRIM HOST S. M. D. (*Second Tune*) W. W. GILCHRIST, 1895

Now rest, ye pil - grim host, . . Look back up - on your way, . .
The moun-tains climbed, the tor - rents crossed, Thro' many a wea - ry day. . .
From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,
How fair the past ap - pears, . .
God's grace and glo - ry shin- ing bright On all the by - gone years. A-men.

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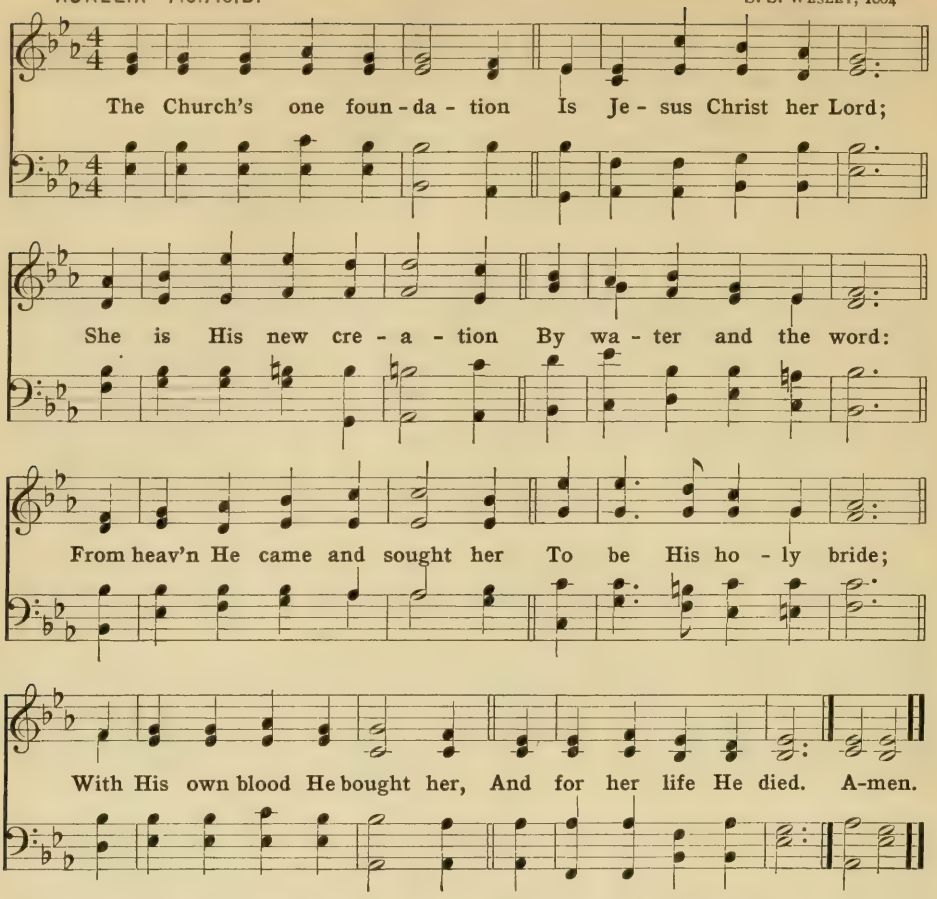
536

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D. S. S. Wesley, 1864

The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

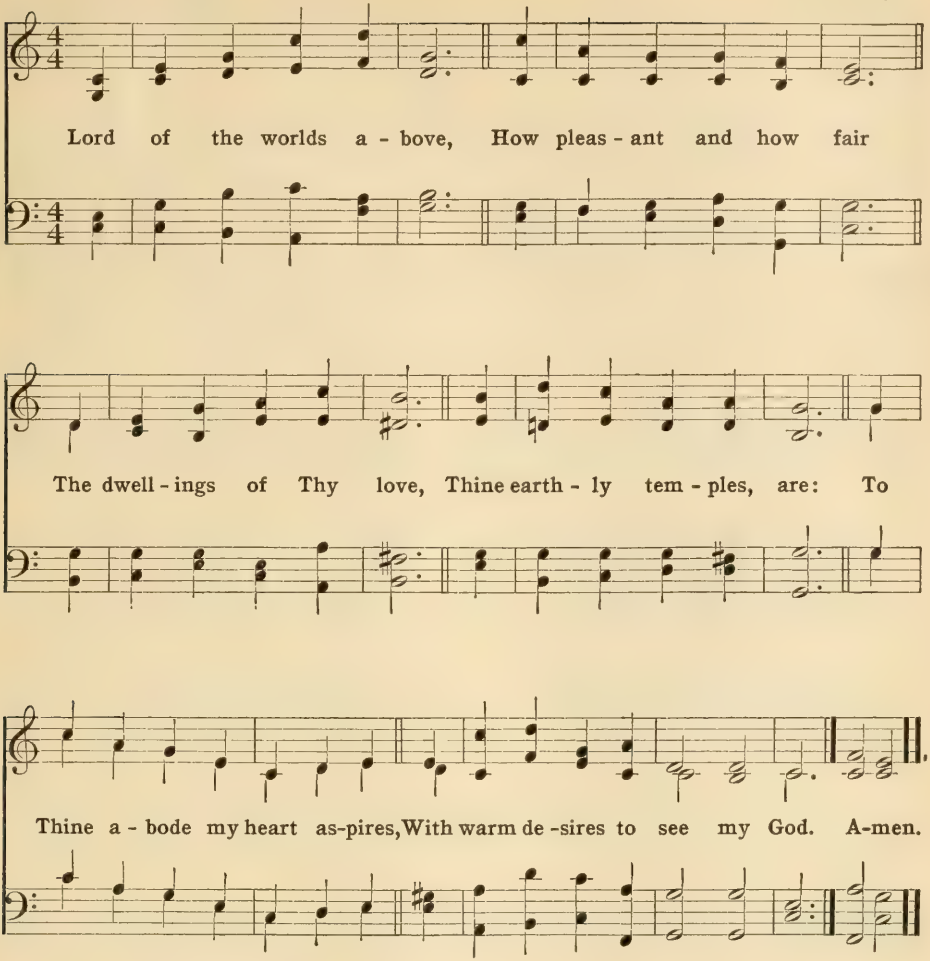
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

537

CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. STEGGALL, 1865

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair
The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples, are: To
Thine a - bode my heart as-pires, With warm de - sires to see my God. A-men.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

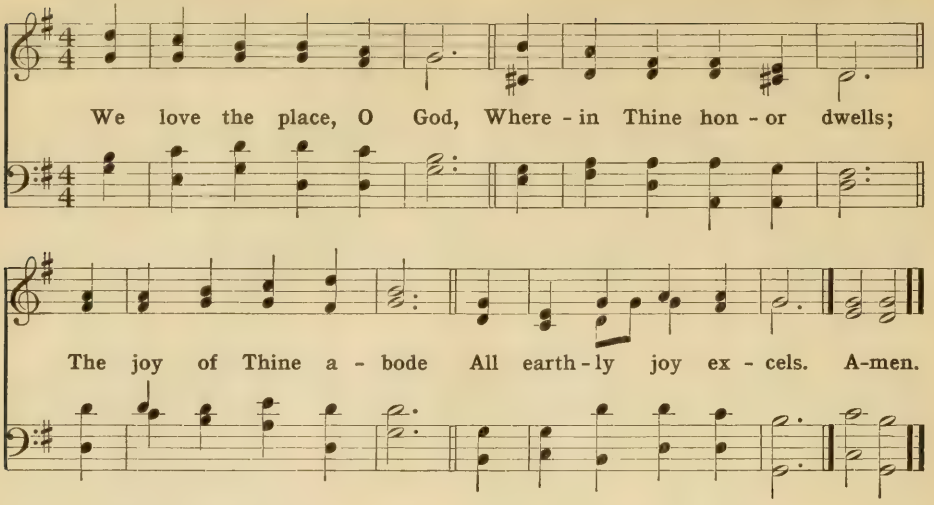
3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

538

ST. CECILIA 6.6.6.6. Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1863



2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

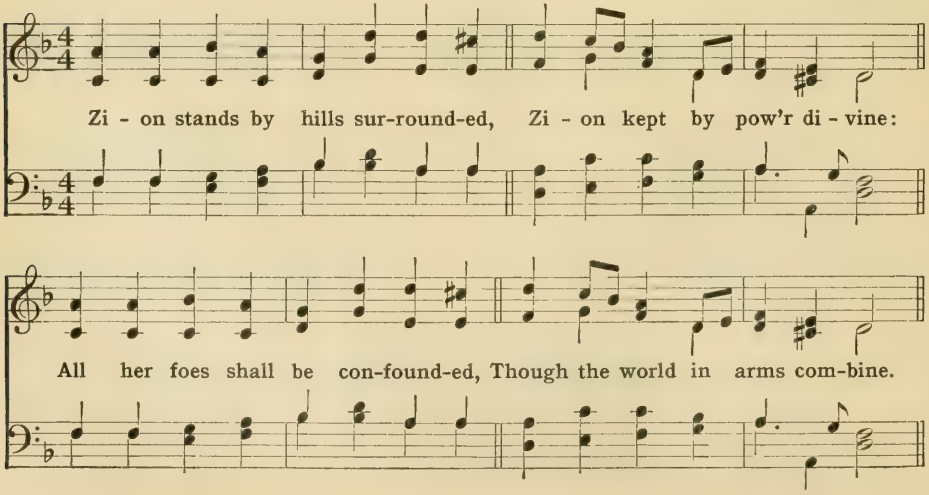
4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heaven.

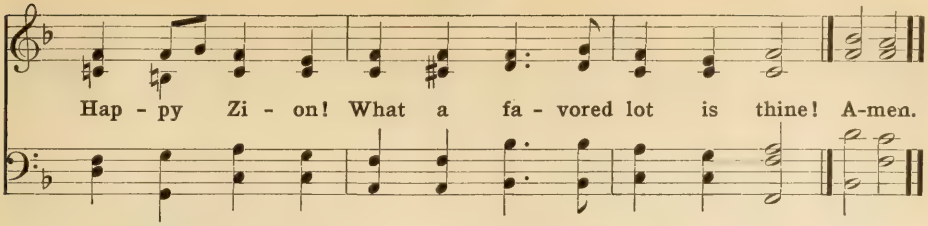
5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

Rev. William Bullock

539

ASHBURTON 8.7.8.7.4.7. S. Wesley


Zi - on stands by hills sur-round-ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine:
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms com-bine.



2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

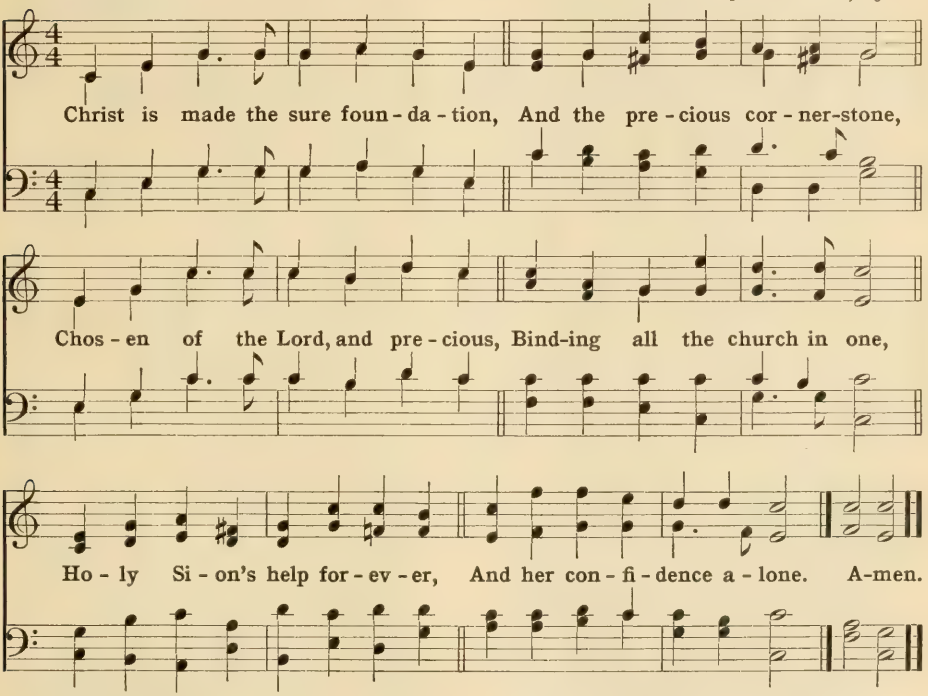
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804

540

TRIUMPH 8s. 7s. 6l.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852


Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, And the pre - cious cor - ner-stone,
Chos - en of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind-ing all the church in one,
Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A-men.

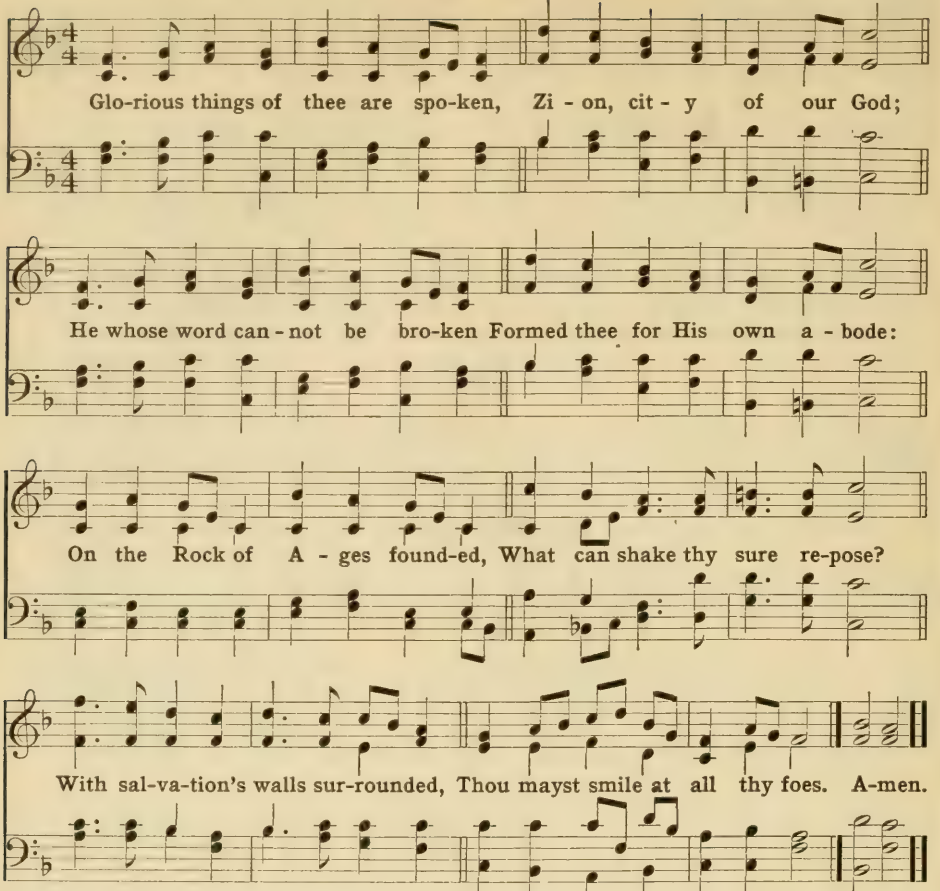
2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring,
Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people, as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they supplicate to gain,
Here to have and hold forever
Those good things their prayers obtain;
And hereafter in Thy glory
With Thy blessed ones to reign.

Latin (8th century). Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE, 1851

541

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8.7.8.7.D. — JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797

Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be bro-ken Formed thee for His own a - bode:
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A-men.

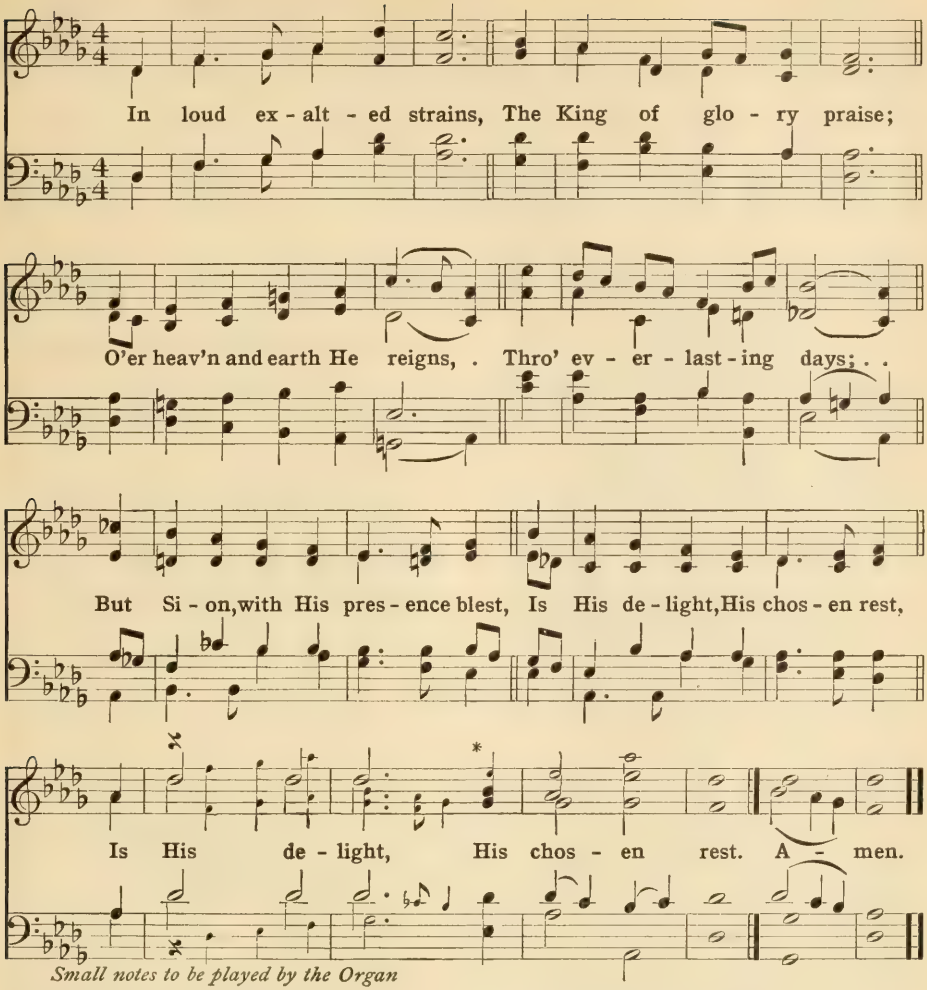
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

542

KING OF GLORY 6.6.6.6.8.8. H. W. PARKER

In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, . Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; . .
But Si - on, with His pres - ence blest, Is His de - light, His chos - en rest,
Is His de - light, His chos - en rest. A - men.

Small notes to be played by the Organ

2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

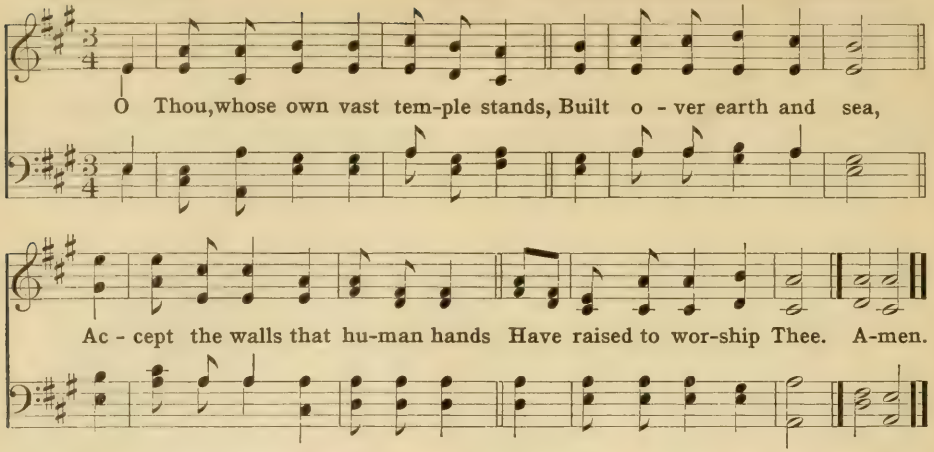
4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

Rev. Benjamin Francis, 1774

543

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from CARL G. GLASER, 1828, by LOWELL MASON, 1839


O Thou, whose own vast tem-ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu-man hands Have raised to wor-ship Thee. A-men.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

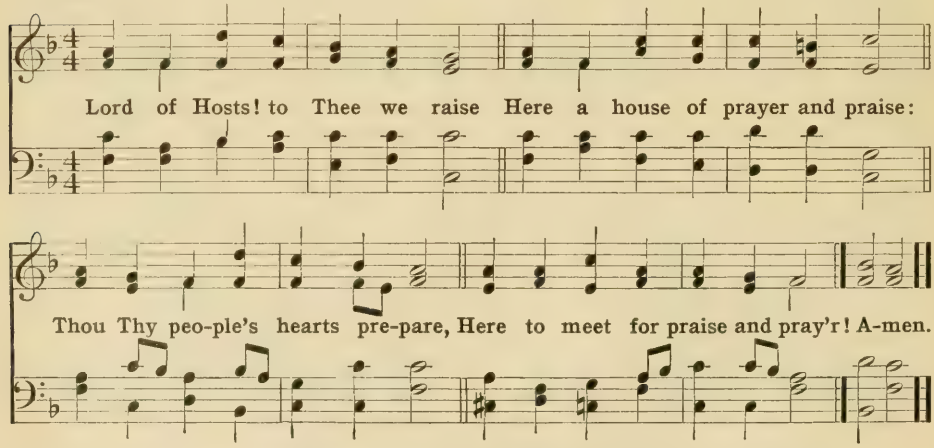
4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1835

544

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848


Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy peo-ple's hearts pre-pare, Here to meet for praise and pray'r! A-men.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

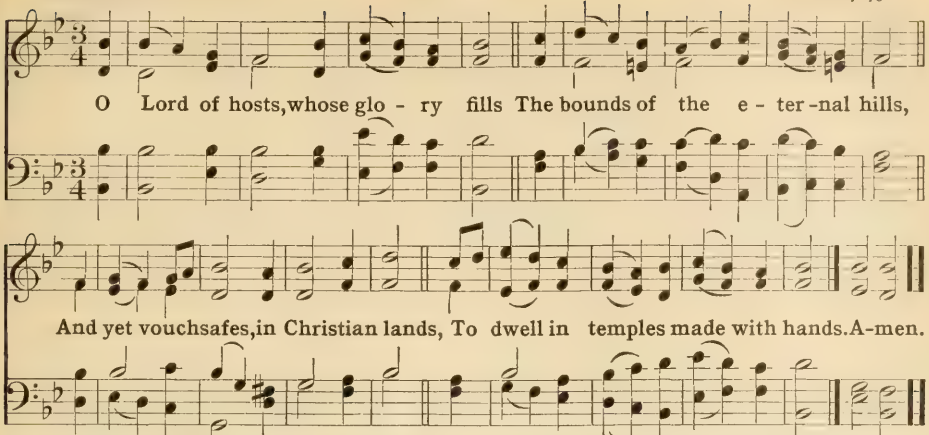
3 Here to Thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land!
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

4 Alleluia! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Alleluia! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821

545

WAREHAM L. M. — W. KNAPP, 1738


O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands. A-men.

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

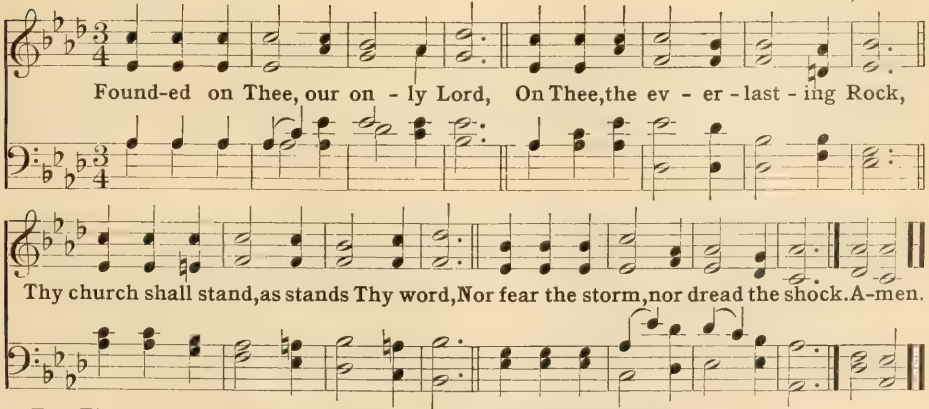
4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 Endue the hearts that guide with skill,
Preserve the hands that work from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity.

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, 1844

546

PENTECOST L. M. — W. BOYD, 1868

Found-ed on Thee, our on - ly Lord, On Thee, the ev - er - last - ing Rock,
Thy church shall stand, as stands Thy word, Nor fear the storm, nor dread the shock. A-men.

2 For Thee our waiting spirits yearn,
For Thee this house of praise we rear;
To Thee with longing hearts we turn:
Come, fix Thy glorious presence here.

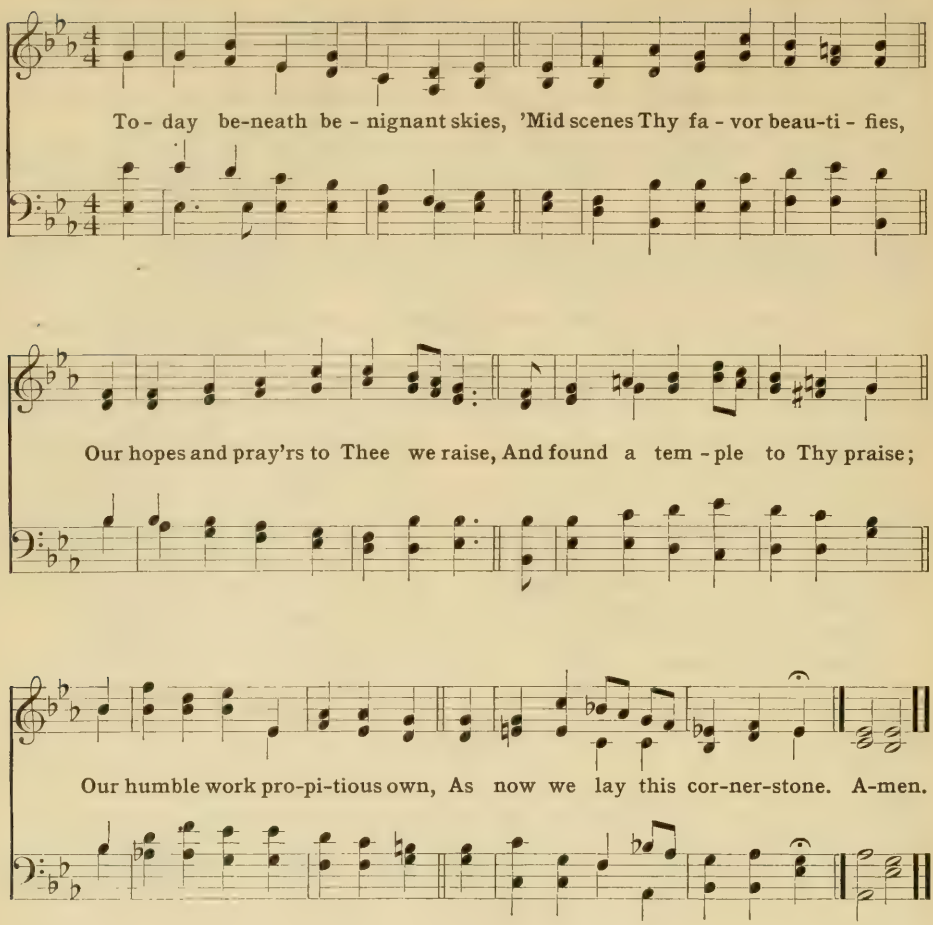
3 Come, with Thy Spirit and Thy power,
The Conqueror, once the Crucified;
Our God, our strength, our king, our tower,
Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.

4 Accept the work our hands have wrought;
Accept, O God, this earthly shrine;
Be Thou our rock, our life, our thought,
And we, as living temples, Thine.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1894

547

VALETE Six 8s.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

To - day be-neath be - nignant skies, 'Mid scenes Thy fa - vor beau-ti - fies,
Our hopes and pray'rs to Thee we raise, And found a tem - ple to Thy praise;
Our humble work pro-pi-tious own, As now we lay this cor-ner-stone. A-men.

2 Except the Lord the house do build,
Except with grace the work be filled,
All labor's vain. O, Christ, impart
Thy loving spirit to each heart:
By Thee, to Thee, on Thee alone,
We build, Thou fairest Corner-Stone!

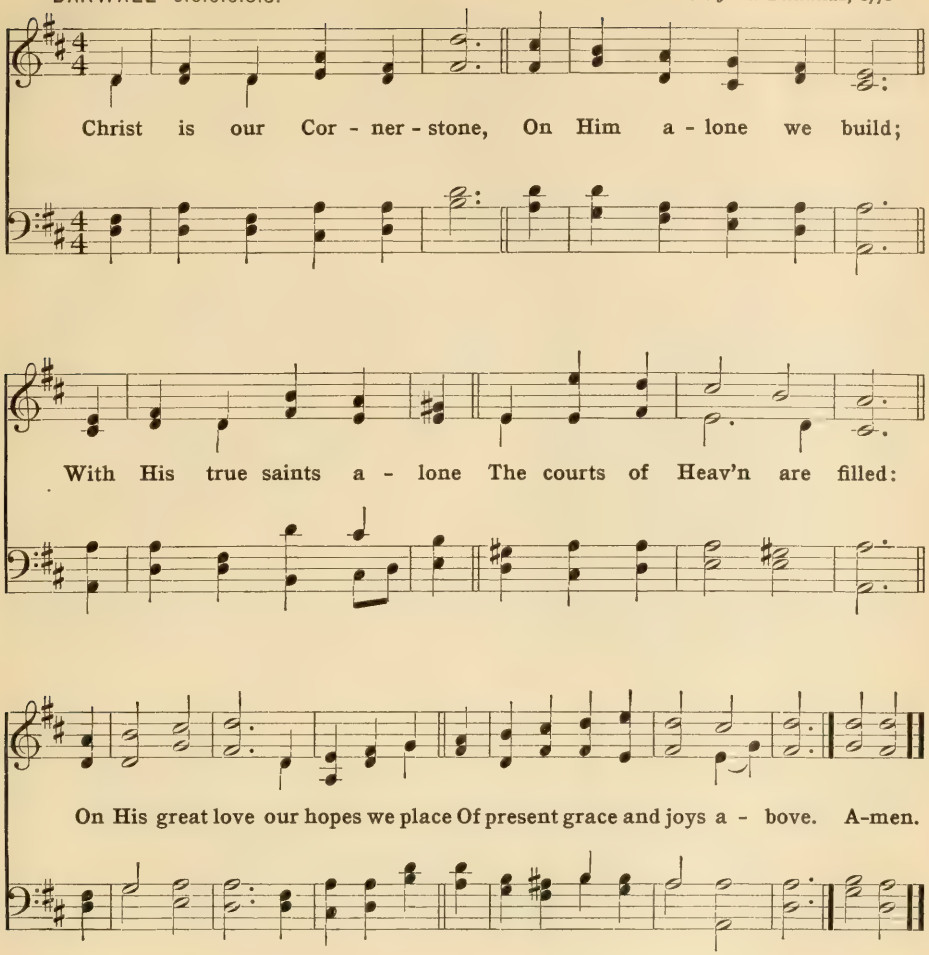
3 Here may the truth and right grow strong,
Here love prevail Thy saints among,
Here sinners feel Thy quickening grace,
And seek with hasting joy Thy face;
And thousands gladly make Thee known
As their eternal Corner-Stone.

4 Build Thou the walls! Make them so glow
With glory, we on earth below
The eternal splendors shall foresee;
Grander than Salem's may they be,
All luminous with grace Thine own,
From topmost peak to corner-stone!

DENIS WORTMAN, 1881

548

DARWALL 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Rev. John Darwall, 1770

Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build;
With His true saints a - lone The courts of Heav'n are filled:
On His great love our hopes we place Of present grace and joys a - bove. A-men.

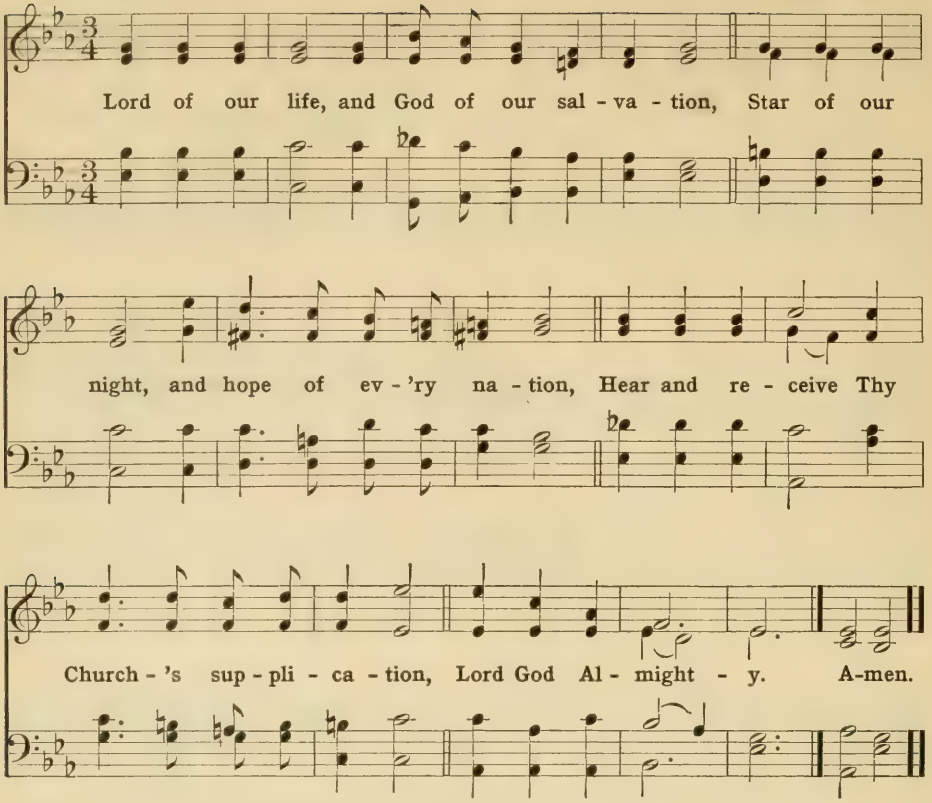
2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray
Each holy day Thy blessings pour!

4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away!

Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837

549

CLOISTERS 11.11.11.5. J. Barnby, 1875

Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
Church - 's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A-men.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

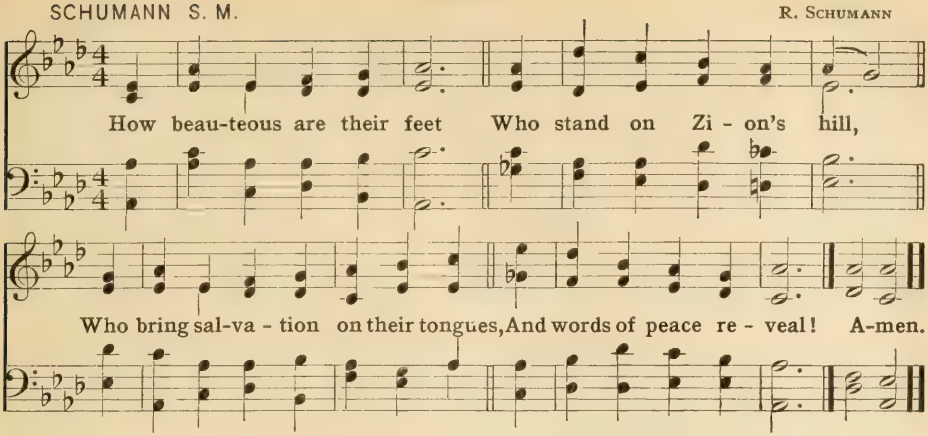
4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven.

M. A. Von Lowenstern, 1644. Tr. Philip Pusey, 1857

550

SCHUMANN S. M. — R. SCHUMANN



2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

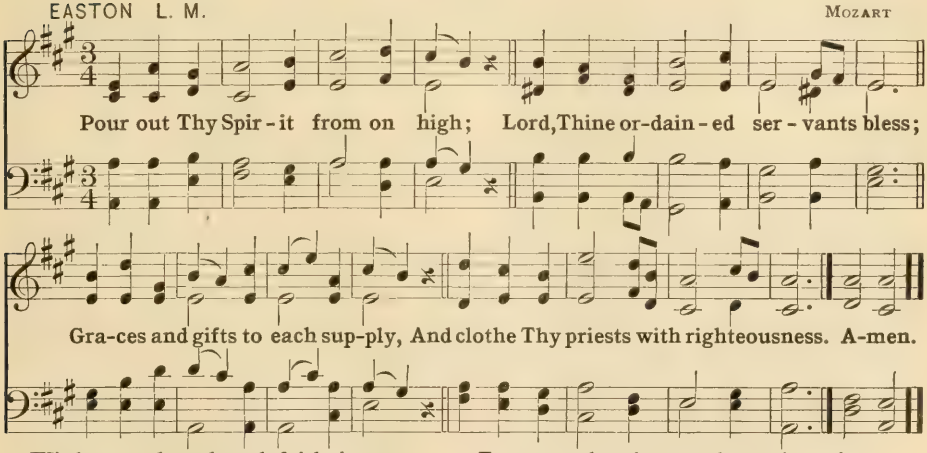
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

551

EASTON L. M. — MOZART


Pour out Thy Spir - it from on high; Lord, Thine or-dain - ed ser - vants bless;
Gra-ces and gifts to each sup-ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A-men.

2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

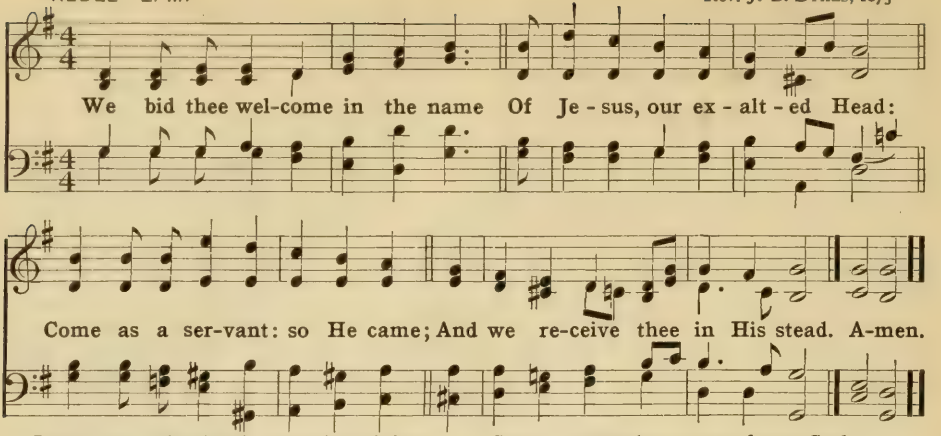
3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

4 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

552

KEBLE L. M. — Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875



2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

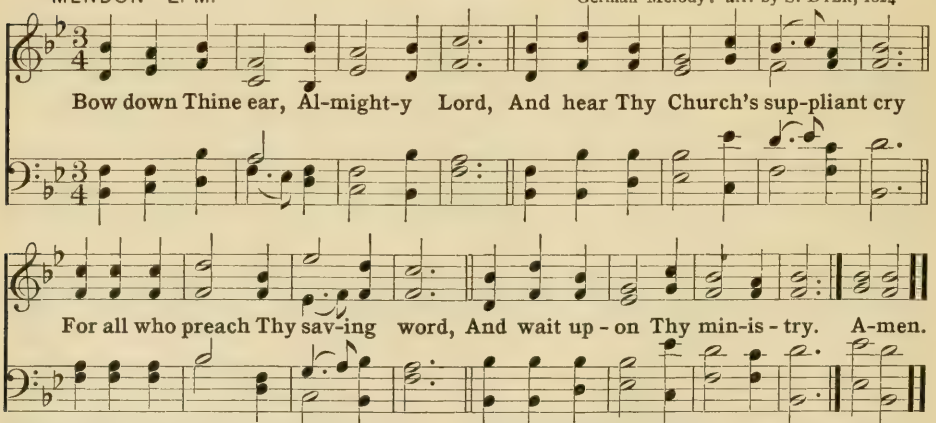
4 Come as teacher: sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

5 Come as a messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery, 1825

553

MENDON L. M. — German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824


Bow down Thine ear, Al-might-y Lord, And hear Thy Church's sup-pliant cry
For all who preach Thy sav-ing word, And wait up - on Thy min-is - try. A-men.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

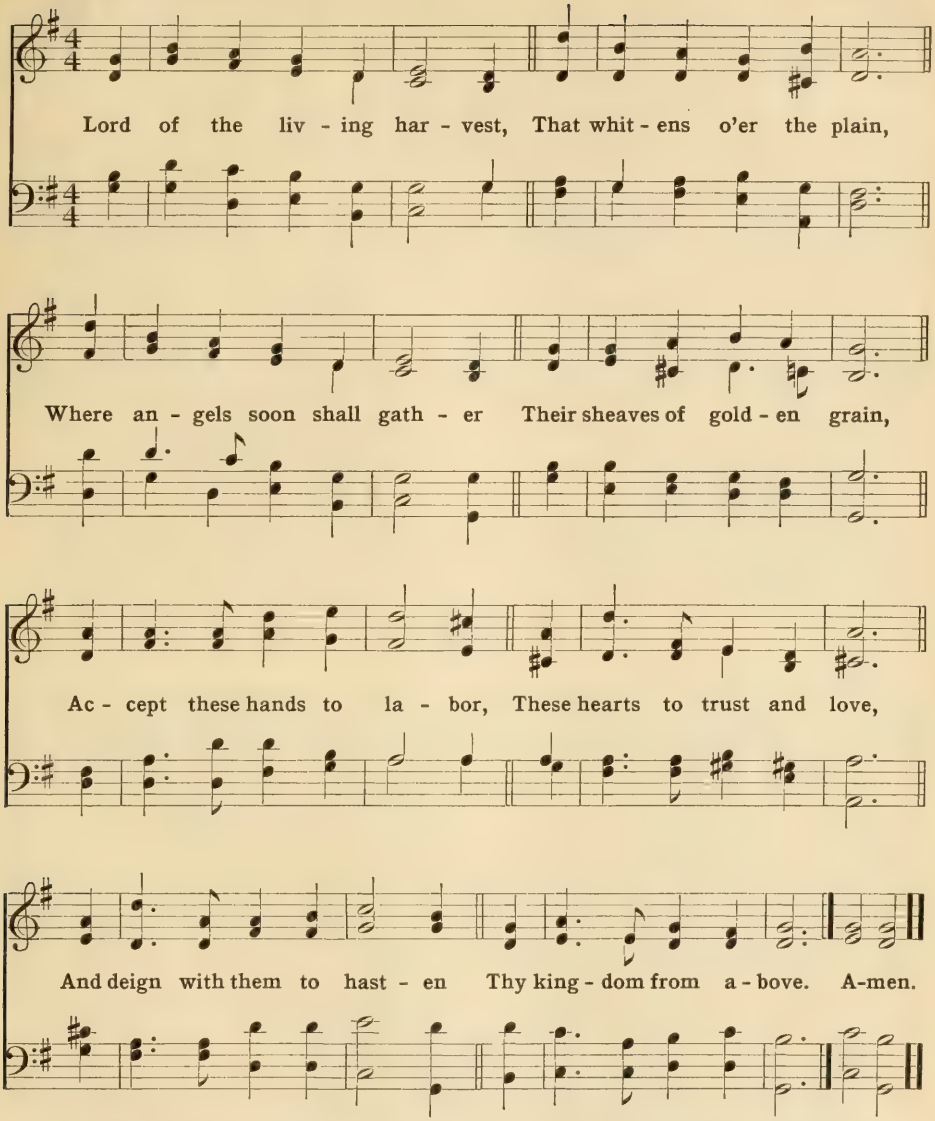
4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win.

Rev. Thomas E. Powell, 1864

554

HOLY CHURCH 7.6.7.6.D.

A. H. Brown

Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whit - ens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A-men.

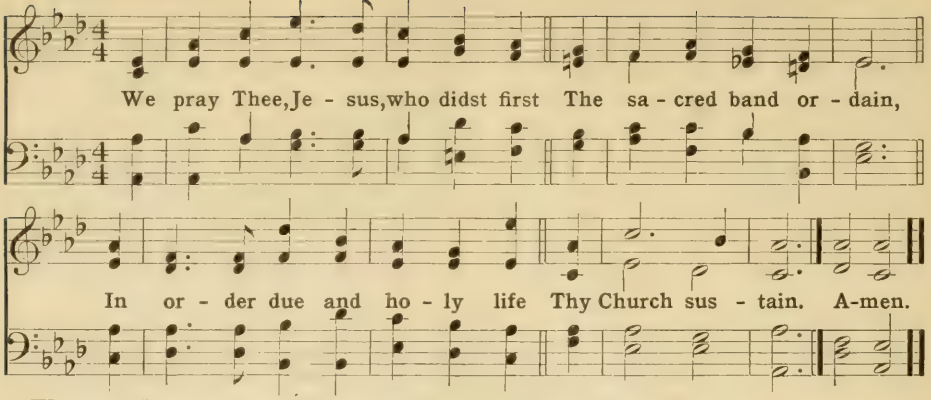
2 As lab'rers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with them, God the Father;
Be with them, God the Son;
And God the Holy Spirit, —
Most blessèd Three in One!
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1866

555

DONA 8.6.8.4. J. Goss, 1872



2 We pray Thee, Jesus, with Thy gifts
Thy chosen servants bless,
With doctrine incorrupt and pure
And righteousness.

3 We pray Thee, Jesus, that their course
May still be clothed with power,
With miracles of love and strength,
Meet for the hour.

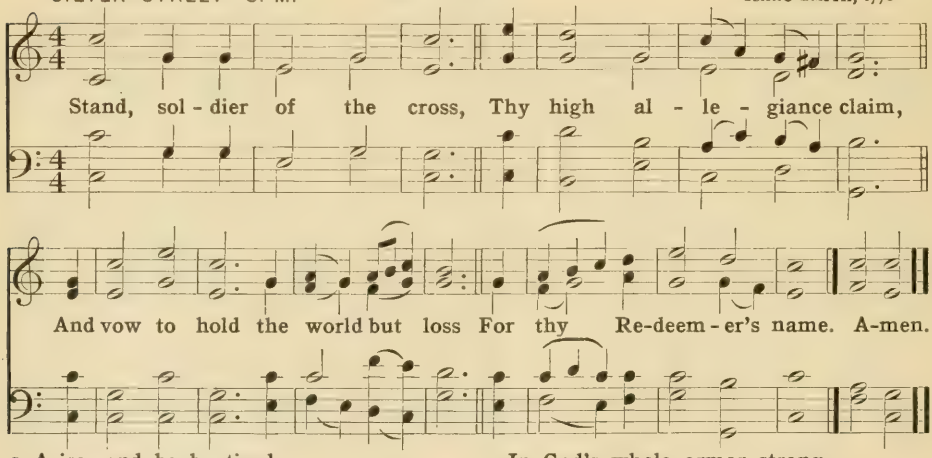
4 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come,
Pastor and people fill,
Till all the happy tribes of earth
Shall do His will.

5 Then to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost her praise
One living, undivided Church
Shall ever raise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863

556

SILVER STREET S. M. Isaac Smith, 1770



2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's, —
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled, —

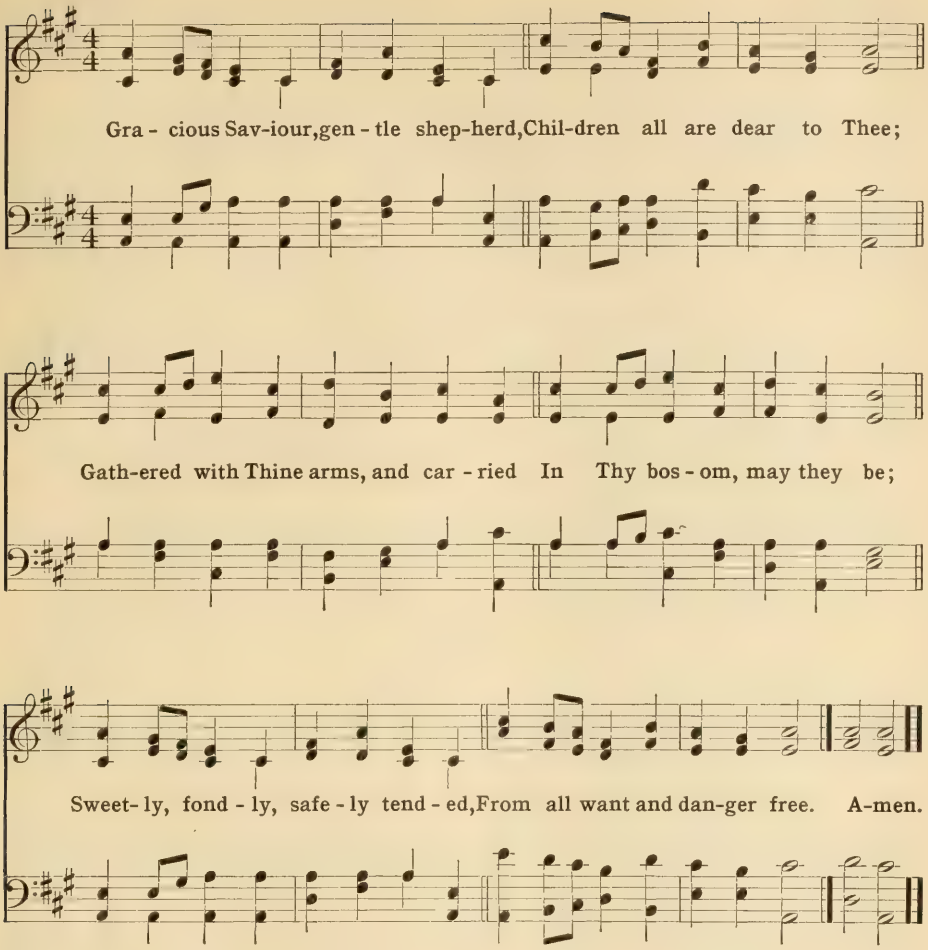
4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870

557

DISMISSAL 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. L. VINER, 1845


Gra - cious Sav-iour, gen - tle shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;
Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bos - om, may they be;
Sweet- ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.

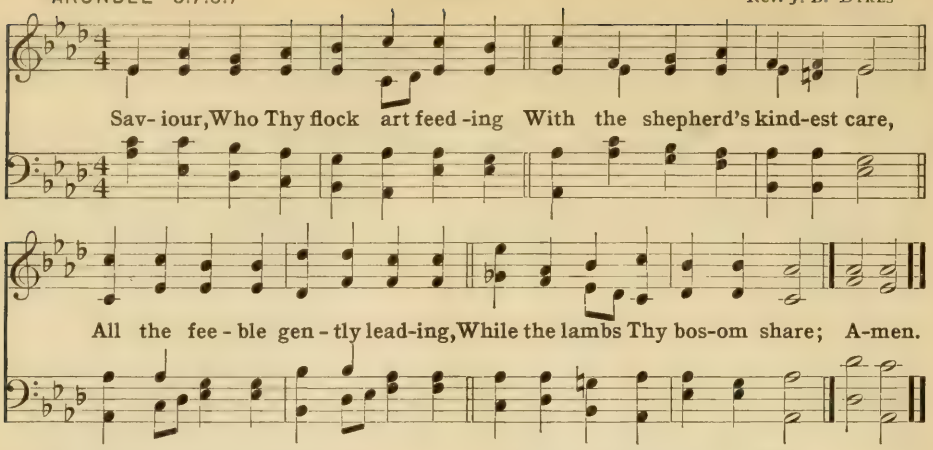
2 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts, unfeignèd,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then with all Thy saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

JANE E. LEESON, 1857

558

ARUNDEL 8.7.8.7 — Rev. J. B. Dykes


Sav- iour, Who Thy flock art feed -ing With the shepherd's kind-est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bos-om share; A-men.

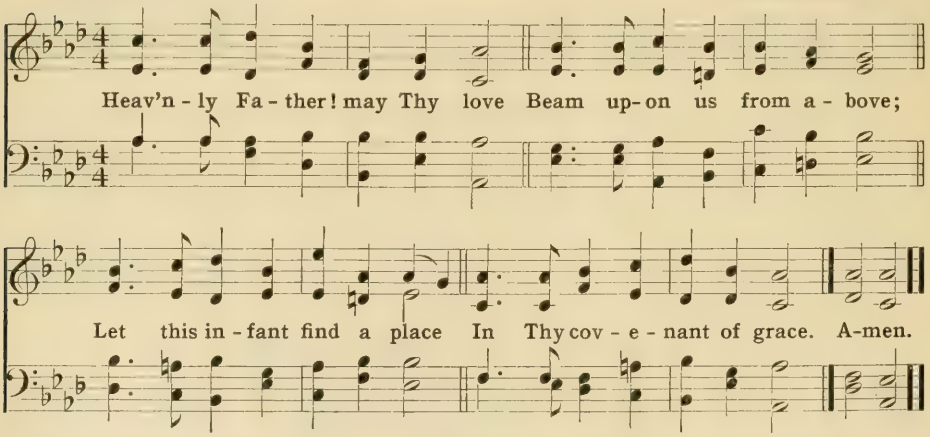
2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

559

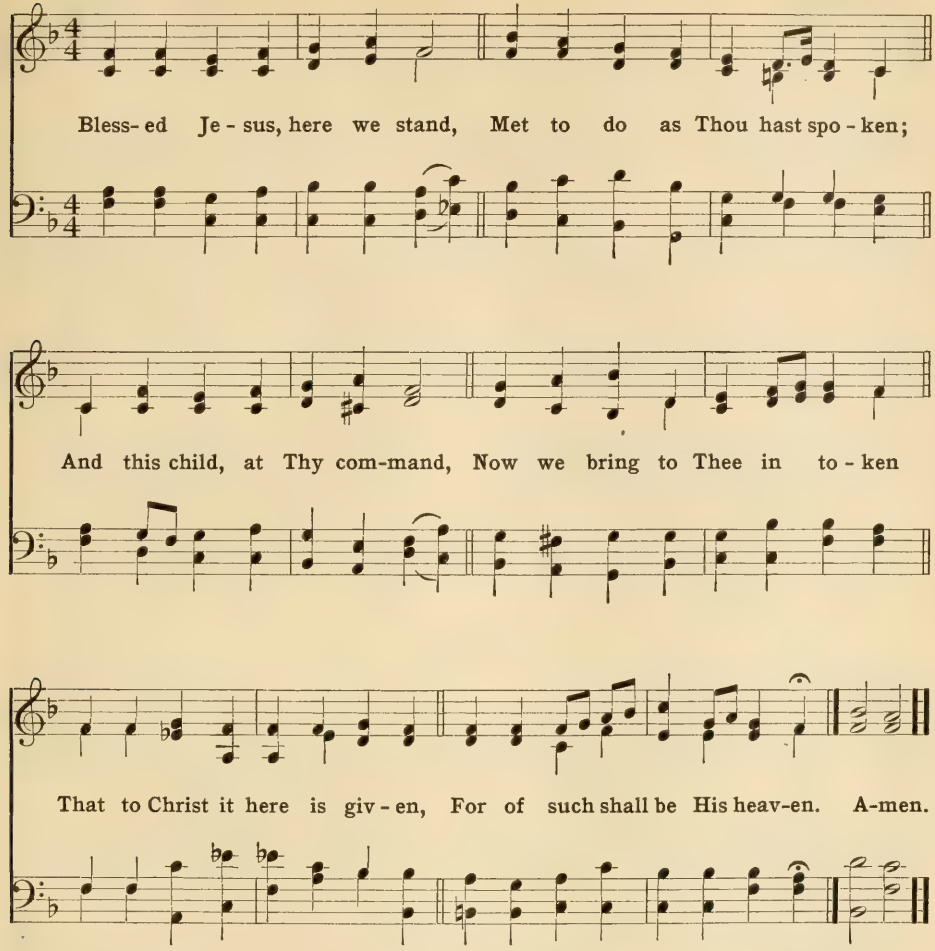
NEWINGTON 7.7.7.7. — W. D. Maclagan, 1875

2 Son of God! be with us here;
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry:
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display;
Seal it to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah! — Father, Son,
Holy Spirit — Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be!

Rev. Benjamin Guest, 1835

560

TENDER SHEPHERD 7.8.7.8.8.8. J. BARNBY, 1872

Bless- ed Je - sus, here we stand, Met to do as Thou hast spo - ken;
And this child, at Thy com-mand, Now we bring to Thee in to - ken
That to Christ it here is giv - en, For of such shall be His heav-en. A-men.

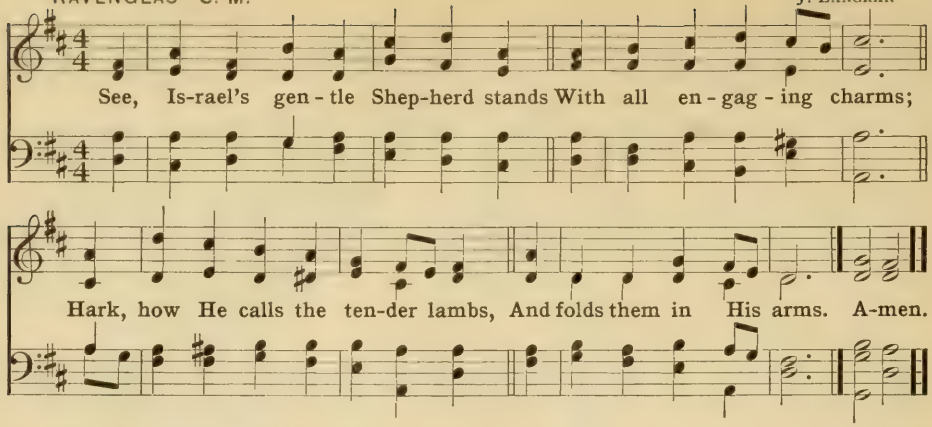
2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take it;
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never —
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

3 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;
Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

B. SCHMOLCK. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858

561

RAVENGLAS C. M. — J. LANGRAN


See, Is-rael's gen - tle Shep-herd stands With all en - gag - ing charms;
Hark, how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms. A-men.

2 Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

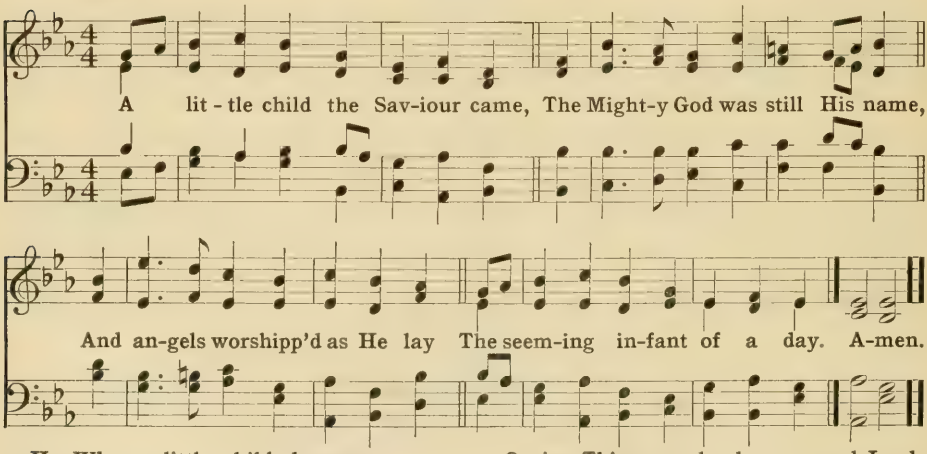
3 He'll lead them to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide them to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
'Tis safe from every snare.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

562

HIGHGATE L. M. — F. C. WOODS


A lit - tle child the Sav-iour came, The Might-y God was still His name,
And an-gels worshipp'd as He lay The seem-ing in-fant of a day. A-men.

2 He Who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free.
"Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

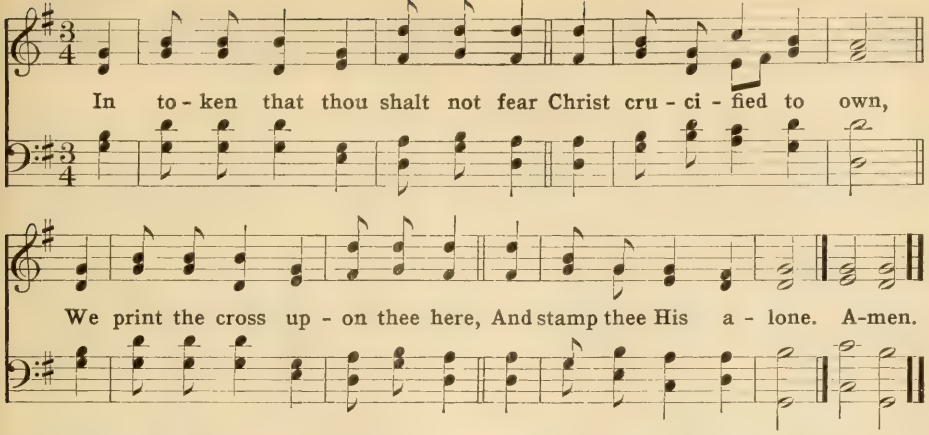
5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

W. ROBERTSON

563

MARLOW C. M.

Rev. J. Chetham's Psalmody, 1718



2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

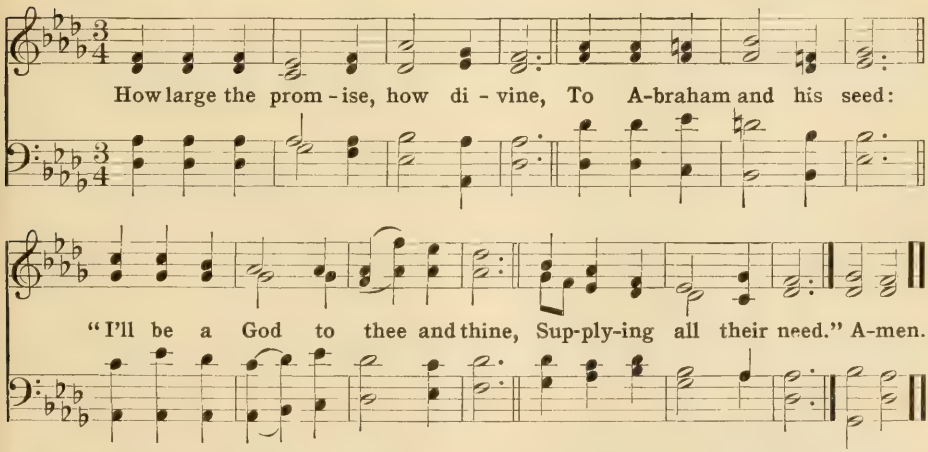
4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1832

564

LYNTON C. M.

A. J. Jamouneau, 1904



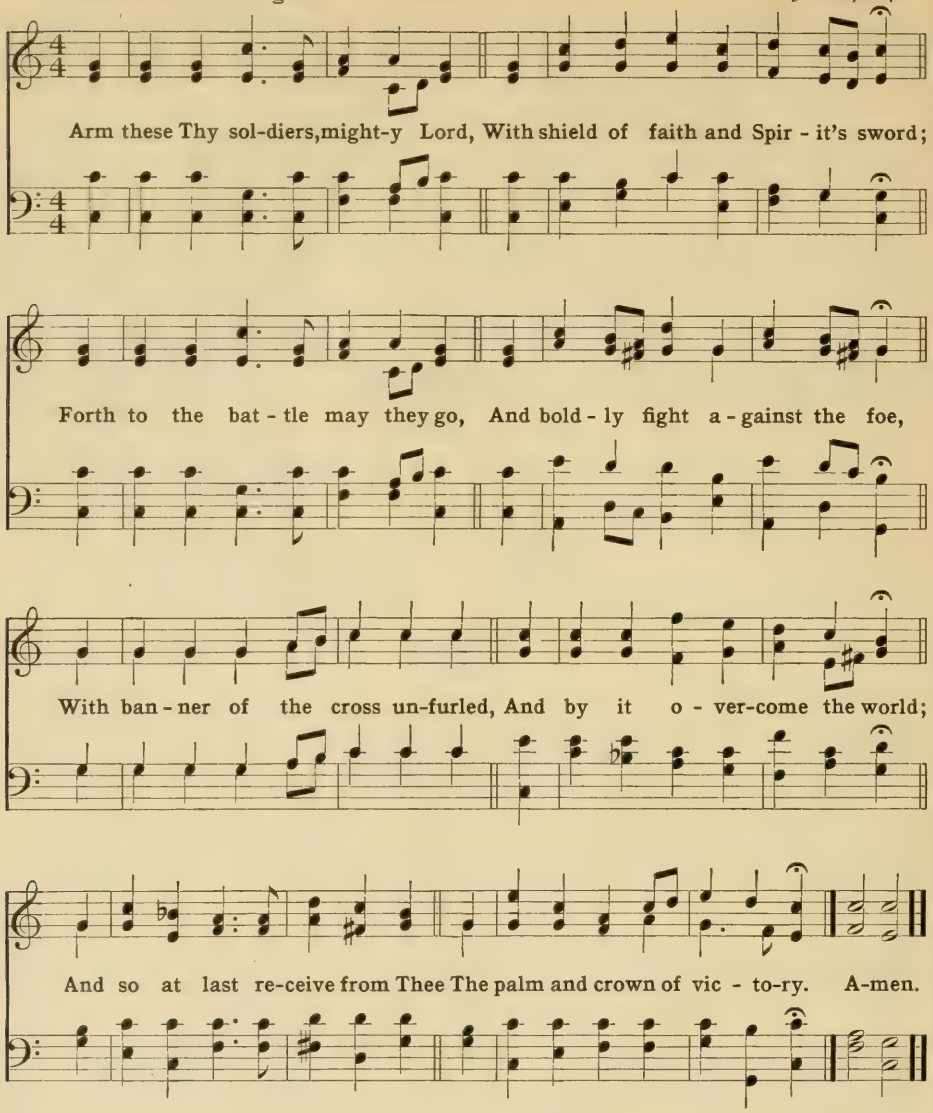
2 The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure:
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

565

PETERBOROUGH Eight 8s. J. Goss, 1864

Arm these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;
Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,
With ban - ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver-come the world;
And so at last re-ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to-ry. A-men.

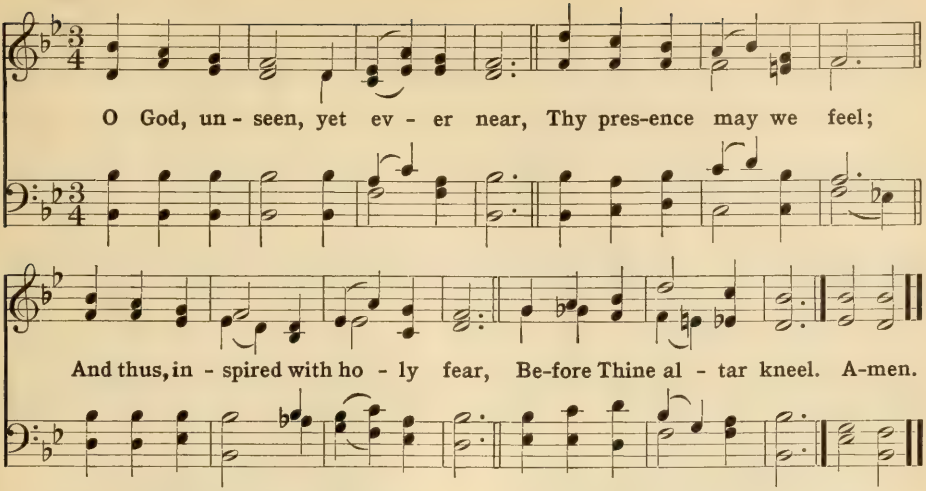
2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

566

SAWLEY C. M.

J. WALCH, 1860

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food:
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.

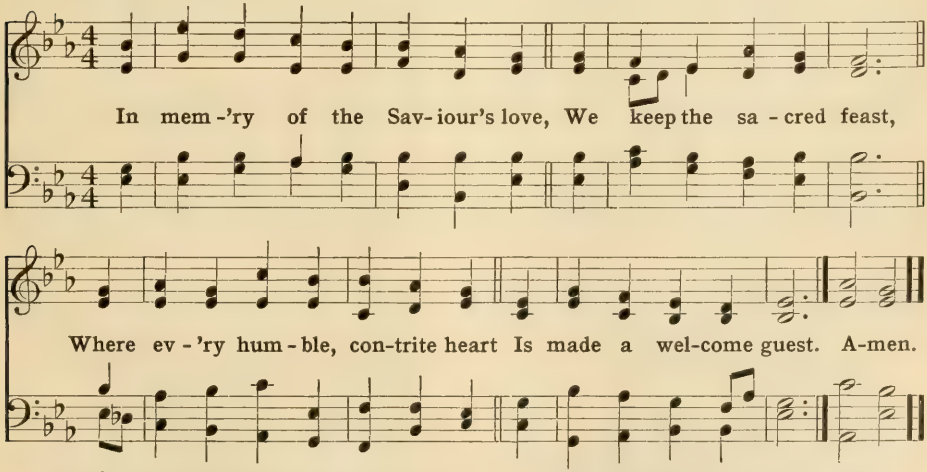
4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836

567

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826



2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of His blood,
That was for sinners shed.

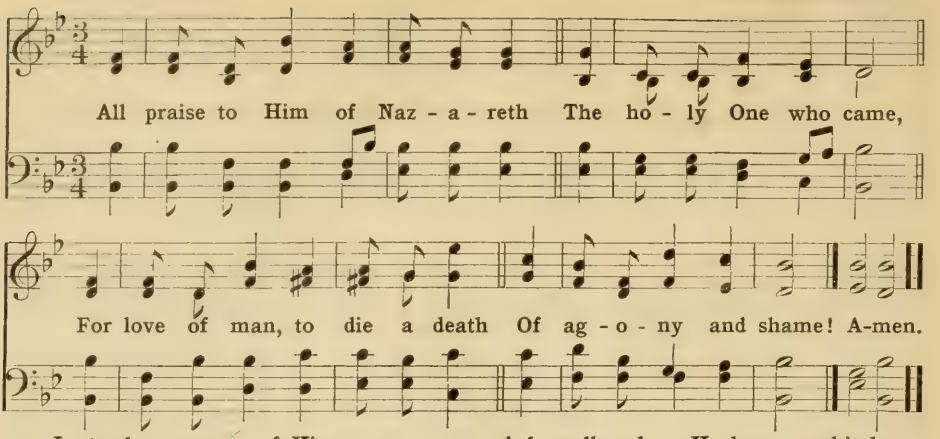
3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Rev. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1835

568

LUCIUS C. M.

From Templi Carmina



2 In tender memory of His grave,
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life He gave
So freely, for our sake.

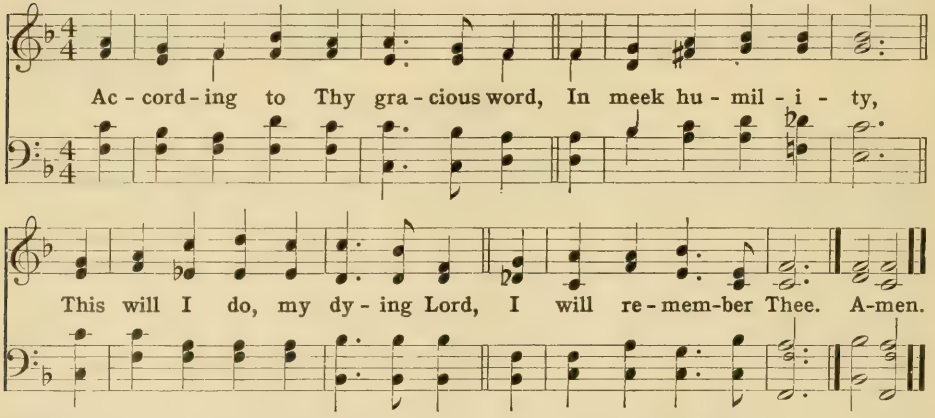
3 A boundless love He bore mankind;
O may at least a part
Of that strong love descend, and find
A place in every heart!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1864

569

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

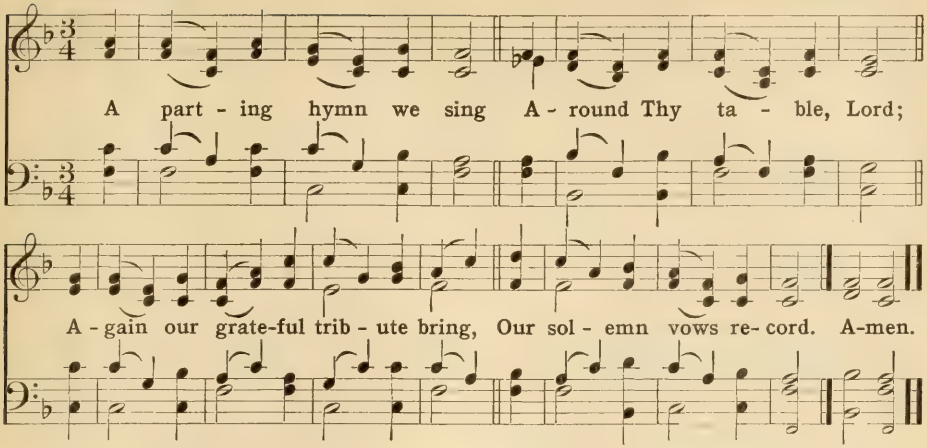
6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

570

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELI, by L. MASON, 1845



2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

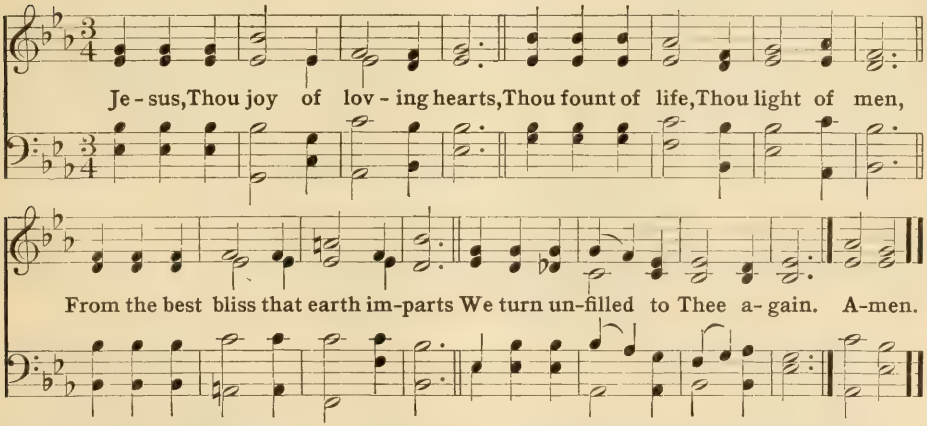
4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

Rev. AARON R. WOLFE, 1858

571

QUEBEC L. M.

Rev. HENRY BAKER, 1866


Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn un-filled to Thee a- gain. A-men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

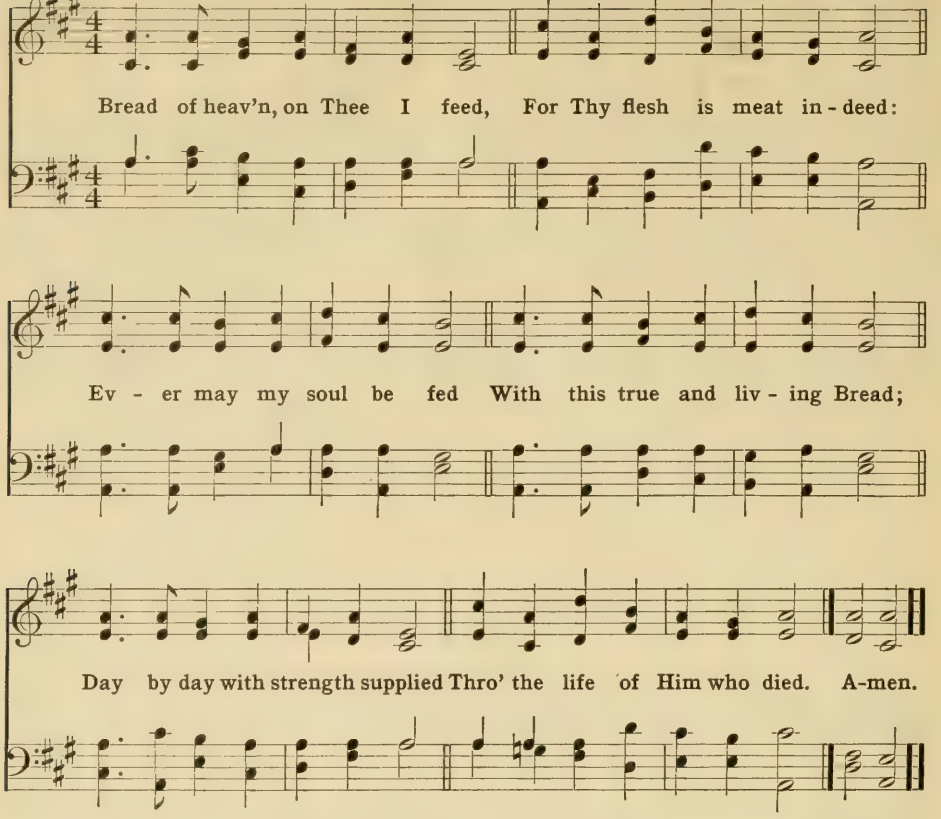
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, c. 1150. Tr. Rev. RAY PALMER, 1858

572

SPANISH HYMN Six 7s.

Spanish Melody
Arr. by Benj. Carr, 1824


Bread of heav'n, on Thee I feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed:
Ev - er may my soul be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died. A-men.

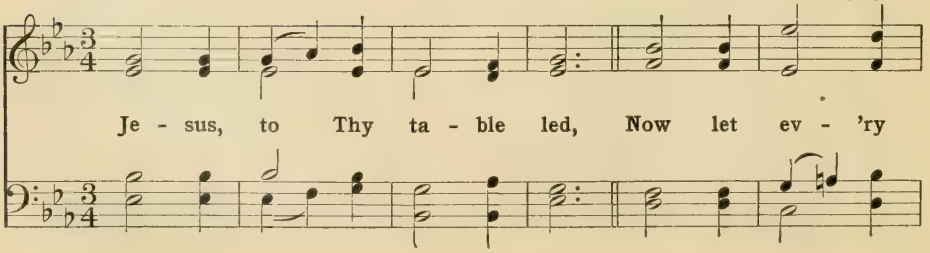
2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,
To Thy cross I look, and live:
Thou, my Life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

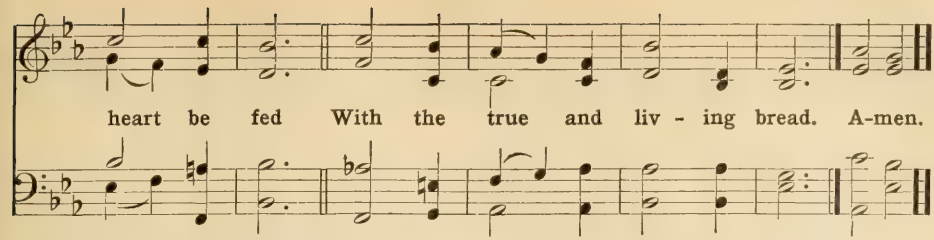
Josiah Conder, 1824

573

LACRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

A. S. Sullivan, 1872





2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

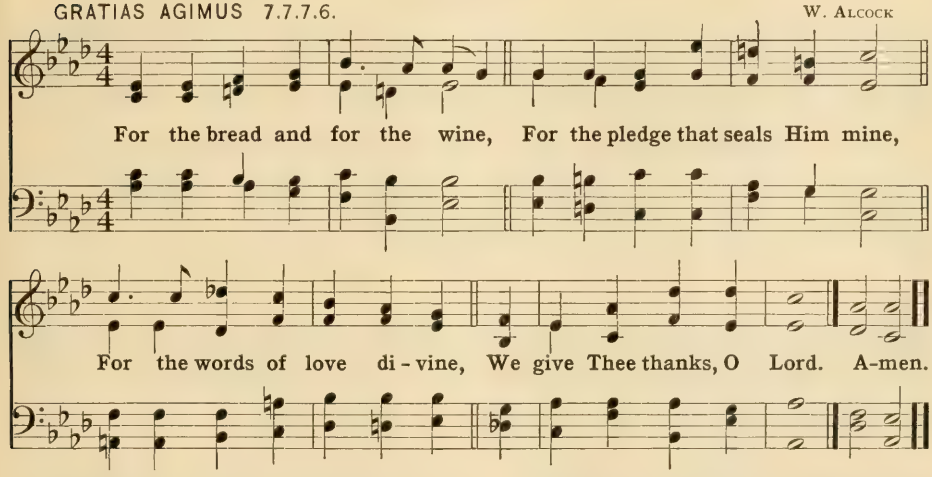
6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1864

574

GRATIAS AGIMUS 7.7.7.6. W. Alcock


For the bread and for the wine, For the pledge that seals Him mine,
For the words of love di - vine, We give Thee thanks, O Lord. A-men.

2 For the feast of love and peace,
Bidding all our sorrows cease,
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

3 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the seal and sign
Of the heavenly and divine!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

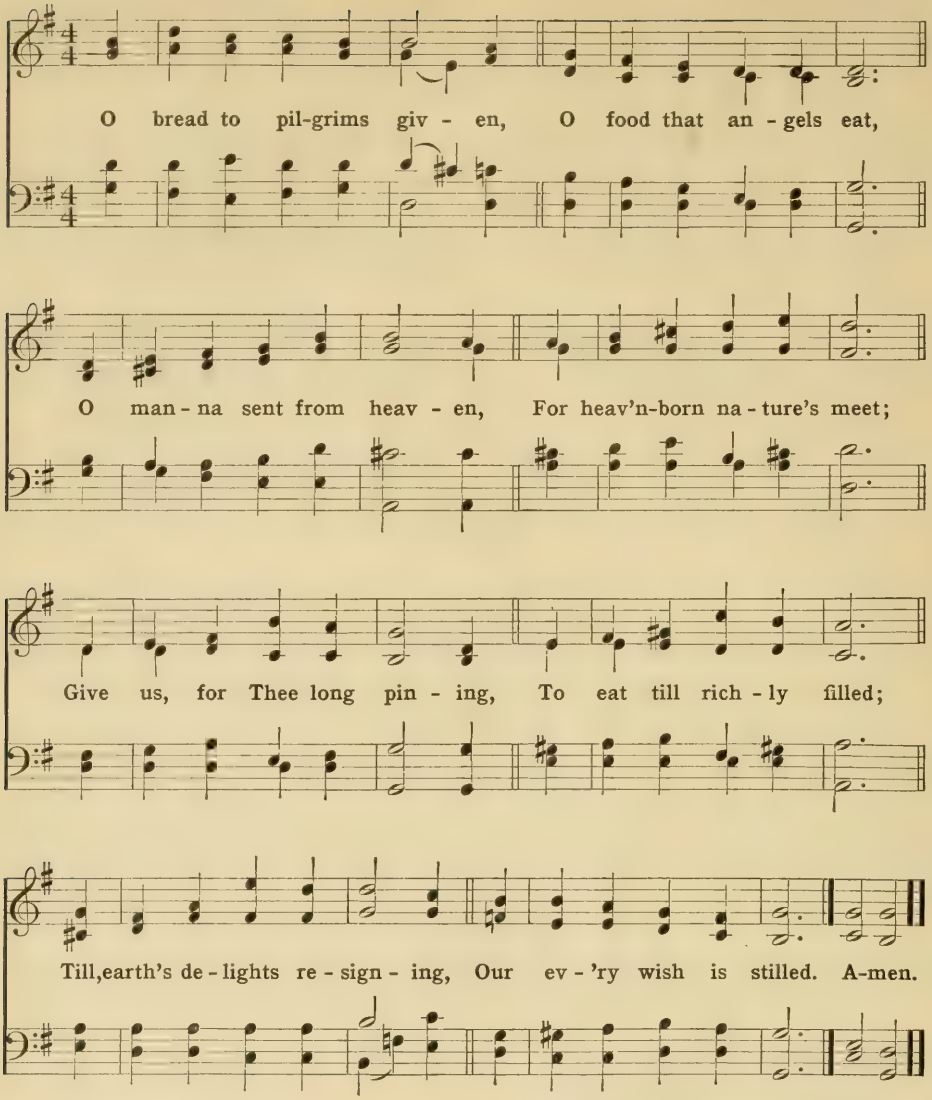
5 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
"Do ye this until I come."
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

6 For that coming, here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1874

575

HOLBORN 7.6.7.6.D.

T. ADAMS, 1890

O bread to pil-grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,
O man - na sent from heav - en, For heav'n-born na - ture's meet;
Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled;
Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is stilled. A-men.

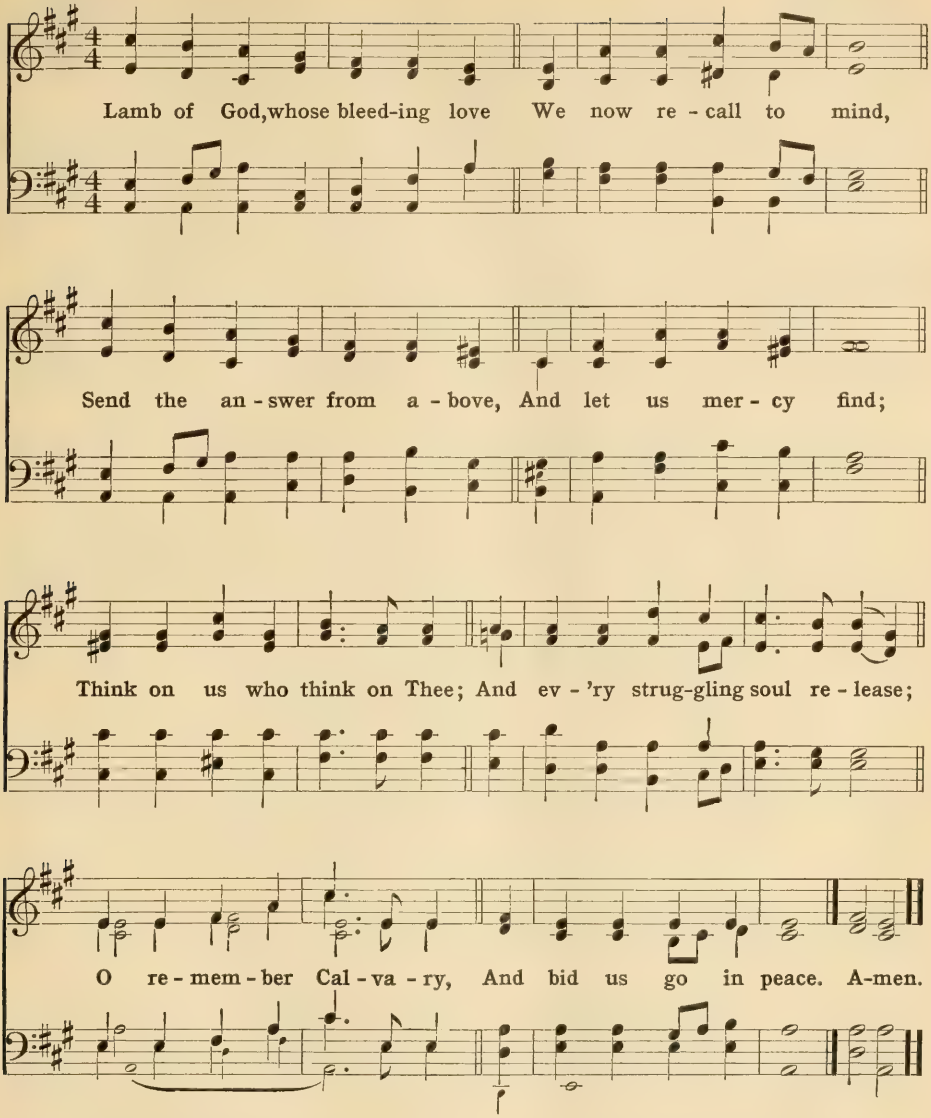
2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th cent.). Tr. Rev. RAY PALMER, 1858

576

GERSAU 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

Rev. L. M. White, 1904

Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re - call to mind,
Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find;
Think on us who think on Thee; And ev - 'ry strug-gling soul re - lease;
O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace. A-men.

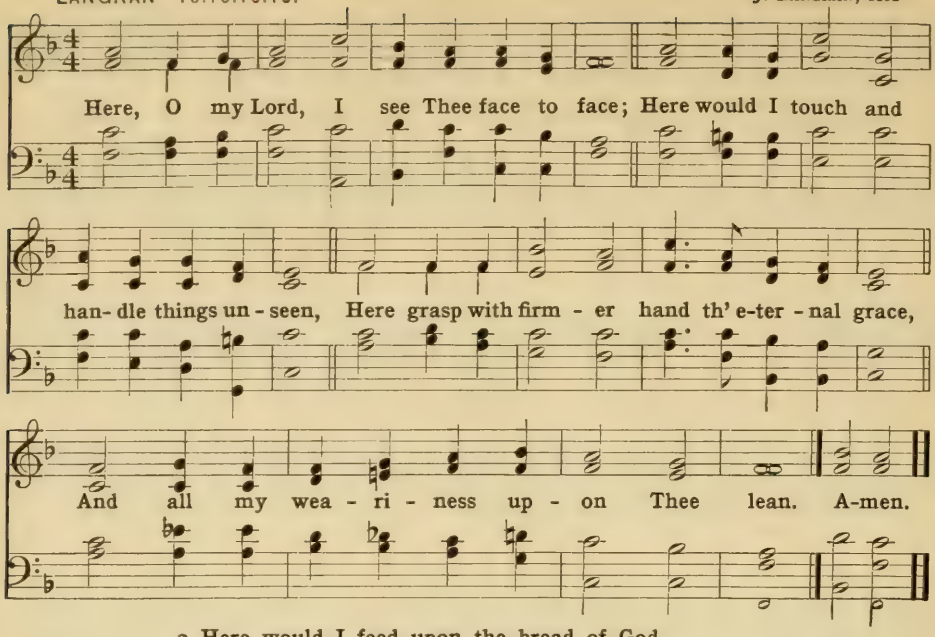
2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and trouble cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1845

577

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10. J. LANGRAN, 1862


Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and
han- dle things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e-ter - nal grace,
And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A-men.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
This brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

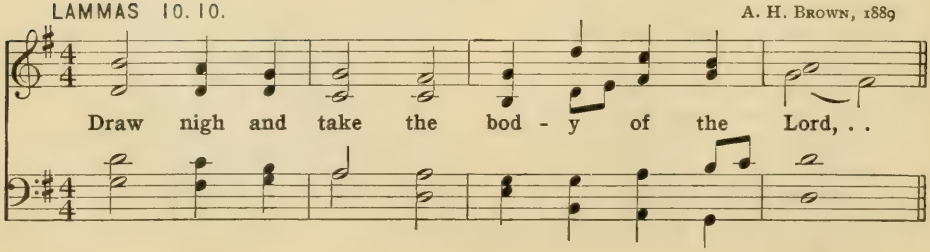
4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

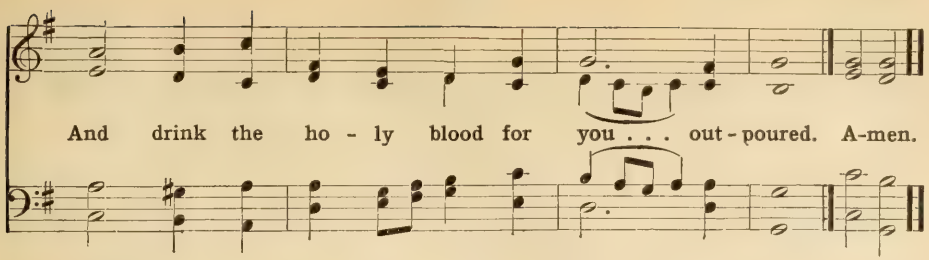
5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1855

578

LAMMAS 10. 10. A. H. BROWN, 1889





2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear Cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

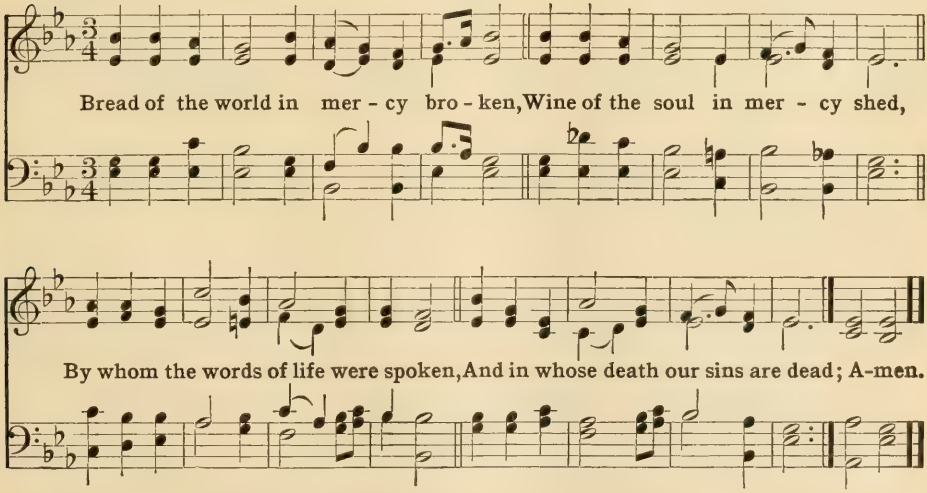
6 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

7 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

Latin, 680. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

579

EUCHARISTIC HYMN 9.8.9.8. Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

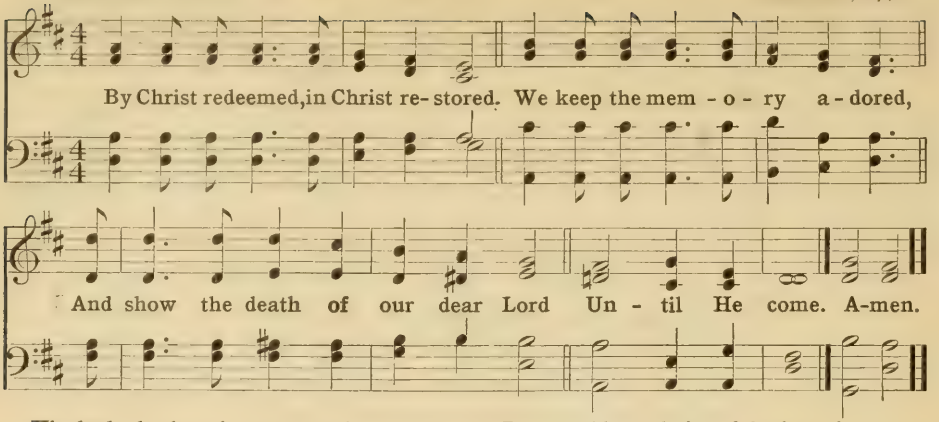

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

580

HANFORD 8.8.8.4. A. SULLIVAN, 1874



2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The streams of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite
Until He come:

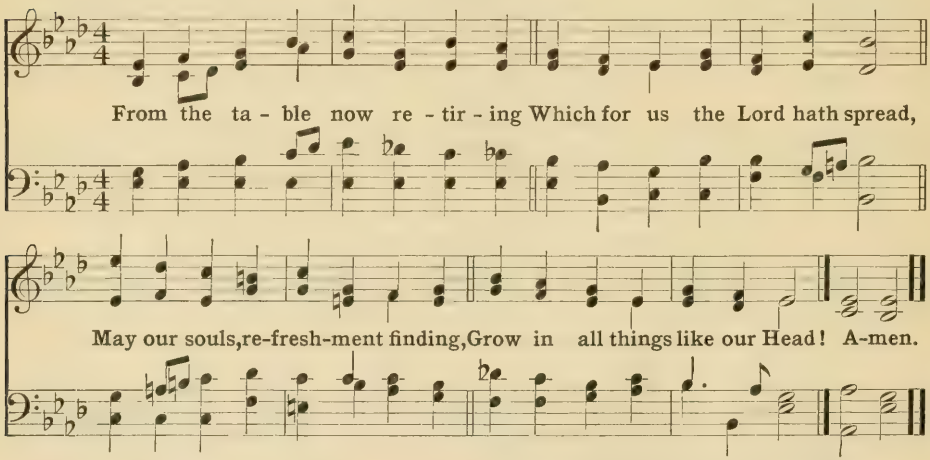
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not your hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1857

581

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7. Dr. PEARCE, 1890


From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, re-fresh-ment finding, Grow in all things like our Head! A-men.

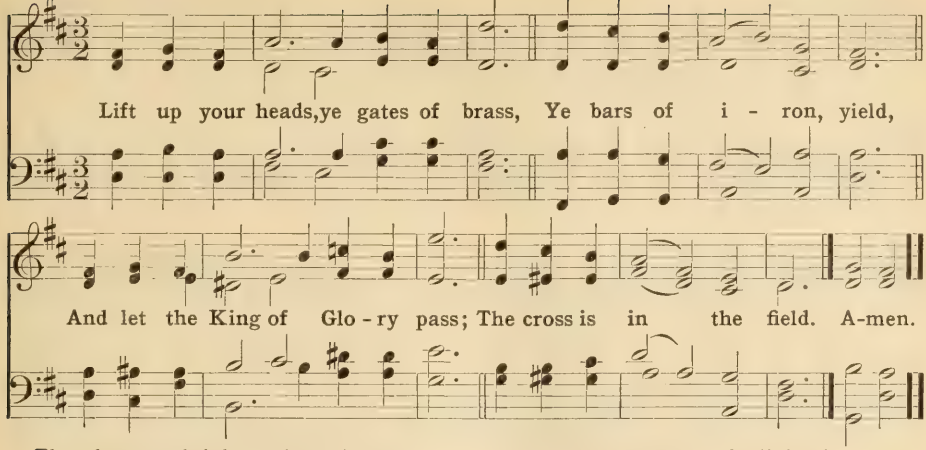
2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

Rev. JOHN ROWE, 1806

582

BRACONDALE C. M. — JOSIAH BOOTH



2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

4 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

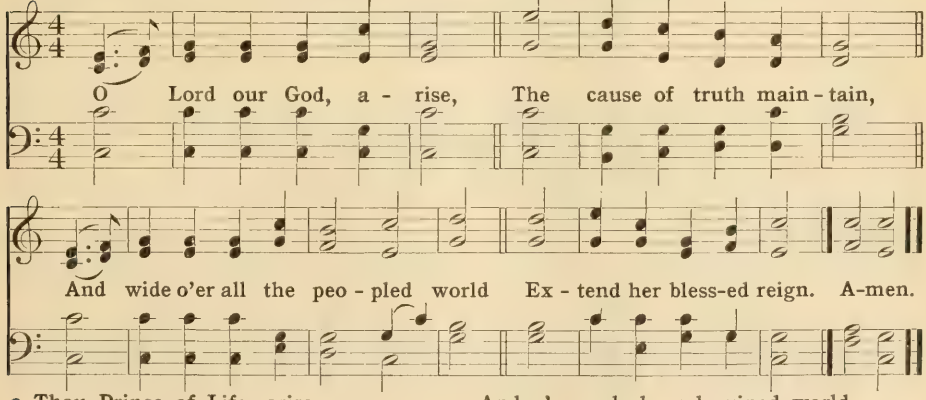
5 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:

6 "Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;..
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The cross hath won the field."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1843

583

LABAN S. M. — LOWELL MASON, 1830



2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

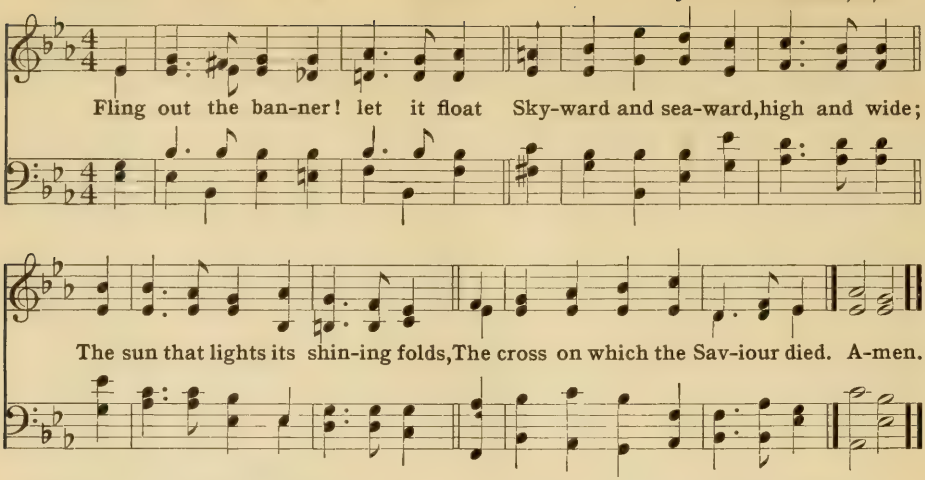
4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Anon., 1800: enlarged in Wardlaw's Selection, 1803

584

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872


Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

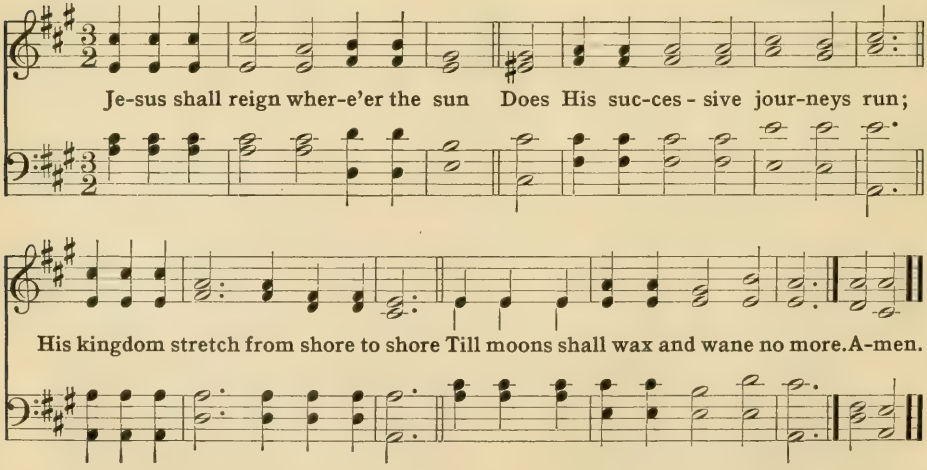
6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane', 1848

585

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

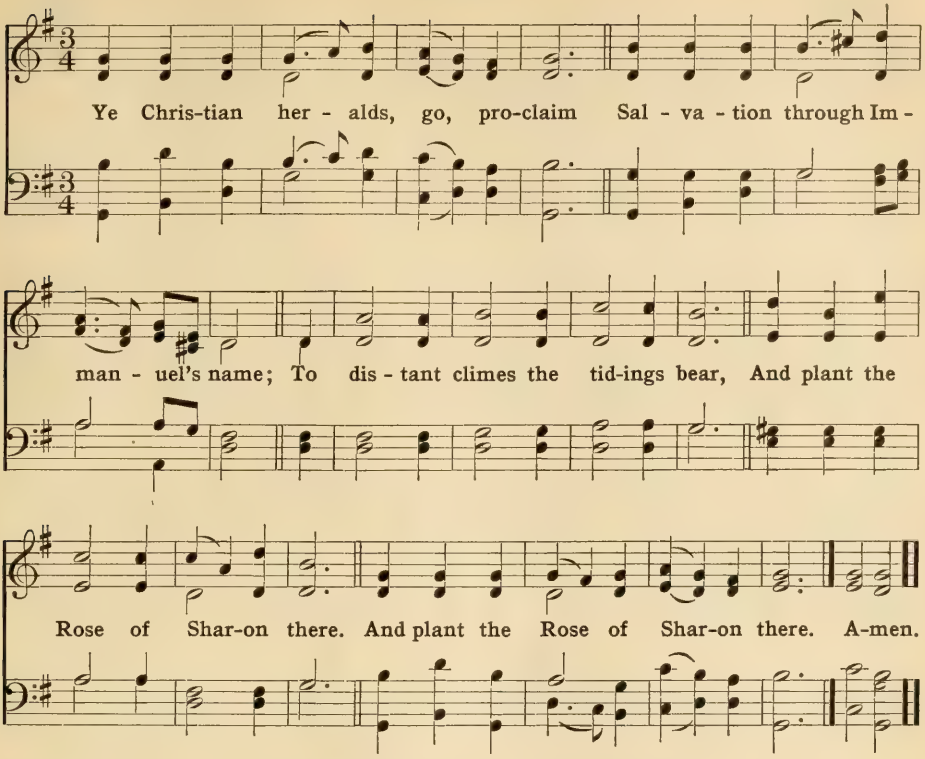
C. Zeuner, 1839


Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-men.

586

PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from F. M. A. VENUA, c. 1810


Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion through Im -
man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the
Rose of Shar-on there. And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A-men.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

Rev. BOURNE H. DRAPER, 1803

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

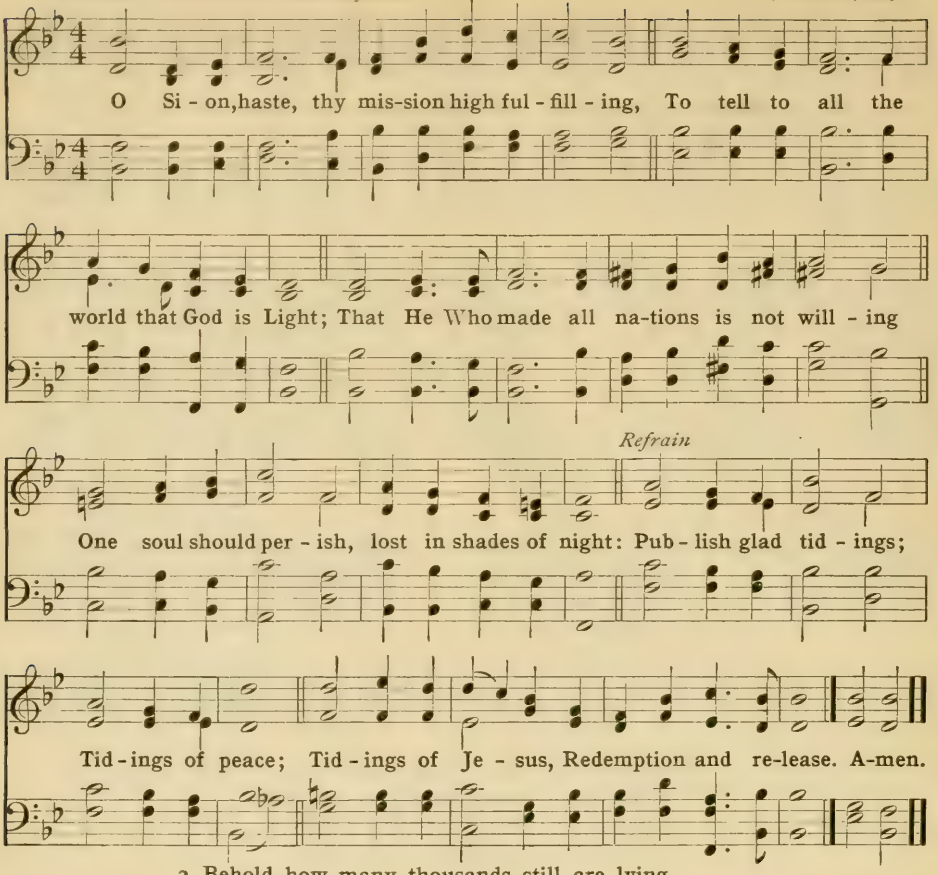
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

587

TIDINGS 11.10.11.10. *with Refrain* J. WALCH, 1889

O Si - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing
Refrain
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad tid - ings;
Tid - ings of peace; Tid - ings of Je - sus, Redemption and re-lease. A-men.

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win. *Refrain*

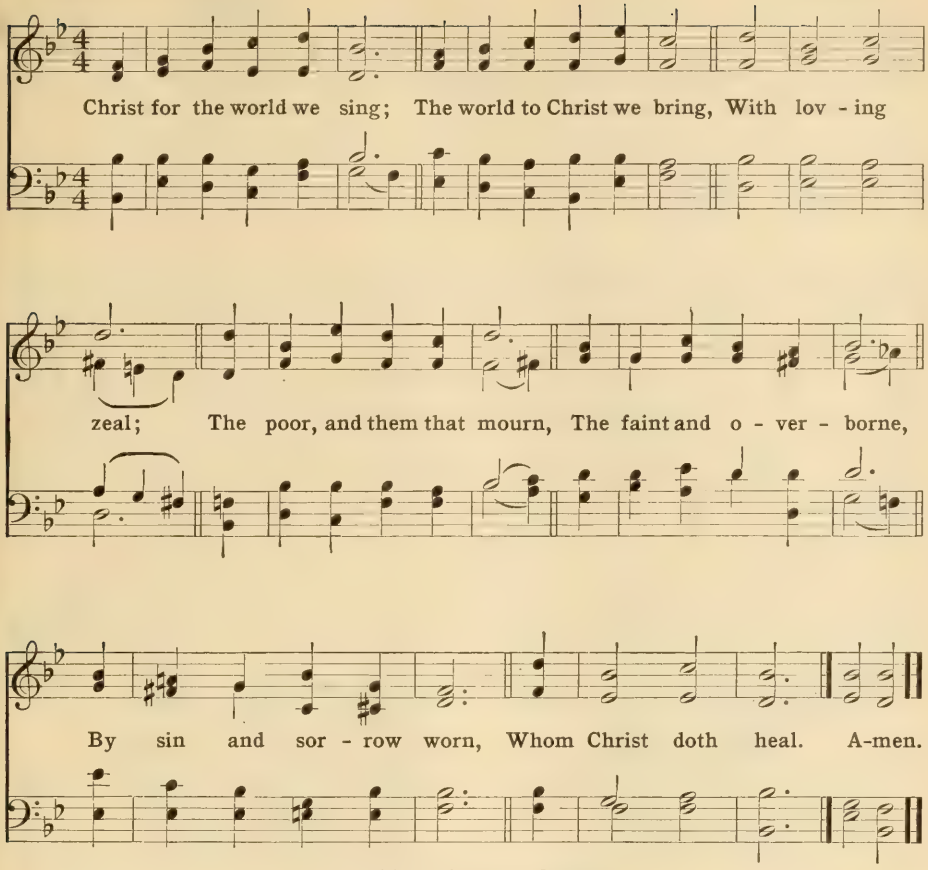
3 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move is love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above. *Refrain*

4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay. *Refrain*

5 He comes again — O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face. *Refrain*

MARY A. THOMSON, 1870

588

AMORY 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. W. F. BIDDLE

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing
zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,
By sin and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by JOHN B. PRATT

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

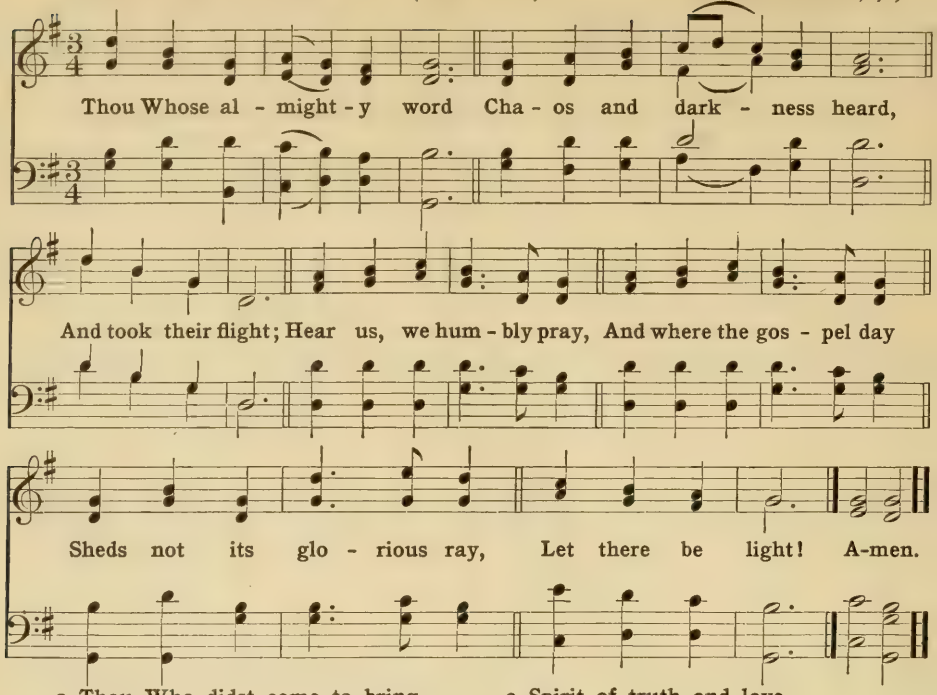
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our God.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1869

589

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune*) FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769


Thou Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the gos - pel day
Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A-men.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

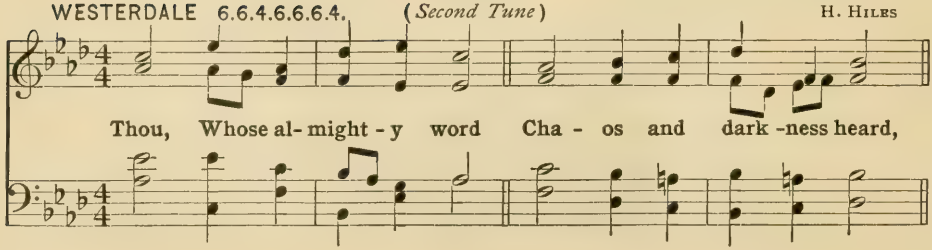
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight.
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

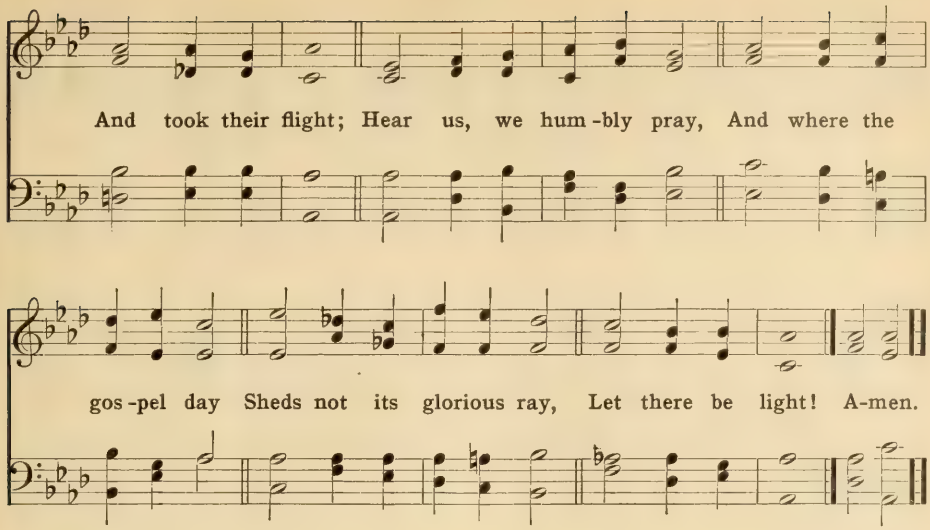
4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813

589

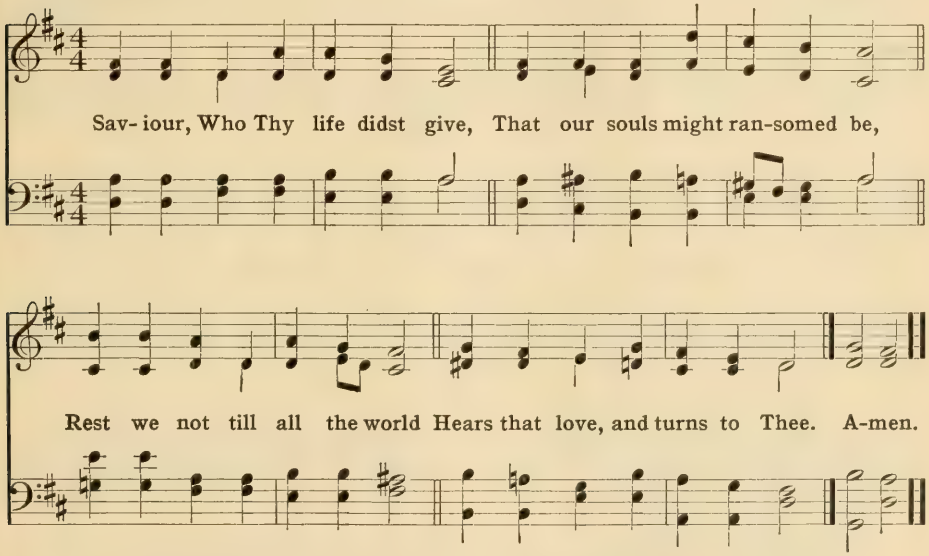
WESTERDALE 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*) H. HILES





590

CONSECRATION 7.7.7.7. CHAS. VINCENT


Sav-iour, Who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ran-somed be,
Rest we not till all the world Hears that love, and turns to Thee. A-men.

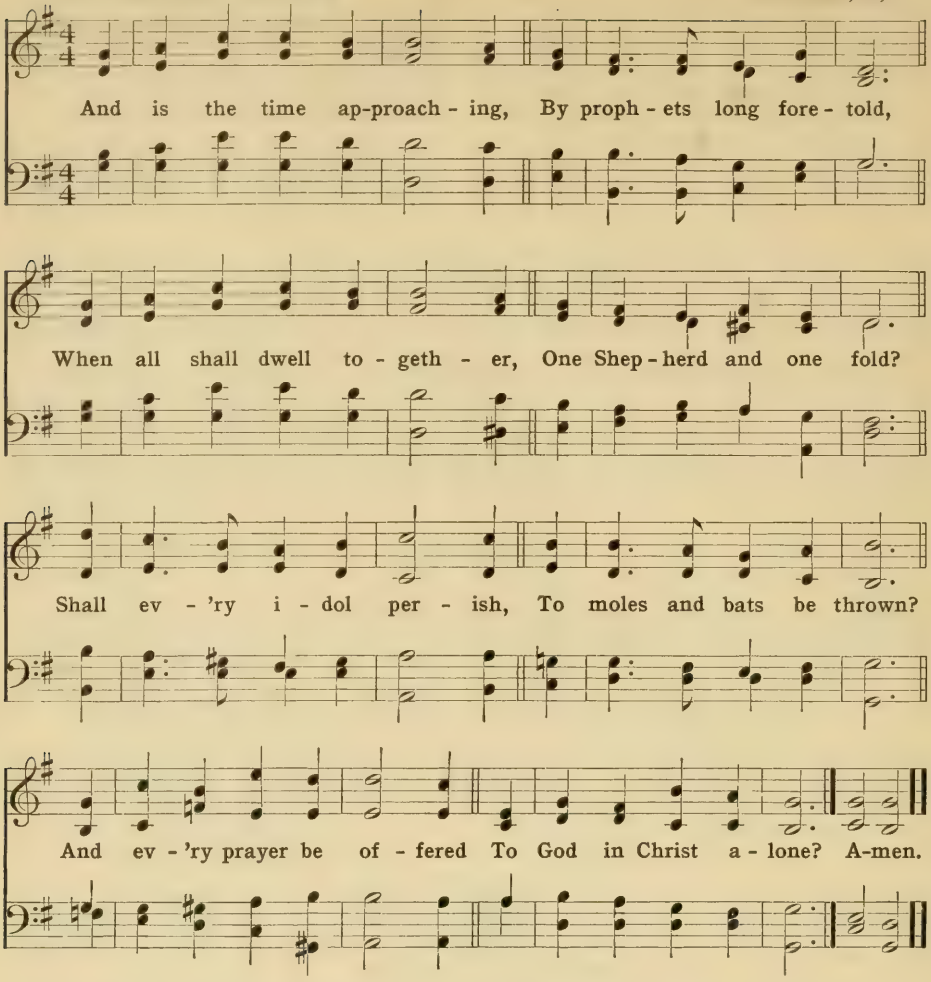
2 Help us that we falter not,
Though the fields are white and wide,
And the reapers, sorely pressed,
Call for aid on every side.

3 Guide us that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into Thine eternal day.

4 Sweet the service — blest the toil —
Thine alone the glory be;
Oh, baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate us all to Thee.

AMELIA DE F. LOCKWOOD

591

HATFIELD HALL 7.6.7.6.D. C. VINCENT, 1890

And is the time ap-proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?
Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?
And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A-men.

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

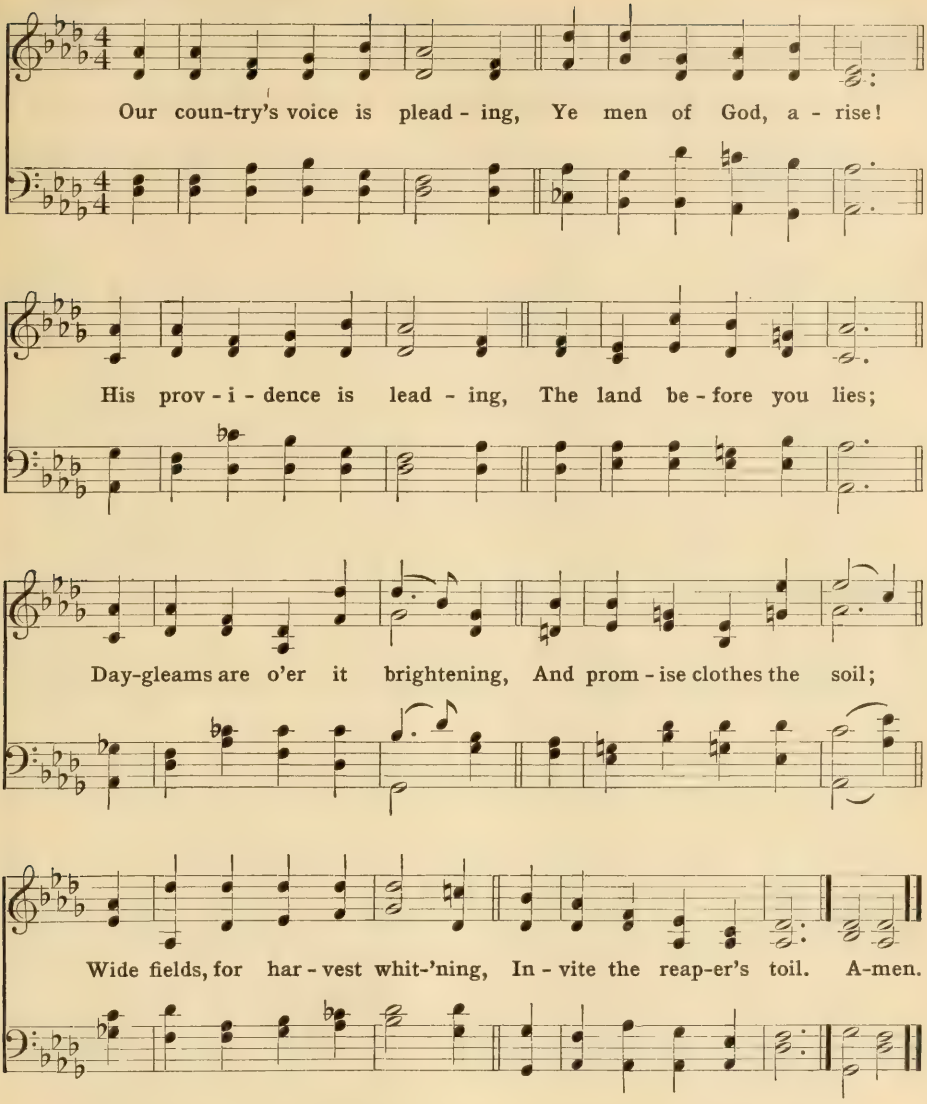
3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

JANE BORTHWICK, 1859

592

LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6.D.

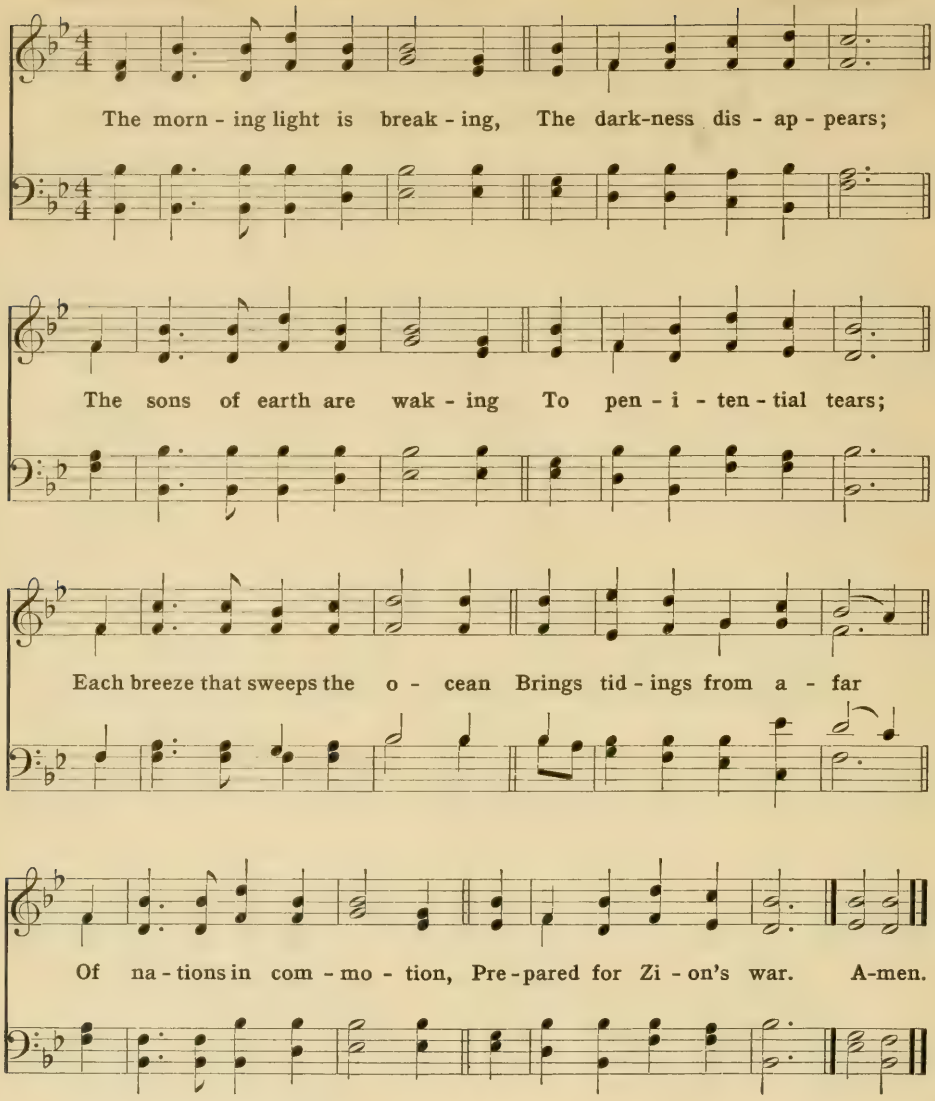
H. SMART, 1867

Our coun-try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise!
His prov - i - dence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And prom - ise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for har - vest whit-'ning, In - vite the reap-er's toil. A-men.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blessed.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey!

MARIA FRANCES ANDERSON, 1848

593

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. Webb, 1837

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A-men.

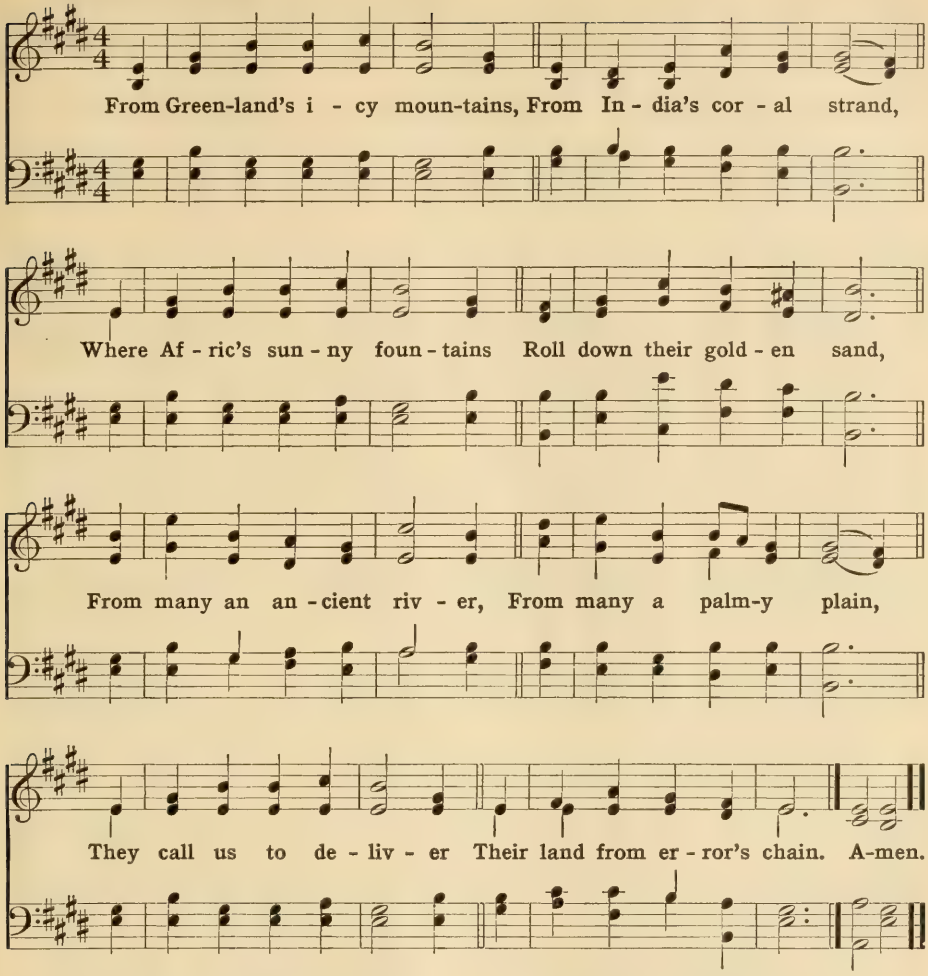
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1862

594

MISSIONARY HYMN 7.6.7.6.D.

L. MASON, 1823

From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

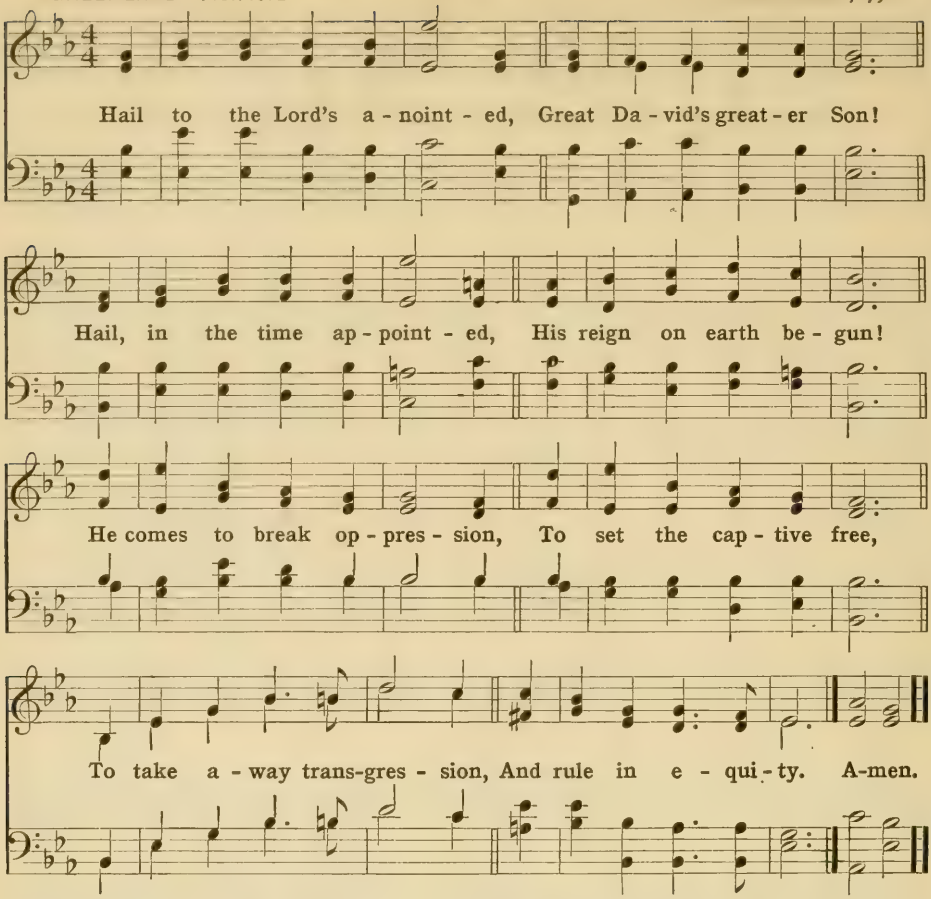
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1819

595

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.D.

Lausanne Psalter, 1790

Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.

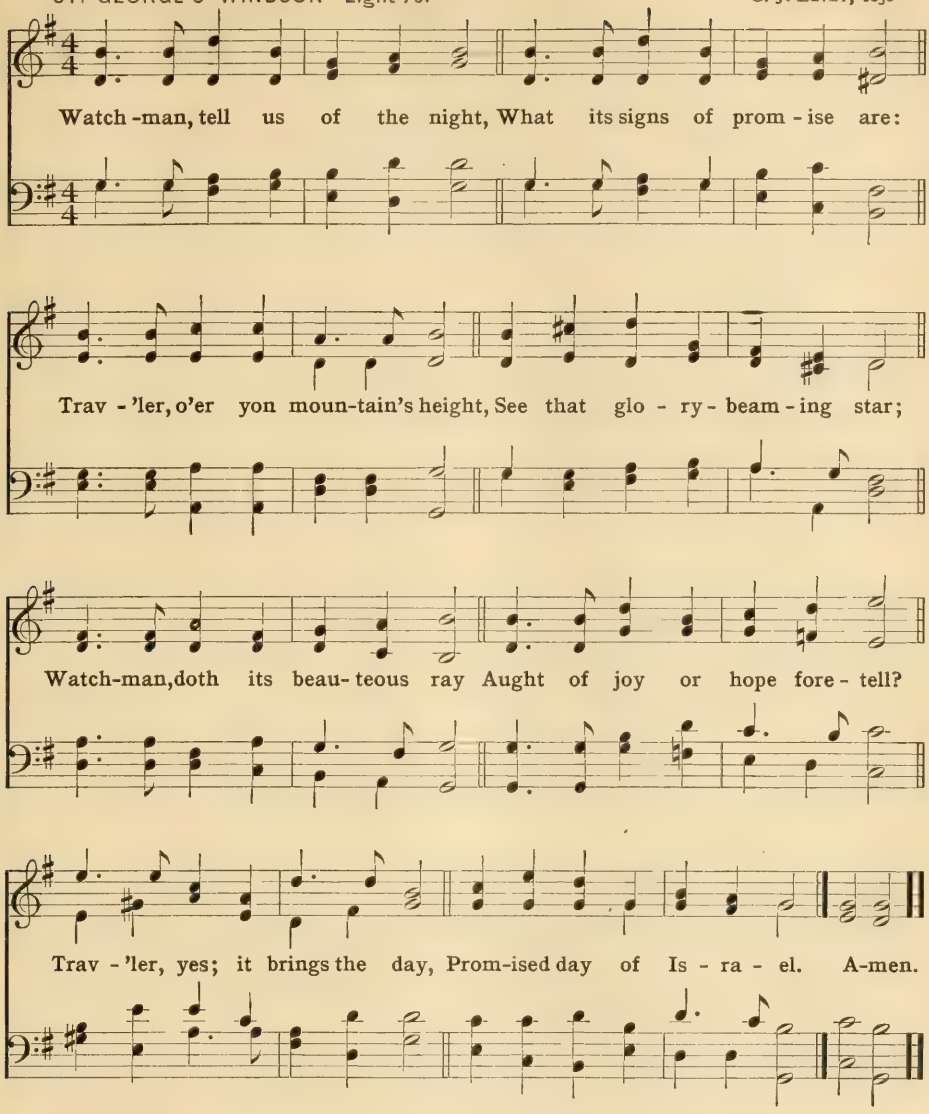
2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822

596

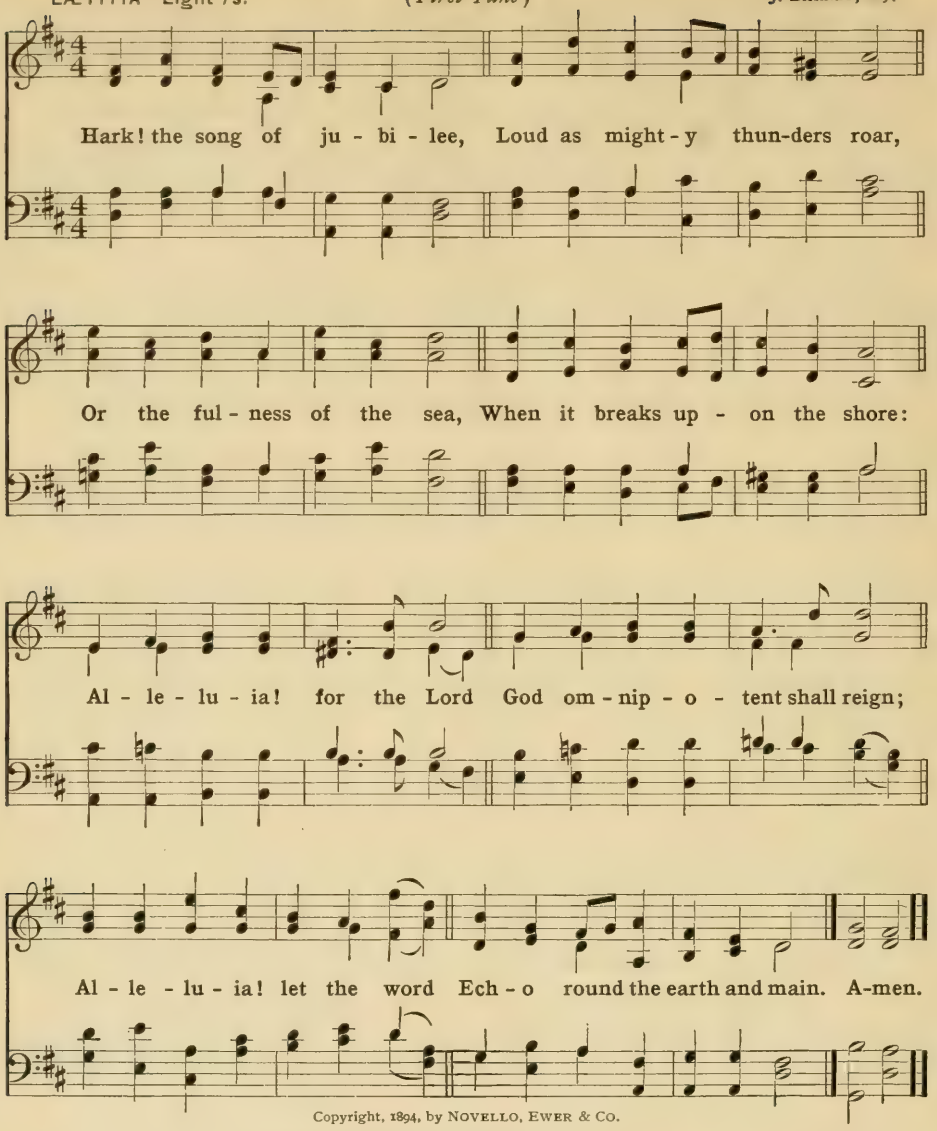
ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR Eight 7s. G. J. Elvey, 1858

Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are:
Trav-'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star;
Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el. A-men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

John Bowring, 1825

597

LÆTITIA Eight 7s. (*First Tune*) J. Barnby, 1894

Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun-ders roar,
Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:
Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A-men.

Copyright, 1894, by Novello, Ewer & Co.

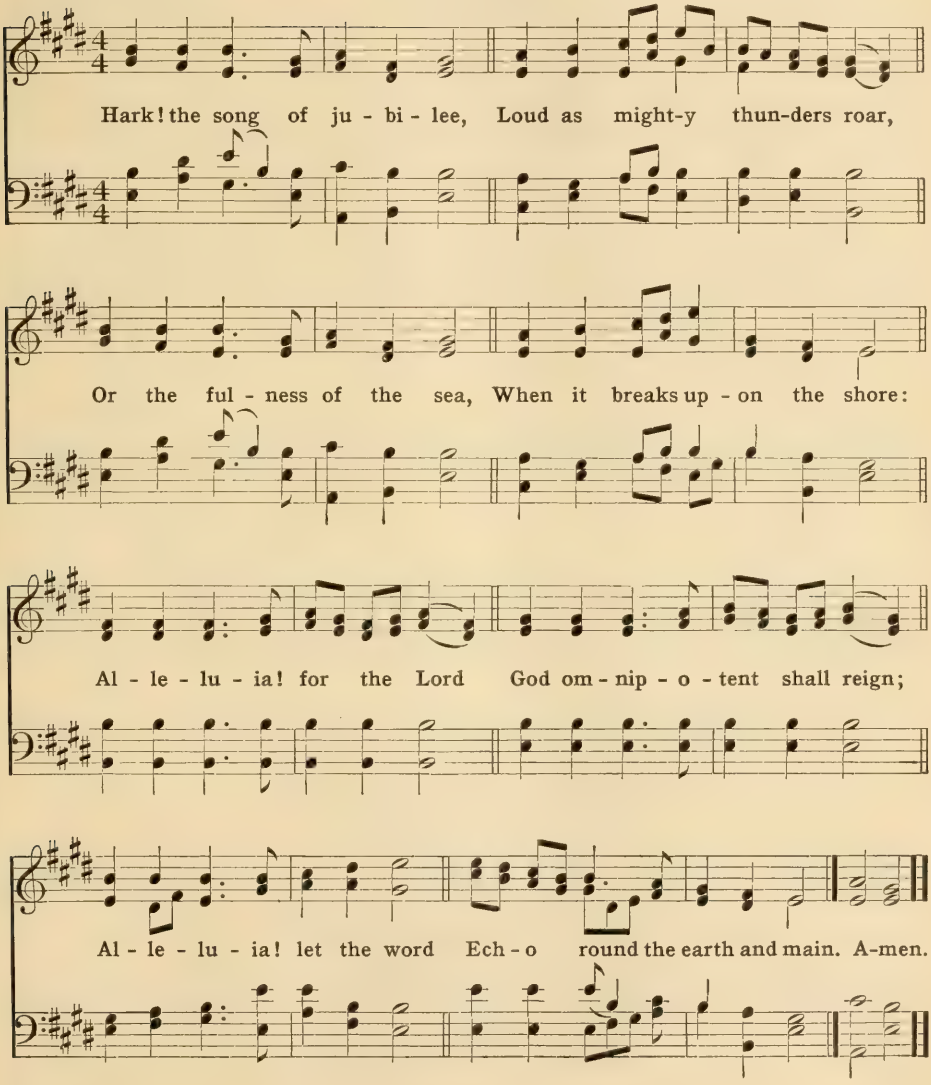
2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

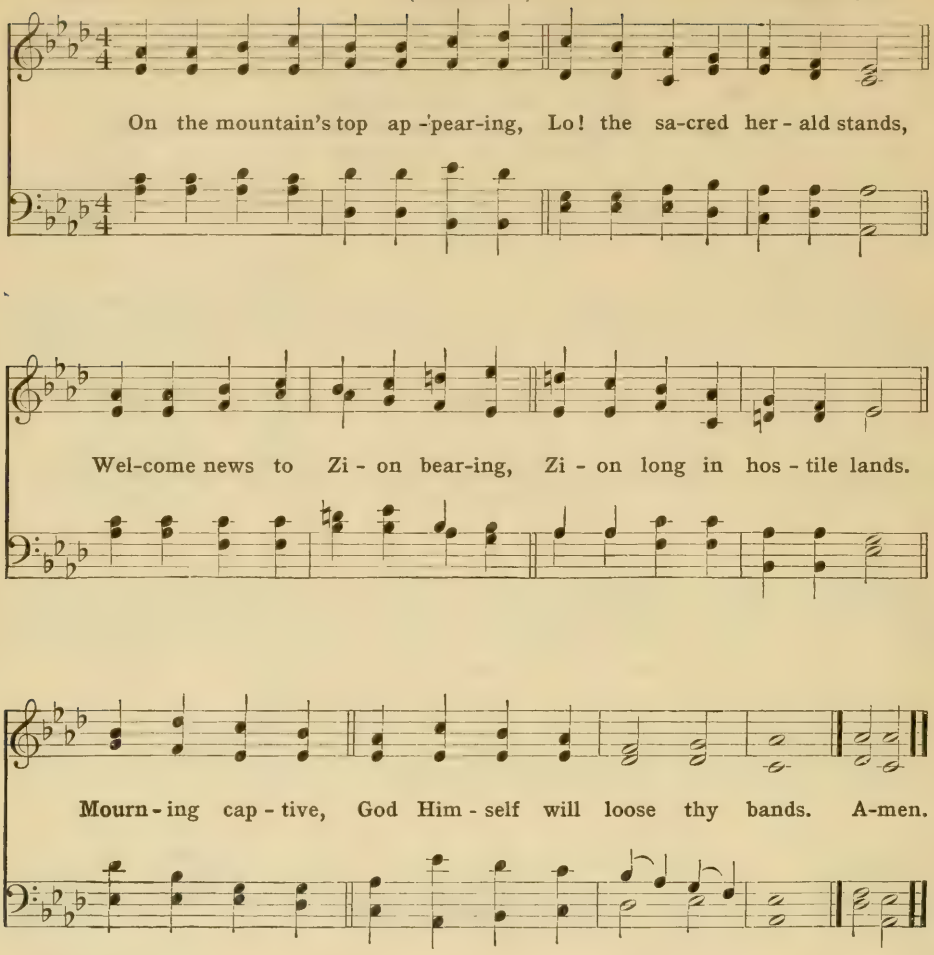
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

597

ONIDO Eight 7s. (*Second Tune*) PLEYEL. Arr. by L. MASON, 1840


Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun-ders roar,
Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:
Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A-men.

598

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*) E. J. Hopkins, 1868

On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her - ald stands,
Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands.
Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands. A-men.

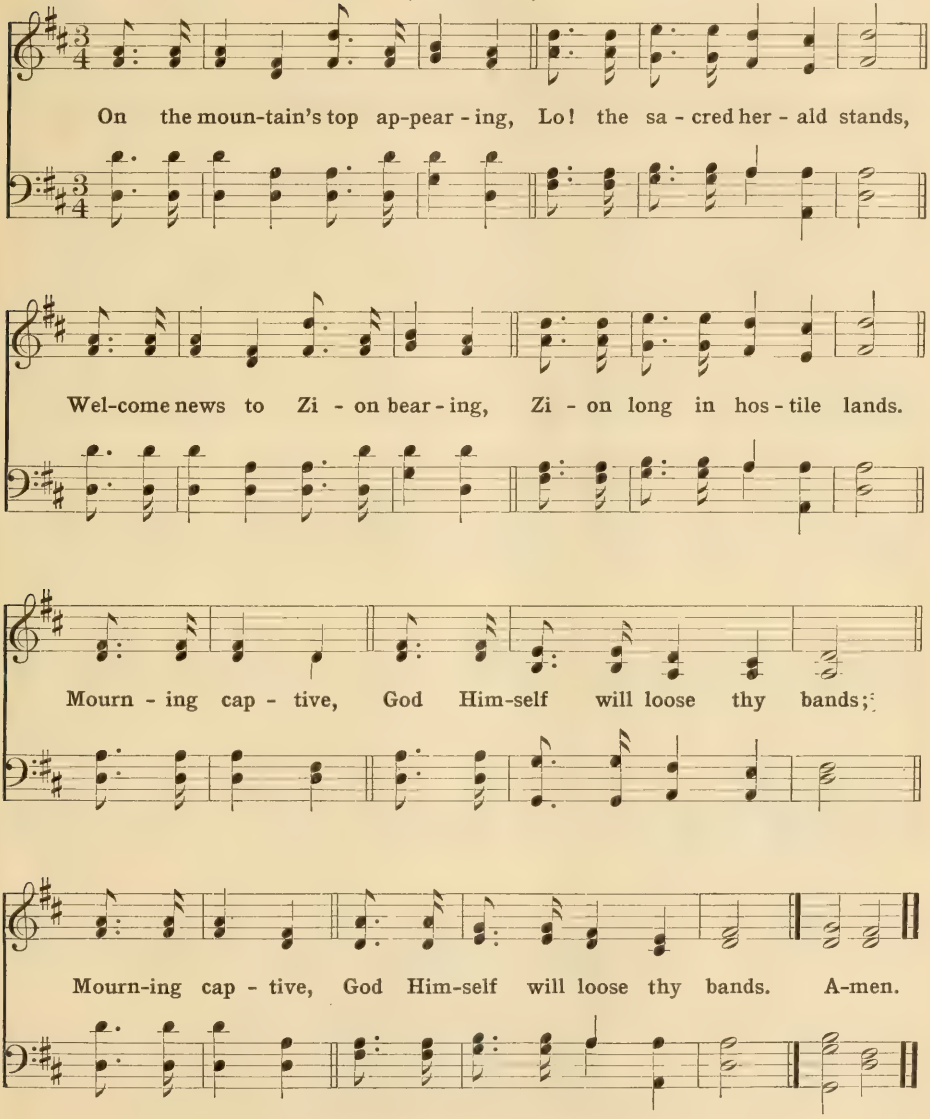
2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

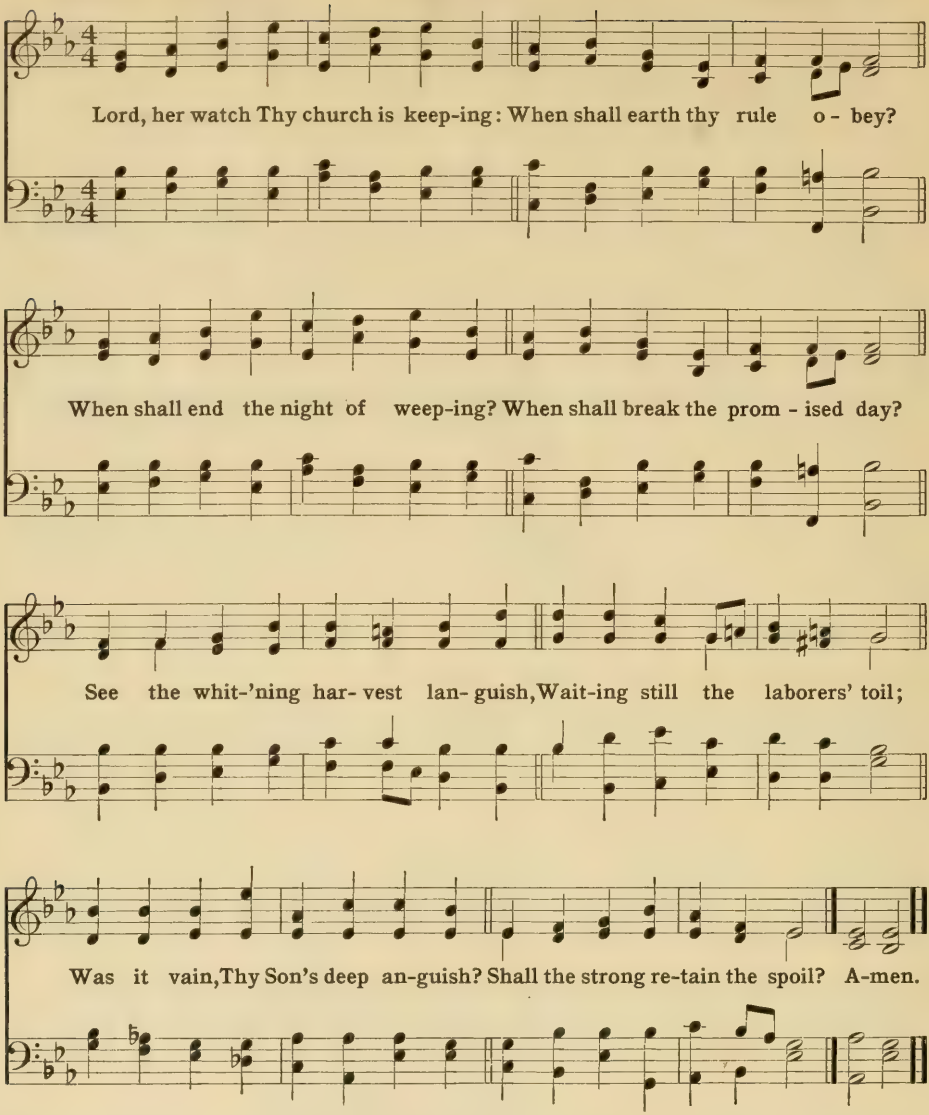
4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1802

598

ZION 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*) Thomas Hastings, 1830

On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands.
Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands;
Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands. A-men.

599

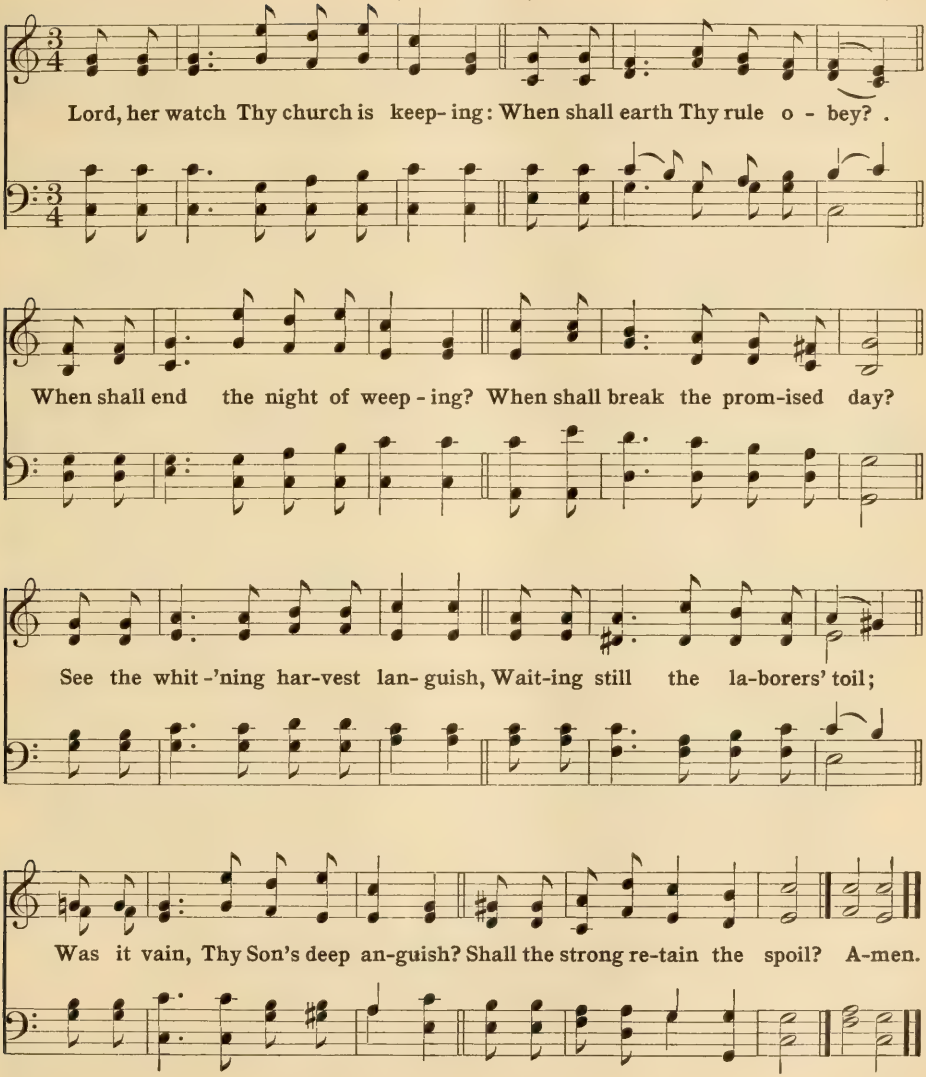
EVERTON 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) H. SMART, 1867

Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing: When shall earth thy rule o - bey?
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom - ised day?
See the whit-'ning har- vest lan- guish, Wait-ing still the laborers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil? A-men.

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word!
Give the word! in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end! Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

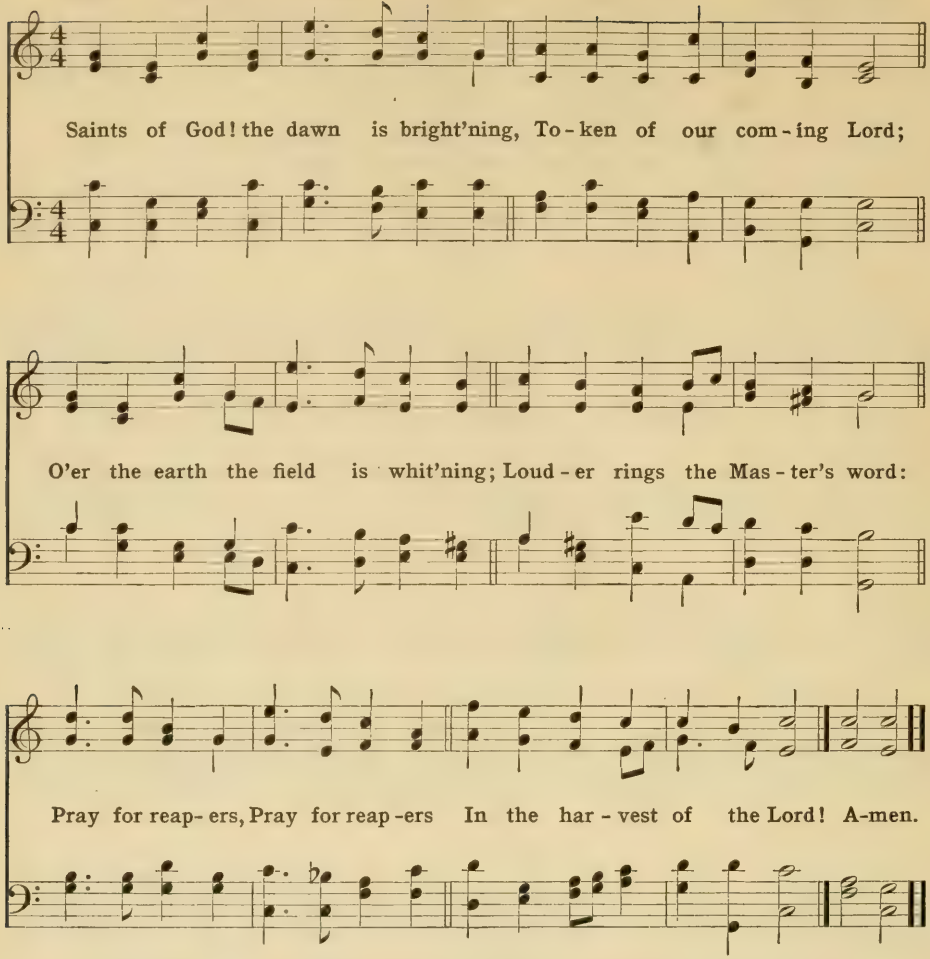
Rev. Henry Downton, 1867

599

FABEN 8.7.8.7.D. (*Second Tune*) J. H. Willcox, 1849

Lord, her watch Thy church is keep- ing: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey? .
When shall end the night of weep - ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?
See the whit -'ning har-vest lan- guish, Wait-ing still the la-borers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil? A-men.

600

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7. H. SMART, 1867


Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word:
Pray for reap-ers, Pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

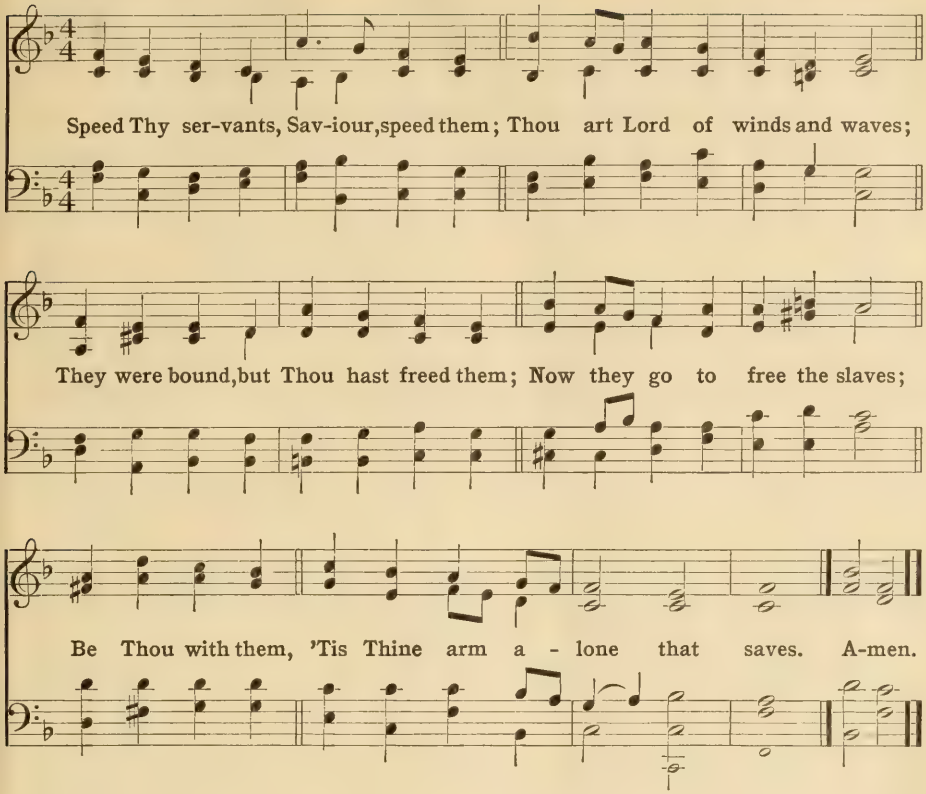
4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest home.

MARY MAXWELL, 1849

601

BLESSING 8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. Barnby, 1886


Speed Thy ser-vants, Sav-iour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves. A-men.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain;
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

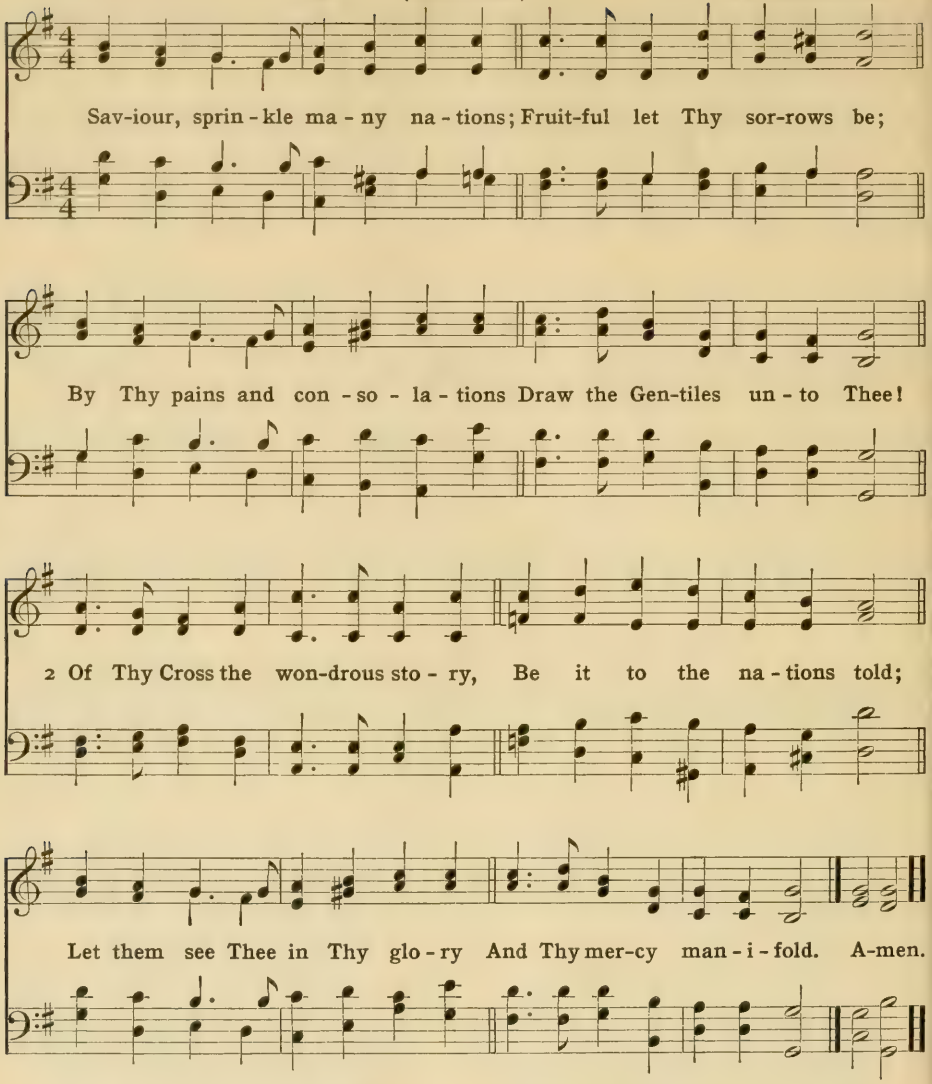
5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see:

6 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone.

Rev. Thomas Kelley, 1820

602

FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.D. (*First Tune*) A. S. Sullivan, 1874


Sav-iour, sprin-kle ma-ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee!
2 Of Thy Cross the won-drous sto-ry, Be it to the na-tions told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold. A-men.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

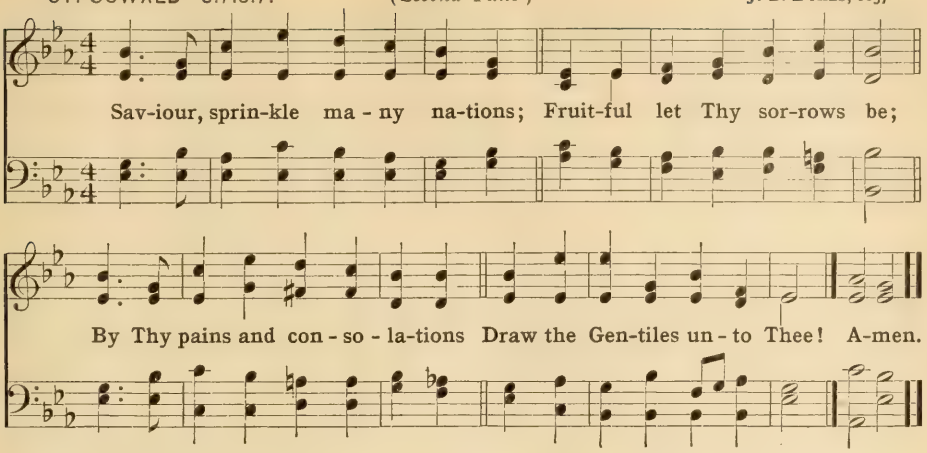
5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

Bishop Arthur C. Coxe, 1851

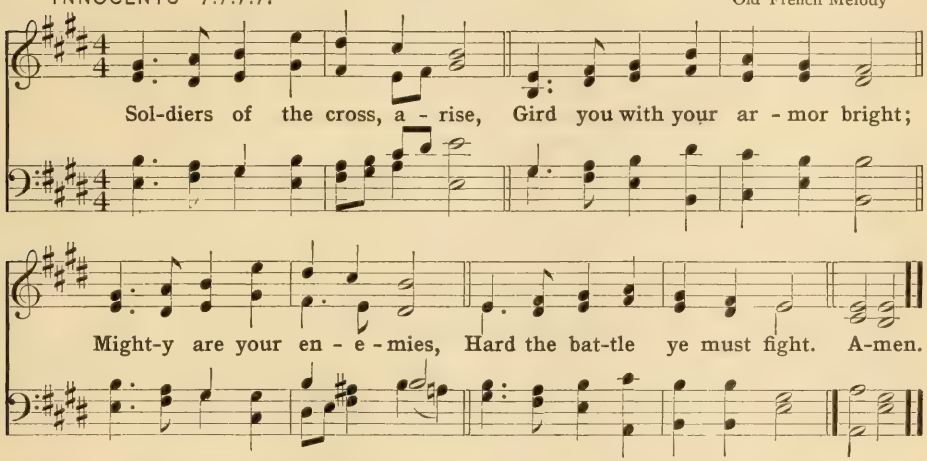
602

ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7. (*Second Tune*) J. B. Dykes, 1857


Sav-iour, sprin-kle ma - ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee! A-men.

603

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7. Old French Melody



2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

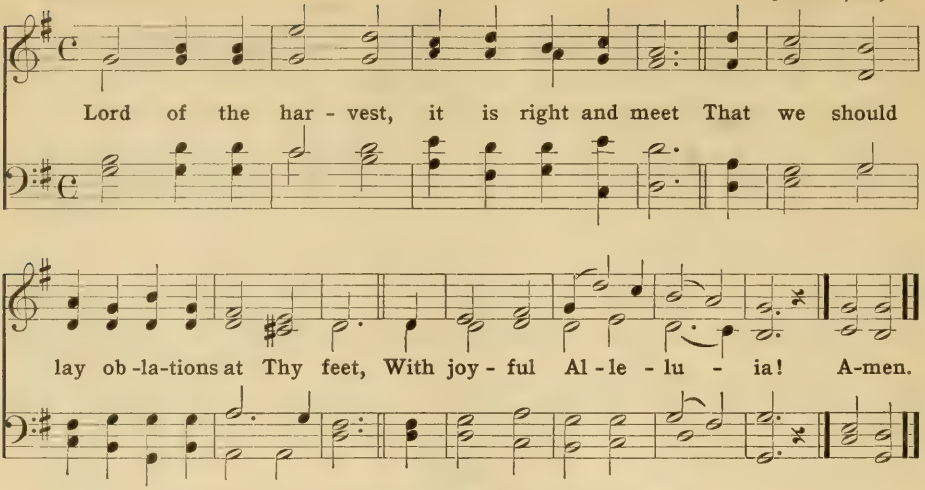
6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854

604

HARVEST 10. 10. 7. C. J. FROST, 1889



2 Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia!

3 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia.

4 O Christ, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia.

5 To Thee, Eternal Spirit, Who again
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,
We sing our Alleluia.

6 Yea, west and east the companies go forth:
"We come!" is sounding to the south and north:
To God sing Alleluia.

7 The fishermen of Jesus far away
Seek in new waters an immortal prey:
To Christ sing Alleluia.

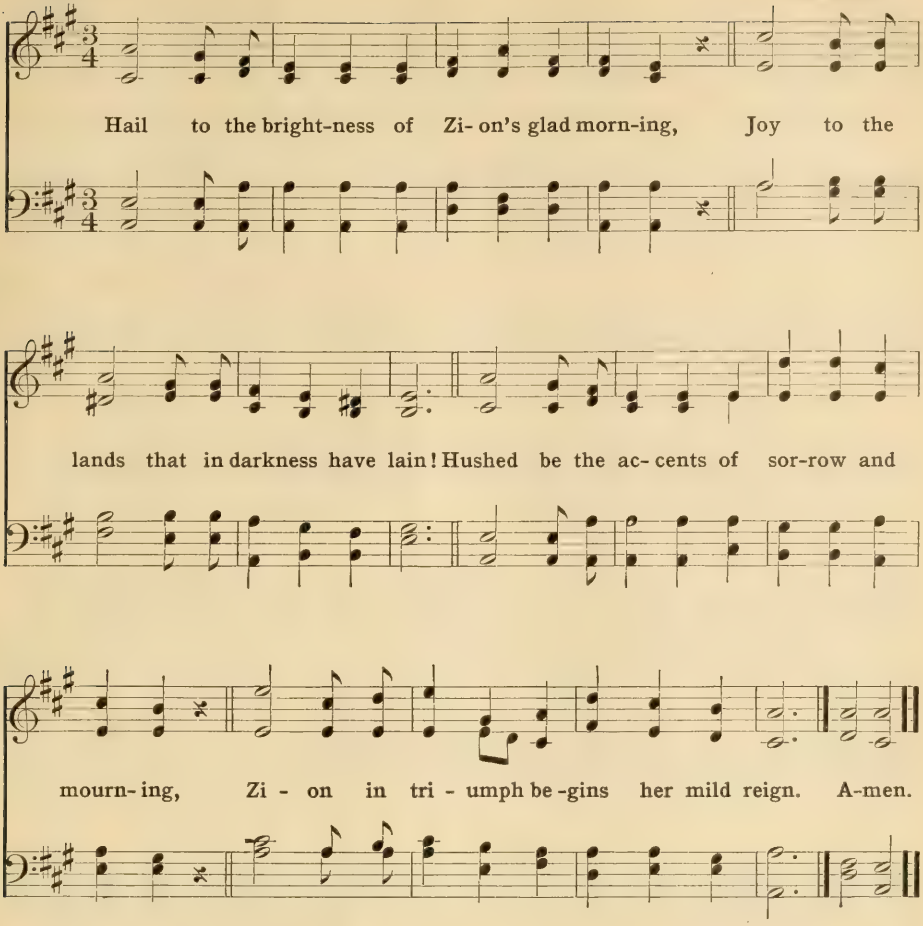
8 The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep,
And careless hearts are waking out of sleep;
To Him sing Alleluia.

9 Yea, for sweet hope new-born — blest work begun —
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
Adoring Alleluia.

10 Glory to God! the church in patience cries;
Glory to God! the church at rest replies,
With endless Alleluia.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE, 1871

605

WESLEY 11.10.11.10. L. MASON, 1830

Hail to the bright-ness of Zi- on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the
lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the ac- cents of sor-row and
mourn- ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be -gins her mild reign. A-men.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

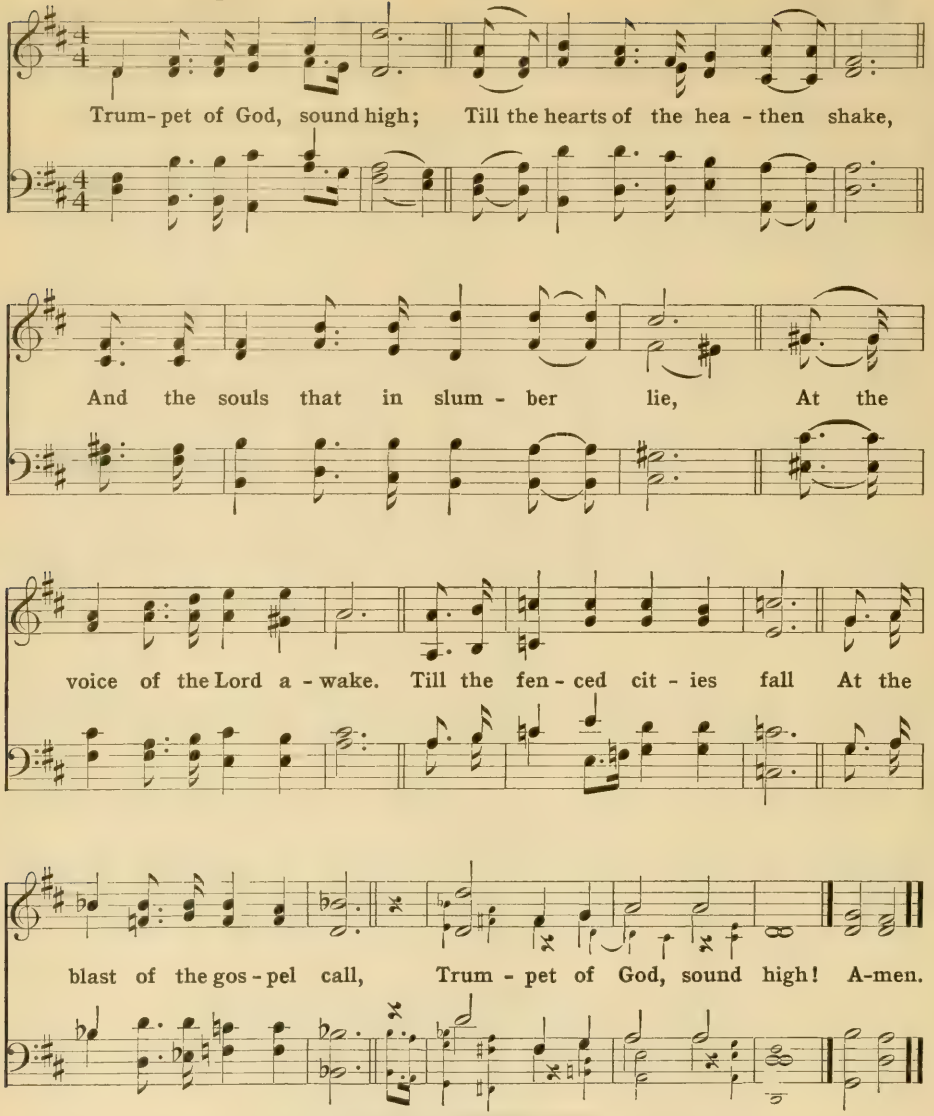
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832

606

RANGOON Irregular

C. Wood, 1904

Trum- pet of God, sound high; Till the hearts of the hea - then shake,
And the souls that in slum - ber lie, At the
voice of the Lord a - wake. Till the fen - ced cit - ies fall At the
blast of the gos - pel call, Trum - pet of God, sound high! A-men.

Copyright, 1904, by Hymns A. & M.

2 Hosts of the Lord, go forth;
Go, strong in the power of His rest,
Till the south be at one with the north,
And peace upon east and west;
Till the far-off lands shall thrill
With the gladness of God's good will,
Hosts of the Lord, go forth.

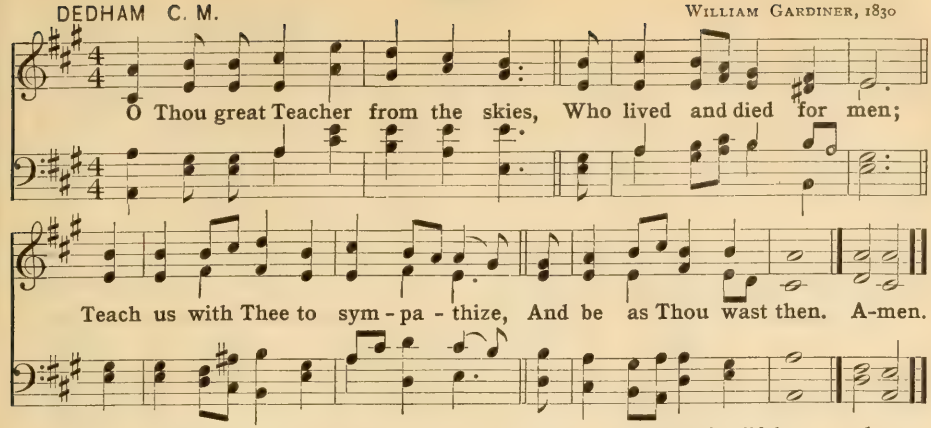
3 Come, as of old, like fire;
O force of the Lord, descend,
Till with love of the world's desire
Earth burn to its utmost end,
Till the ransomed people sing
To the glory of Christ the King,
Come, as of old, like fire.

Rev. A. Brooks

607

DEDHAM C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER, 1830


O Thou great Teacher from the skies, Who lived and died for men;
Teach us with Thee to sym - pa - thize, And be as Thou wast then. A-men.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;
For others' sufferings to impart,
For others' good to live.

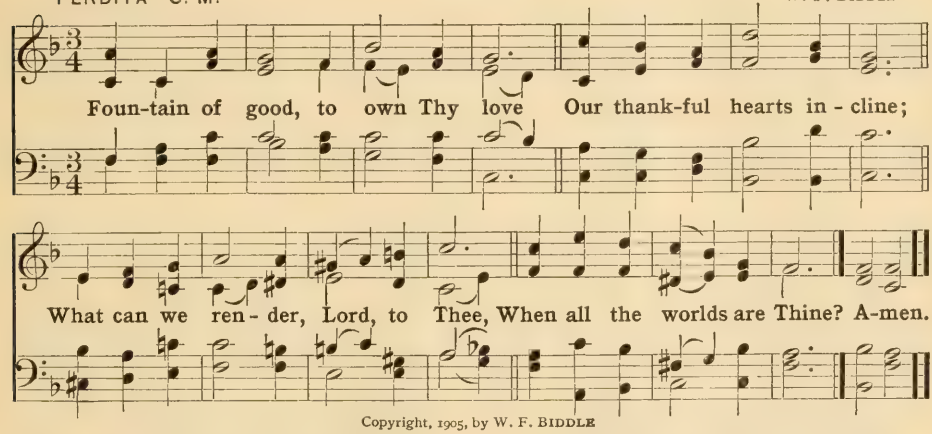
3 Be Thou in us a living soul;
Be Thou our spirit's power;
Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.

4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

Rev. THOMAS C. UPHAM, 1872

608

PERDITA C. M.

W. F. BIDDLE

Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline;
What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

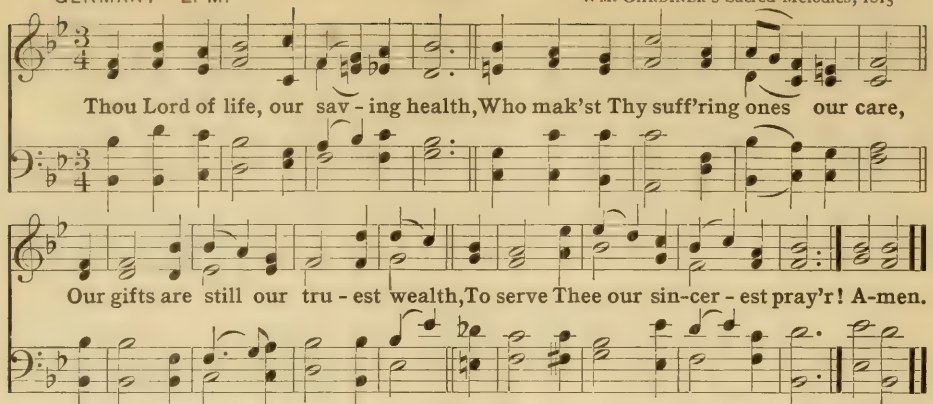
6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1755. E. OSLER, 1836

609

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815


Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,
Our gifts are still our tru - est wealth, To serve Thee our sin-cer - est pray'r! A-men.

2 As on the river's rising tide [sea,
Flow strength and coolness from the
So through the ways our hands provide
May quickening life flow in from Thee,—

3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Until the lame shall leap again
And the parched lips with gladness ring.

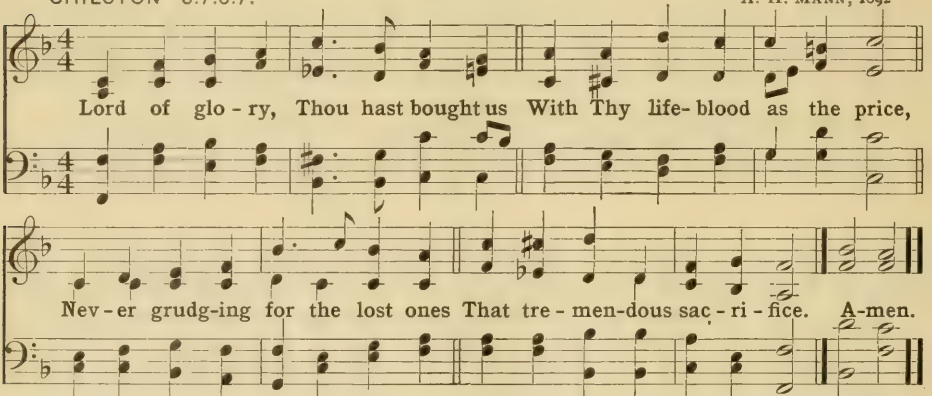
4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought!
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned,
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought —
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1886

610

CHILSTON 8.7.8.7.

A. H. MANN, 1892


Lord of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,
Nev - er grudg-ing for the lost ones That tre - men-dous sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 And with that hast freely given
Blessings countless as the sand,
To the evil and unthankful
With Thine own unsparing hand.

3 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;

4 Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive.

5 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

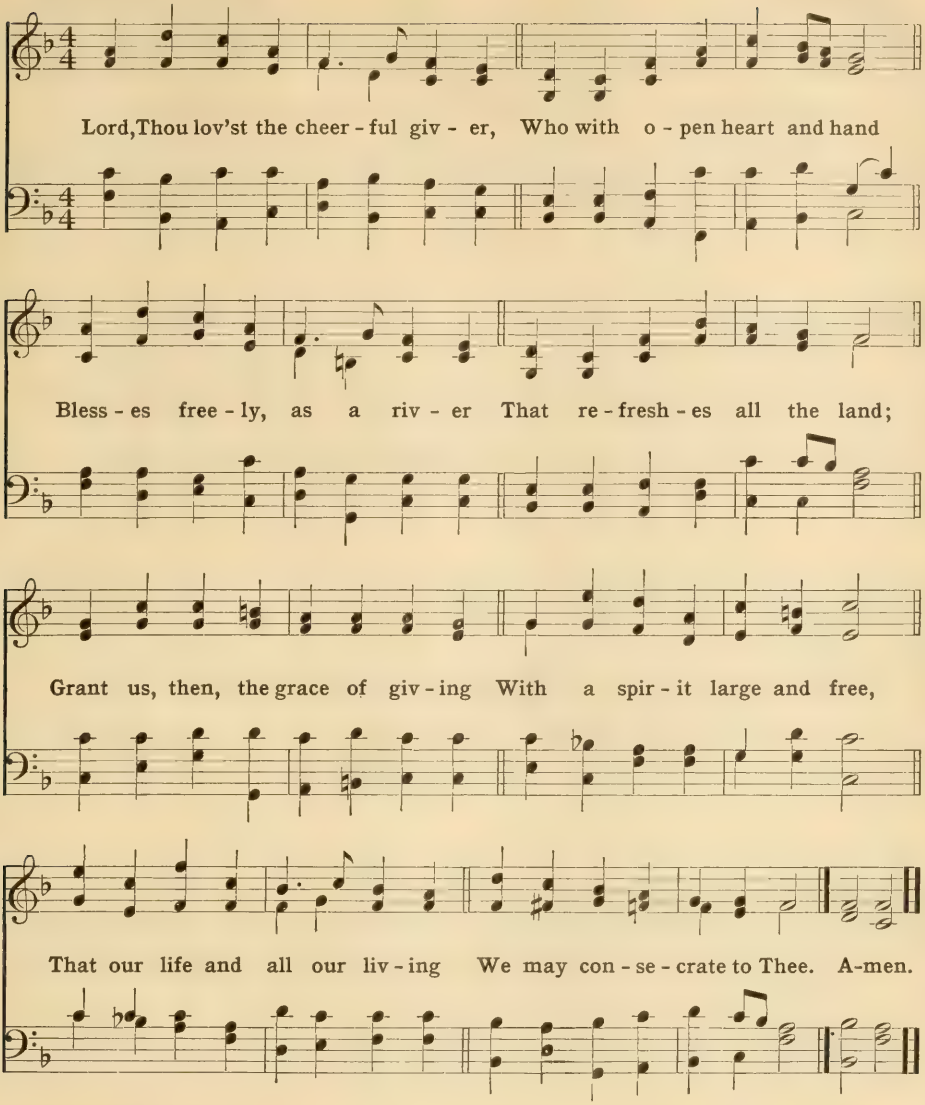
6 Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

7 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But O best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

Mrs. E. S. ALDERSON, 1868

611

BETHANY 8.7.8.7.D.

H. SMART, 1867

Lord, Thou lov'st the cheer - ful giv - er, Who with o - pen heart and hand
Bless - es free - ly, as a riv - er That re - fresh - es all the land;
Grant us, then, the grace of giv - ing With a spir - it large and free,
That our life and all our liv - ing We may con - se - crate to Thee. A-men.

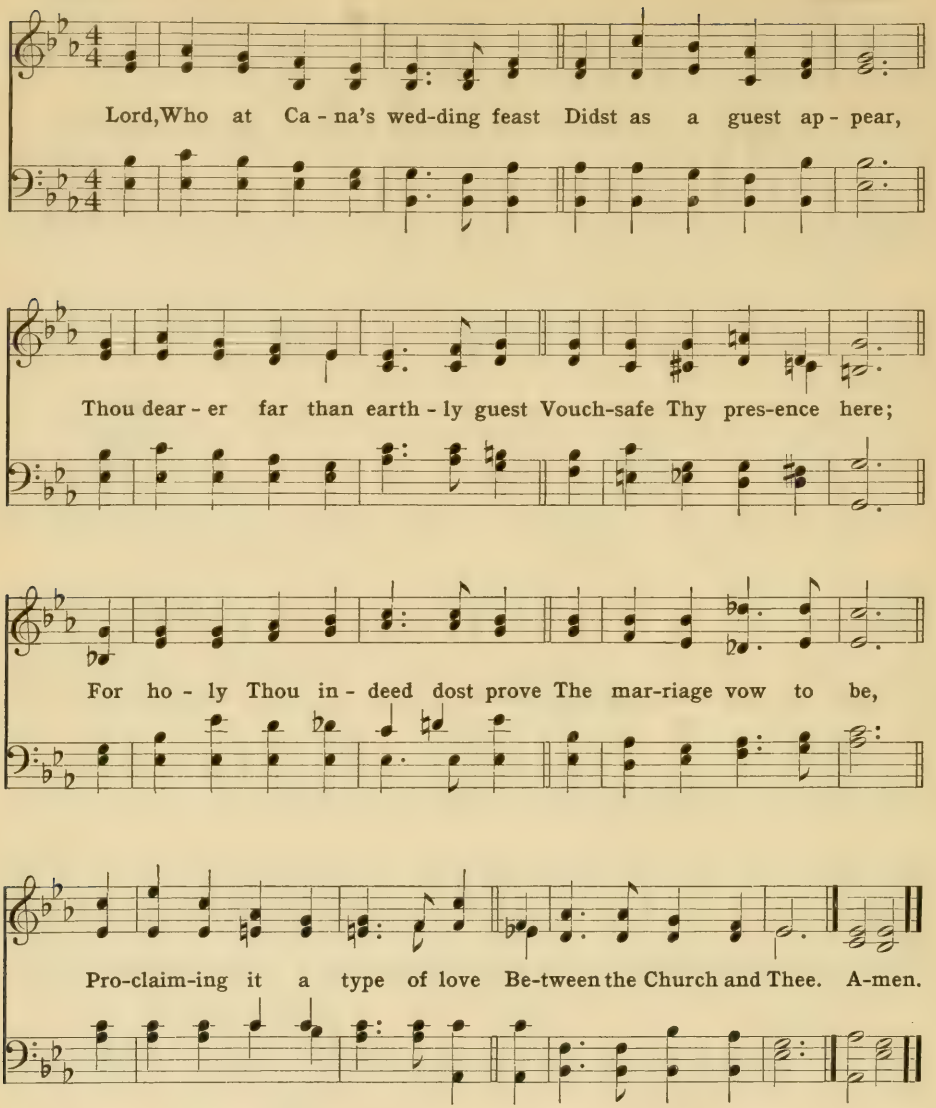
2 Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.
Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed Thy Church's call,
Gladly in all times and places
Give to Thee who givest all.

3 Saviour, Thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
Humbly now we bow before Thee,
And our all to Thee resign;
For the kingdom, power, and glory
Are, O Lord, for ever Thine.

R. MURRAY

612

SELWYN C. M. D.

J. TILLEARD

Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed-ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,
Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres-ence here;
For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,
Pro-claim-ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A-men.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread of life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

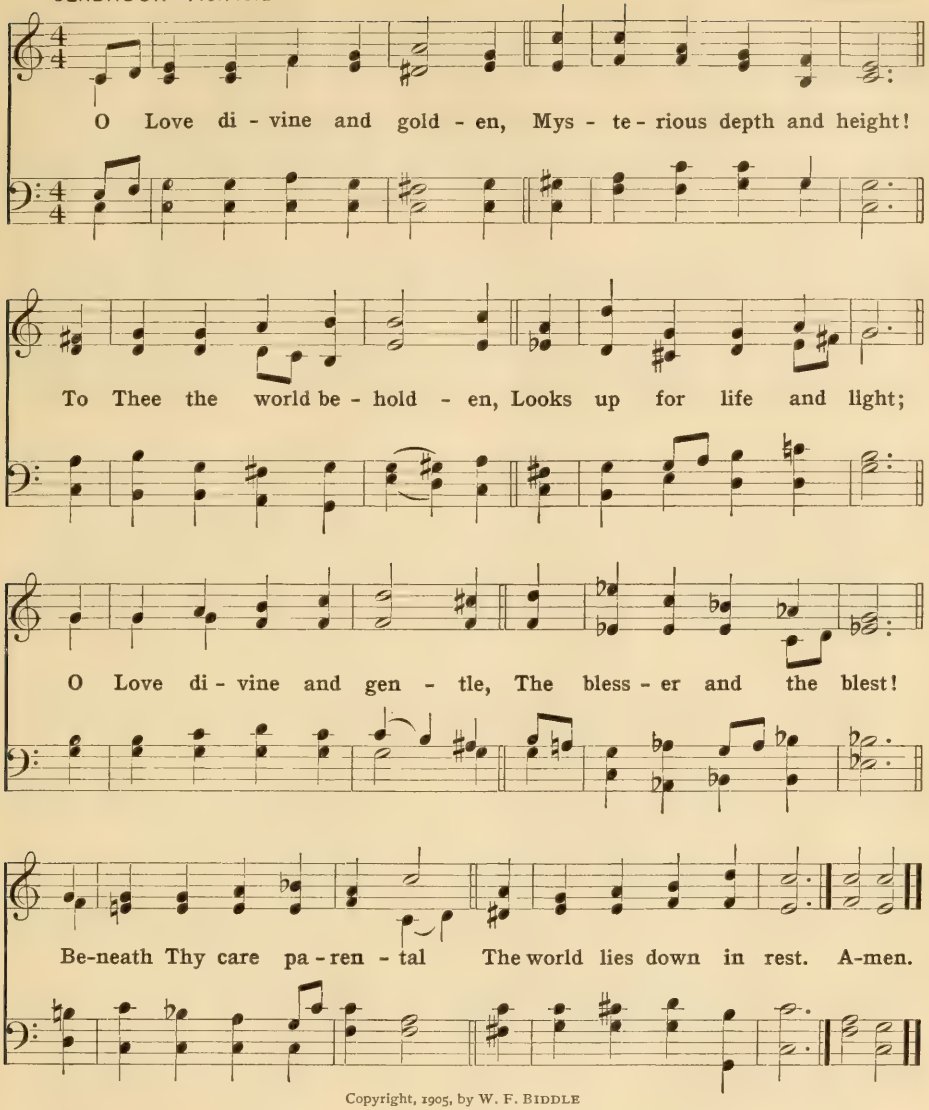
3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above!

ADELAIDE THRUPP, 1853

613

SEABROOK 7.6.7.6.D.

W. F. BIDDLE


O Love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height!
To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;
O Love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest!
Be-neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

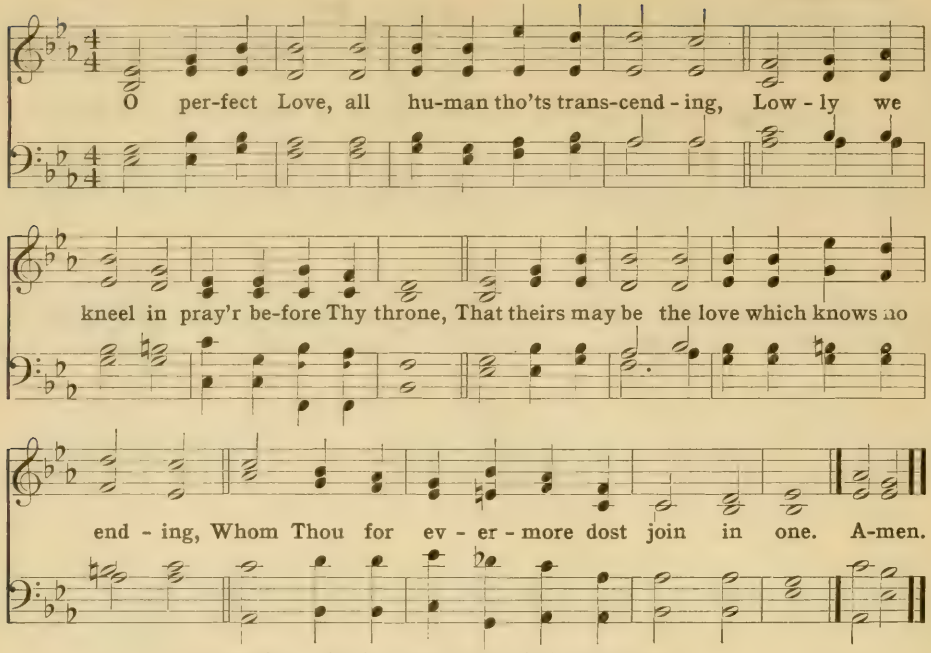
2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love.
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing:
It's joy where "God is Love."

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1862

614

PERFECT LOVE 11.10.11.10. (*First Tune*) J. BARNBY, 1889


O per-fect Love, all hu-man tho'ts trans-cend-ing, Low-ly we
kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no
end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one. A-men.

2 O perfect life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

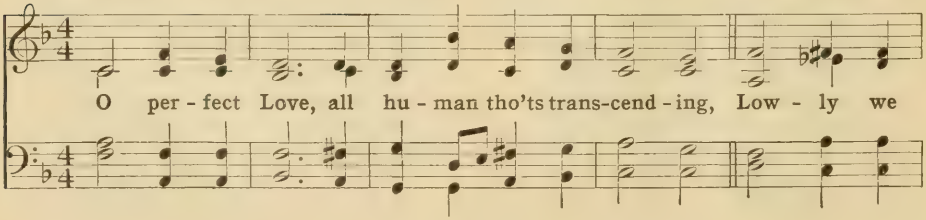
3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

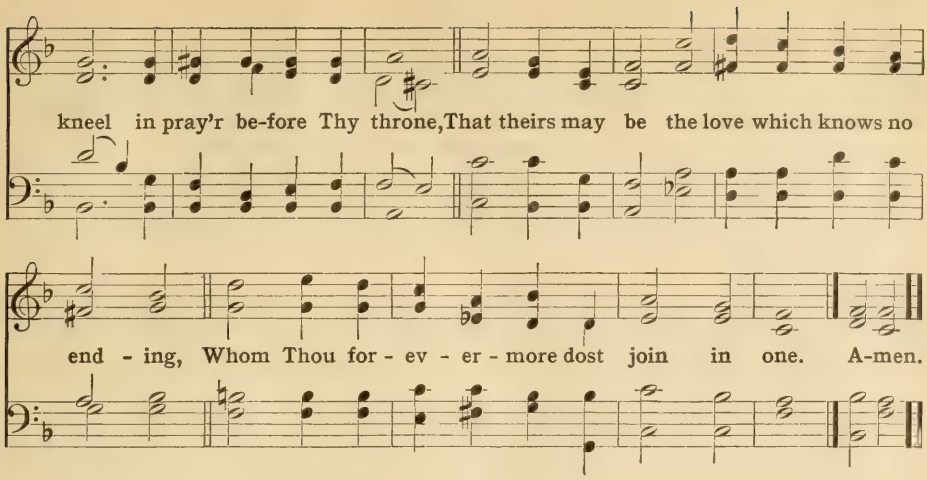
4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD, 1883: doxology (Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1875) added

614

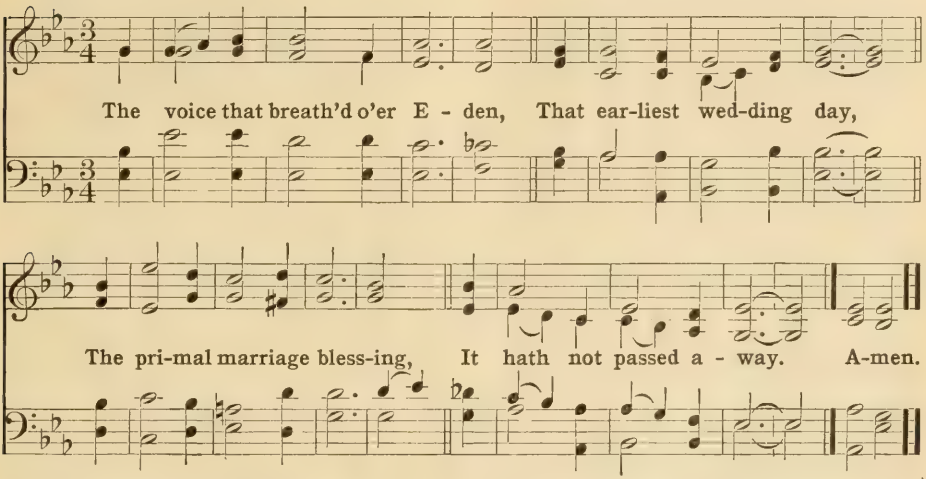
CROFTON 11.10.11.10. (*Second Tune*) Lord CROFTON




kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no
end - ing, Whom Thou for - ev - er - more dost join in one. A-men.

615

MATRIMONY 7.6.7.6. J. STAINER



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, holy Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

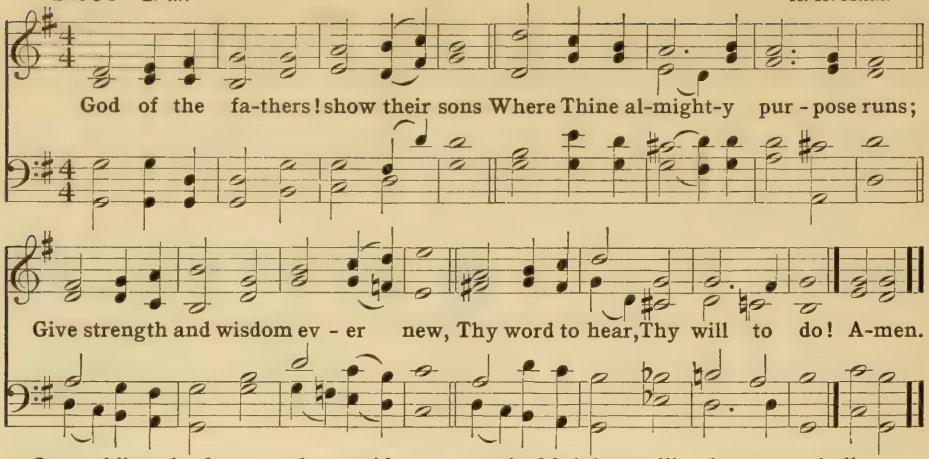
6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE, 1857

616

LASUS L. M. — A. H. MANN


God of the fa-thers! show their sons Where Thine al-might-y pur - pose runs;
Give strength and wisdom ev - er new, Thy word to hear, Thy will to do! A-men.

2 Our soldiers lead, our rulers guide;
In happy hearts and homes abide,
And bid Thy glory ever shine
Upon this nation that is Thine!

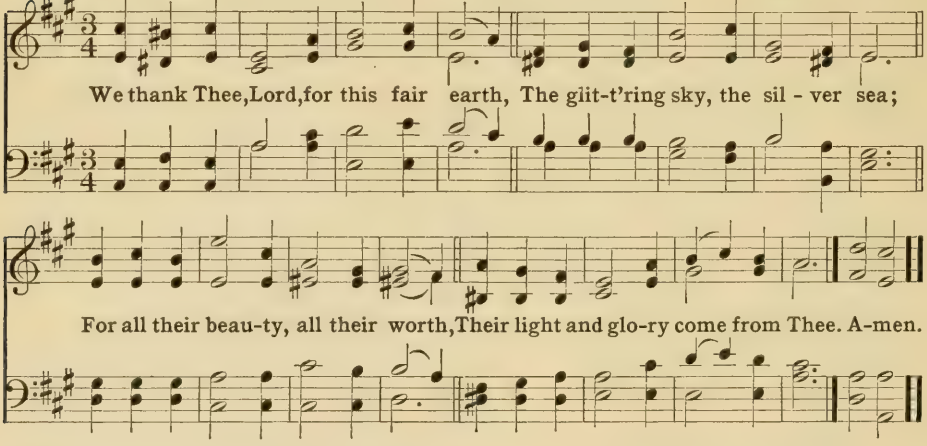
3 Make Thou its sunrise flag to glow
Triumphant over every foe,
And brighter still, when wars shall cease,
To shed the morning gleams of peace!

4 Thou hast delivered; Thou wilt keep
While generations wake and sleep.
Ever with Thee they live, who stand
To guard for Thee the fatherland!

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1900

617

EATON L. M. — G. W. CHADWICK, 1888


We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;
For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glo-ry come from Thee. A-men.

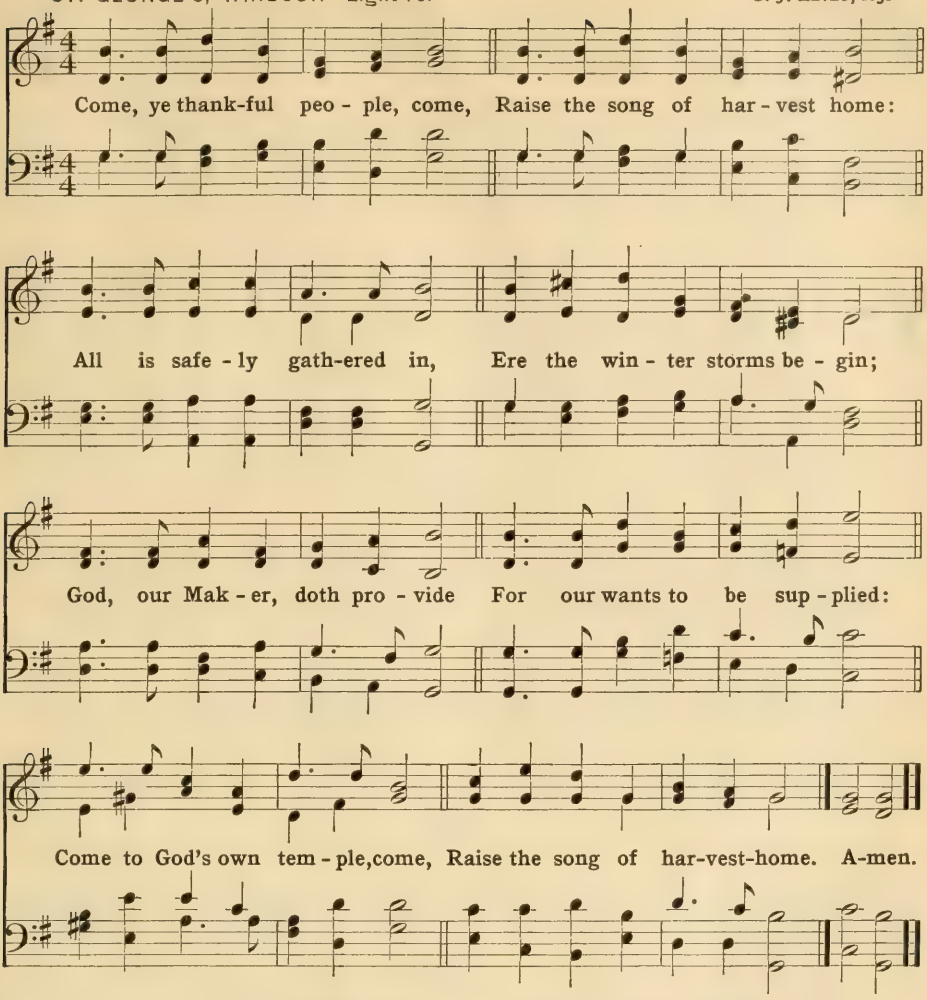
2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that weave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Bishop COTTON, 1856

618

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR Eight 7s. G. J. ELVEY, 1858

Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home:
All is safe - ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
Come to God's own tem - ple,come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

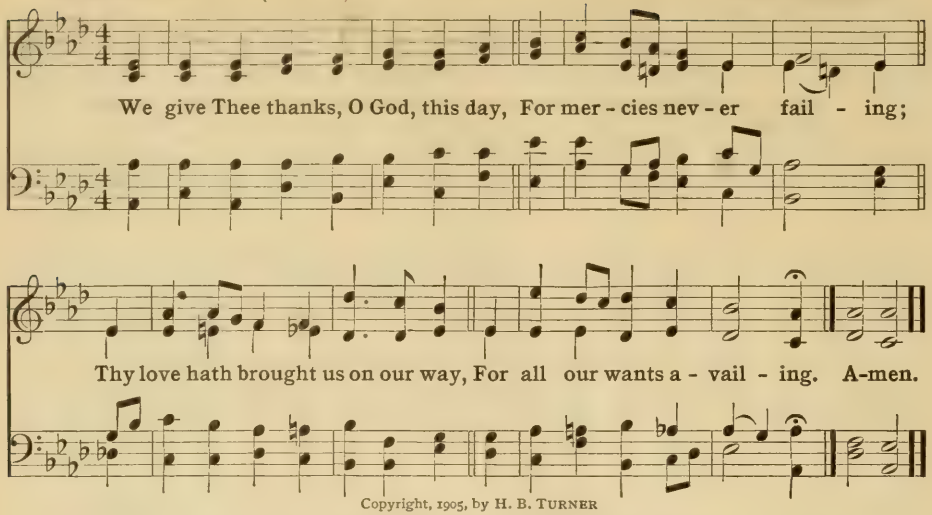
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, 1844

619

HAMPTON 8.7.8.7. (Iambic)

Rev. H. B. Turner


We give Thee thanks, O God, this day, For mer - cies nev - er fail - ing;
Thy love hath brought us on our way, For all our wants a - vail - ing. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by H. B. Turner

2 No less that love hath met our need
Than when the manna falling
Did day by day Thy people feed,
To love and praises calling.

3 The smitten rock poured forth of old
Its crystal waters gleaming;
And still the same glad tale is told,
For us the floods are streaming.

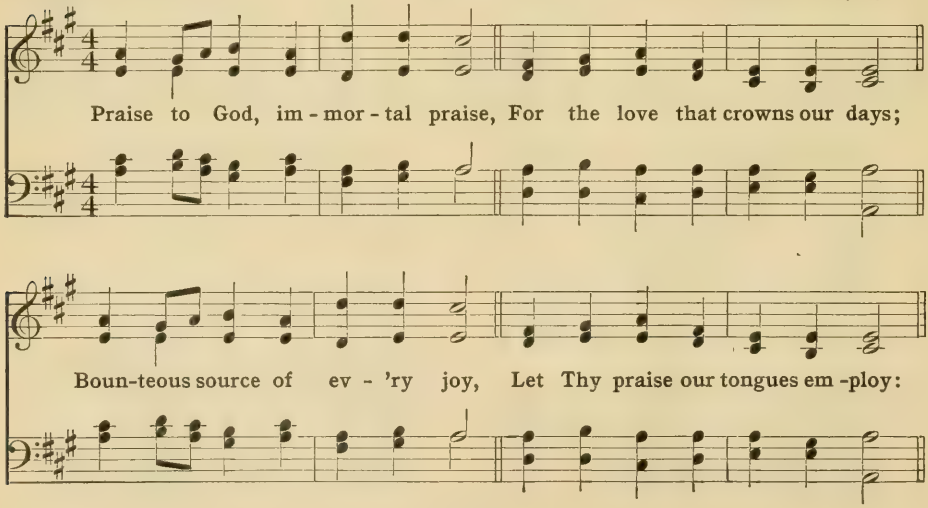
4 The seasons come, the seasons go,
But each shall find us singing;
For each shall greet us, well we know,
New favors from Thee bringing.

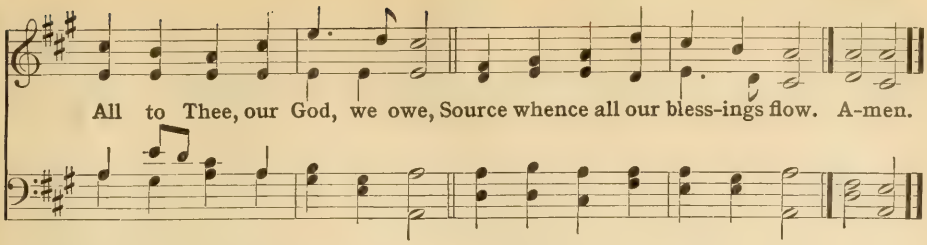
5 Through endless years Thou art the same,
Thy mercy changes never;
Then blessèd be Thy mighty name
Forever and forever.

R. M. Offord, 1895

620

DIX Six 7s.

C. Kocher, 1838

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em -ploy:



2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

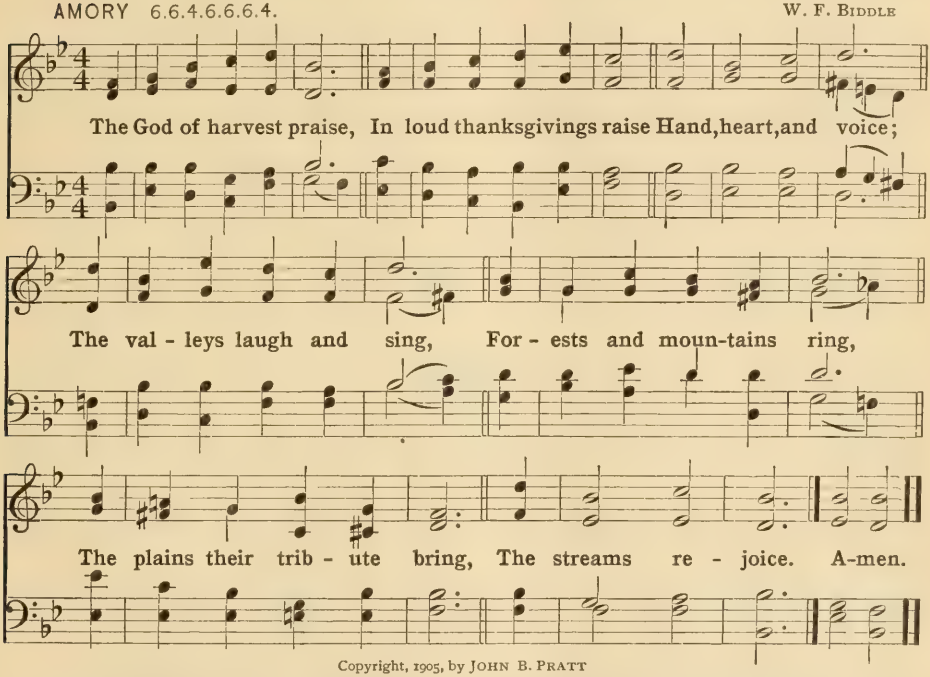
3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1772

621

AMORY 6.6.4.6.6.4.

W. F. BIDDLE

The God of harvest praise, In loud thanksgivings raise Hand,heart,and voice;
The val - leys laugh and sing, For - ests and moun-tains ring,
The plains their trib - ute bring, The streams re - joice. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by JOHN B. PRATT

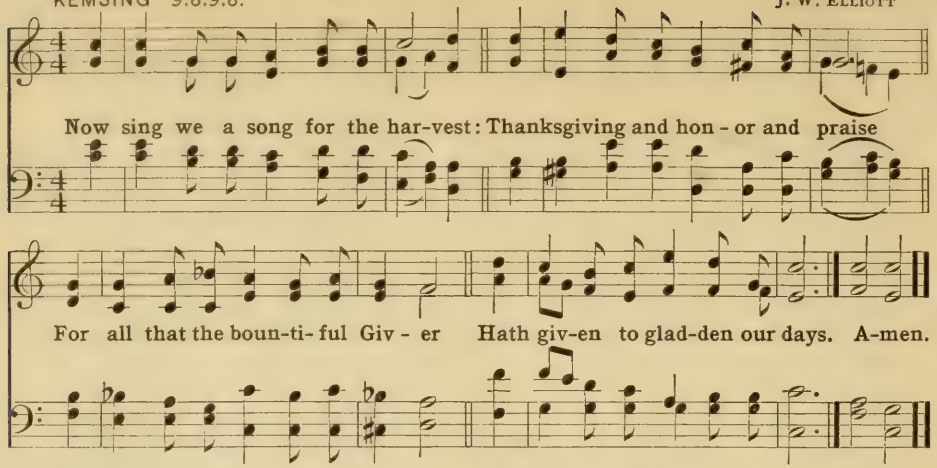
2 Yea, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

622

KEMSING 9.8.9.8. J. W. ELLIOTT


Now sing we a song for the har-vest: Thanksgiving and hon-or and praise
For all that the boun-ti-ful Giv-er Hath giv-en to glad-den our days. A-men.

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But the song it goes deeper and higher;
There are harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

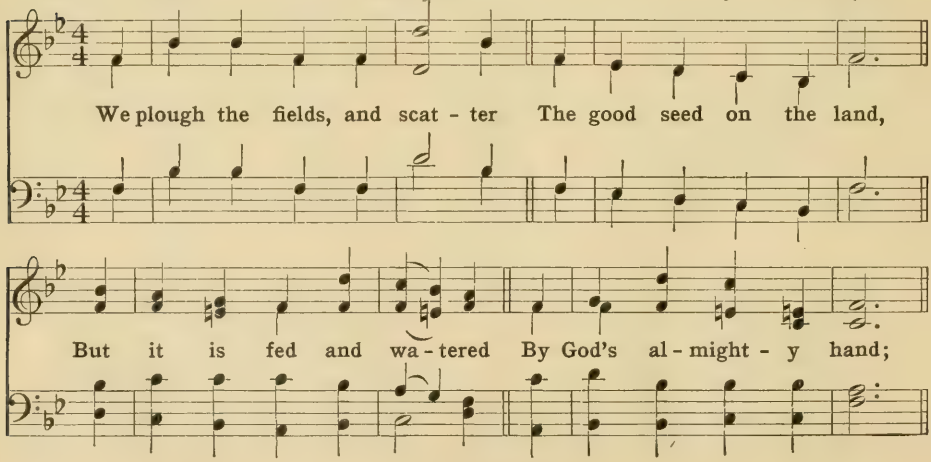
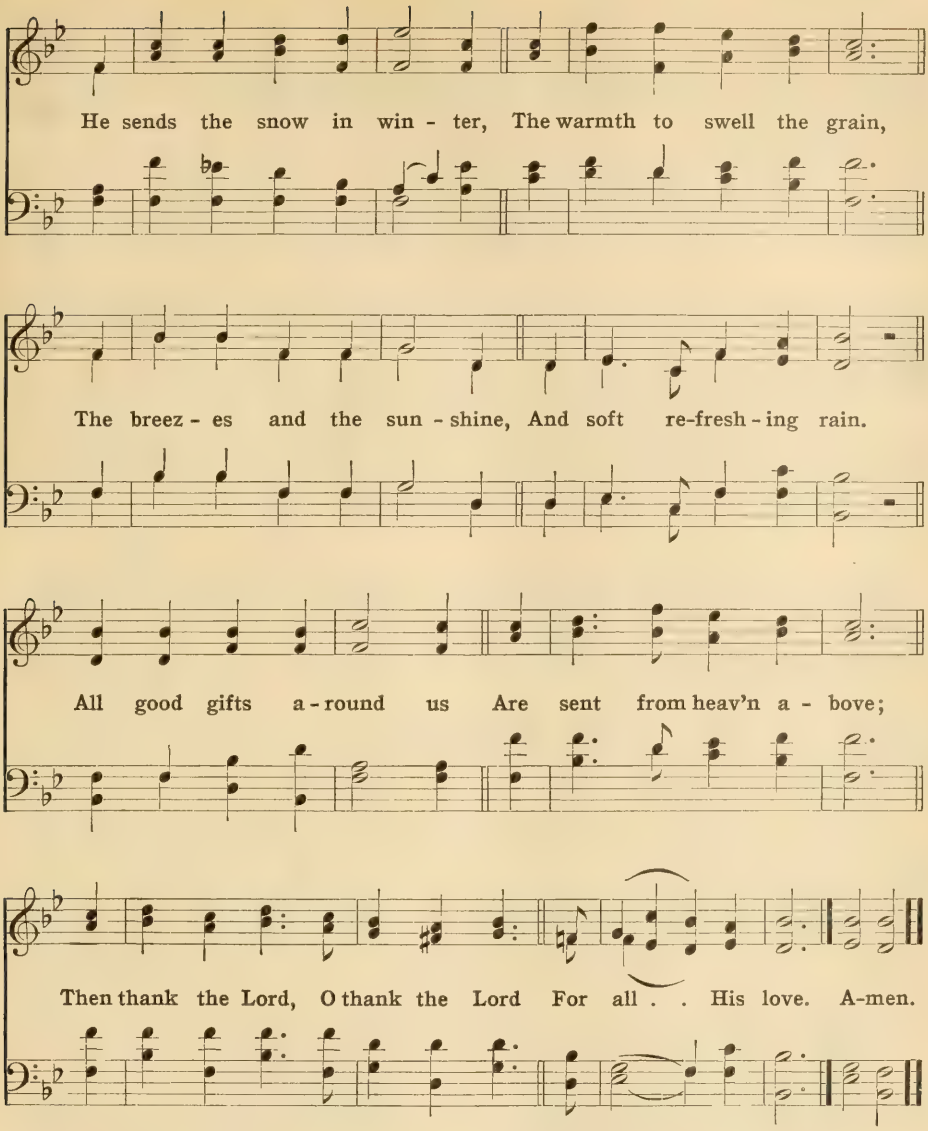
6 And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honor and gain,
And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

J. W. CHADWICK

623

WIR PFLÜGEN 7.6.7.6.D. *With Refrain* J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1800



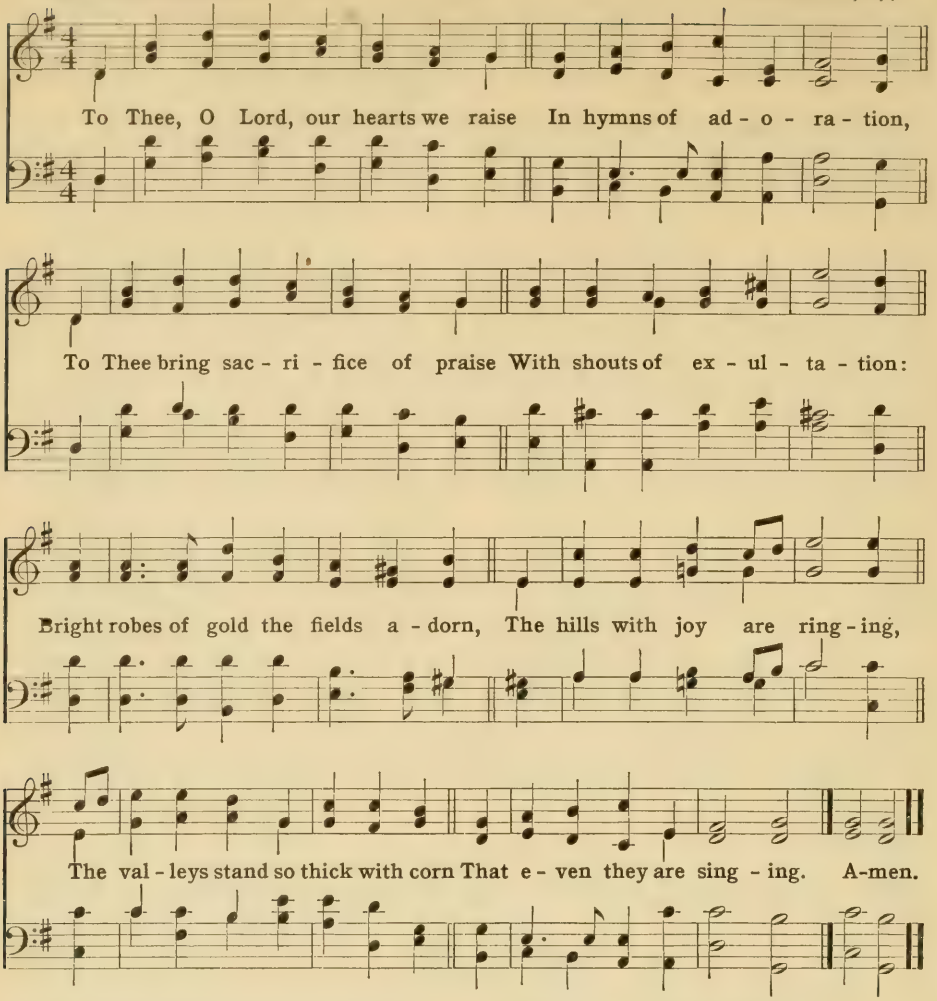
He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re-fresh - ing rain.
All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all . . His love. A-men.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food,
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1782. Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL, 1861

624

GOLDEN SHEAVES 8.7.8.7.D. A. SULLIVAN, 1874

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,
To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:
Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,
The val - leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing. A-men.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

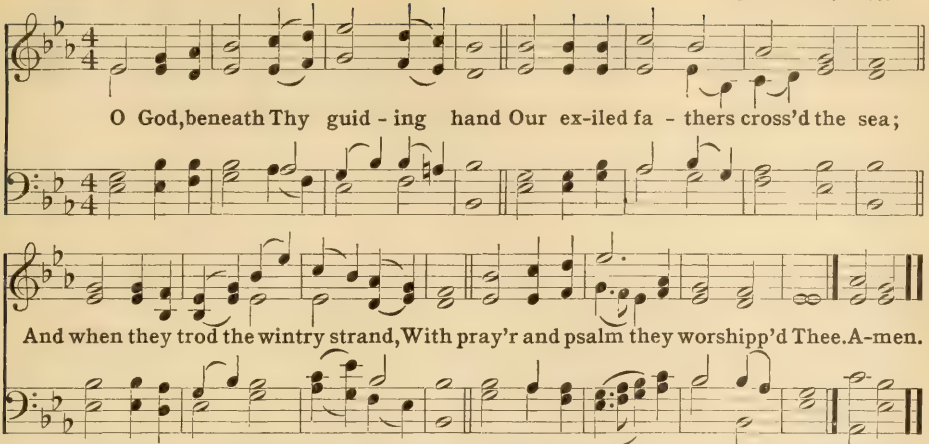
4 O blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1864

625

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793


O God, beneath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex-iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshipp'd Thee. A-men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

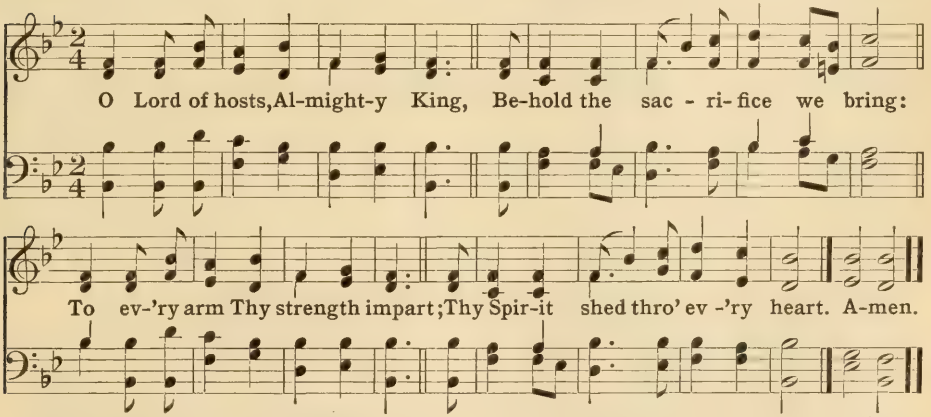
3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. LEONARD BACON, 1833 (text of 1845)

626

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by L. MASON, 1830

O Lord of hosts, Al-might-y King, Be-hold the sac - ri-fice we bring:
To ev-'ry arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spir-it shed thro' ev -'ry heart. A-men.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

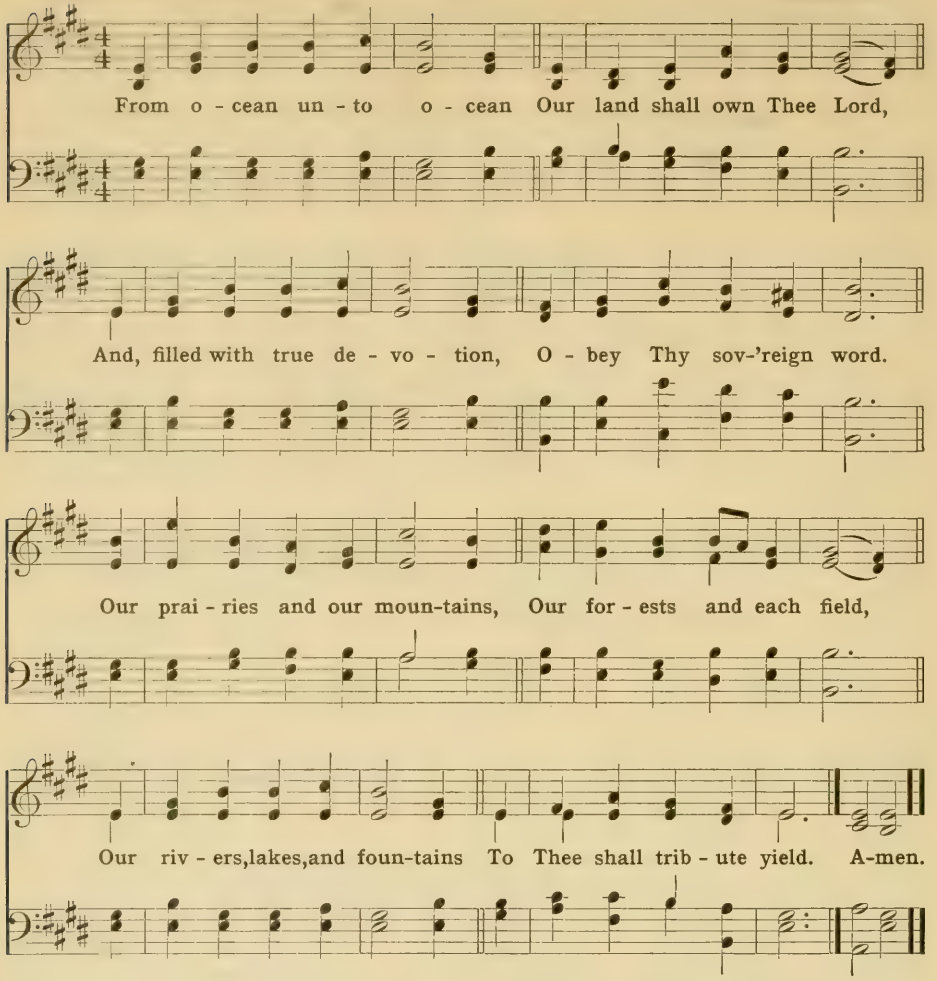
4 God of all nations, sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1861

627

MISSIONARY HYMN 7.6.7.6.D.

L. MASON, 1823

From o - cean un - to o - cean Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true de - vo - tion, O - bey Thy sov-'reign word.
Our prai - ries and our moun-tains, Our for - ests and each field,
Our riv - ers,lakes,and foun-tains To Thee shall trib - ute yield. A-men.

2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

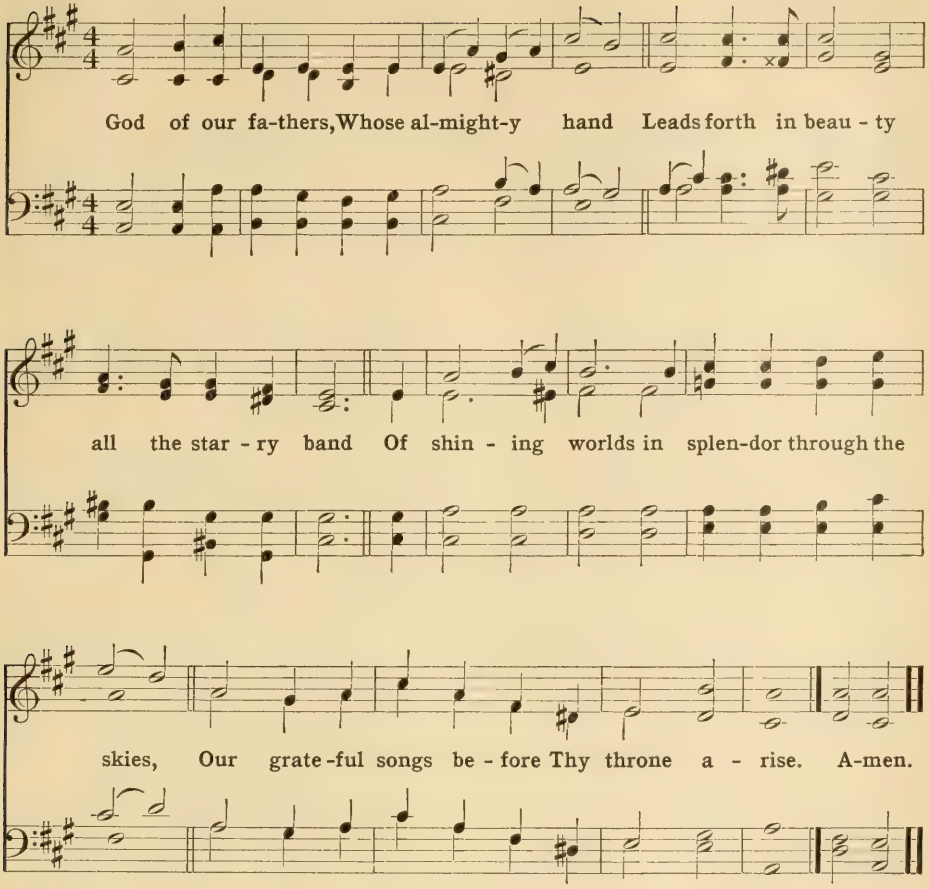
3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

R. MURRAY

628

PRO PATRIA 10.10.10.10.

H. W. Parker, 1894

God of our fa-thers, Whose al-might-y hand Leads forth in beau - ty
all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in splen-dor through the
skies, Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A-men.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

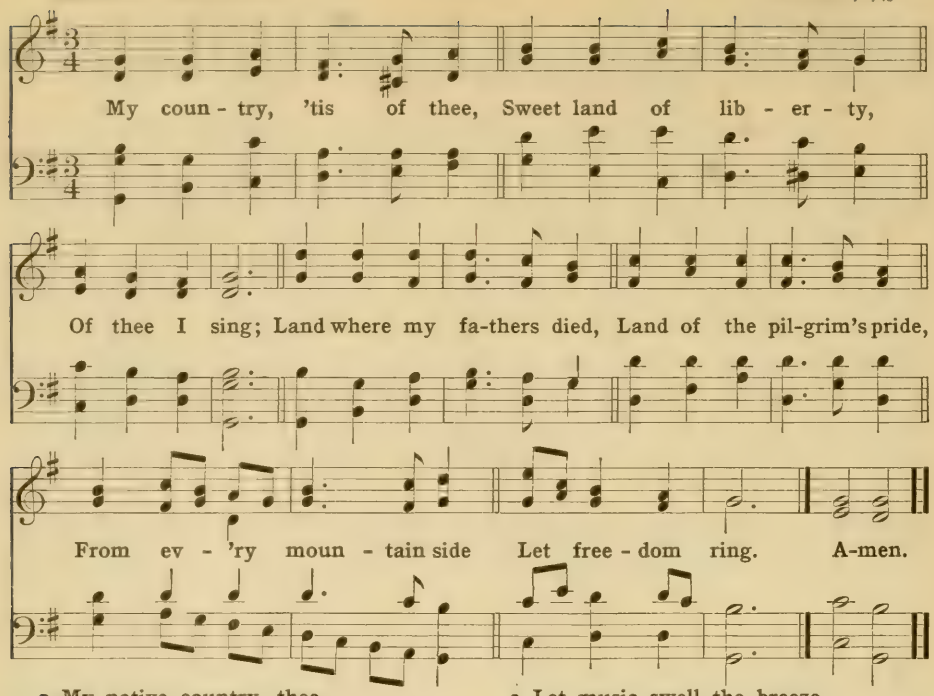
3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

629

AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. — H. CAREY, 1743


My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride,
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A-men.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

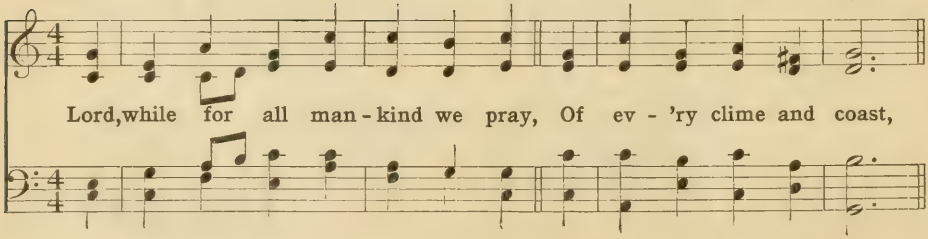
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

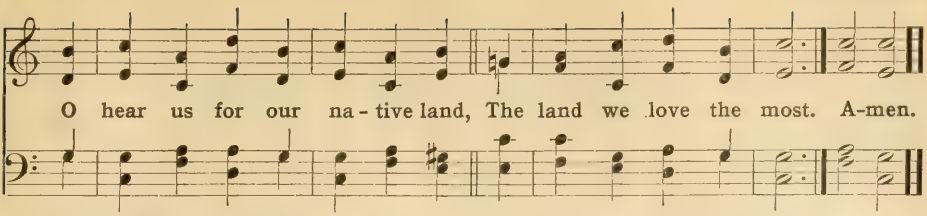
4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832

630

ST. ANNE C. M. — WILLIAM CROFT, 1708





2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

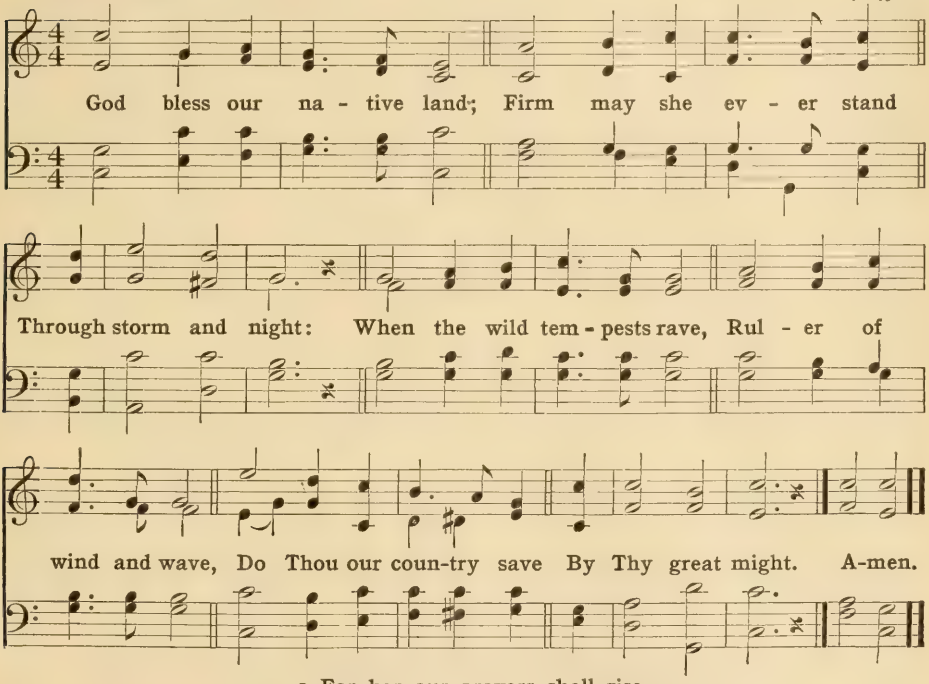
5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

Rev. J. R. Wreford, 1837

631

NEW AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Rev. L. B. Longacre, 1895

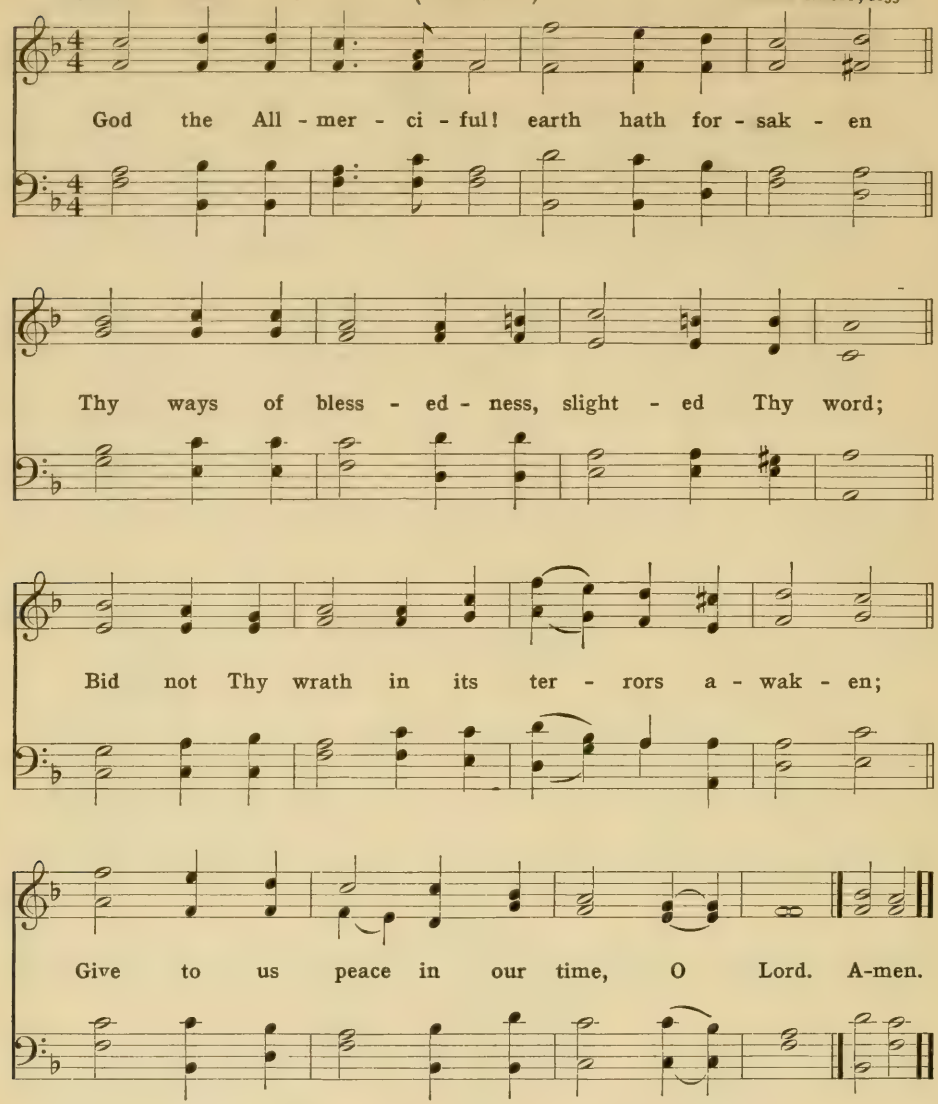

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
Through storm and night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might. A-men.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Rev. Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833. Rev. John S. Dwight, 1844

632

RUSSIAN HYMN 11.10.11.9. (*First Tune*) ALEXIS LWOFF, 1833


God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en
Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

2 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

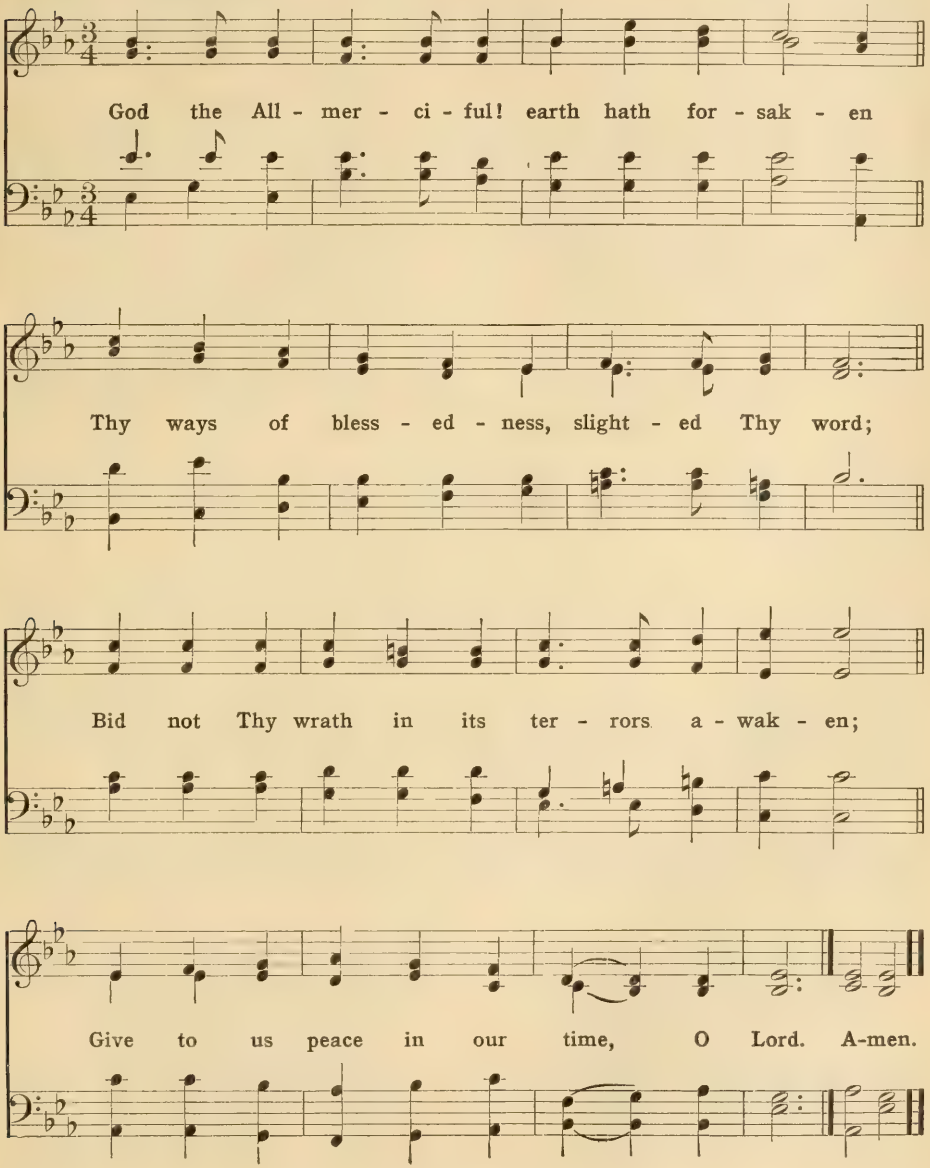
3 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Russian: Tr. H. F. Chorley, 1842

632

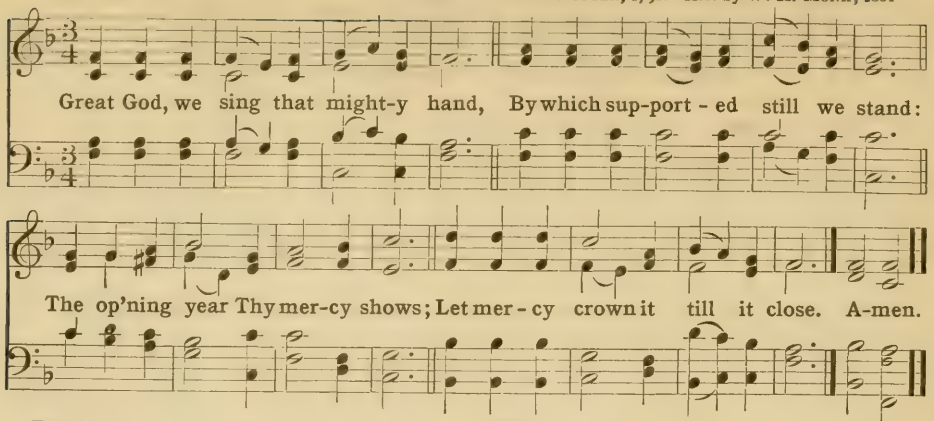
(*Second Tune*)

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS 11.10.11.9. A. S. Sullivan, 1874

God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en
Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

633

HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861


Great God, we sing that might-y hand, By which sup-port - ed still we stand:
The op'ning year Thy mer-cy shows; Let mer - cy crown it till it close. A-men.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

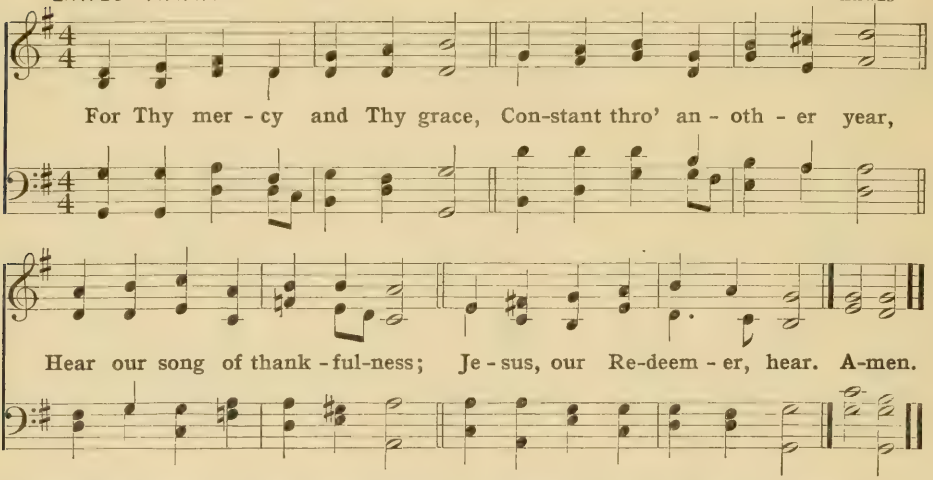
3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

634

LAWES 7.7.7.7.

H. LAWES

2 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

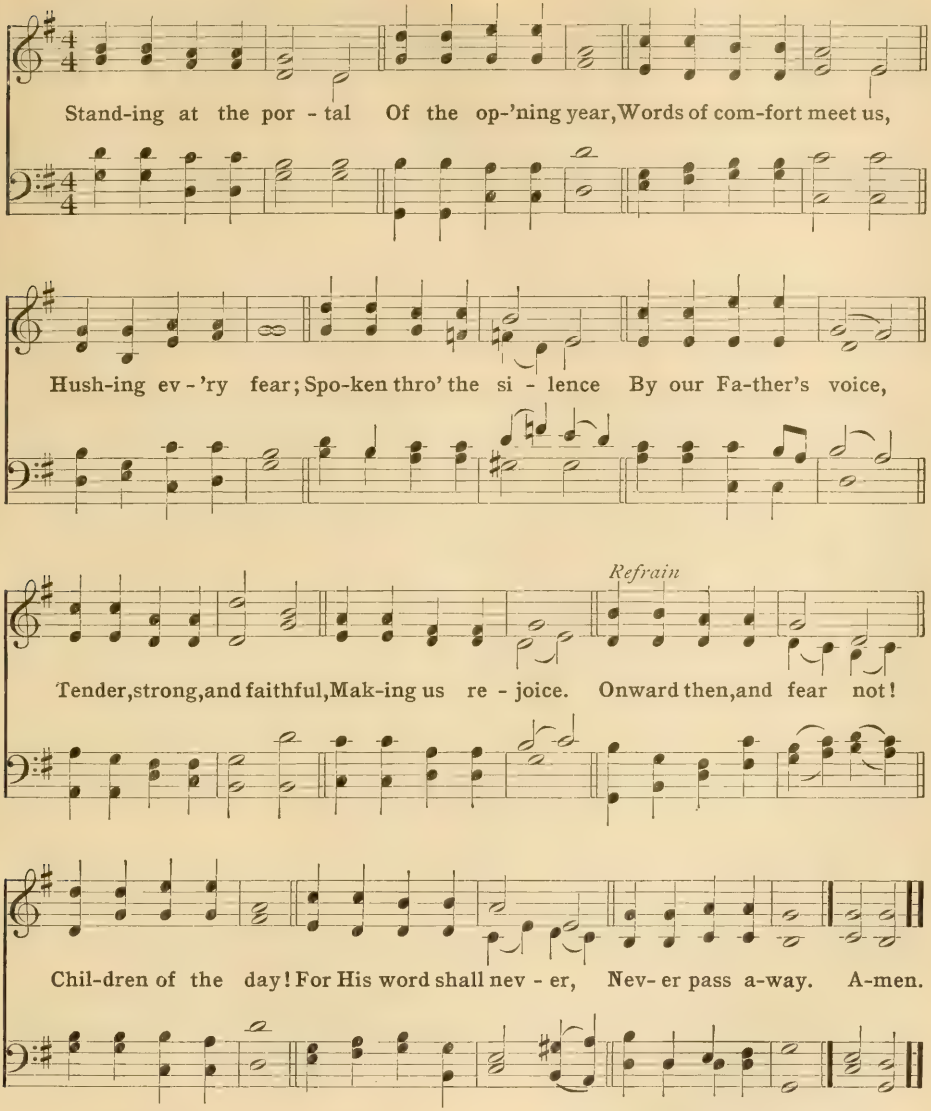
3 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Rev. HENRY DOWNTON, 1841

635

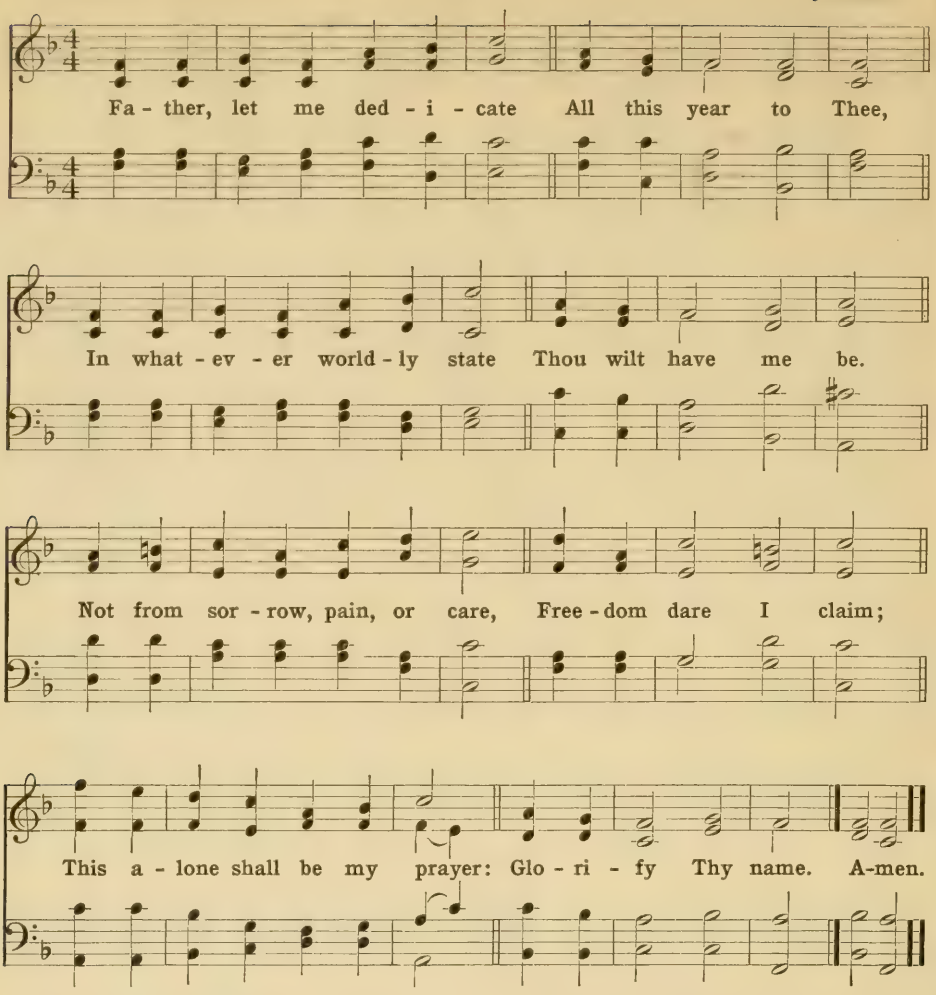
ST. ALBAN 6.5.6.5.D. *With Refrain* Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, by Rev. J. B. DYKES

Stand-ing at the por - tal Of the op-'ning year, Words of com-fort meet us,
Hush-ing ev - 'ry fear; Spo-ken thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,
Refrain
Tender, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice. Onward then, and fear not!
Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev - er, Nev- er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand,
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

3 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873

636

GORDON 7.5.7.5.D. J. Barnby

Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,
In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sor - row, pain, or care, Free - dom dare I claim;
This a - lone shall be my prayer: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A-men.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

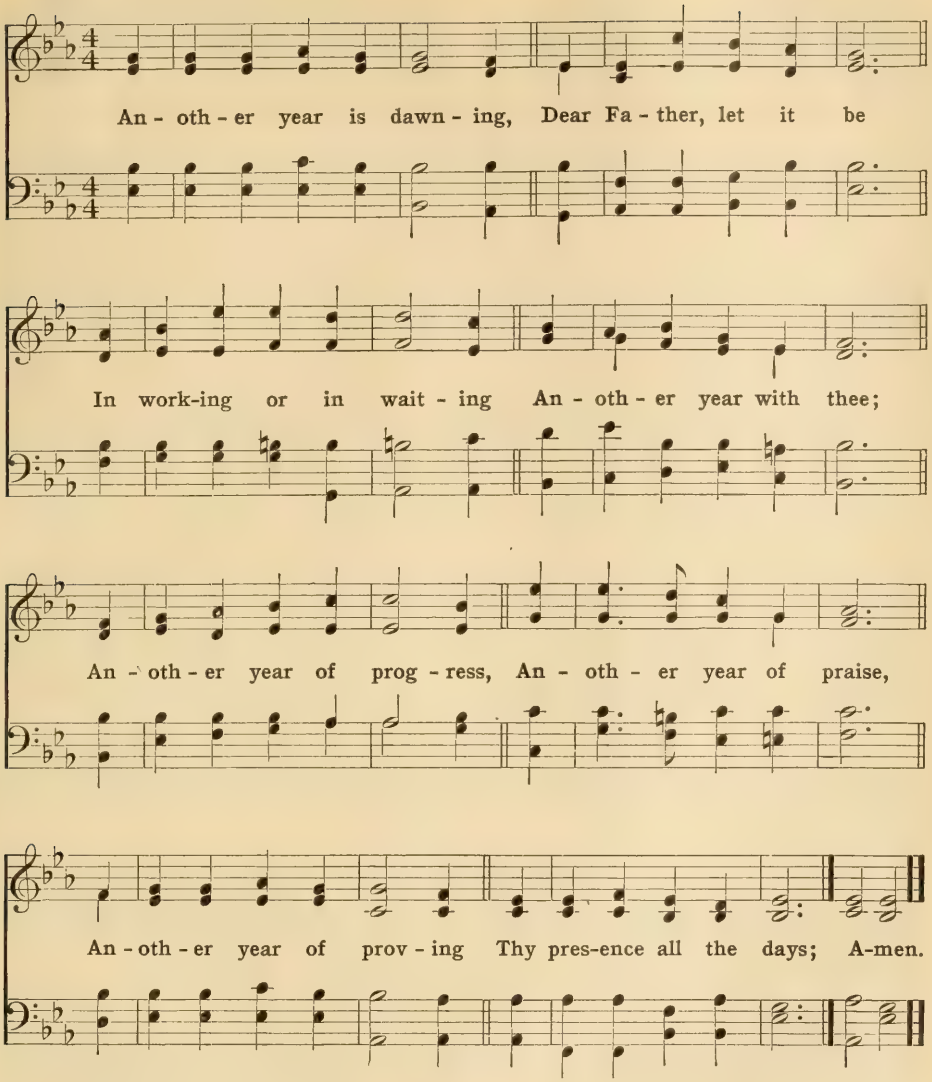
3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine, —
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home, —
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on;
"Glorify Thy name."

Rev. L. Tuttiett, 1864

637

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

An - oth - er year is dawn - ing, Dear Fa - ther, let it be
In work-ing or in wait - ing An - oth - er year with thee;
An - oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise,
An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres-ence all the days; A-men.

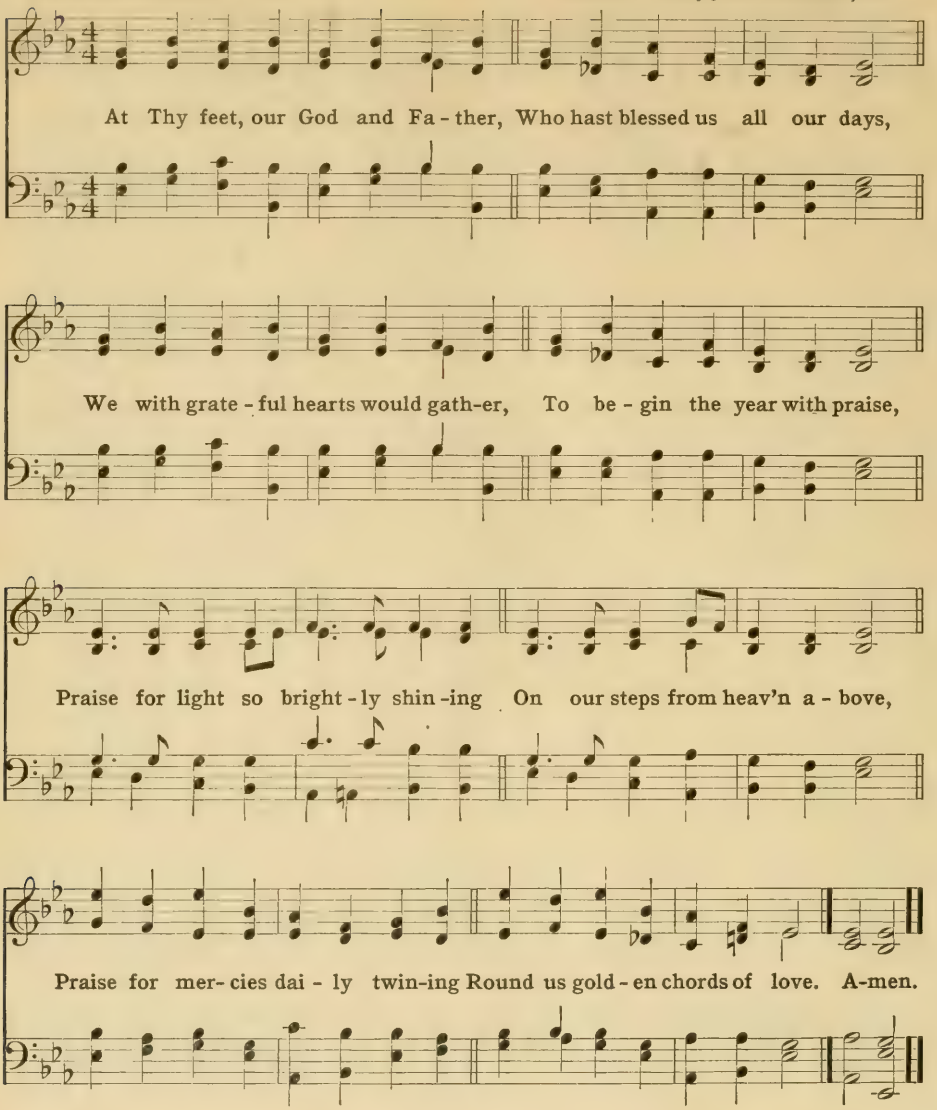
2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face,
Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest,—

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love,
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Father, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

638

VESPER HYMN 8.7.8.7.D.

Russian. Arr. by JOHN STEVENSON, 1818

At Thy feet, our God and Fa - ther, Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grate - ful hearts would gath-er, To be - gin the year with praise,
Praise for light so bright - ly shin -ing On our steps from heav'n a - bove,
Praise for mer- cies dai - ly twin-ing Round us gold - en chords of love. A-men.

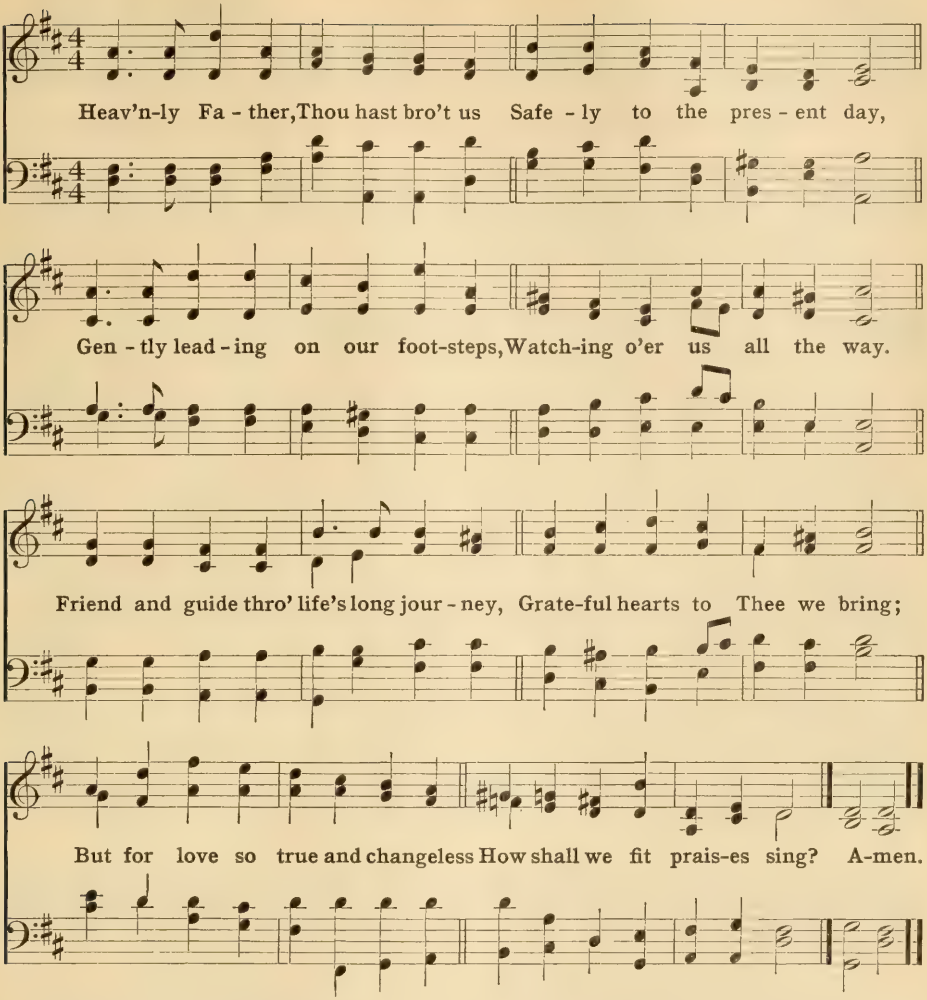
2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.

REV. JAMES D. BURNS, 1861

639

LUX EOI 8.7.8.7.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1875

Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Thou hast bro't us Safe - ly to the pres - ent day,
Gen - tly lead - ing on our foot-steps, Watch-ing o'er us all the way.
Friend and guide thro' life's long jour - ney, Grate-ful hearts to Thee we bring;
But for love so true and changeless How shall we fit prais-es sing? A-men.

2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and loving-kindness
Always near from first to last,
Tender love, divine protection
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number
Strow the path with golden light.

3 Shadows deep have crossed our pathway;
We have trembled in the storm;
Clouds have gathered round so darkly
That we could not see Thy form;
Yet Thy love hath never left us
In our griefs alone to be,
And the help each gave the other
Was the strength that came from Thee.

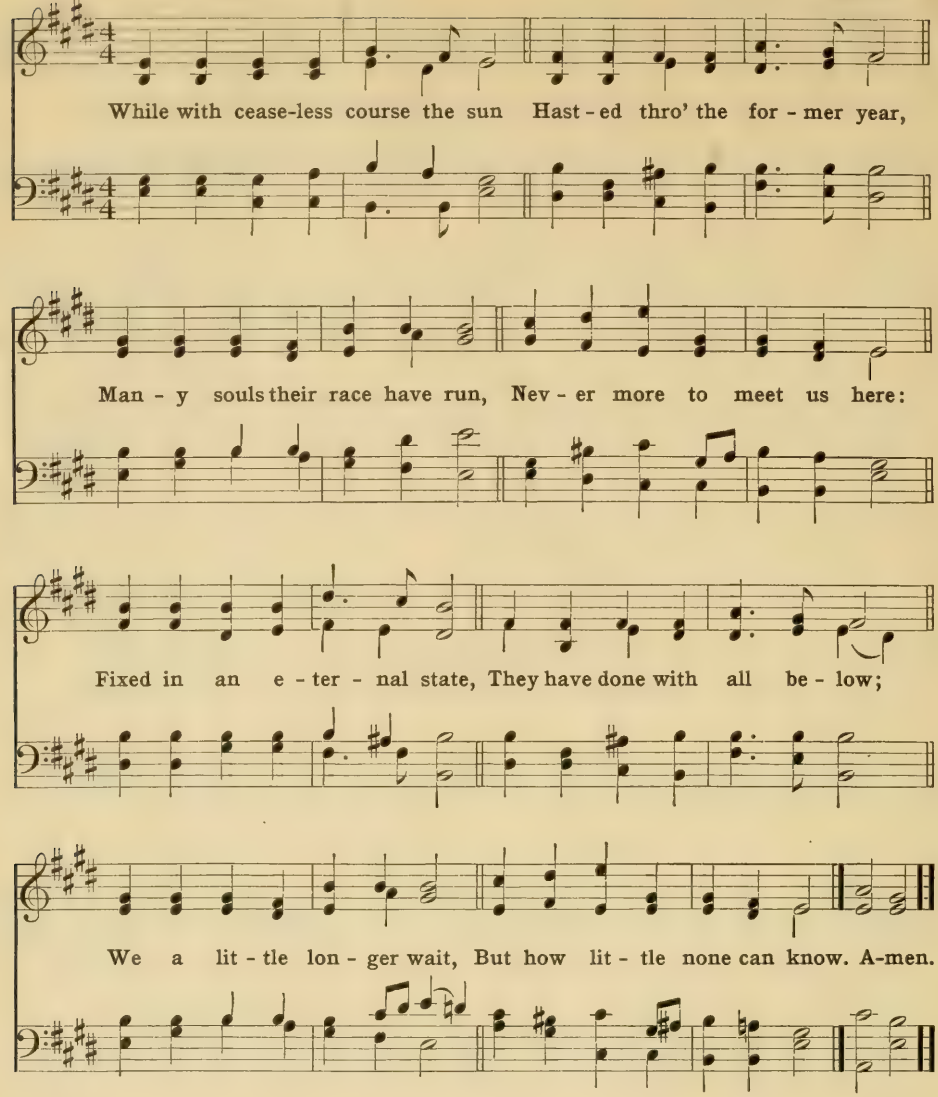
4 Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end;
Now they wait to give us welcome,
Brother, sister, child, and friend.
When at last our journey's over,
And we pass away from sight,
Father, take us through the darkness
Into everlasting light.

HESTER P. HAWKINS, 1885

640

BENEVENTO Eight 7s.

Arr. from S. WEBBE, 1792


While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed thro' the for - mer year,
Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know. A-men.

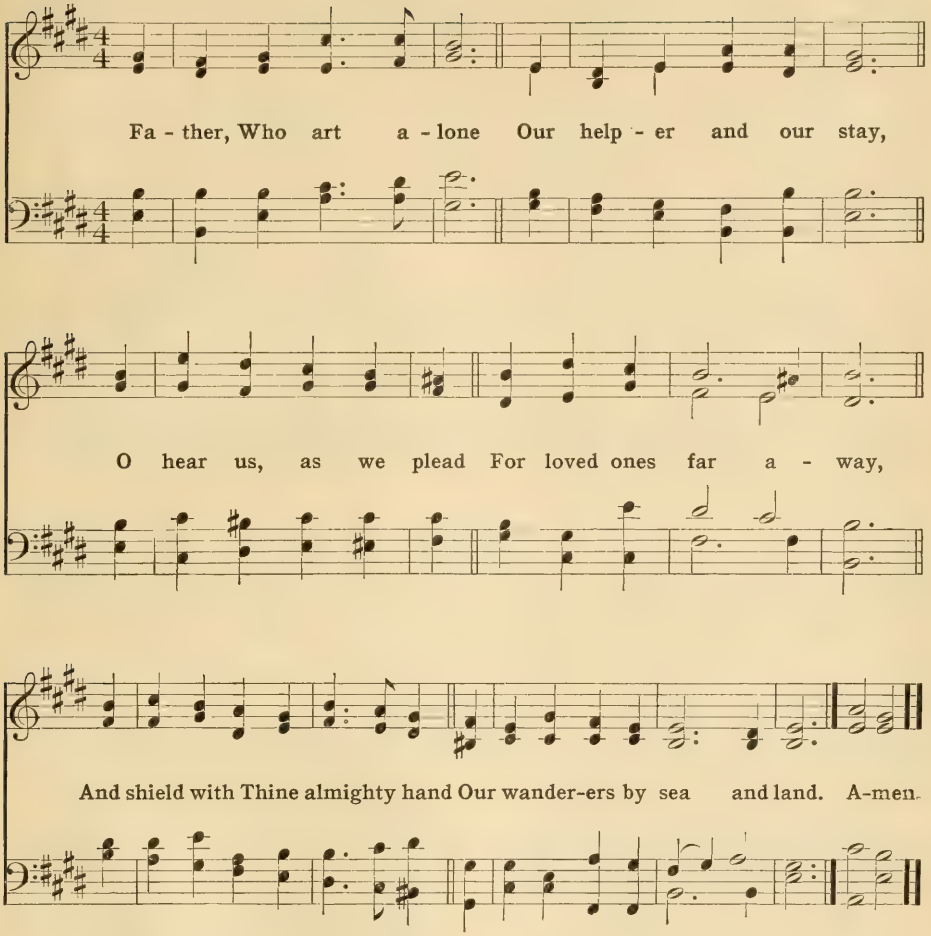
2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

641

RALEIGH 6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. PROUT, 1887

Fa - ther, Who art a - lone Our help - er and our stay,
O hear us, as we plead For loved ones far a - way,
And shield with Thine almighty hand Our wander-ers by sea and land. A-men.

2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

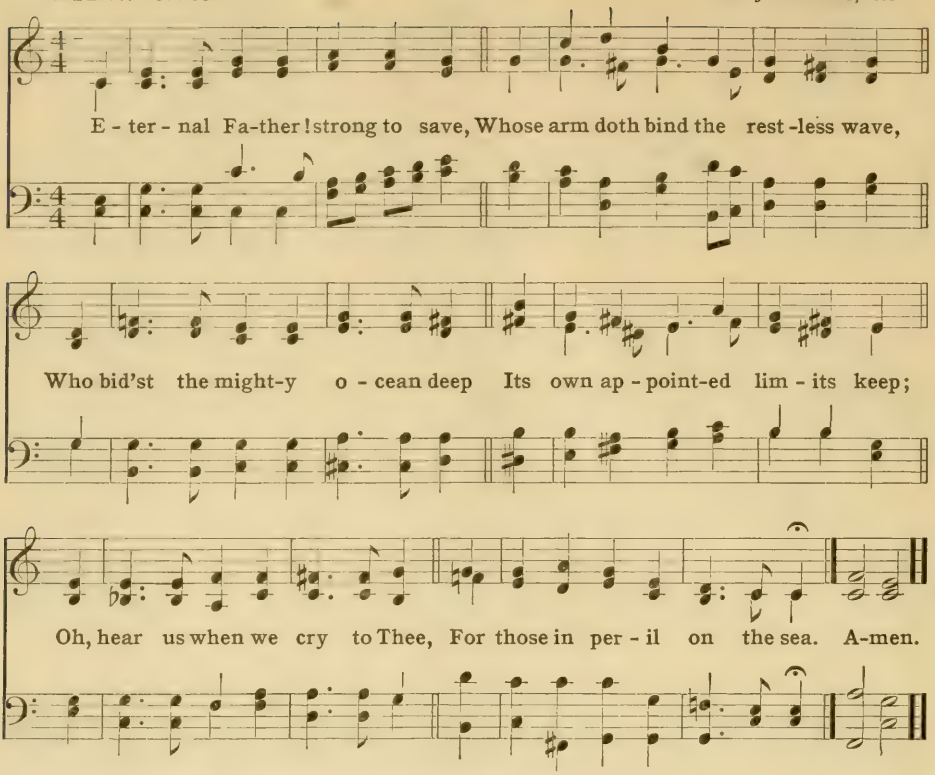
4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

5 We all are travelers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
Till we shall mount to God, —
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above.

E. J.

642

MELITA Six 8s. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861


E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap - point-ed lim - its keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A-men.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst in the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

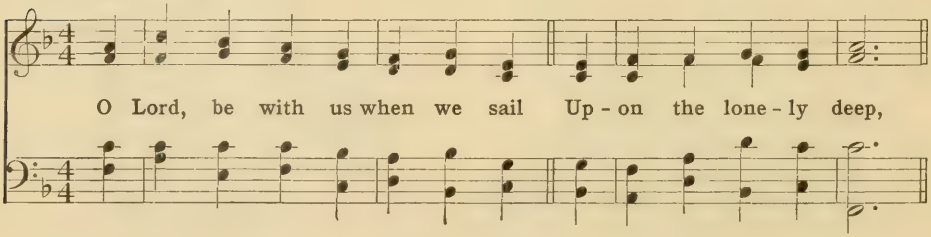
3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

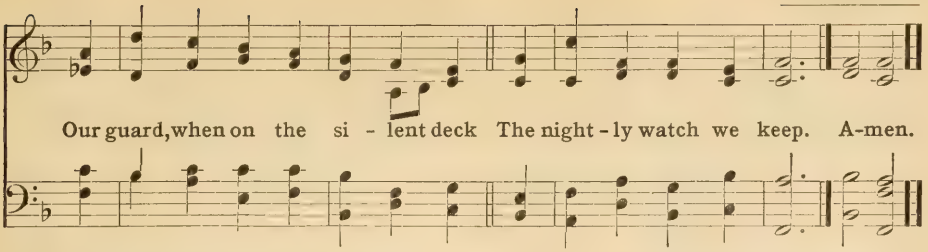
4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860

643

ALBANO C. M. V. Novello, 1800





2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

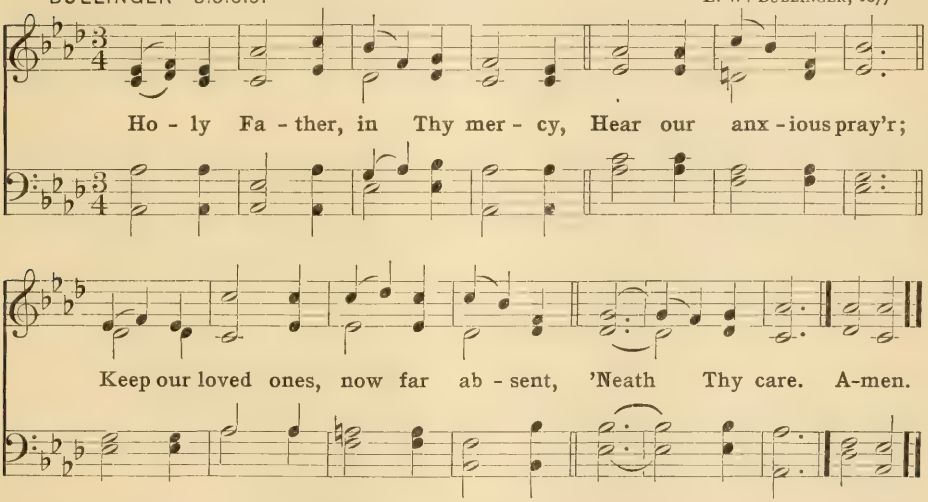
6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1865

644

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

E. W. Bullinger, 1877



2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

Isabella S. Stephenson, 1889

1 S. M.

We give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

2 S. M. D.

Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,
We joyfully adore;
We bless the Eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore:
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored,
We glorify, we worship Thee,
The universal Lord.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872

3 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

4 C. M. D.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

5 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

6 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1843

7 6.6.6.6.

To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal praises be.

Anon, 1871

8 7.6.7.6.D.

Great God of earth and heaven,
To Thee our songs we raise;
To Thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess Thee,
Eternal Triune God;
We magnify, we bless Thee,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872

9 7.7.7.7.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

10 8.7.8.7.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Anon., 1827

11 8.7.8.7.4.7. or 8.7.8.7.8.7

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

12 8.8.8.8.8.8.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts (first 4 lines), 1709

Chants and Responses

Directions for Chanting

The vertical dividing-lines in the words for chanting represent those bars in the music that follow the reciting notes. The recitation ends and the rhythmic part of the chant begins with the accented syllable, which is to be considered as having the first of the two counts of a full measure preceding the printed measures of the cadence.

If no other word or syllable comes between the accent and the following bar, then the accented syllable must be held through both beats or counts of this preliminary measure.

If only one short syllable comes between the accent and the bar, this can usually be taken as the second half of the second beat of the preliminary measure.

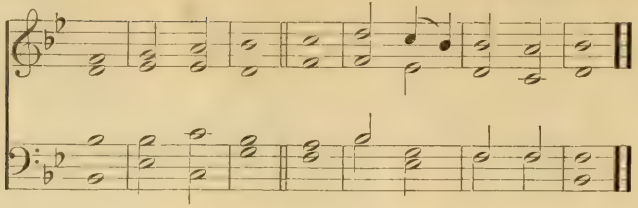
For example, beginning on the accented syllable to count two beats:

O come let us sing.....	unto	the	Lord.
Let us heartily rejoice .....in the	strength	of	our Sal- | vation.
The sea is His.....	and	He	made it.
And His hands..... pre-	pared	the	dry | land.
Glory be to the Father	and	to the	Son.
And	to	the	Ho- ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is now.....and	ev-	er	shall be.
World..... without	end		A- | men.

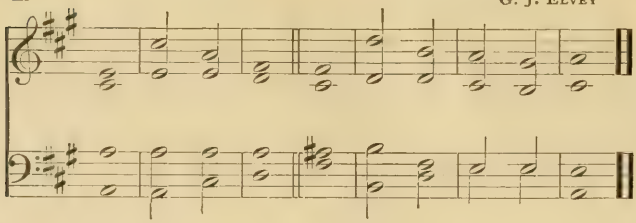
The asterisk (*) signifies a slight pause for breath in a long recitation.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

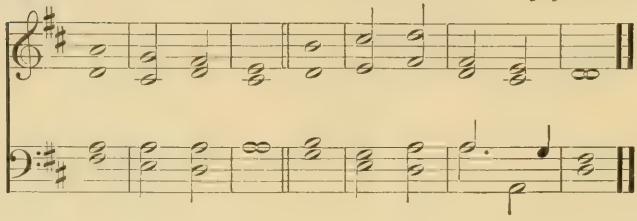
1 R. Woodward



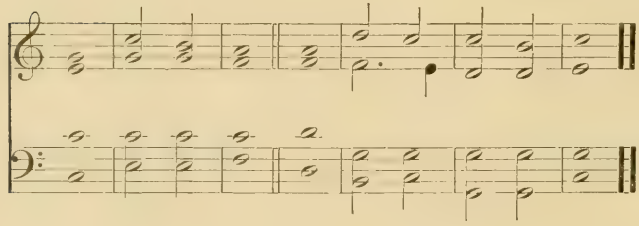
2 G. J. Elvey



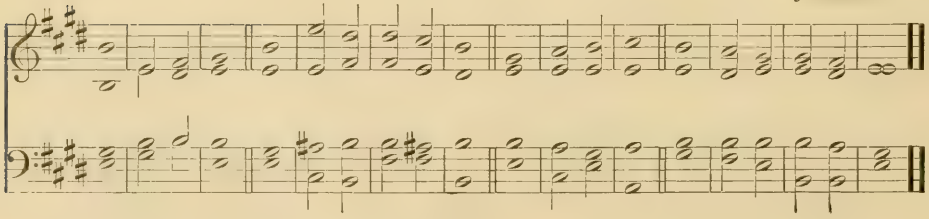
3 J. Jones



4 R. Goodson



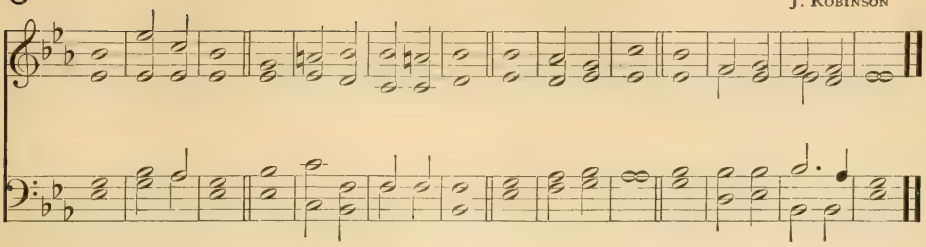
5 J. Randall



VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

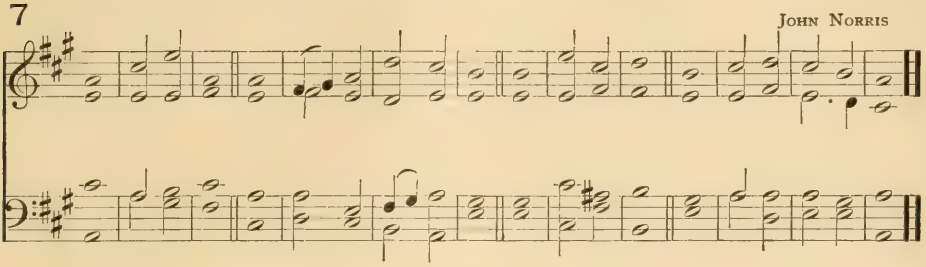
6

J. Robinson



7

John Norris



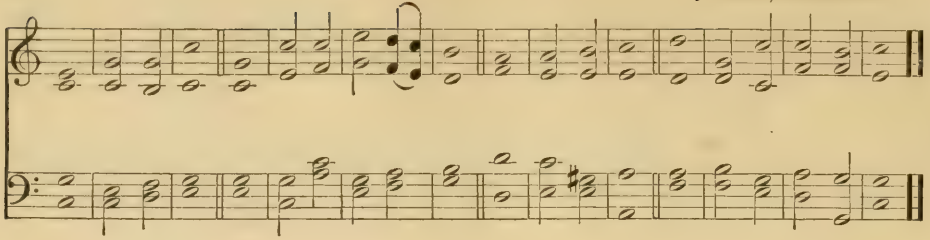
Psalm XCV

1	O come let us sing	unto	the	Lord;			
	Let us heartily rejoice in the	strength	of	our	sal-	vation.	
2	Let us come before His presence with	thanks-	—	giving,			
	And show ourselves	glad	in	Him	with	psalms.	
3	For the Lord is a	great	—	God:			
	And a great	King	a-	bove	all	gods.	
4	In His hands are all the corners	of	the	earth:			
	And the strength of the	hills	is	His	—	also.	
5	The sea is His	and	He	made it:			
	And His hands pre-	pared	the	dry	—	land.	
6	O come let us worship and	fall	—	down:			
	And kneel be-	fore	the	Lord	our	Maker.	
7	For He is the	Lord	our	God:			
	And we are the people of His pasture,* and the	sheep	of	His	—	hand.	
8	O worship the Lord in the	beauty	of	holiness:			
	Let the whole earth	stand	in	awe	of	Him.	
21 part 9	For He cometh, for He cometh to	judge	the	earth:			
	And with righteousness to judge the world and the	peo-	ple	with	His	truth.	
	Glory be to the Father	and	to the	Son			
	And	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.	
	As it was in the beginning* is now, and	ev-	er	shall be,			
	World without	end	—	A-	—	men.	

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

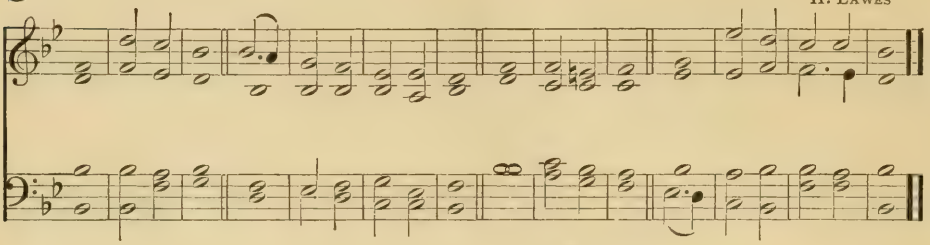
8

J. Turle, from Purcell



9

H. Lawes

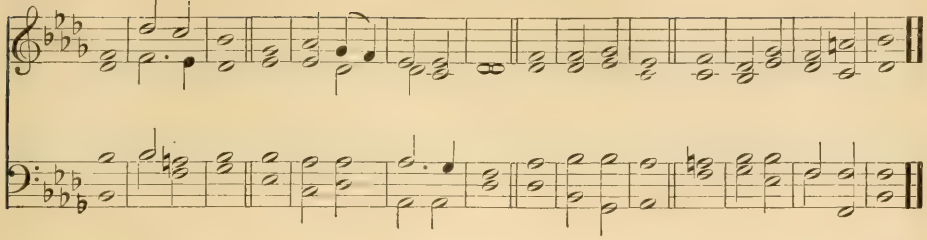


1 We práise | Thee O | God;
We acknówledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
All the eárth doth | wor- ship | Thee
Thé | Fa- ther | ev- er- | lasting.
2 To Thee all Añgels | cry a- | loud;
The Heávens and | all the | powers there- | in.
To Thee Chérubim and | Ser- aph- | im;
Cón- | tin- ual- | ly do | cry.
3 Hóly | Ho- ly | Holy;
Lórd | God of | Sa- ba- | oth.
Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Ma- jes- | ty
Óf | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
4 The glorious cómpany | of the A- | postles
Práise | — — | — | Thee.
The goodly féllowship | of the | prophets
Práise | — — | — — | Thee.
5 The nóble | army of | Martyrs
Práise | — — | — — | Thee.
The Holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world
Dóth ac- | know- — | — ledge | Thee.
6 Thé | Fa- — | ther
Óf an | infi- nite | ma- jes- | ty.
Thine adorable, trúe and | on- ly | Son
Also the Holy Ghóst the | Com- — | fort- — | er.
7 Thóu art the | King of | glory
ó | — — | — — | Christ.
Thou art the éver- | last- ing | Son
óf | — the | Fa- — | ther.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

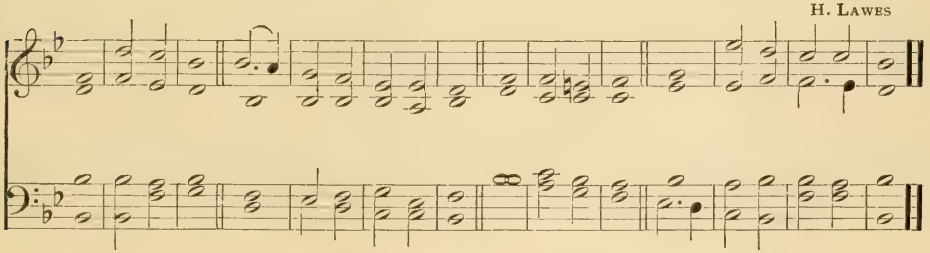
10

R. Cooke



8 When Thou tookest upón Thee . to de- | liv- er | man.
Thou didst humble Thysélf . . . . . to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
When Thou hadst overcóme . . . . . the | sharpness of | death.
Thou didst open the kíngdom . . . . . of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
9 Thou sittest at the ríght . . . . . | hand of | God
Ín . . . . . the | glo- ry | of the | Father.
We beliéve . . . . . that | Thou shalt | come
Tó . . . . . | be — | our — | judge.
10 We therefore práy Thee . . . . . | help Thy | servants,
Whom Thou hast redéemed . . . . . | with Thy | pre- cious | blood.
Make them to be númbered . . . . . | with Thy | saints
In . . . . . | glo- ry | ev- er- | lasting.
11 O Lórd . . . . . | save Thy | people,
Ańd . . . . . | bless Thine | her- it- | age.
Góv- . . . . . | — ern | them,
Ańd . . . . . | lift them | up for | ever.

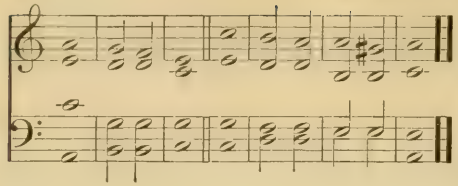
H. Lawes



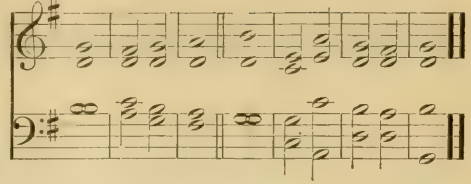
12 Dáy . . . . . | by — | day,
Wé . . . . . | mag- ni- | fy — | Thee.
Ańd . . . . . we | worship Thy | name
Éver . . . . . | world with- | out — | end.
13 Voúch- . . . . . | safe O | Lord,
To kéep us . . . . . this | day with- | out — | sin;
O Lórd . . . . . have | mercy up- | on us,
Háve . . . . . | mer- — | cy up- | on us.
14 O Lord, let Thy mércy . . . . . | be up- | on us,
Aś . . . . . our | trust — | is in | Thee.
O Lord in Theé . . . . . | have I | trusted;
Lét . . . . . me | nev- er | be con- | founded.

BENEDICTUS

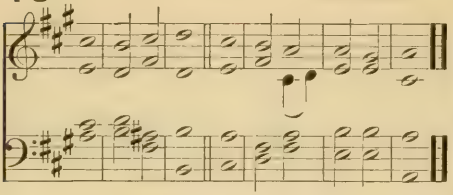
11 W. Croft



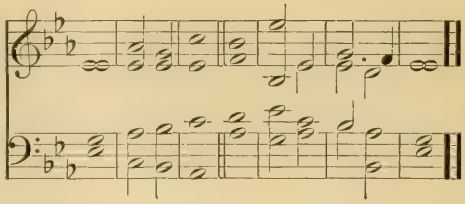
12 H. Aldrich



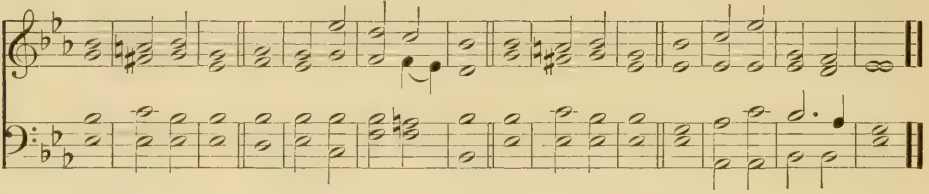
13 M. Greene



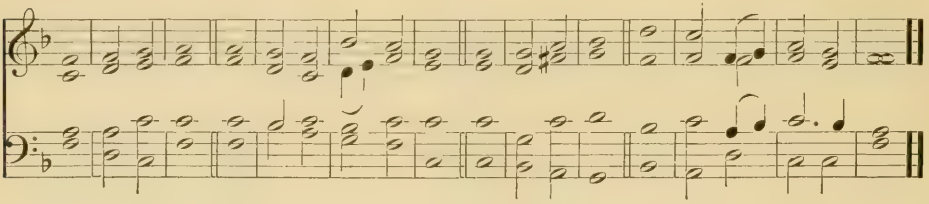
14 J. Turle



15 Anon.



16 R. Langdon

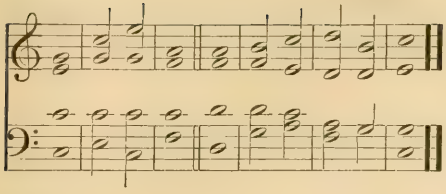


Luke i: 68

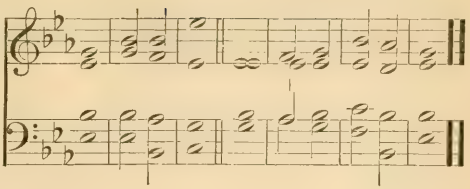
1 Blessed be the Lórd	God	of	Israel;			
For He hath vísited	and	re-	deemed	His	people;	
2 And hath raised up a míghty	sal-	va-	tion	for us;		
In the house	of	His	ser-	vant	David.	
3 As He spake by the móuth	of His	ho-	ly	prophets;		
Which have béen	since	the	world	be-	gan;	
4 That we should be sáved	from	our	enemies,			
And fróm	the	hand	of	all	that	hate us.
Glory be to the Fáther	and	to the	Son.			
Ańd	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost;	
As it was in the beginning* is nów	and	ev-	er	shall be,		
Wórld	without	end.	—	A-	—	men.

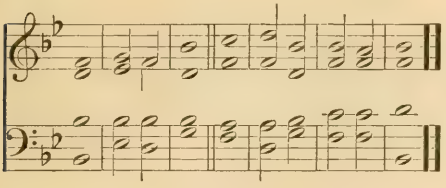
JUBILATE DEO

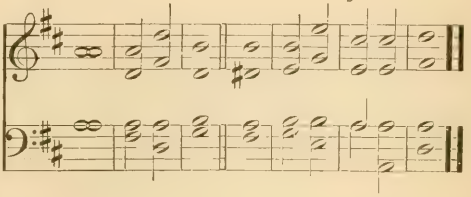
17 W. Russell



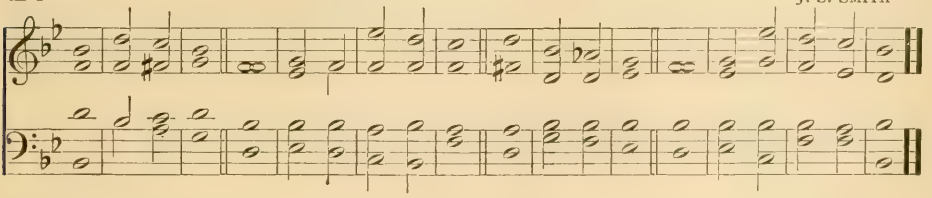
18 E. J. Hopkins



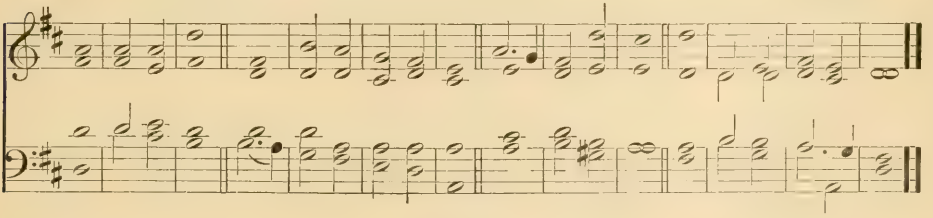
19 G. A. Macfarren

20 J. Barnby



21 J. S. Smith



22 R. Woodward

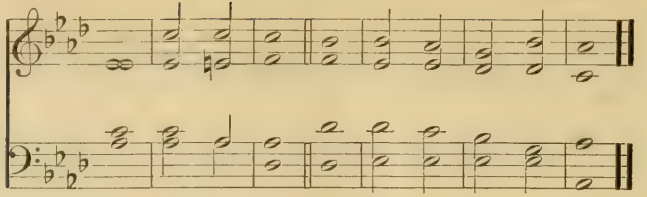


Psalm C.

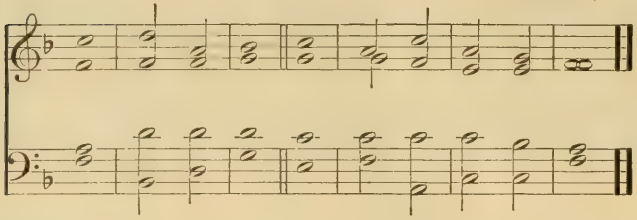
1	O be joyful in the Lórd	all		ye	lands.		
	Serve the Lord with gladness* and come befóre His	pre-		sence	with	a	song.
2	Be ye sure that the Lord He is God*; it is He that hath made us ánd	we		our-	selves.		
	We are His people ánd	sheep		of	His	—	pasture.
3	O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving* and iñto	courts		with	praise.		
	Be thankful unto Hím	speak		good	of	His	name.
4	For the Lord is gracious,* His mércy	ev-		er-	lasting;		
	And His truth endureth from géner-	ation		to	gen-	er-	ation.
	Glory be to the Fáther	and	to the	Son			
	Añd	to		the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów	ev-		er	shall be;		
	Wórld without	end		—	A-	—	men.

MAGNIFICAT

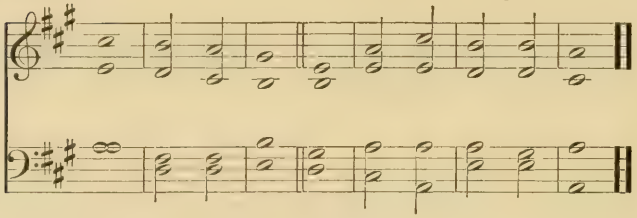
23 A. H. Brown



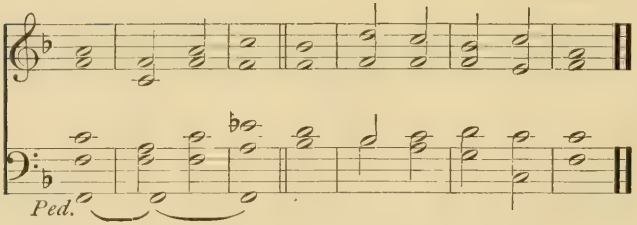
24 E. G. Monk

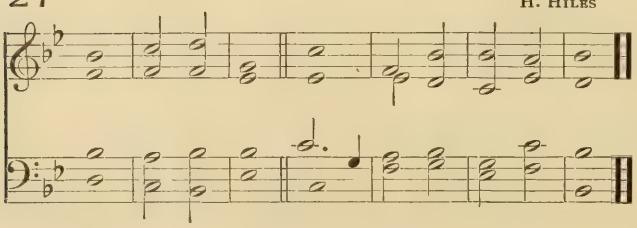


25 E. J. Hopkins



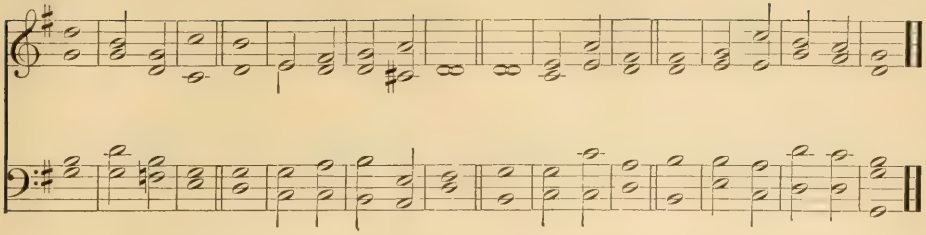
26 P. Armes



27 H. Hiles

MAGNIFICAT

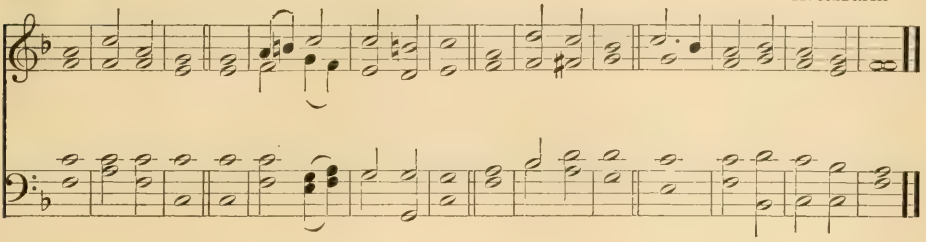
28

H. Smart



29

H. Aldrich

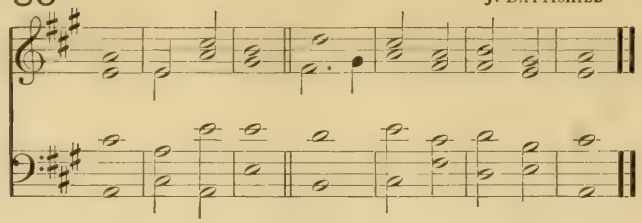


Luke I : 46

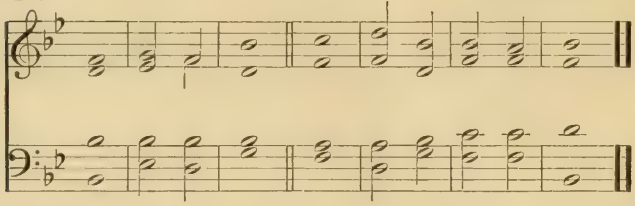
1 My soul doth mág- ni- | fy the | Lord;
And my spirit háth re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
2 Fór He | hath re- | garded
The lów- li- | ness of | His hand | maiden.
3 Fór be- | hold from | henceforth
Áll gener- | ations shall | call me | blessed.
4 For He that is míghty hath | magni- | fied | me.
Afid | ho- | ly | is His | name.
5 And His mércy is on | them | that | fear Him,
Thróugh- | out | all | gen- er- | ations.
6 He hath showed strength | with | His | arm.
He hath scattered the proud
in the imá- gin- | a- | tion | of their | hearts.
7 He hath put down the míghty | from | their | seat.
And háth ex- | alted | the | humble and | meek.
8 He hath filled the húngry with | good | — | things;
And the rích He hath | sent | — | empty a- | way.
2d part 9 He remembering His mercy hath
hólpen His | ser- | vant | Israel;
As He promised to our forefathers*
A'braham | and | his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the Fáther | and | to the | Son.
Afid | to | the | Ho- | ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów and | ev- | er | shall be;
Wórld without | end | — | A- | — | men.

CANTATE DOMINO

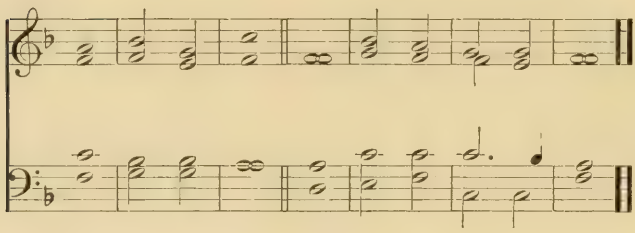
30 J. Battishill



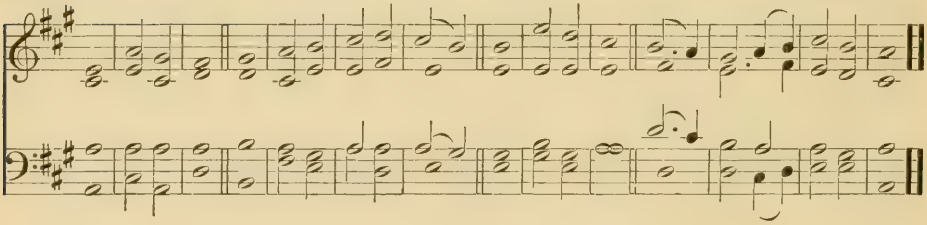
31 G. A. Macfarren



32 W. Russell



33 W. Crotch



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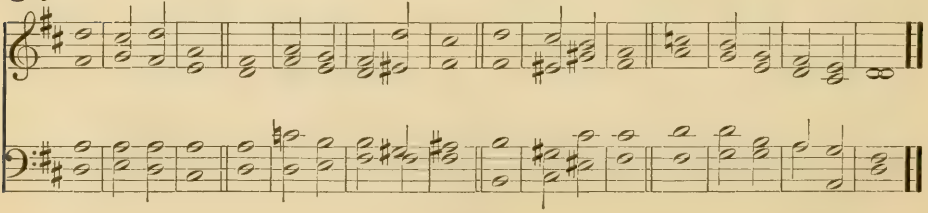
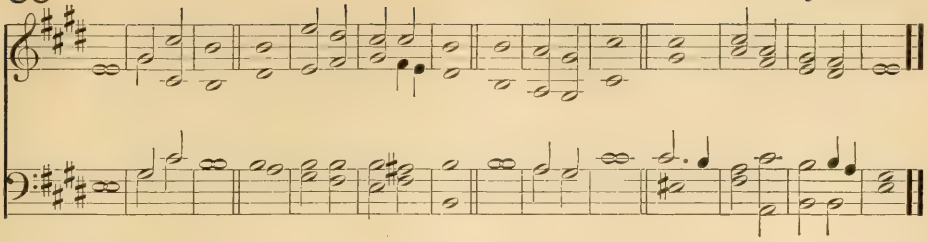


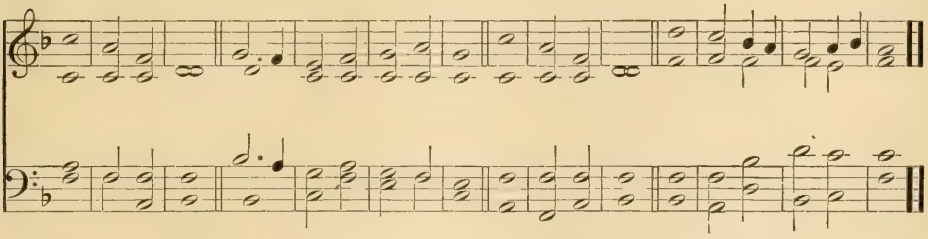
35

J. Barnby



36

I. Barrow

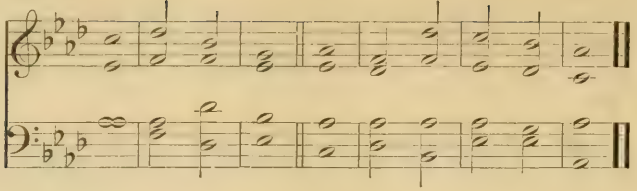


Psalm XCVIII

1 O sing unto the Lórd.....a	new	—	song;			
For Hé..... hath	done	—	marvel-	lous	things.	
With His own right hand* and with His	ho-	ly	arm,			
Háth..... He	gotten	Him-	self	the	victory.	
2 The Lord decláred.....	His	sal-	vation;			
His righteousness hath He openly shówed..... in the	sight	—	of	the	heathen.	
He hath remembered His mercy and truth tóward ..... the	house	of	Israel;			
And all the ends of the world have séen .....the sal-	va-	tion	of	our	God.	
3 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd..	all	ye	lands;			
Síng..... re-	joice	and	give	—	thanks.	
Praise the Lórd..... up-	on	the	harp;			
Sing to the hárp..... with a	psalm	of	thanks-	—	giving.	
4 With trúmpets.....	also	and	shawms,			
O show yourselves jóyful..... be-	fore	the	Lord	the	king.	
Let the sea make a noise* and áll. that	there-	in	is;			
The round wórld.....and	they	that	dwell	there-	in.	
5 Let the floods clap their hands* and let the hills be joyful togéther..... be-	fore	the	Lord;			
Fór..... He	cometh	to	judge	the	earth.	
With righteousness sháll..... He	judge	the	world,			
Ańd..... the	peo-	ple	with	—	equity.	
Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,			
Ańd.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost;	
As it was in the beginning* is nów..and	ev-	er	shall be,			
Wórld..... without	end	—	A-	—	men.	

BONUM EST

37 J. Nares



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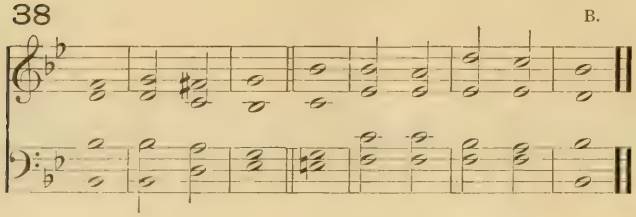
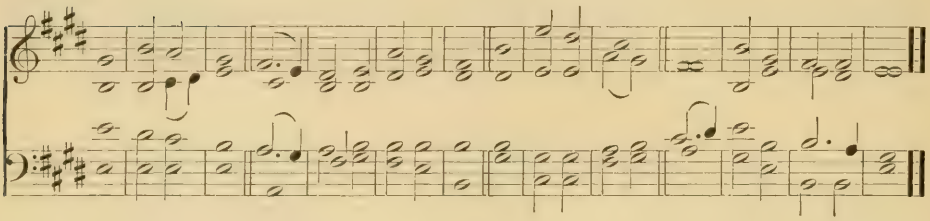
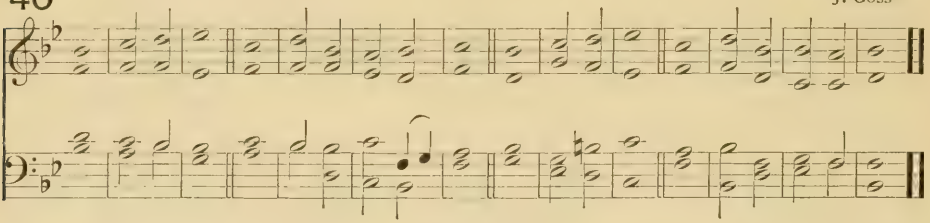


39 J. Goss



40 J. Goss

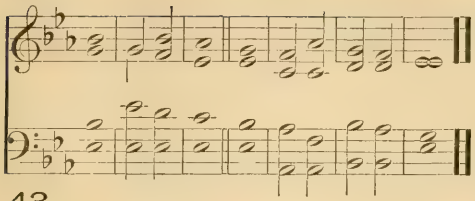


Psalm XCII

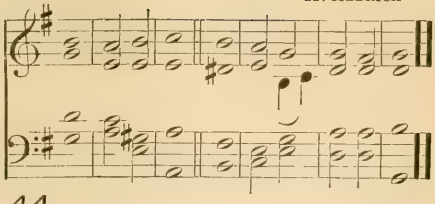
1	It is a good thing to give thánks.....	unto	the	Lord;		
	And to sing praises únto..... Thy	name	—	O	most	highest;
2	To tell of Thy loving kindness eárly..	in	the	morning,		
	And of Thy trúth.....	in	the	night	—	season.
3	Upon an instrument of ten strings*					
	ánd..... up-	on	the	lute.		
	Upon a loud ínstrument.....	and	up-	on	the	harp.
4	For Thou Lord hast made me glád...	through	Thy	works,		
	And I will rejoice in giving					
	praise for the óper-.....	a-	tions	of	Thy	hands.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,		
	Ánd.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów.. and	ev-	er	shall be,		
	Wórld..... without	end	—	A-	—	men.

DEUS MISEREATUR

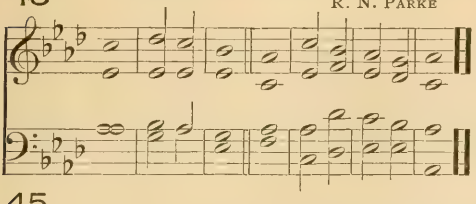
41 J. Barnby



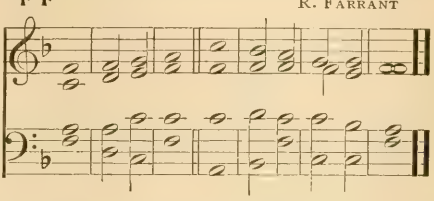
42 H. Aldrich

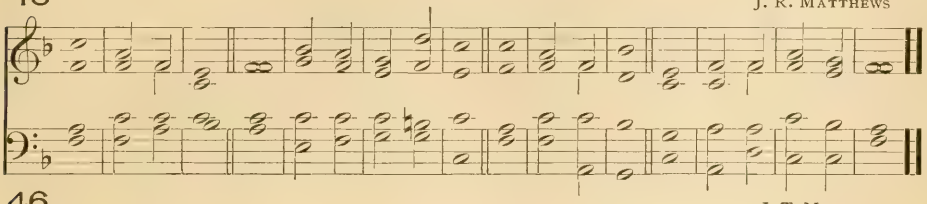
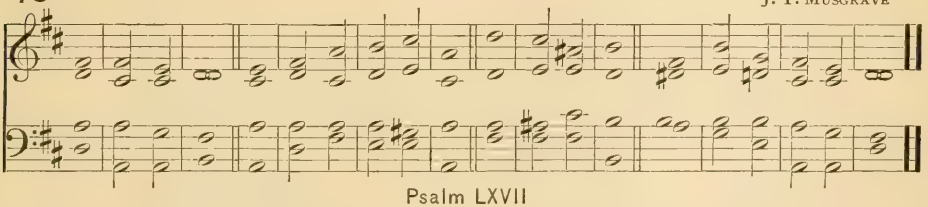


43 R. N. Parke



44 R. Farrant

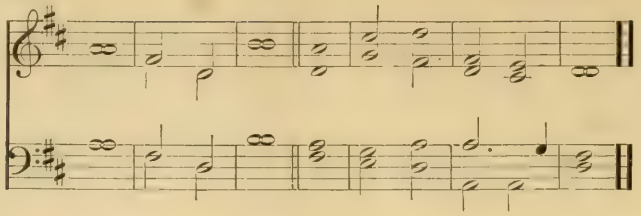


45 J. R. Matthews

46 J. T. Musgrave

Psalm LXVII

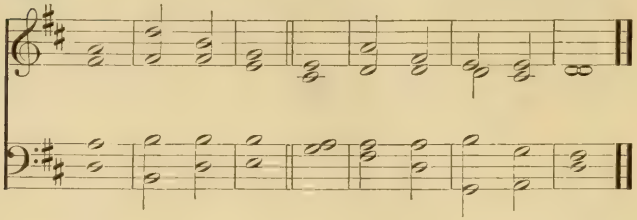
1	God be merciful únto	us	and	bless us;			
	And show us the light of His countenance* ánd be	merci-	ful	un-	to	us.	
2	That Thy wáy may be	known-	upon	earth,			
	Thy sáving	health	a-	mong	all	nations.	
3	Let the people práise	Thee	O	God;			
	Yeá let	all	the	peo-	ple	praise Thee.	
4	O let the nations rejoíce	and	be	glad,			
	For Thou shalt judge the folk righteously* and góvern the	nations	up-	on	—	earth.	
5	Let the people práise	Thee	O	God;			
	Yeá let	all	the	peo-	ple	praise Thee.	
6	Then shall the eárth bring	forth	her	increase,			
	And God, even our own Gód, shall	give	—	us	His	blessing.	
2d part 7	Gód shall	bless	—	us,			
	And all the énds of the	world	shall	fear	—	Him.	
	Glory be to the Fáther	and	to the	Son,			
	And	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.	
	Ás it was in the beginning* is nów and	ev-	er	shall be,			
	Wórld without	end	—	A-	—	men.	

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

47 Oxford Chant



48 F. A. G. Ouseley



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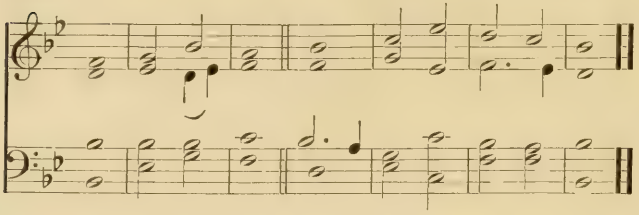
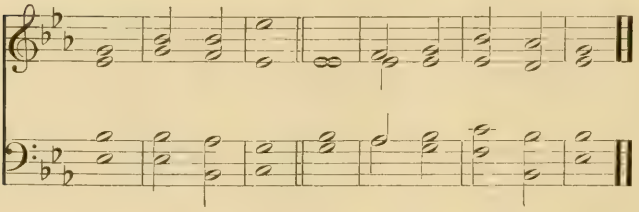
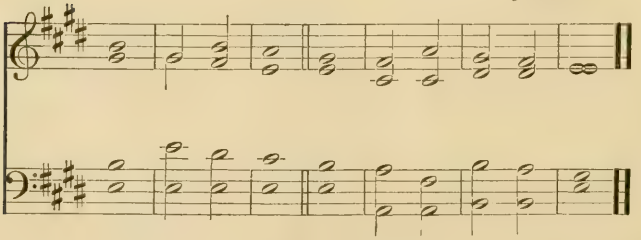


50 E. J. Hopkins



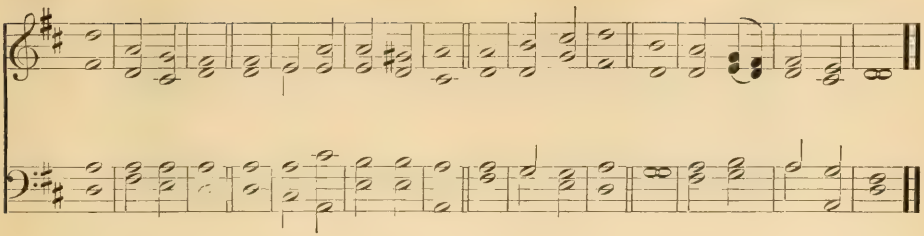
51 J. Barnby



BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

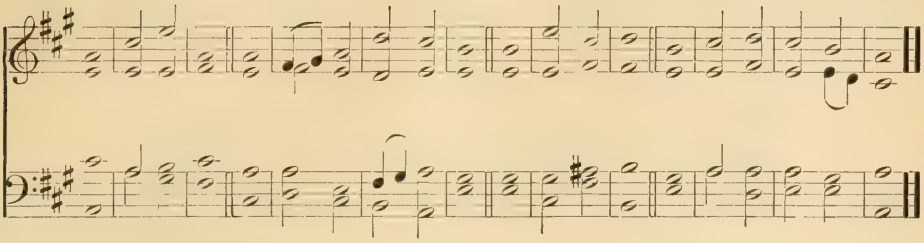
52

William Boyce



53

Norris



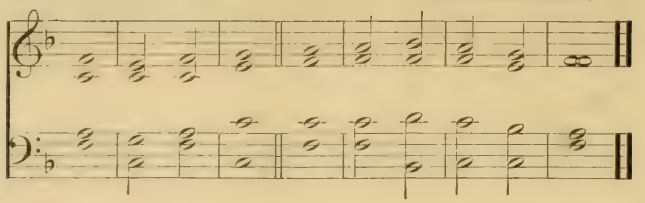
Psalm CIII

1	Praise the Lórd	O	my	soul,			
	And all that is within me	praise	His	ho-	ly	name.	
2	Praise the Lórd	O	my	soul,			
	Aňd for-	get	not	all	His	benefits.	
3	Who forgíveth	all	thy	sin,			
	And héaleth	all	—	thine	in-	firmities.	
4	Who saveth thy life	from	de-	struction,			
	And crowneth thée with	mercy	and	lov-	ing	kindness.	
5	O praise the Lord ye angels] of His,* yé that ex-	cel	in	strength,			
	Ye that fulfil His commandment*] and hearken únto the	voice	—	of	His	word.	
6	O praise the Lórd, all	ye	His	hosts,			
	Ye sérvants of	His	that	do	His	pleasure.	
2d part 7	O speak good of the Lord all ye] works of His* in all práces of	His	do-	minion,			
	Praise thóu the	Lord	—	O	my	soul.	
	Glory be to the Fáther	and	to the	Son,			
	Aňd	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.	
	As it was in the beginning* is nów and	ev-	er	shall be			
	Wórld without	end	—	A	—	men.	

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

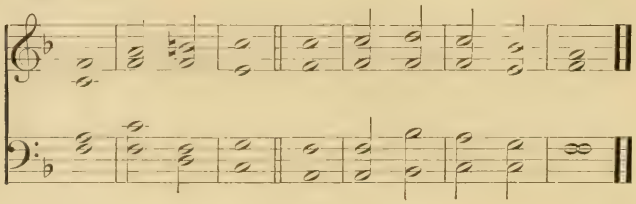
54

Old Church Melody



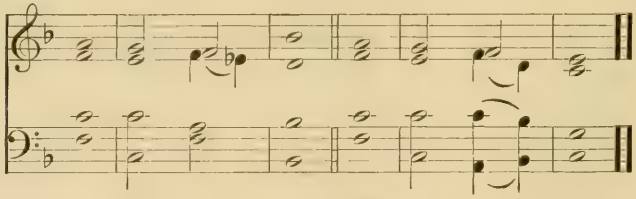
Glory bé.....to | God on | high,
And on eárth..... | peace good | will to | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thée.... we | wor- ship | Thee,
We glorify Thee, we give thánks...to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

55

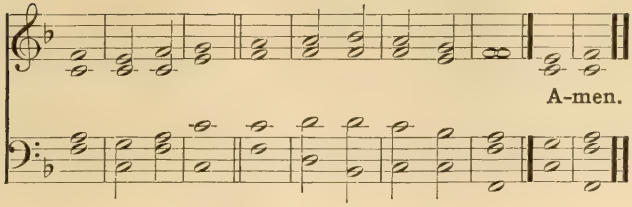


O Lord Gód..... | heaven- ly | King;
Gód..... the | Fa- ther | Al- — | mighty.
O Lord, the only begotten Són..... | Je- sus | Christ.
O Lord God, Lamb of Gód..... | Son — | of the | Father.

56

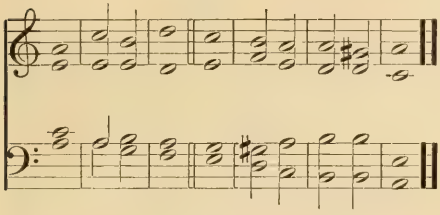


That takest awáy..... the | sins of the | world,
Have mércy..... up- | on — | us.
Thou that takest awáy..... the | sins of the | world,
Have mércy..... up- | on — | us.
Thou that takest awáy..... the | sins of the | world,
Ré-..... | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hánd...of | God the | Father,
Have mércy..... up- | on — | us.

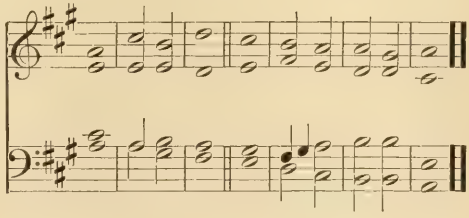
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

For Thou ónly.....	art	—	holy,			
Thóu.....	on-	ly	art	the	Lord.	
Thou only, O Chríst,..... with the	Ho-	ly	Ghost,			
Art most hígh..... in the	glory	of	God	the	Father. Amen.	

NUNC DIMITTIS

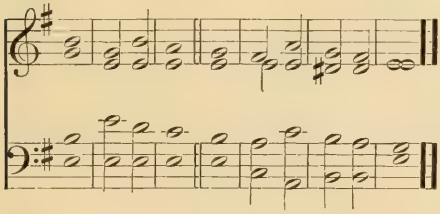
57 Verses 1.2.& 3. J. Goss



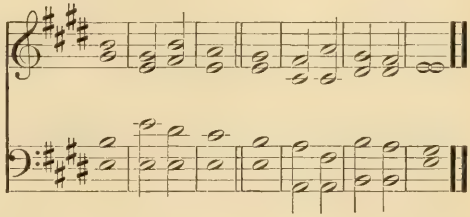
Verse 4.& Gloria. J. Goss



58 Verses 1.2.& 3. J. Barnby



Verse 4.& Gloria J. Barnby

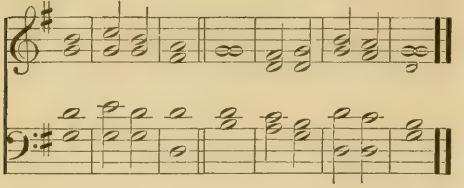


Luke ii. 29.

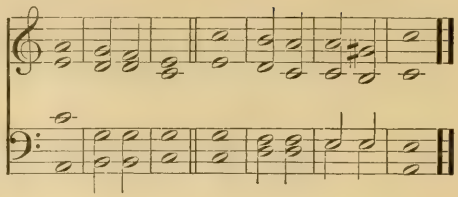
1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant..de-	part	in	peace,			
Ac-.....	cord-	ing	to	Thy	word.	
2 Fór..... mine	eyes	have	seen,			
Thý.....	—	sal-	va-	—	tion.	
3 Which..... Thou	hast	pre-	pared,			
Befóre.....the	face	of	all	—	people;	
4 To be a líght..... to	lighten	the	Gentiles,			
And to be the glóry.....	of	Thy	peo-	ple	Israel.	
Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,			
Ańd.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.	
As it was in the beginning* is nów,..and	ev-	er	shall be,			
Wórld..... without	end	—	A-	—	men.	

LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END

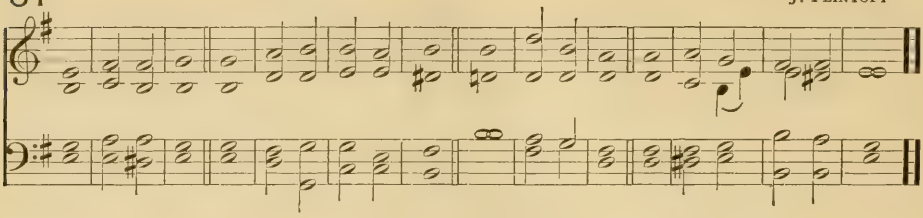
59 CHAS. VINCENT



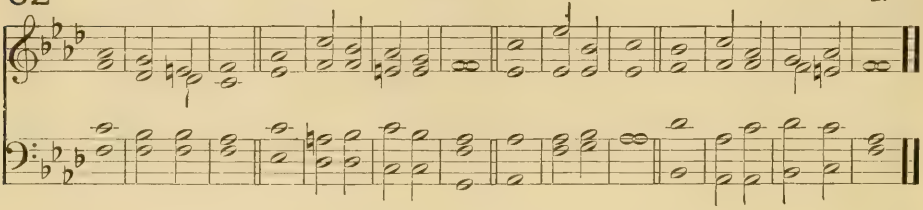
60 W. CROFT



61 J. FLINTOFT



62 B.



From Psalm XXXIX

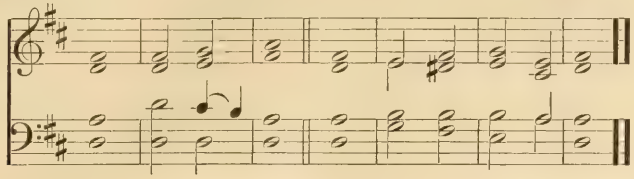
1 Lord, let me know mine end* and the number	of	my	days,		
That I may be certifiéd how	long	I	have	to	live.
2 Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a	span	—	long,		
And mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee,* and verily every man líving is	al-	to-	geth-	er	vanity.
3 For man walketh in a vain shadow,* and disquíeteth him-	self	in	vain;		
He heapeth up riches, and cannot téll	who	shall	gath-	er	them.
4 And now Lórd, what	is	my	hope.		
Trúly my	hope	is	even	in	Thee.
5 Deliver me from áll	mine	of-	fences.		
And make me nót a re-	buke	—	unto	the	foolish.
6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin* Thou makest his beauty to consume away* like as it were a móth	fretting	a	garment;		
Every mán	there-	fore	is	but	vanity.

LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END

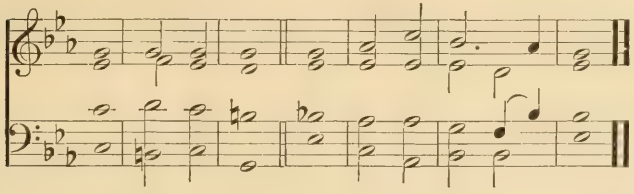
7 Hear my prayer O Lord,* and with | |
Thine eárs..... con- | sider my | calling.
Hóld not..... Thy | peace — | at my | tears.
8 For I am a stranger with Theé..... | and a | sojourner,
As..... | all my | fath- ers | were.
2d part 9 O spare me a little* that I máy.. re- | cover my | strength,
Before I go hénce..... | and be | no more | seen.
Glory be to the Fáther..... | and to the | Son,
Ańd..... | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów..and | ev- er | shall be,
Wórld..... without | end — | A- — | men.

DOMINE REFUGIUM

63

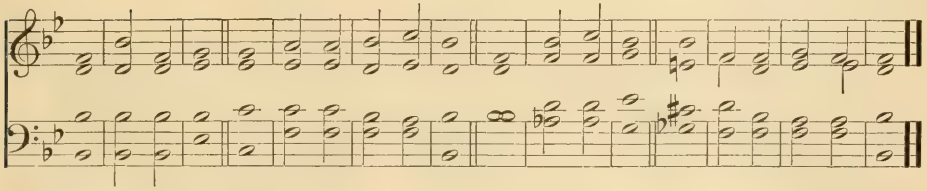
L. T. Downes

64

W. Felton



65

Beethoven



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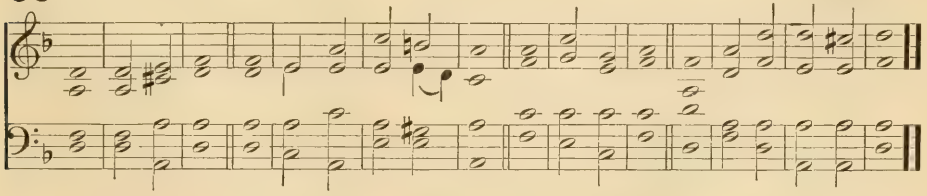
T. Morley

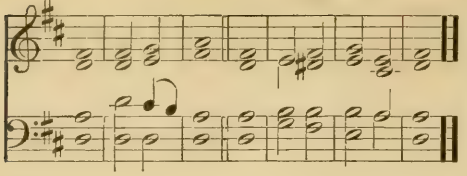


Psalm XC

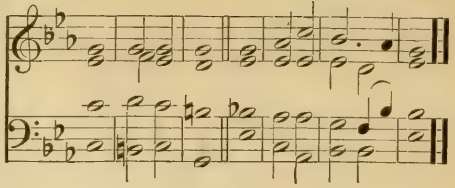
1 Lord, Thóu..... hast | been our | refuge
From óne..... gener- | a- tion | to an- | other.
2 Before the mountains were brought] | |
forth* or ever the eárth... and the | world were | made.
Thou art God from everlásting,.. and | world with- | out — | end.

DOMINE REFUGIUM

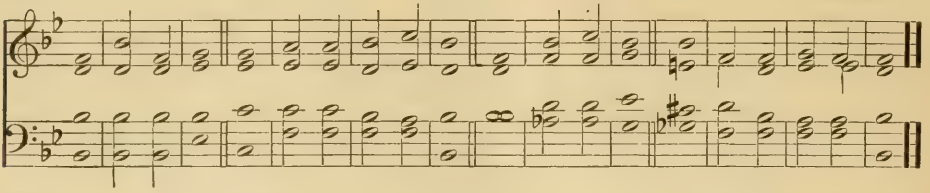
63 L. T. Downes



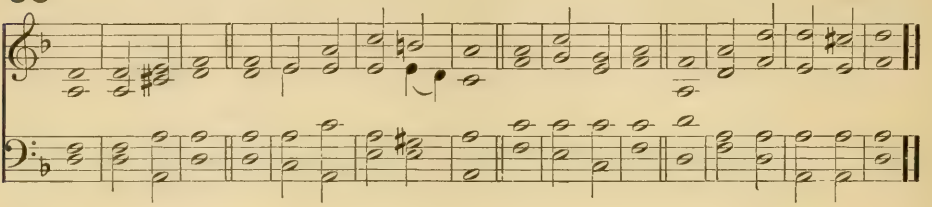
64 W. Felton



65 Beethoven



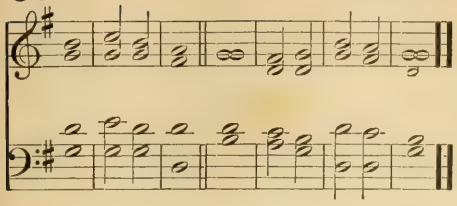
66 T. Morley



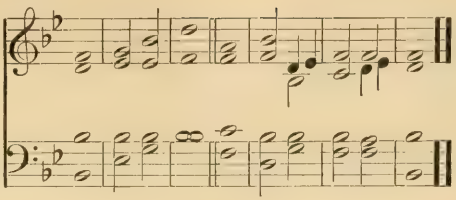
3	Thou turnest mán	to	de-	struction;		
	Again Thou sayest Cóme a-	gain	ye	children	of	men.
4	For a thousand years in Thy síght are	but	as	yesterday,		
	Seeing that is pást as a	watch	—	in	the	night.
5	As soon as Thou scatterest them* they are éven	as	a	sleep,		
	And fáde away	sudden-	ly	like	the	grass.
6	In the morning it is gréen and	grow-	eth	up,		
	But in the evening it is cut dówn	dri-	ed	up	and	withered.
7	For we consume awáy in	Thy	dis-	pleasure.		
	And are afráid at Thy	wrath-	ful	in-	dig-	nation.
8	Thou hast sét our mis-	deeds	be-	fore Thee.		
	And our secret síns in the	light	—	of	Thy	countenance.
9	For when Thou art angry, áll our	days	are	gone;		
	We bring our years to an end* as it wére a	tale	—	that	is	told.
10	The days of our age are threescore years and ten,* and though men be so strong that they cóme to	four	score	years,		
	Yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow,* so soon pásseth it a-	way	and	we	are	gone.
2d part 11	O teách us to	number	our	days.		
	That we may applỹ our	hearts	—	un-	to	wisdom.
	Glory be to the Fáther	and	to the	Son,		
	Afid	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów and	ev-	er	shall be,		
	Wórld without	end	—	A-	—	men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME

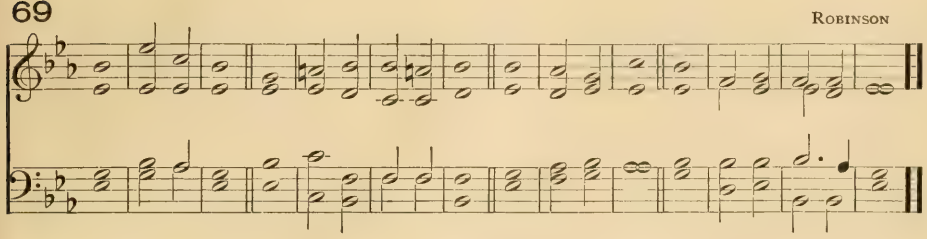
67 CHAS. VINCENT



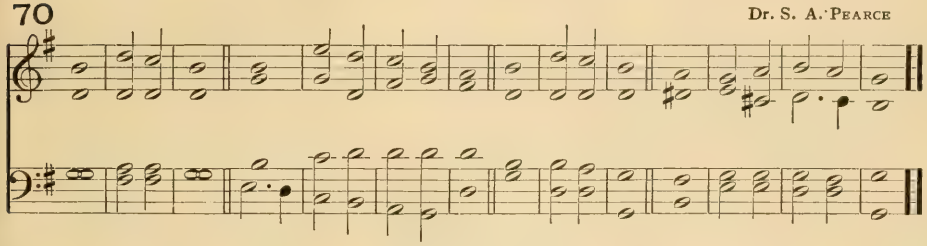
68 MACFARREN



69 ROBINSON



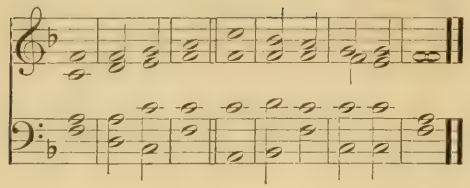
70 DR. S. A. PEARCE

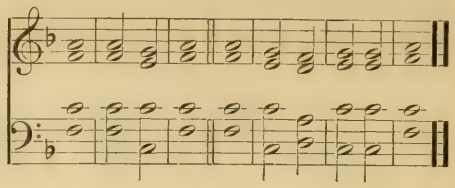


Psalm XXIII

1 The Lórd	is	my	Shepherd,		
I´	shall	—	not	—	want.
2 He maketh me to lie dówn...in	green	—	pastures;		
He leadeth mé	be- side	the	still	—	waters.
3 Hé	re- storeth	my	soul,		
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness	for	His	Name's	—	sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death* I´ will	fear	no	evil,		
For Thou art with me*, Thy rod and Thy	staff	they	com-	fort	me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me* in the présence	of	mine	enemies;		
Thou anointest my head with oíl;...my	cup	—	run-	neth	over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me*, áll	the days	of my	life,		
And I will dwéll...in the	house	of the	Lord	for	ever.
Glory be to the Fáther	and	to the	Son,		
And	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów, and	ev-	er	shall be,		
Wórld...without	end	—	A-	—	men.

BAPTISMAL CHANT

71 R. Farrant

72 T. Tallis



BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION

Ps. ciii. 17, 18

1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting* to everlásting.....up- | on them that | fear Him,
And his ríghteousness..... | un- to | chil- dren's | children.
2 To súch.....as | keep His | Covenant,
And to those that remember Hís..com- | mand- ments to | do — | them.

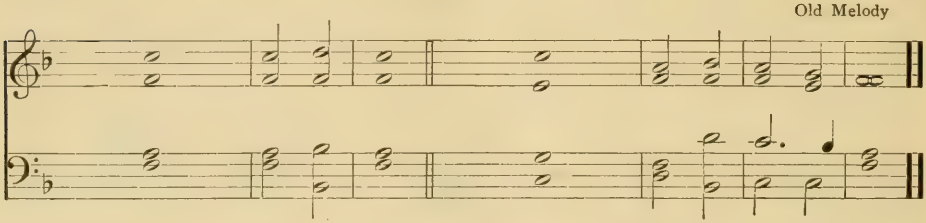
Mark x. 14

3 Suffer the little children to come unto Mé.....and for- | bid them | not.
Fór.....of | such is the | kingdom of | Heaven.

Acts ii. 39

4 For the promise is unto yóu.....and | to your | children,
And to all that are afar off,* even as mány.....as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Old Melody



AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26

5 Then will I sprínkle.....clean | water up- | on you,
And..... | ye shall | be — | clean.
6 A new heart álso..... | will I | give you,
And a new spírit..... | will I | put with- | in you.
7 And I will take away the strong heárt | out of your | flesh,
And I.....will | give you a | heart of | flesh.

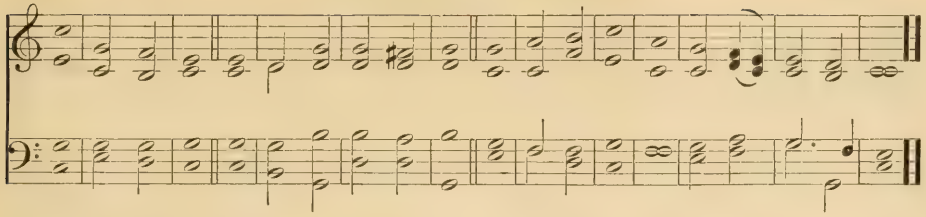
Is. xliv. 3, 4

8 I will pour my Spírit.....up- | on thy | seed,
And..... my | blessing up- | on thy | offspring.
9 And they shall spring úp..... as a- | mong the | grass
As wíllows..... | by the | wa- ter | courses.

GLORIA PATRI

1

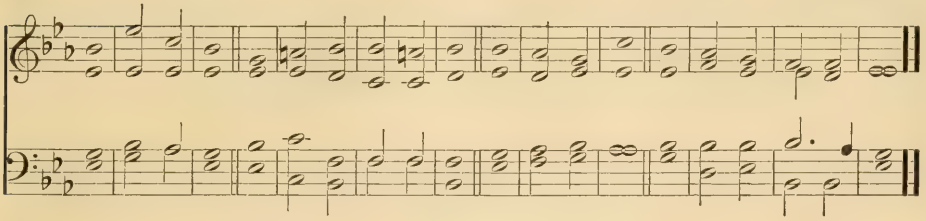
W. Boyce



Glory be to the Fáther..... | and to the | Son,
And..... | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów,..and | ev- er | shall be,
Wórld..... without | end — | A- — | men.

2

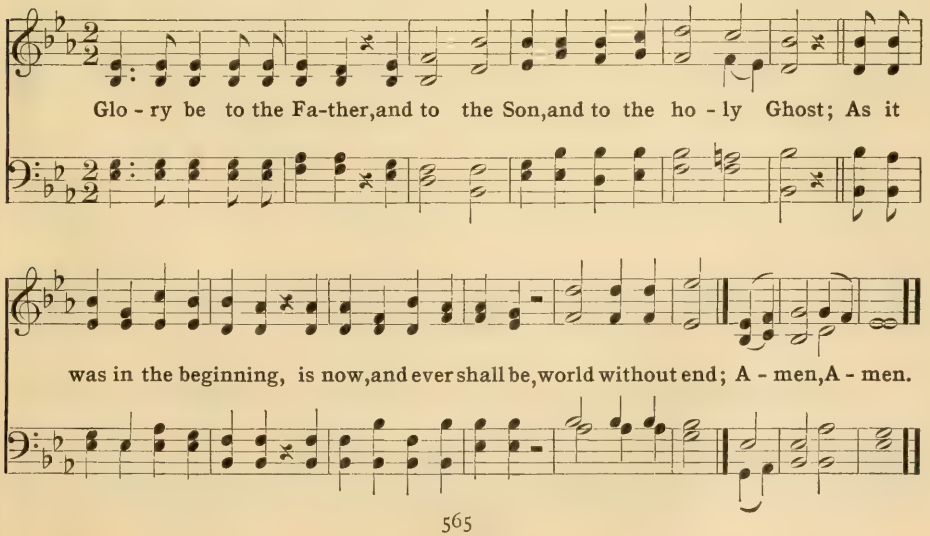
J. Robinson



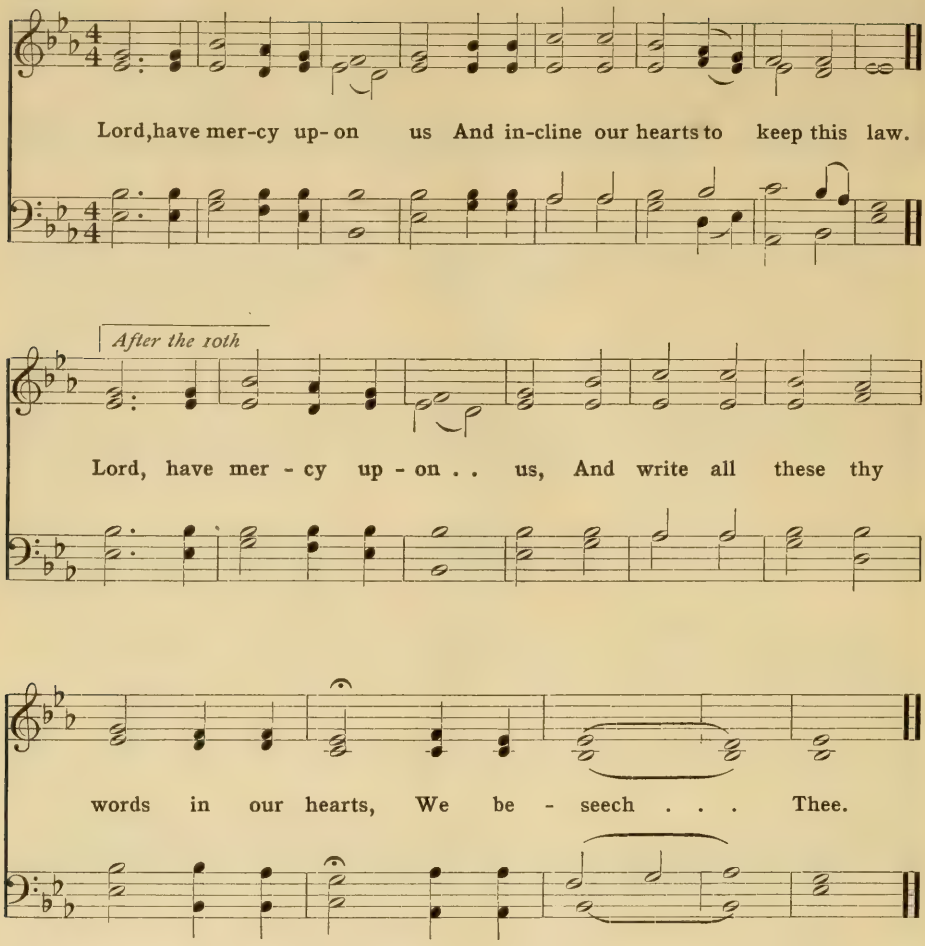
Glory be to the Fáther..... | and to the | Son,
And..... | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów,..and | ev- er | shall be,
Wórld..... without | end — | A- — | men.

3

H. W. Greatorex

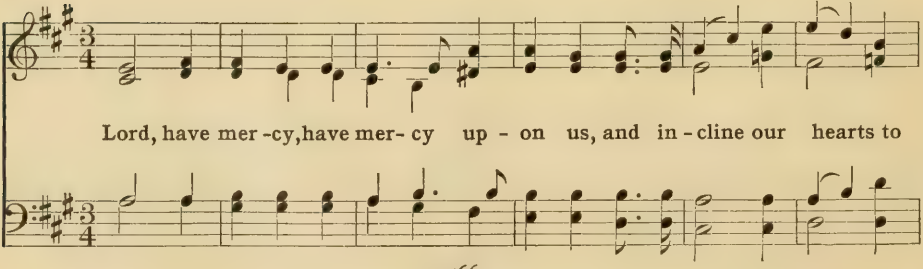

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther,and to the Son,and to the ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now,and ever shall be,world without end; A - men,A - men.

TO THE COMMANDMENTS

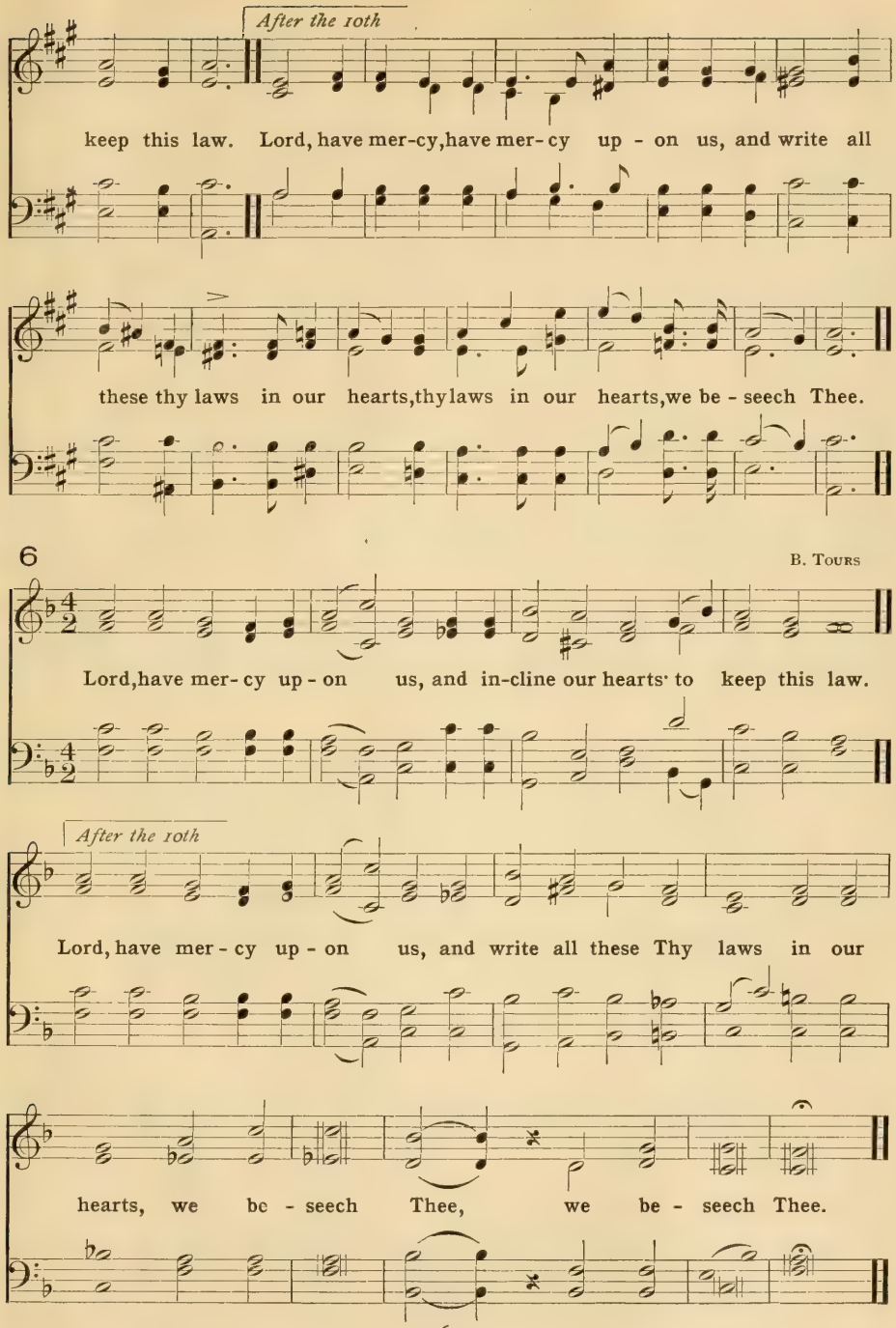
4

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us And in-cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, And write all these thy
words in our hearts, We be - seech . . . Thee.

5

G. J. Elvey

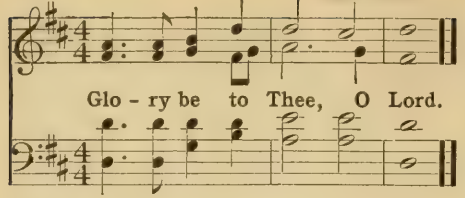


TO THE COMMANDMENTS

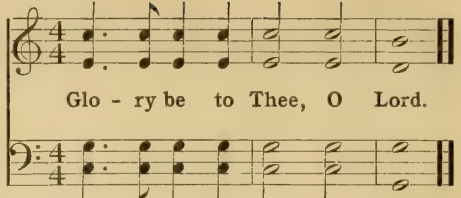

After the 10th
keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all
these thy laws in our hearts, thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
6
B. Tours
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our
hearts, we be - seech Thee, we be - seech Thee.

GLORIA TIBI

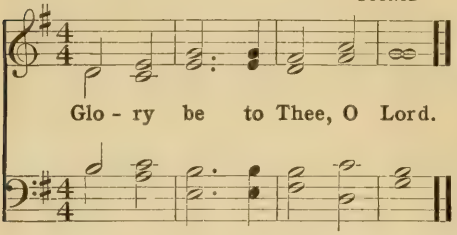
7 WOODWARD



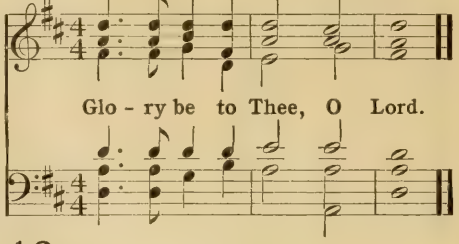
8 TALLIS



9 GOUNOD



10 GARRETT



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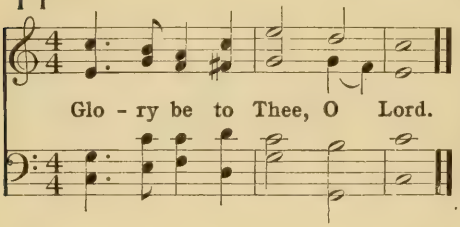

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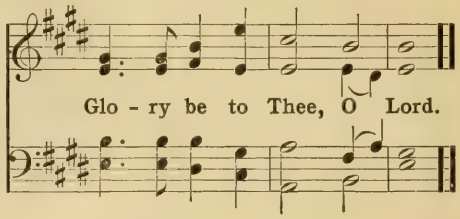
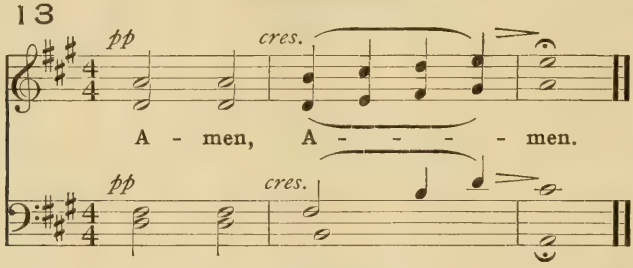


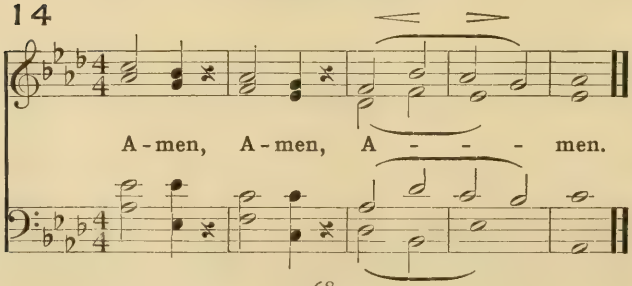
DRESDEN AMEN

13



THREEFOLD AMEN

14



FOURFOLD AMEN

15

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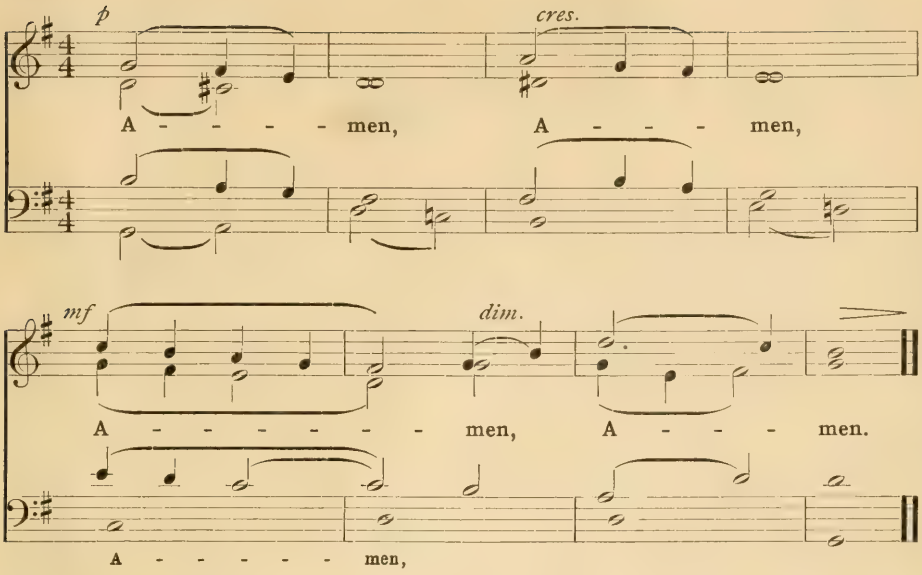
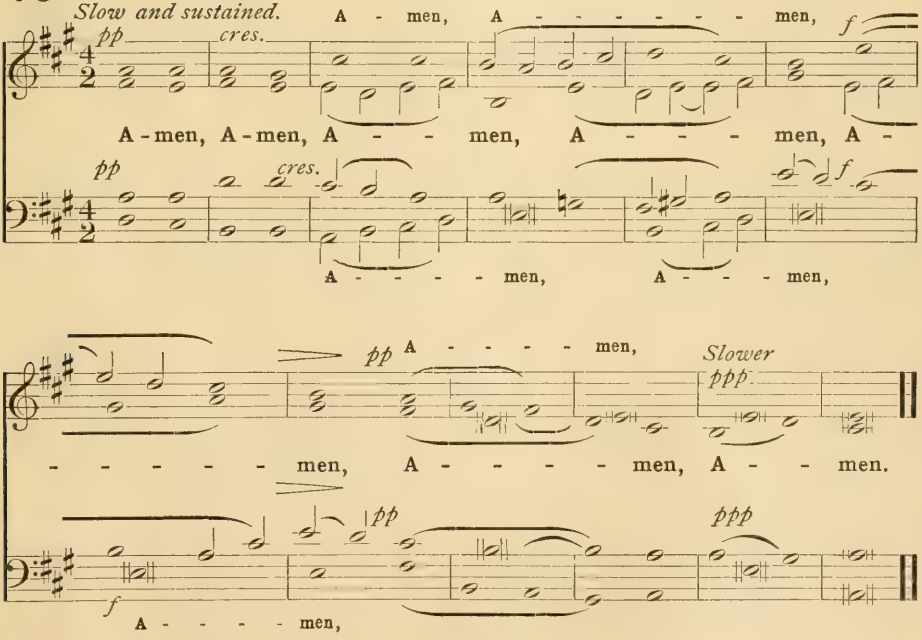

SEVENFOLD AMEN

16

STAINER



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